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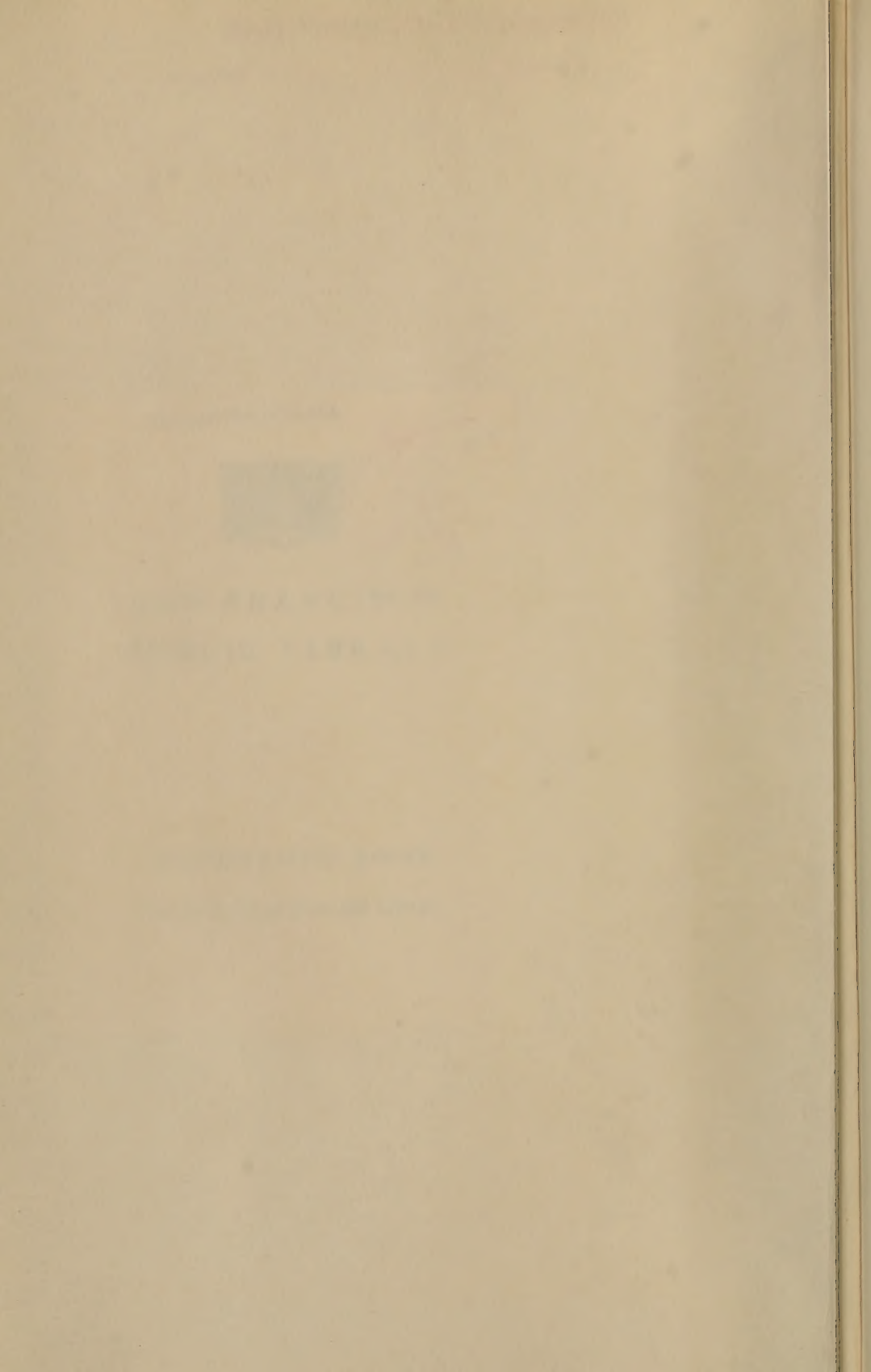


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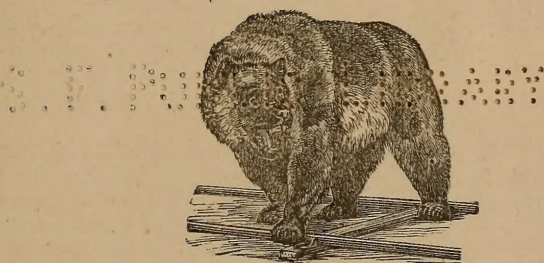


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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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THE LIFE NATURAL.

Overhead the leaf-song, on the upland slope;
Over that the azure, clean from base to cope;
Blanche the mare beside me, drowsy from her lope.

Goldy-green the wheat-field, like a fluted wall
In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall,
“Moving all together,” if it “move at all.”

Shakspere in my pocket, lest I feel alone,
Lest the brooding landscape take a sombre tone;
Good to have a poet to fall back upon!

But the vivid beauty makes a book absurd:
What beside the real world is the written word?
Keep the page till winter when no thrush is heard!

Why read Hamlet here?—What’s Hecuba to me?
Let me read the grain-field; let me read the tree;
Let me read mine own heart, deep as I can see.

E. R. Sill.

CHATA AND CHINITA.

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

XXXIII.

The hilltops were flooded with sunshine when the party reached them; the atmosphere was so clear, that looking back over the broad valley, spread with fields of maize and beans, and the half tropical luxuriance of fruit and flower, Ashley could distinguish every break and fret upon the massive front of the *casa grande*, and recognized with a feeling almost of awe the tall, slender figure standing upon the centre balcony. She waved her hand in token of God speed. Strange, inscrutable woman! She had bidden him go forth as the minister of fate, she had furnished him with servants, horses, money, arms, yet had spoken no word. Ashley felt as though he were an enchanted knight in an enchanted land!

He bade adieu to Don Alonzo in sight of his cousin's grave; then, followed by his two servants, rode rapidly onward in the direction taken the day before by the troops and Doña Isabel, by Ramirez, and Reyes—indifferent which he first should encounter, confident that sooner or later the full significance of the impulse that had led him upon his Quixotic journey to Mexico would be revealed.

The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand had grown so great as to overshadow his earth and heavens. He rode on as in a dream. The day passed, the night came, and they were still alone. The guide had mistaken the way. That night they encamped but a league from the village of Las Passas. Ashley slept neither better nor worse for that; there was no voice to tell him it could be more to him or his than a

score of other villages, which lay in the recesses of these wild mountains. The next day he left it to the right and set his face towards El Toro.

Meanwhile the march of the troops had been as rapid as the nature of the country, broken by deep ravines and at first offering a tortuous ascent to the tablelands, would allow. To Chinita, though the slow movement of the carriage was irksome and irritating, and the clouds of dust that rose from beneath the tread of the horses obscured the sights which in their novelty delighted and filled her with exultation of a new and expanding life, the hours passed as though winged by enchantment. In the joyous clamor of the camp followers, and with the scarcely less restrained hilarity of the troops, in the tramp of the horses, the clanking of arms, there was a subtle music that aroused all the energies of her adventurous spirit, and imbued her with an animation which like a flame within a crystal vase, seemed visibly to fill and surround her whole being with strength and beauty.

Had the country passed over been as dull and uninteresting as it was in fact wild and picturesque, the effect of movement and change would have been still the same to her; for hers was a mind to be affected by the various phases of humanity, rather than of inanimate nature. The landscape in truth offered to her view little of novelty, for in her childhood she had wandered where she listed, and her lithe young limbs had been as untiring as her curiosity. The succeeding cañons and hills, the slopes and cactus planted valleys, were but counterparts of those which she had explored on every side of the plain on which Tres Her-

manos stood. With ready tact she avoided recalling her unwatched, untended childhood to the mind of Doña Isabel, who received with a distaste which seemed of the nature of regretful shame, any allusion to the life from which the girl who now called her *Tía*—aunt—had been rescued.

The use of this appellation had been brought about by Ruiz in his evident uncertainty as to how the apparent relationship between his patroness and her protégé should be defined. He had tentatively alluded to Doña Isabel as the godmother of Chinita, a designation which some conscientious scruple led her to reject. The word *Tía* is used as a term of respect towards an elder as often as in actual acknowledgment of relationship; and when with some daring Chinita one day applied it to Doña Isabel, in answering some remark of the young captain, the lady allowed it to pass unchallenged, and gradually "*mi Tía Isabel*" took the place of the formal "*Señora*," which hitherto had helped to keep their intercourse as reserved and cold as when Chinita still stood at the gate at Pedro's side, and Doña Isabel furtively glanced at her growing beauty, and felt the hand of remorse pressing upon her heart.

She felt it still, and that it was which made her lenient to a score of faults in this young girl that in her own children would have been deemed almost unpardonable. She did not admit that she loved her—it is doubtful if she really did—yet she strove by all the arts of which the long repression of her nature made her capable to win the heart of the girl, who, she saw with suspicious intuition, beheld in her one who had wronged her, and was, even now, withholding her birthright. Doña Isabel would give rich gifts, but never a caress; perhaps Chinita would have spurned the last as lightly as she received the first. Ruiz, admitted to a certain intimacy by the necessities of the time, was impressed by the entire absence of any sense of obligation

with which the young girl took her place with Doña Isabel, as if she had never known one more humble, while there was something in the cold and stately manner of Doña Isabel which seemed to shrink before the imperious force of character of her young companion.

It was at their first halt that Doña Isabel had, with unexpected hospitality, sent to invite Ruiz to share their midday meal; and, evidently with some effort, at the same time bade the servant extend the invitation to the young American. Ruiz presented himself with due acknowledgements, but Ashley was nowhere to be found. He and his servant Pepé had disappeared from the ranks. No one remembered having seen them since they ascended the face of the hill of *el cementerio*; doubtless, it was surmised, the young man had wearied, and had had unceremoniously returned to *Tres Hermanos*.

Doña Isabel's face clouded. Upon the next day she had hoped to part company with her unwelcome guest forever; and now—part of her purpose in leaving the hacienda was already frustrated. Ruiz was scarcely less disquieted; a glance at Chinita's triumphant countenance confirmed his apprehensions. Pepé, at least, had not returned to the hacienda. He had had it in his mind to have the servant strictly watched. It had not occurred to him that upon the first day he would attempt to evade him, and fulfill Chinita's wild project of summoning Ramirez. He inwardly cursed his own folly, and the duplicity of Ashley, whom he had not for a moment supposed in sympathy with the plot. They had even laughed at it together as the foolish dream of an imaginative girl. Now to his apprehensions was added a burning jealousy. For Chinita's sake the American had doubtless made her cause his own; with such an ally it was not impossible that he might see himself confronted by the man, who, he knew well, never forgave a slight, never left unrevenged an injury.

The manner of Ruiz was so grave and abstracted that day, that Doña Isabel was inclined to credit him with far more depth and earnestness than, as the reputed suitor of Carlota, or the airy and flippant recreant follower of the notorious Ramirez, she had attributed to him. Ruiz had the art of involuntarily suiting his demeanor and conversation to those in whose company he was thrown, there was no conscious hypocrisy in this, for the desire to please was natural to him, and often served him in good stead in the absence of genuine feeling, and even under the sting of wounded self love held him silent, and masked his resentment. Many a time in his life long intercourse with Ramirez had he chafed under his haughty patronage and made no sign; and it was only when he found himself thwarted in what was for the moment his strongest passion, that he began to question the designs of the chieftain to whom he owed all the fortune which birth or talents combine to make possible to other men.

He was the son of Reyes, a lifelong follower of Ramirez, for whom the chieftain had been sponsor, and towards whom he had with minute conscientiousness directed every worldly advantage which his means and position rendered possible. To Ramirez, Ruiz—who was known by the name of his mother (a not uncommon custom where her family renders the cognomen more honorable than that of the father) owed the chance which had made him a soldier of fortune instead of a laborer in the village where his brothers and sisters plodded and toiled, in absolute ignorance of the father who had forsaken them.

His knowledge of this strengthened his resolution to ignore the past, and suffer no ill-timed revelations to interfere with his determination to win at one step love and fortune by gaining the hand of the protégée of Doña Isabel—a purpose he was certain Ramirez would oppose, for in a moment of confidence the General had intimated that

it was to a daughter of his own, in accordance with a promise made long years before to his father, that the young man was to be united; that for this destiny his future had been shaped, his fortunes moulded.

At any previous time the ambition of Ruiz would have been fully satisfied; his whole desire would have been to meet this promised bride, and by his marriage strengthen the interest which the caprice of affection of Ramirez alone caused to be centered upon him, and which, though often burdensome and tyrannous, was apparently the young man's sole passport to success. Even when in pique and half timorous defiance he took advantage of his separation from Ramirez to follow Carlota to Tres Hermanos, it was with no fixed resolution to tempt fortune alone. His short-lived passion and his independence and anger would have died together had, not his love for Chinita and the unexpected opportunities thrust upon him opened before him a prospect of advancement and triumph far above his wildest dreams, and completed his treason to his early patron, without teaching him the lesson of truth either to the new cause or to the mistress to which he was sworn.

In the eyes of Doña Isabel he was the hireling whose faith was purchased for Gonzales, in those of Chinita, still the devoted follower of Ramirez, in his own—well, time and circumstance would decide.

Like thousands of others who took part in the strife that rent and decimated Mexico, Ruiz had but little conception of the points at issue. He had simply followed the lead of the popular chieftain to whom circumstances had attached him. He had learned by observation that wealth flowed from the coffers of the clergy into the hands of Ramirez, who scattered it lavishly to all about him—dissipating the greater part in luxurious living in cities, and the maintenance of hordes of followers in towns and cañons of the mountains; and with ready superstition returning much to the source

whence it came, for never a follower of his kept child unchristened or burial mass unpaid for want of means to purchase the services of a priest.

Ramirez had appeared to his young imagination absolute and ubiquitous; there were few daring deeds done, that he had not shared in them; scarce a town seized and its merchants arrested until the forced loans demanded from them were paid, scarce a *conducta* stopped, scarce a *pronunciamiento* with its excitement, and rapid exchange of power and property effected, that he took no part in. He had been found wherever fighting or plunder were. He had taken a bloody part in the *repulsé* of the Liberals at the city of Mexico, where the names of Zuloaga the president, and of Miramon alike were made infamous; he had shared in the futile attacks upon Vera Cruz, where Juarez at the head of the Provisional Government, maintained with stubborn tenacity, with a handful of followers, the most important stronghold upon the seaboard, promulgating those unprecedented resolutions and decrees, which revealed to the minds of the people that of which they had never hitherto dreamed—namely the separation of the church and state, the suppression of the monasteries, which like vampires had for generations drained the resources and absorbed the intellect of the people, and the secularization of those immense treasures which, donated by the faithful to feed the hungry and the sick, train the orphans, maintain the glory and worship of God, had become the means of oppression and bloodshed, and were the thews and sinews of the civil war, in which the clergy strove to maintain the abuses of the past, and forge fresh chains for the future.

In a country where the dogmas of Catholicism were as the oracles of God, where every heart was bound, either by the truths or the superstitions of Rome, or in most cases by both inseparably, the magnitude of the task assumed by the astute and

resolute Juárez was almost beyond the comprehension of those bred in the lands which have never groaned beneath the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny. Any premature act, any unguarded word, might become the cause of offense; and yet it was no time for hesitation or timorous questioning.

Juarez knew the time, and the temper of his countrymen, and envied though he was, virtually imprisoned in one small town upon the seashore, his influence reached to the most remote districts of the interior; and although the armies of the clergy swept the country from sea to sea, in obscure fastnesses rose daring bands in tens and twenties and hundreds, and promulgating the new promises of liberty he sent forth, maintained them with a tenacity of purpose that made defeat impossible. Worsteds in one quarter, they arose in another, employing with unscrupulous daring every means that cunning or audacity could bring within their power, claiming the excuse of necessity for those acts of rapine and cruelty in the satisfaction of personal enmities, the warfare upon the women and children, and the thousand barbarous deeds, which make the history of that time a continual record of horrors. Had example been necessary, they would have found it in the career or the opposing forces; but in truth it was a time when the worst passions of men seemed to walk hand in hand with the noblest, when patriot and plunderer, soldier and bandit, became inextricably confused, so that perhaps to none other so completely as to himself became the average actor in that bloody drama so baffling and unsatisfying an enigma.

Such was the mental condition of Ruiz, though it did not occur to him to define it. Attached to the clerical party by long association, and by the uninterrupted prosperity which he had shared with Ramirez, who since separating himself from Gonzales had followed an independent career, in which he had found the highest bidders for his

services among the crafty leaders of the old régime, (who to their rich gifts—added the indulgences of the Church, to which no soul however bloodstained and conscienceless could remain indifferent;) when Ruiz declared himself to Don Rafael a convert to the liberal cause, it was but as a precautionary measure recommended by Doña Rita; and it was only when he saw in Doña Isabel a patroness more powerful than the one he abandoned, added to his resolution to make himself independent of the man who had hitherto controlled as well as defended him, that he in reality inclined to the faction which day by day seemed gathering strength, and likely to become the dominant power.

But though his political views thus shaped themselves to meet Doña Isabel's, Ruiz was no more faithful to her purposes than to those of Chinita. To abandon Gonzales to his fate at El Toro—for he did not doubt that Ramirez would return with overwhelming numbers to the destruction of its insufficient garrison—and at the same time to win the confidence of Doña Isabel, and that of the troops under his command, thereafter seizing the first opportunity of having himself proclaimed their permanent leader, and marching to join Juarez, whose cause was becoming strengthened day by day by fresh accessions from the interior, became his dream. Thus he hoped to blind Chinita by an apparent inability, rather than disinclination, to further her designs, mislead Doña Isabel, and to secure for himself a position which should render it not absurd or incredible that he should aspire to the hand of a protégé of the Garcias, and to the dower, which he shrewdly suspected he might of right demand.

All these plans were not perfected in a day, and the defection of Ashley Ward and his servant, seriously interfered in his calculations; but he allowed no trace of uneasiness to appear in those rare intervals, when he found an opportunity to exchange

a few words with the impatient Chinita.

Unconsciously also, Doña Isabel herself aided to establish a bond of confidence between them. When the long irregular column, with banners flying, driving before it the lowing cattle, whose numbers grew less after each night's slaughter, and followed by the motley line of women and children with the rude equipage of the camp, would be fairly in motion, after the confusion of the early start, Ruiz would rein his prancing steed at the side of the carriage and deferently place himself at the orders of the ladies. On these occasions his manner was one of perfect respect to both, of entire concurrence in the dictates and desires of Doña Isabel, and of half indifferent, half amused rejection of the immature and inconsequent conjectures and opinions of the girl, for whose beauty he exhibited a timid but irresistible recognition, which flattered, while it disarmed the suspicious mind of Doña Isabel. She believed him, still the ardent admirer of Carlota—a thing which, she reflected, was under the circumstances most fortunate.

In the freshness and animation of those morning hours, conversation became natural and easy, and the events and names which were upon every tongue furnished food for abundant reminiscence and comment. Doña Isabel was eloquent in praise of Gonzales, who to his success at El Toro had added others in the neighborhood, which, together with the occupation of G——, had made the entire district the undisputed territory of Liberalism. Ruiz assented to her enthusiasm with an ardor which seemed but natural in a youth who, having separated himself from one powerful patron, should desire to place himself beneath the protection of another; and a comparison of the two, which should explain his defection from the first, followed in natural course, and with carefully chosen words, whose meaning held a subtle relation to the thoughts and predilections of his two auditors, he spoke of the intrepid, and unscrupulous Ramirez.

More than once Doña Isabel, in the midst of his talk, sank back in the carriage lost in deep and painful thought, as the wild and terrible deeds in which the man had figured recalled to her mind the horrors of her youth. Deeds such as these might have been planned and executed by the boy, who had once been the pride, as he was afterwards the bane of her life, had he lived ; but he was dead. Yes ! thank God, though her heart had bled inwardly for long years ! he had made no sign since the tale of his end came—he was dead !

While she was thus lost in thought, Chinita listened with glowing cheek and eyes. Ruiz knew of the meeting with Ramirez to which she looked back with such peculiar and unwearying fascination, and discerning in her admiration of his former leader an unfailing means of rousing in her a personal attraction which in her passionate nature might become an absorbing love, he carefully refrained from giving her any hint of his real sentiments towards him, and spared no covert word, no mute eloquence of his dark and expressive eyes, to increase an enthusiasm which had already led her into such strange defiance of the plans of Dona Isabel. To reinstate her hero in the power from which he had fallen—became her dream, the aspiration of her soul.

On the fifth night of their journey, it chanced that they entered a village, where Doña Isabel and her servants were enabled to find a shelter, which after the restricted and insufficient accomodation of tents, seemed absolutely luxurious, primitive and rude though it was. Doña Isabel wearied with travel, and depressed with anxiety at the unaccountable delay of Gonzales, who she had supposed would have hastened to take command of the troops which her energy and bounty had provided, had early retired to the room assigned her. Chinita had reluctantly accompanied her, for a *fandango* was in progress in the great kitchen, the charcoal *braseros* flaming red against the dark walls of yellow washed adobe, and shining

upon the bronzed faces of a group of swarthy men who strummed upon stringed instruments of various shapes and sizes ; while another group of mingled men and women went through the rhythmic motions of the dance, with which the young girl, gazing from her cell-like retreat across the court had long been so familiar.

She had never danced since the night that she had fled from the wedding fiesta into the waiting arms of Doña Isabel. She had thought of the scene and its pleasures only with anger and disgust ; and yet as she looked into the red glare and watched the swaying figures, she longed to rush in and throw herself amongst them. To her, as to Doña Isabel, the time of suspense was growing unbearably long ; she was mad for action. Unreasonably, she felt that there among their caste she might find Pedro—Pepé—some one who would do her bidding, who would not dare put her off as Ruiz was doing with tantalizing promises.

She knew that instead of following the most direct paths, as Doña Isabel had commanded, the route on various pretexts had been changed—she supposed to make communication with Ramirez possible. She had no reason to doubt the good faith of Ruiz, yet she was impatient and miserable. A straggler upon the road had given them the news that Ramirez had been seen upon the hills with a forlorn and ill-armed troop, which bore evidence of the ill fortune, which the defeat at El Toro had inaugurated. She had conceived a violent and unreasonable antagonism to Gonzales, who from his whilom associate, had become the successful opponent and rival of the man whom by childish gift of an amulet she had fancied herself endowing with invincible good fortune. Even as she grew older, her faith in the magic powers of a charm which had been the creation of a wizard and had been blessed by Holy Church, scarcely grew less ; and the remembrance of it undoubtedly strengthened the fealty so strangely sworn.

Besides, a purpose had arisen in her mind of appealing to him to establish her position in the house of Garcia by wresting from Doña Isabel an acknowledgment, which would give her her rights and a certain status (though clouded it might be) where now she was but the recipient of favors—the peasant born, raised to a dignity—which was a mere scoff and jest to the ready wit of the sarcastic and epigrammatic rancheros. Chinita knew them well. Were not their gifts and prejudices her own?

She glanced from the barred window where she stood back through the gloom of the apartment to the bed where Doña Isabel was lying—already asleep. The yellow light of a candle just touched her pale face; it was contracted with that habitual expression of pain which the darkness of night permitted to the proud and suffering woman, but which in the day, or under the eye of even the most unobservant, she banished resolutely, though its shadow rested ever, uncomprehended, unpitied.

There was something in the lassitude of the figure, the hopeless grief upon the countenance, which for the first time suggested to Chinita the possibility that emotions deeper than that pride of birth, which was in herself as great in degree, though neither as pure in principle nor bounded by the conventionalities of caste, had actuated the deeds, and embittered the life of her who to the eye had been so absolute, so unsailable. With a feeling of awe Chinita took a step towards her, when a sound drew her glance to the court. Into the motley throng of lounging soldiers and *arrieros*, with their mules feeding and stamping around them, two belated travelers forced their way. It was the voice of one of them that had startled her, and claimed instantly all her thoughts, setting her heart beating stiflingly as she sprang to the lattice, and pressed her face eagerly against the iron bars.

The red light from the kitchen was augmented by the flame of a smoking torch, as

a servant came forward to take the horse of the foremost rider. When he leaped lightly from his saddle, pushing back his broad hat, she recognized the American, while a woman ran across the court and clasped the arm of the other as he alighted—it was Caterina, the wife of Gabriel.

“Hist! hist!” said the man in a low voice, no crying nor screaming. The Señor and I am here on business that would please your captain but little. By good fortune he is camped to-night at the outskirts of the village, and dare not leave his post. Tell me, Caterina—and not a word to Gabriel when thou seest him—where is Chinita?”

Before Chinita could gather her wits to reply, a hand was thrust through the bars almost at his shoulder. It was Ashley who first saw it; he took it for an instant in his own, and bent over it. “I must speak with you,” he said, “join me in the corridor as soon as the house is quiet. I have much to say.”

It was not the voice of a lover that spoke, but it thrilled her as that of a prophet. “Speak low,” she answered, breathlessly, Doña Isabel sleeps close by; but I will escape—yes, I will come to you. Is not, Caterina with you? She must take my place here. The door is locked; the key is in the hand of Doña Isabel; but I will have it. Trust me; the Señora sleeps heavily.”

The girl’s face glowed with excitement; she was ready for any adventure, the more daring, the more welcome. Ashley Ward looked at her with a strange pride and admiration—this was a nature that no shame could crush, no outward fate dismay!

She, standing at the grating, feeling an almost unrestrainable desire to burst into wild laughter and tears, was utterly silent, waiting the hour when, the revelry over, sleep would fall upon the house. Ashley drew into the shade of the corridor. The *meson* was but a caravansary—there was none to notice who came or went. In the

laughing, chattering crowd, he was virtually alone. The thoughts that came to him as the fires faded, the noisy revelers strolled one by one to their sleeping-places, and the pale light of the stars shining down upon that strange scene, showed Pepé wrapped in his blanket, standing sentinel at his side, were indescribable. A phantasmagoria seemed to glide before him, in which Mary, his cousin, the commonplaces, scenes and associates of his youth, Ramirez, Chata, all the strange actors in this drama, in new and ill-comprehended scenes, passed by; and in the midst the door of a chamber cautiously opened, and the girl of the siren face, which the very voice of fate had seemed to bid him seek in this far land, stepped eagerly and lightly forth to meet him.

XXXIV.

In an angle of the corridor, where from sunrise to sunset a woman usually sat, selling cigarettes and small glasses of *chia* to the passers by, stood a low *banquito*, which was in fact only a superfluous adobe jutting out from the massive wall. Ashley withdrew his foot from the rude stool, and greeted Chinita ceremoniously, and yet with an air of protecting authority, inviting her by a gesture to be seated, saying, "So you will be less likely to be seen by any chance comer. But from necessity, I would not have asked you to speak to me here."

She looked at him with a little quiver of laughter rippling her mouth, though her eyes were anxious. Evidently she was troubled with no sense of impropriety, and the thought of having eluded Doña Isabel diverted her. Instead of obeying Ashley's invitation, she darted to Pepé's side, catching a fold of his *frazada* in her hand, and drawing it from his half-covered face.

"Ah, Pepito, is it thou?" she cried breathlessly. "What news dost thou bring me? Hast thou then seen my *padrino*, and

what does he say of the Señor General? does he not think the plan a good one?"

Pepé shuffled uneasily to regain possession of the *frazada*, answering pettishly and in a stifled voice, "Is the servant to talk when the master stands by with the words ready? *Anda*, Chinita, you knew better than that, when Florencia used to pull your ears for *atrevida*."

The girl pouted, turning to Ashley with a lowering face. She felt instinctively that what had been to her a matter of simple expediency, a means of securing the fortunes of a man, who was in her imagination all that was noble and great, might have a meaner aspect to this stranger, who would perhaps think she had meant harm to Doña Isabel. Why had Pepé dragged him into the matter at all? *Imbecile!* Ruiz had said nothing but evil would come of it, and here he was, standing so straight and silent to be questioned—and looking at her, too, with a sort of pity in the curious gaze he turned upon her. She felt half inclined to turn back to the room whence she had come; but she said somewhat mockingly.

"It is you, Señor, who must speak, though it was the servant I sent on my errand; but perhaps you have seen Pedro and asked him my questions?"

"You had better sit down, Chinita," answered Ashley severely. "I should not be here tonight, if it were not to tell you things hard for you to listen to; and only to learn of matters of life or death should you have consented to come. Heavens! what a strange perversity of fate that you of all others should be anxious for the welfare, infatuated with the character of—Ramirez!"

He spoke the name as though it were a curse, and the ready flame leaped into Chinita's eyes and cheek.

"Ah, then," she said, in a low but intense and penetrating tone, "You have come to tell me, like the others, that he is a brigand, and a wretch! It is false. He is

too brave, too daring, too noble, for such cowardly spirits as yours to understand! Pepé, thou wert a craven. *Tonto*, it was Pedro I bade thee go to, not this pale American, who has lost all his blood through a single wound!"

Ashley smiled faintly, vexed to find himself stung by a girl's unreasoning passion, but interposed quietly, "We lose time, Señorita, which is prudent neither for you nor for me. I beg you will listen to what I have to say. You will agree with me then that this is no hour to talk of my courage or the lack of it."

He had stepped between her and Pepé, to whom with a strange perversity she turned, as if to show her disdain for the foreigner, whose every word had a tone of reproach. A mere suggestion that the proprieties which Doña Feliz and Doña Isabel had attempted to graft upon the rude stalk of her untrained, unguarded childhood, had some other meaning than an elder's caprices, touched her mind—a young man could know nothing of woman's freaks and prejudices; she felt the hot blood rising to her cheek as she encountered his quiet gaze. All at once the *patio* and corridor seemed to become wonderfully dark and still. A little shudder ran through her frame; she drew back from the American and sat down where he had directed her, drawing her reboso close around her.

"Señor," she said quite humbly, "I am listening."

He did not speak at once, though Pepé seemed to urge him to do so by a motion of the head, which betokened readiness to confirm his speech; and when he began, it was at a point entirely unexpected by either listener.

"Señorita," he said, "Is it not true that when you think of an American, you have in your mind a pale-faced, mysterious, unresisting youth, gliding spectre-like about the hacienda walls, tempting by a love song the bloody steel of some dark and daring

desperado? In a word is it not the vision—distorted, insufficient, faint—of my murdered cousin, John Ashley, that comes before you?"

The young girl started. "Yes! Yes!" she said hurriedly, not knowing what she said. "At least, once I thought like that—I had not seen an American then—I did not know——"

"And the first American you have known has had the benefit of the preconception," interrupted Ashley grimly. "Well, it is something to know the secret of a contemptuous indifference which has always been so frankly expressed." This comment was in English, and though she watched the motion of his lips, their silence could not have given her better opportunity to recover her confused and startled thoughts.

"Then it is true," she said. "You are of the family of the poor American, who was killed like a rabbit by a hawk—why! they say that he could not have even clapped his hand on his belt, though a man from very instinct would draw a knife on his enemy, even in his last gasp. Is it not so, Pepito? I used to tell Chata that, when she would shed her soft tears of pity for him. Well! I could not cry, but I have watched the mesquite tree for the coming of his ghost a thousand times—yet I never saw it; and it was I who found his grave."

"And it was you who bade Pepé show it me," interrupted Ashley; "and perhaps not as a mere jest, as he thought." She nodded, looking up at him vaguely and keenly. "You thought perhaps I had come these many miles from my own country to find it?" he added. "Well that was scarcely so; it had not presented itself to me as possible that the obscure grave of a murdered foreigner should be remembered still and that his name should be found above it. No, I came for proofs of his life, not of his death. It was not even to trace his murderer or to avenge him that I came."

She looked incredulous. "Why then

should you come?" she asked. "Had you a vow? If I had known and loved the dead man, it would have been to kill the man who struck him in secret that I would have come. But it is as the Captain Ruiz says: the blood of an American runs so slowly, it cools his heart, while ours is a burning torrent, that causes the soul to leap and the hand to smite at a word."

Ashley realized that impatient contempt of him was struggling with a feeling to which, with sudden apprehension of its importance, she dared not give utterance; or perhaps the idea that had long been shaping itself was for the moment obscured, but yet in the darkness and confusion was growing to an overwhelming certainty in her mind. She had risen to her feet, but suddenly she sat down, covering her face with a hand which, Ashley saw in the dim light, shook with suppressed excitement. Her attitude was that of a listener; and in a low voice he told her of his boyhood, of the days when he had come in from school and stood at the shoulder of his grown cousin, the young man with the silky shadow just darkening his upper lip, and with the clear, frank eyes of a boy, who looked so eagerly forward into the active life of manhood, restive under the restraints and cautions that hampered him, until, at last, he broke away, and was no more seen, nor scarcely heard of, until the news of his early and violent death came to cast an unending gloom over the household, which before had been captious, foreboding, but ever loving, ever secretly proud of the bold, irrepressible spirit it could not chain to its standard of decorum, or tame to walk in the narrow path of uneventful and passionless existence. The years of his own youth he passed lightly by; there was nothing in them for comment until he came to the time of his aunt's death, his inheritance of the fortune that should have been John Ashley's, the reading of those few letters which had given to Mary Ashley such strange dreams, and which in the re-

reading had filled his mind with thoughts of the same possibilities that racked her own. He spoke of them briefly in a single sentence: "We found by his letters that he believed himself married; it was to find the woman he had loved, or any trace of her, that I came."

Chinita sat so still one might have doubted if she heard; but that very stillness convinced Ashley that she listened with an absorbing interest, too great for questioning. She could but wait breathlessly for what was to come.

"After long and vexatious wanderings I was taken wounded to Tres Hermanos," continued the young man. "There, when my hope was almost exhausted, I heard the name that had been in my mind so long—heard it only to make inquiries which ended in confusion, and threatened to involve me in endless complications; so at last I was glad to suffer myself to be convinced that my conjectures were the mere vagaries of an overburdened fancy, a too scrupulous conscience, and to turn my face homeward, determined that thereafter I should live my life, and take in peace the goods fortune sent me. In such a mind, I rode with the troop across the plain, and up the desolate hillside, along which the scattered graves of the poor lay, the mounds scarce noticeable among the rocks and cacti. Pepé remembered your jesting command; it would give him an opportunity to withdraw from the troops unheeded. He invited me to go with him to see something that would interest me. When I saw the grave, my heart began to beat; when I read the name upon the fallen cross, the blood rushed into my eyes and suffocated me; every drop in my heart accused me! There lay my cousin murdered, and in looking for a possible claimant to his name; I had forgotten him! I had forgotten that his death was still unatoned for, the murderer undiscovered—unsought—unpunished."

Chinita dropped her hand from her face

and looked up, her eyes glowing, her lips apart, her bosom rising and falling with the quick breath that came and went. Here were words she could understand; here was a spirit that touched her own.

"And then? then? then?" she muttered; and *Pepé* leaned out from the wall, like a gaunt shadow, to hear the narration, as if every word was too significant to allow a single one to escape him. "Then?"

"Then," resumed *Ashley*, "I seemed chained to the spot. I could not tear myself away, though reason told me that to stay there was useless—to hasten forward and demand the truth from those I had hitherto shrunk from offending, the only course open to me. Reason as I would, I could not force myself to leave the spot. After a time, yielding to necessity and to my command, *Pepé* left me. I was alone for hours, with the dead. My mind was full of him; I heard his voice; I looked into the eyes, which death had closed for so many unregarded years. I saw before me that face, which I had so long forgotten—but my fancy pictured him never as in life, gay, happy, resolute; but pale, bloody, corpse-like, stretching out dead hands to me and speaking with the soundless voice of those we dream of. Who remembers the tone of a voice, silent forever? yet it echoes in our heart; it awakens our joys, our griefs, our fears; it is more powerful, more terrible, than any living voice. And so upon that day was the voice of the dead *John Ashley* to me. As I listened to it, I swore never to leave Mexico until the mystery of his death, as well as that of his life, was open to me; until I had called to account the villain who had cut him off so secretly, so vilely.

"While I was full of the thought, and the whole world around me seemed to stretch on every side silent, void, waiting for me to choose whither I would go, in what direction I would set out to seek the nameless object of the new absorbing passion, which seemed more vital, more essential to my

being than the air I breathed, I felt a presence near me. I looked up—a man was leaning over the wall. I instantly conjectured he was not the mere peasant his dress indicated. A sense of mysterious connection between his life and mine seized upon me; it strengthened as he crossed the wall and strode towards me across the sunken graves. He came as though under a spell; I looked upon him as though under the fascination of a serpent-like gaze; I recoiled, yet for worlds I would not have turned from him. His eyes fell upon the cross, the expression of his face, the words that sprang from his lips—vague though they were—sped to my brain with an electric thrill. I knew the man before me was *John Ashley's* murderer."

Chinita had risen. She stretched out her hand and touched the hilt of the knife in *Ashley's* belt. It was the action of a moment, yet it was a question that the quick beating of her heart, and the panting breath made at the instant impossible from her lips. *Ashley* answered it by a brief account of the combat and its interruption.

As he ended she drew a deep breath of relief. It did not occur to him that it could be for any other than himself. It flattered and pleased him, as having in it something of the tender, unreasoning fears of gentle womanhood. The readiness with which she had comprehended his passion for revenge, while it justified him, had set her in a harsh and cruel aspect, which had made her lithe, dark beauty forbidding, unrelenting, tiger-like. This strange young creature, he thought, at once so foreign to him, and yet so near to him concealed after all, under the surface of incomprehensible moods and half barbaric customs, those attributes of gentleness, those instincts of justness, which amidst the perplexing differences of national manners, and standards of good and evil, may be distinguished and understood by every mind. At that moment *Ashley* felt her to be less an alien than he had ever been able before to consider her. She was not only beautiful,

bewitching, but in part, at least, comprehensible.

She stood silent for many moments; she had not even started when he spoke the name, Ramirez. The personality of the man of whom he had spoken, had been a foregone conclusion in her mind.

"It was the amulet I gave him that saved him," she said simply; and Ashley stared at her blankly, not comprehending the meaning of her words, but only that the relief she had experienced had been rather for the aggressor than for him. Had he then been mistaken? Was she an entire stranger to the thought which so permeated his own mind that he had imagined it must be present in hers?

"Yes, the amulet I gave him must have all the virtues Pedro told me of," she said musingly. "So it was the General Ramirez who killed the American? *Dios mio!* he must have had good cause, yet it angers me. *Por Dios*, it is well I have time to think what cause he must have had!"

"Cause!" ejaculated Ashley, "Cause!"

She nodded her head in an argumentative way. In the dim light, Ashley could read the struggle in her mind—indignation at the deed, dismay at its consequences, battling with attempted justification of the perpetrator. "*Santo Nino!*" she exclaimed at length. "It was the woman who was to blame. Why did she torture him? He must have loved her, and what was there in the American to make her false to Ramirez! Strange she should have preferred another to him.!"

"For God's sake say no more!" cried Ashley, with actual horror in his voice. "I forgot that this tale has no deeper significance to you than any other; that the American is to you simply the American, and Ramirez the hero of your own countrymen, by whose desperate deeds your imagination is dazzled, and for whom, even in the midst of horror, you find excuse, admiration, justification. To you he seems but a jealous lover,

taking just revenge upon a successful rival!"

She spoke not a word, but bent her head as though his words were an accusation. Her face in the dim light was so impassive, it was impossible for Ashley to conjecture what was passing in her mind. Did she remember that he had said he had come to seek a child, and was it possible that the mystery of her own birth had not suggested to her that she might have an interest in the ghastly deed of Ramirez far deeper than would make natural or possible the excuse of jealousy in the perpetrator? He had learned something of the reticence and self-restraint of these people since he had come among them; yet was it possible this young girl could suspend judgment in such a cause until her own relation to it was fully ascertained? Were prejudice, education, sentiment, so much stronger than the voice of Nature? Did no instinct cry in her heart, denouncing this man, of whom she had made a hero? No womanly pity hover over his victim? What a ready apprehension she had shown of his own desire for vengeance! Was that simply because it was the passion strongest in her own soul, and so gave ready excuse even for murder?

Under the moonlight it seemed to him her face grew hard as marble. No, she was not one to yield her faith lightly. This deed, which had filled the mind of Chata with dismay and intensified a thousand fold the horror in which she held the character of the man whom she believed it sin not to reverence and love, would in no wise shake the faith and admiration of this stronger soul, who could condone it with the thought that a woman had played him false.

"*Siempre*, Señor!" she said at length, looking up. "If you have no more to tell me, I see not why this should turn me against the Señor General. For you it is different—oh, quite different, but for me—" She paused suddenly, and Ashley saw that the hand which hung at her side was clenched till the nails marked her flesh.

Yes the deed itself was nothing—a trifle, at most—but in its relation to her, how great, how terrible, it might become!

He was not deceived. He felt that by a word he might fan into a resistless flame the fire that lay smouldering in that resolute heart—a word which would be no surprise to her, which would but confirm the conviction, against which, in loyalty to Ramirez, she struggled with even a certain anger against the persistent suspicion that made the legendary and unheroic figure of the American a mute denouncer, more powerful, more persuasive than the living man, who had revealed the author of the tragedy, which through all her life had been so dark a mystery. It seemed to Ashley that she held her breath to listen to his next words; but he could be hard as she was herself to this girl, whose heart seemed incapable of feeling aught but a personal injury, or any passion but revenge.

“Señorita,” he said, “I went back to the hacienda. My horse had fled; there was nothing else for me to do, if I would find means to follow this man, who had suddenly become my debtor in all the dues of outraged kinship. My object was to obtain money, a horse and guide, and to regain the troop as quickly as should be possible; to denounce this murderer to Doña Isabel, and reveal the plot, which had appeared to me so weak, so absolutely absurd, but which now assumed an importance commensurate with my detestation of him whom it was designed to serve. But with further thought my resolution changed. If all her agents were false—Pedro, Ruiz, as well as you—whom I know to be”—Chinita winced—“and Pepé should be successful in inducing Pedro to play into the hands of Ramirez, what power could Doña Isabel employ to prevent that change of leadership, which it was more than probable the troops—indifferent to the cause, eager only for action and booty—would accept with acclamations? Clearly, my only course

was to proceed to El Toro, and arouse the too confident Gonzales, who in incomprehensible inactivity was awaiting the promised succor—incomprehensible if the emissaries of Doña Isabel had reached him; for, as I knew, not one word in reply had been returned.

“I had much to ask of Doña Isabel Garcia—questions which had burned upon my lips before; but reflection told me I was no more ready to ask them now than I had been, that her pride might be still as obdurate. No, there were months before me in which by gradual assault I might gain all the knowledge I would in vain endeavor to gain by sudden force. I was confident that, if by no stratagem or treason Ramirez should place himself at the head of these troops, he would be found in the field against them. I learned that he hated Gonzales as a personal, no less than a political, foe. Gonzales then, was the man for me to follow. In serving Doña Isabel against the machinations of those she had so blindly trusted, I should serve myself—keep in view the mocking fiend, whose downfall I had sworn, and perchance satisfy myself in regard to the still importunate doubts, which had led to my presence amid these strange scenes.

“I had intended to leave the hacienda upon the very night of my return, but on my way—Well, that is nothing to the purpose—I reached it exhausted. But the early morning found me in the saddle. My strength revived with every step towards El Toro. Once we caught sight of the long line of the hacienda troop crossing the open plain. We had passed through cañons and byways and were far in advance. More than once in the mountains we heard the name of Ramirez, and made wide detours of hamlets where men were gathering in twos and threes and sixes—ragged, unkempt, unarmed for the most part, but full of enthusiasm in their leader, and confident of booty and glory. Without doubt, the reverse at El Toro would not remain unavenged, I real-

zed the power of Ramirez's name—the very echo seemed to be as eloquent as the living voice of most men, chieftains and leaders though they might be.”

Chinita's eyes glistened; she raised herself with a proud gesture, as if the involuntary tribute to his genius was a personal commendation.

“Though we avoided the villages,” continued Ashley, “I did not hesitate to question the few passengers we met upon the roads. These were chiefly wandering traders, stooping under their burdens of clay-ware or charcoal, adherents of no particular party, and reticent or the opposite, as their natural impulses or the supposed necessities of the time prompted. These I plied in vain for news of Pedro, Pepé, or even the noted Ramirez himself. Each and every one seemed to have passed, and left not even a memory behind; for from these very ranchos and hamlets I knew Doña Isabel's troops had been drawn, and here the followers of Ramirez were daily drawing more—forcing those they could not persuade, laughing at the protestations of the women, and feeding the adventurous ardor of the men with tales of daring exploits and promises of plunder. All this we heard, and knew the whole country was in a ferment, yet passed through it undetected, on our own part unable to catch a glimpse or hear a word of the covert from which Ramirez directed and inspired the movement. Traveling rapidly, we entered upon the third day a deep gorge, which cut the foothills of the very mountain that overshadowed the towers of the convent town towards which I was journeying. Still a painful stretch of twelve hours, of an almost pathless labyrinth of rock and sand, I was told, lay before us; and early in the evening I ordered a halt, intending to set forth before the day broke. One of my servants spoke of a spring which he knew of, and though the season was so dry that we had little hope of discovering it, we

decided to push on, although at every step the horses seemed to protest against the effort; for they had been ridden mercilessly, without change and almost without food or rest. As we neared the spot where we hoped to find water, the aspect of the country seemed to grow even more forbidding.

“‘The dry season has swallowed it,’ said the servant dejectedly, after a careful survey of the locality. ‘There is nothing here but sand—a dry welcome for our thirsty beasts’; and at a signal from me, he threw himself from the saddle, and tethering his panting horse, clambered up the gorge to gather a handful of dry *huisatche* to light a fire. Meanwhile, his fellow busied himself in unpacking the few articles we had brought, and I threw myself on the ground against a rock, feeling myself more secure in that wild and secluded pass than I had done since I left the hacienda.

“The place was very still. Although it was yet daylight in the world without, the whole gorge was in shadow. The crackling of the herbage under the horses' feet, a low word occasionally spoken by the men, was all that broke the stillness. I suppose from thought I was gradually falling into slumber, when the sound of horses galloping, of men laughing and shouting, broke upon the air. I started to my feet and seized my arms, calling for the men; but they had disappeared; the three horses were rearing and plunging. I caught and succeeded in mounting my own, but as the cavalcade drew near, I realized that they were so numerous and in such mad humor that it would be worse than folly for me to approach them. One of my men had recovered from his panic, and stole up to me with blanched face and wide staring eyes. I pointed to the horses, and with wonderful dexterity he bounded into the saddle of one, and caught the bridle of the other. In as little time as it takes me to tell it, we gained the shelter of the rock. Calmed by a few low words,

the horses stood motionless, and from our covert we saw the company of lawless soldiery go by.

"Ramirez was at their head; and by a cord at his bridle rein was tied a man, who vainly strove to keep pace with the gallop of his horse. At almost every step he fell, and was struck by the hoofs of the foremost horses, whose riders leaning down brought him again to his feet with blows from the flat sides of their swords. There were perhaps thirty ruffians engaged in this brutal sport; and after them ran one, at such a pace as only an Indian would maintain even for moments, wringing his hands and praying and crying—alternately a prayer and a curse. And in him, more by his voice, gasping and hoarse though it was, than by sight, I recognized Pepé Valle."

Chinita would have screamed, but the ready hand of the peon closed over her mouth. "The man! the man tied to the horse's rein!" she gasped, when he released her.

"I could not see his face, and he had no breath to cry out," said Ashley. "They passed so closely, I could have shot Ramirez like a dog. But I seemed paralyzed by horror. It did for me what perhaps a moment's reflection would have done had I been capable of it—it saved me from suicide. To have moved then would have been certain death. I could not comprehend the mad jests of those around him; but a moment after they passed I heard a sound which to all ears conveys the same meaning—a pistol shot—and the voice of Ramirez crying,

"*Caramba!* the next fall will kill him, and the dog shall die only by my hand. There! I have paid the debt I owed thee—thou knowest for what. It should have been paid thee like the other villain's years ago. Would that I had dragged him at my horse's rein as I have thee!"

"The man fell; a soldier, with a laugh, cut the riata; all swept on with shouts and

laughter—Ramirez the quietest among them. In a few minutes they were far up the gorge. One glance had satisfied Ramirez that his shot had reached its aim.

"None seemed to remember the panting wretch behind. I had reached the prostrate body as soon as he, and together we raised it up. Under the mask of bruise and blood, and the dust of the roadway, recognized the man I had been seeking—Pedro Gomez."

Pepé caught the girl on his outstretched arm—she had staggered as though struck by a heavy blow. Ashley sprang to her side in remorse—he had spared her nothing in the recital—but she had not fainted. She raised herself slowly, and lifting her arms above her head, wrung her hands in speechless agony.

The man who had been murdered years before had been a shadow, a myth, in her mind. He became at that supreme moment a living presence, joining with, blent with, the martyred Pedro in denunciation of the man, whom she had raised to a pinnacle of glory. The idol of years crashed to the earth, in semblance of a demon—and with it fell the stoicism and pride that had encased as in bands of steel the softer emotions of her nature.

"Murdered! murdered both!" she moaned at length. "Was it not enough he should bereave me even before I came into the world, but that he should so vilely slay the only creature who has loved me? O my God!" she added shuddering, "why have I been so cursed as to have given one thought to such a wretch? Oh! forgive, forgive! forgive!"

XXXV.

To whom was that vain cry addressed? Ashley questioned not, but clasping in his the icy hands, which strove to smite and beat each other, spoke such words of soothing as came readiest in the stranger tongue

he found so inadequate. She scarcely seemed to hear him, and in her frenzy—terrible to witness, though it was not loud—even Pepé's rough accents were unheeded.

"*Niña de mi alma!*" he said "he is not dead. No, it is not a lie I tell thee! Who could lie to thee in such an hour as this? I have come to tell thee that he lives; 'twas he himself who sent me."

"He himself!" she echoed at last, turning her wild, tearless eyes upon his face. "Ah it is because thou art here, that I know he is dead, else thou wouldst not dare to leave him!"

"And by my faith, it is not of my own will I am here!" answered Pepé bluntly, "Señor Don 'Guardo, you can tell her that."

"I can in truth," replied Ashley, who seeing that the peon's words were received by her but as empty attempts to defer the evil moment when the inevitable assurance of the death of her foster-father must be given—so well did she know the customs and manners of her country people, ever prone to useless prevarication, even in their deepest sorrow—hastened to describe to her the few scant means they found in his extremity to recall the exhausted Pedro to the life that had apparently been thrust, and beaten, and driven from him forever.

The ball of the pistol had but grazed his cheek; the blood and dust had deceived the accustomed eyes of Ramirez, as it had deceived their own. The greater danger arose from the frightful condition of laceration and fatigue to which the mad race through the tony cañon had reduced him.

In a few words Pepé told the tale. They had met but the day before, and it was while hastening to El Toro to apprise Gonzales of the plot, that Pepé, in the petition of Chinita, revealed to him, that they had encountered face to face the irate chieftain and his followers. Pepé understood little of the cause that led to their being seized, dragged from their horses, and threatened with instant death. Both alike

protested innocence of any scheme to baffle or injure the mountain chieftain. He understood too well the ease with which a foe too weak to fight could assume the aspect of a friend; but, at the worst, Pepé imagined, they might be forced to turn back on their way to spend a few unwilling hours among the bandit followers, until chance should give them opportunity to escape. But Ramirez's memory was keen as it was vengeful. Suddenly he bent and gazed searchingly into the face of the elder prisoner.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with an oath, "I know thee! Thou art Pedro Sanchez."

Pedro, who till this moment had bent his head to avoid the gaze of his captors, raised it swiftly with an ejaculation of amazement. A red handkerchief bound the brows of Ramirez; his face was swarthy and grimed with hard riding.

"Ah, and thou knowest me, too!" Ramirez cried. "Thou hast called me a devil more than once in thy life time; and now I will prove thy word true! Hereafter thou wilt have no chance for that, any more than for opening the gate to the man who would make my——" He gnashed his teeth in speechless rage, and with his sword struck the keeper across the face.

The action spoke louder than words. Some one, in ready comprehension of the leader's mood, threw a lasso, and catching the prisoner across the breast, began to mimic the wild shouts of the *toreador*. But Ramirez was in no humor for pastime.

"On! on!" he cried. "'Tis nearly sunset. Let us see how far on our way this fellow can accompany us till then; and then by a vow I made to my patron, San Leonidas, more than a score of years ago, he shall die. *Caramba!* did ever man play Ramirez false and he forget to pay him his dues."

Pepé, amid the *vivas* and laughter of the band, heard the words with only a wild sense of terror; but it was only when he

beheld Pedro struggling at the side of the plunging horse, that he realized that the man was to be dragged to his death. He had heard of Ramirez's wild jests and imagined this might be one, until he beheld the cortège speeding forward, urging the unhappy Pedro before them with blows and jeers, or exhibiting their wonderful horsemanship in evading his prostrate body; which, however, more than once sounded under the thud of the horses' feet.

Pepé could have escaped at any moment, for in the concentration of attention upon Pedro, his companion had been utterly forgotten; but he followed madly, expostulating, entreating, cursing, while his breath allowed; and then was seemingly swept onward in the whirl, almost unconscious, till he heard the shot that ended the mad scene, and found himself staggering over the body of the bleeding Pedro.

The sight of Ashley, as unexpected, as assuring, as though an angel had arisen, saved him from utter collapse of mind and body. But for the new excitement, he would have fallen prone, and had he ever regained consciousness, it would have been to find his comrade dead. But under the impulse of Ashley's energetic action and sustaining words, he even helped to raise the victim, in whom, lacerated though he was, Ashley soon discovered a feeble flutter of the heart.

"We took him to the shelter of the rock," said Ashley, who had by signs hastened Pepé's conclusion of the account, which, related in his own profuse manner, was far more agonizing than the brief outline here given; "and found that his extraordinary powers of endurance, though strained to the uttermost, had stood him in wonderful stead. An arm was broken, and every muscle so wrenched and strained, that when he regained his consciousness the resolute will, which during the progress of the torture had withheld him from uttering protest or groan, utterly gave way and he screamed in agony. Happily his persecutors were too

far distant to be recalled by those unrestrainable cries of returning consciousness. Even while we poured brandy down his throat, and rubbed and stretched his limbs, it seemed as though it would have been a thousand times more charitable to suffer him to die, than to recall him to such agony. When he regained full consciousness, however, the cries ceased—not because the pain was less, but that the will regained its mastery.

"As his eyes fell upon me, he gazed at me a moment as upon an apparition. So wild was his look, I thought he was going mad.

"Don Juan! here! here!" he muttered hoarsely. 'Are we in hell together? But no!' he sprang up, then fell back with a groan. 'I shall live to warn her yet. The child shall not fall into his accursed hands. Never! Never! Ah, Pepé, thou art here; hasten, hasten, tell her she is the child of the man he murdered. What though I die? she will be saved! Go! Go!'" Chinita started.

"The recreant Mozo had returned. It was Stefano, whom you know well. He is a coward, but ready in resource, and with a kindly heart. He knew the country well, and told us of a cave he once had slept in, and he led us to it unerringly. To our surprise, we found there a scanty supply of *pinole*, left by some wandering tenant, and a quart of water, still fresh enough to show that the cave had not long been empty. There was a remnant of a woman's dress in one corner,—heaven knows how brought there—and this we used to bind the pistol wound; while Stefano used the best means available in setting the broken arm. These rancheros are possessed of strange accomplishments—I don't believe a surgeon could have done it with more skill.

"During the course of our passage through the dusk, bearing as best we could our groaning burden, his hallucination that I was John Ashley merged into recognition. It was but little I could do for him, but it filled him with gratitude. 'You are *buen*

'*ristano*,' he ejaculated again and again; and once in the night, when the others slept, he muttered, '*Niña, niña*, forgive me! I am dying. You bade me protect the child! Ah, even in life it has not been possible! Is she not in the hands you bade me defend her from?'

"These sentences, murmured at intervals, kept me waking, while all others slept, hanging over him with entreaties to disburden his mind of the secret, which weighed so heavily upon him, that it seemed under the he could neither live nor die.

" 'Tell me at least,' I said, 'who is this man called Ramirez, whom I saw this evening wreak upon you so terrible a revenge? How comes it that you are so hated by the man for whom your foster daughter is plotting? Have you not been his follower in by-gone days? Surely it is not Chinita who has set such enmity between you!'

" 'No, no; it began before she was born,' he answered, shudderingly, his pale countenance becoming more ghastly still. '*Dios me mi alma!*' he continued, as if forgetful of my presence. 'Was it not enough that the child should fall again into the power of Doña Isabel—she who tore it from its mother's breast to cast it among the *leperos* who with the dogs feed at her gates—but that her father's murderer, her mother's destroyer, should wield this devil's witchcraft over her? My God, who will defend her? Who will rescue her?'

Chinita raised her head, her nostrils quivering, the veins upon her neck and temples swollen and palpitating.

" 'Tell her the truth,' I said!" continued Ashley. "Then she will be her own defender; and I—you know me; for what other purpose am I here? Yes, Pedro, the secret you have kept so long is mine as well as ours. John Ashley died because he dared love a woman named Herlinda; and that Herlinda was the daughter of Doña Isabel Garcia.'

"He stared at me in wild dismay, '*Niña*,

niña,' he muttered piteously 'I have not betrayed thee; and Doña Isabel, though you have taken from me the child you thrust upon me in such mockery, have I not borne the torture meekly? No, even to this man, so like the other that he needed not to tell his name and kin, I have told nothing to shame you!'

"His words sprang from his lips in spite of the will that would have kept them back; for a time he was like a man under the influence of a maddening draught. Striving to calm him by the assurance that I would never use the knowledge he might give me to dishonor the family to which his whole life had been devoted, I drew from him little by little his strange tale. It concerns neither you nor me, Chinita, until in recompense for secret service done her in the cause of her wretched brother Leon, Doña Isabel Garcia made Pedro *portero* at Tres Hermanos. There my unfortunate cousin gained his good offices in his secret meetings with the young Herlinda. He seems in truth to have been conscious of no serious offence against Doña Isabel in lending his aid to the tender intercourse of the young people, although he was cognizant of her plans regarding the marriage of Herlinda and Gonzales. My cousin claimed the right to visit his wife—and Pedro took his gold and was silent, if not convinced.

" 'Ah, how joyously Ashley left his wife—for the last time,' he exclaimed at length, ceasing to expect my questions and taking the tone of narrative. 'Yes, he called her always his wife—what was the *portero* to demand? Ah! Doña Isabel would know, or the young Gonzales. One cannot do worse than put his hand in a boiling pot, and wherefore do that when it hangs over his neighbor's fire? Yes, never had he seemed more confident, more gay. "I shall not need to waken thee at midnight to let me pass like a thief who leaves thee a bribe," he said, "tomorrow I shall be free to come and go as I will."

“‘Alas!’ he continued. ‘As my eyes followed him, I thought any woman might be pardoned loving him—had he not beguiled my own heart? for I swear I loved him. Yet I wondered at the courage of the *Niña* Herlinda—she who had seemed so timid, so yielding to her mother’s every wish. *Caramba!* it is true. “There is nothing too strong for love or death.” I laughed to think how youth in its folly can baffle caution; when a sound behind me echoed the laugh. The blood froze in my veins, so overpowering was the very presence of the man even before he touched me. *Dios poderoso!* when I looked up, the man in the peasant’s dress hurled himself upon me—but the blaze in his eyes could burn only from the fierce and terrible rage of the evil spirit of that house; it was Leon Vallé who dashed me down and rushed out into the night.’”

Chinita uttered an exclamation; then repeating the name, “Leon! Leon Vallé,” listened with bated breath, while Ashley continued—in the words of Pedro:

“‘I knew at the moment that Ashley was lost. No, a thousand prayers, nor the swiftest aid my cries could have gained him, would not have saved him. I waited, scarce daring to breathe; with strained ears I listened. Would the murderer, his first work accomplished, return? I knew then he held my life forfeit, yet had he returned, I should have opened the gate to him. Ah, you know not the power of that man! as it was in Leon Vallé, so it is now in Ramirez. God, what power in those terrible eyes! I felt it then, I felt it today. What resistance was possible? The morning came. I was still alive, but the people came to me crying of the dead. What need had I to ask the name? In the midst of the tumult, a terrible shriek rang on my ears. I thought my brain was turning. There was but one thought that steadied it—confession, confession to Doña Isabel.

“‘As soon as it was possible I sought her presence. I cannot tell you what passed;

I only know the words I would have spoke died on my lips. Whether Doña Isabel knew of it or not, I could not determine; but that the love of Herlinda Garcia and the young American was to die with him, that the terrible vengeance which had been worked for her was not to be in vain, seared itself upon my mind. The remembrance of that was to save my soul, and not confession. Never to mortal was my knowledge to be breathed. This was the penitence laid upon me. And so, despairing, left her. What was the immortal soul of poor peon in comparison to the honor of the family of Garcia.

“‘It was well; why should a servant grieve to say his mistress? So months went on. Señor. Within and around the hacienda people were dying. They told me the *niña* Herlinda herself was pining—some whispered for the American, but a terror seized even on the boldest, and the American name ceased to be heard, and that of the young Gonzales took its place. The gossip were content to blame any name, uncharitable for her wan cheeks and sunken eyes. But I knew that no living man had aught to answer for.

“‘I had not seen her for weeks and weeks but one night a creature so pale and wan I thought it her ghost, accosted me. Strange was the mission that brought her. She was to entreat my protection—that of the worthless Pedro—for the child, which was secret and in banishment she was about to bring into the world.

“‘Well! well! I promised all she asked. I should have done so, even had I thought it possible the dire need she pleaded would be hers. Oh! I have heard strange and fearful tales of deeds that have been wrought within the walls of these great and solitary haciendas; but that Doña Isabel would stoop to crime, and that I might find it in my power to save a child which she should strive to sacrifice, I could not believe. Trouble, I thought, had made Herlinda

mad. But she was mad only with the frenzy of a prophetess.

"With terrible forebodings I saw her taken from her home. Day and night I thought of her, and my heart was like ice; but one day, when worn out with watching and expectancy I sat at the gate, I fell into a doze, and in my dream heard the voice of Terlinda calling me. It changed to that of a man—I woke with a start, and a child as dropped into my hands. Strange and wonderful must have been the means by which that hunted and distractèd creature invaded the mother she feared! Who had been her friends, Señor? The wonder is with me still. I saw the face of her messenger but for a moment, but it has haunted me.—Yes, more than once, when I have thought of new faces that have passed before me, I have said, 'Such an one was like the man; why was I blind to it when he stood before me?'" He started up, and clasped my arm so powerfully that I shrank. 'Señor,' he cried, 'As God lives, I saw such a face today! It was that of the man who rode behind him they call Ramirez.'

"'Reyes!' I ejaculated. 'Reyes!' What strange sport had made the messenger of Terlinda the follower of Ramirez? I—"

Ashley paused, for Chinita echoed the same with an intense surprise far greater than his own. She clasped her hands to her temples, as though fearing the mad bewilderment of her thoughts was crazing her. "Tell me no more," she said faintly.

"Do I not know the unnatural wretch which I have been? But what of Pedro? Why did you leave him? how dared you leave him? You!" She turned upon Pepé accusingly. "He lives, you say, and yet you are here!"

"No less would content him," interposed Ashley, while Pepé muttered an articulate remonstrance. "It was Pepé you had sent upon your errand; it was Pepé he would dispatch with his answer."

"Ay!" said Pepé grumblingly, "and

with you I must remain; I am sworn to that whether you like it or loathe it."

"I," said Ashley, "have ridden thus far out of the direct path I would have taken to El Toro, to warn you of the character of the man you have made your hero; to tell you I believe you to be the daughter of my cousin, and to offer you the home, the fortune, that would have been his."

He spoke unhesitatingly, yet a strange sense of bewilderment swept over him. He was conscious that it was no material loss that troubled him—not for an instant did he dream of using the advantage of the law against this defenceless girl; but that this strange impulsive creature should be of the same blood as he—as the calm and gentle Mary—that she should come into their life with her wayward passions, her erratic genius, her weird beauty, was a thing incomprehensible, almost terrible. And yet the blood leaped stronger in the young man's veins as he beheld her; his heart bounded as he said, "Yes, I must go; for I have certain news that the enemy is massing his forces for attack. I go to warn Gonzales; but I shall return to claim you as my cousin's child. Meanwhile, be silent—patient. Pedro prays you keep the secret of your birth. He believes as firmly as ever that only thus can you be safe. And for that mother's sake I pray you be silent. Right may be won for you, and her good name be still left untainted. There may be a mystery still unraveled."

"I will be silent; I will wait," she said in a cold, hollow voice.

"Ashley noticed that she had no word of sympathy for him, no recognition of the endeavors that had led to her discovery. Apparently the thought that he was aught to her was as far from her mind, as any grief had been for that other American—as indeed it was at that moment; for strangely, Ashley seemed to penetrate the inmost shrine of thought, and still the wonted figures were those around which centered her

love, her hopes, her passions—Pedro—Ramirez—Doña Isabel.

"I will be silent," she repeated. "Ah, it will be easier now! Yes, hasten to El Toro, bring Gonzales—he will be a surer, safer leader than Ruiz; though I will turn him to my will. Yes, yes, more than once I have thought him wavering, uncertain! Now at a word I will make him what before he has only affected to others to be—the undying enemy of Ramirez!"

Ashley was silent. He would have had this girl passive, supine, womanly, yet from the very necessity of warning her, had been forced to arouse in her this vindictive wrath against the man who had done her unwittingly such foul wrong.

"Listen!" he said hurriedly after a pause, "It is Pedro who implores, who commands, that until he gives you leave, nothing of what I have told you shall pass your lips. I might have had your promise before I would speak. See, the stars are shining that must see me on my way. Give me two promises before we part—one that you will be silent, the other that Pepé shall be continually within your sight or call. For this he was sent from the side of the suffering, perhaps dying, Pedro. He would have you safe—safe from Ramirez."

"And I would kill you before you should fall into his hands," interposed Pepé grimly.

Chinita smiled with cynical bitterness, and said indifferently, "I promise. Yes, I promise. Ah, yes, Señor, you will see I have been silent when you come again. And now I will go back. What if the Señora Doña Isabel should wake and find me missing?—the child she loves so well!"

She waved her hand and stepped backward through the darkness. At the door of the chamber where Doña Isabel lay, she seemed to vanish into air, so swift, so silent, was her going.

Ashley gazed after her long in silence—so long that another spectral figure stole through the doorway, and with noiseless

steps reached Pepé's side. "The Señora slept like the dead," Caterina whispered; "but not for a thousand *duros*, would I lie in Chinita's place again, while she forgets time in lover's chat. I wonder at thee, Pepé! thou hast not a man's heart in thee, I thought thou lovedst her thyself!"

"Fool!" said Pepé sulkily, and turned away, while Caterina, ill paid for her devotion, sought a corner of the corridor, in which to sink to sleep.

"Strange, incomprehensible creature!" muttered Ashley at length. "What emotions, what thoughts are hers? At least it is certain that the fascination of Ramirez is dissolved—horror, hatred perhaps, have taken its place. She is safe; and now Pepé, my horse, I must take the road—and if it be true that Juarez is at hand, even Ramirez himself may tremble; even the combined forces of Gonzales and Ruiz will hold him at bay and keep an open road for the capital."

It was scarcely two hours past midnight, though his interview with Chinita had lasted long, when Ashley cautiously emerged from the *meson*, and took his way towards the open country. The troops lay at the east end of the town; but giving the watchword to the few sentinels who challenged him, he avoided them, and soon found himself in the vast solitude of the night. He had taken the precaution to procure a fresh horse, and for some leagues the way lay across a level country, so he made such speed as brought him by dawn within sight of the mountain upon which Pedro lay; but on a side many miles nearer his destination, where Gonzales, with his insufficient garrison, was anxiously awaiting the reinforcements without which he could neither dare to advance, nor hope to maintain his position in case of attack.

As Ashley glanced towards the ragged and solitary cliffs, where like a hunted animal the man was lying, he remembered that after the first hour was passed, Chinita had

spoken no more of her foster father—had asked no question as to what hands were set to tend him, nor in what direction lay the cave in which he was sheltered. Such queries would have been useless—she could do nothing; yet it would have been but natural that she should have made them. Even if his care of her neglected infancy was forgotten, or accepted as a matter of course, and though her mind was absorbed by thoughts of her own history, and her wrongs, yet his very connection with them should have made him an object of interest, if not of tenderness.

“Heavens!” he murmured, “can it be that this strange creature, as different in her instincts as in her appearance and education, can be of the same blood as Mary. A bewildering charge shall I take to her, if Doña Isabel still, to save the reputation of her daughter, lays no claim to this beautiful girl, and denies her such scanty justice as she can give! For a daughter of an Ashley must not be left to the sport of chance—neither to be sold to the first who bargains for her beauty, nor, worse still, to be consigned to a convent, as the unhappy Herlinda was. If this Gonzales but proves a man of honor, I may gain some aid from him; he, at least, may know in which convent this woman—whom he also loved—is immured. By the way, he is a fanatic upon this new scheme of Juarez, of secularizing the property of the clergy. Ah, in event of the success of the Liberal arms, that might work countless and unimagined changes!”

The thought was full of suggestion. Ashley gave rein to his horse, and dashed forward with fresh vigor. Afterward he scarce remembered how the day passed; but its close found him, spent and weary, alighting

at the door of the *meson* of El Toro. And almost at the same moment, far on the other side of the mountain, two travelers, so wrapped in long *frazadas* and covered by wide *sombreros* as to be almost indistinguishable, the man from the woman, drew rein before a mass of cactus and grey rock; and while the one gazed furtively around, vainly seeking a sign of human contiguity, the other dismounted, and bending to a mere crevice in the rock gave a long, low whistle, then turned to help his companion, saying, “That will bring Stefano. China, thou wilt see that, though a coward, he is no fool and has cared well for the *padrino*. Said I not so? Ah, here he comes.”

Chinita was cramped by long riding, and was fain to cling to her guide. She looked around her with a shudder. The wild solitude of the place was terrible. She feared to move, lest she should find herself face to face with death. Her head swam, the world turned black before her eyes; and in the midst a strange hand touched her own. A low laugh sounded on her ear—it was that of a woman.

“Santa Maria!” she heard Pepé exclaiming. “It is the *Virgin de la Patrocenia* herself. It is then that we are too late to serve the poor *padron*!”

The low laugh sounded again—there was in it more of madness than sanctity. Chinita, with superstitious fear and desperation, sought to wrench her hand from the hot clasp in which it was held. The close air of the entrance of the cave closed round her, as with persistent force she was drawn within; and with a scream of terror she fell fainting, overcome by the excitement and exertion of many hours, and by the unexpected apparition which had greeted her.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRONICLES OF CAMP WRIGHT.

I.

During the summer of 1874, acting under instructions from my military superiors, I was engaged, among other duties, in scouting in Mendocino and Trinity Counties. The results of these scouts were embodied in a map of Round Valley and its vicinity, and in a report upon the peculiarities and resources of the country, its early history and probable future. From the material accumulated for this report have grown the following papers, upon the history and legends of the Round Valley Indians.

This valley, elliptical in form, lies one hundred and ninety-three miles due north from San Francisco, about midway between the northern extremity of Sacramento Valley and the Pacific Ocean, and hidden among the spurs of the Coast Range at an altitude of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its length, north and south, varies from seven to eight miles, and its width, east and west, from four to five; with an estimated area of twenty-five thousand acres. The erratic course of Eel river and its numerous "forks" or branches girdles the mountain boundaries of the valley with a curious cordon of streams, unbroken at all points save one, where the narrow Black Butte rises between the North and Northeast Fork of Eel River. At the time of my acquaintance with it, Round Valley in the summer season was a charming sight to the wayfarer, wearied with an unbroken succession of mountains and cañons. Its surface was dotted with groves of magnificent oaks, intermixed with leafy dells and sheltered glens. The effect in winter was somewhat different—all the

lower parts of the valley were then little better than swamps and quagmires, and numerous small creeks coursing through it on their way to Eel River, through the Big Slough, which in summer were dry, became from the almost constant rain, nearly unfordable. The valley is evidently the bed of an ancient lake, whose waters finally cut their way to the broad bed of Eel River, and descended this to the Pacific Ocean, slowly emptying the valley. Where the lake bed was lowest, in the northern part of the valley, the last remnant of the old lake lingered until it disappeared by evaporation, leaving a superb loam deposit; but in the higher portions, the rapid outflow of the confined waters has washed away the deposits, leaving a surface of shale and gravel.

Round Valley must have been, in times not very remote, densely populated with aborigines. Here the Yukas, (of whom a remnant still exists on the Reservation,) a tribe once powerful in numbers, who claimed the vast territory included between the South and North Forks of Eel River, and subsisted upon the acorns, wild oats, and clover of the valleys, and the abundant game roaming in the mountain fastnesses, lived in comfort and prosperity until the white man came—bringing with him a story of aggression, retaliation, and blood.

From the most reliable data I can get, it appears that in the beginning of the year 1854, the merchants of Petaluma, with a view of increasing their commercial facilities, conceived the project of locating a trail to connect Petaluma with Weaverville, Trinity County, and Mr. Samuel Kelsey, with an efficient party, was charged with its execution. At that date the immense territory

between these two points was regarded very much in the light of a *terra incognita*, and the party under Mr. Kelsey's orders may properly be called explorers. Looking down on Round Valley from one of the neighboring mountains, these explorers judging from the numerous camp fires dotting it in every direction, estimated its Indian population, together with that of the adjacent smaller valleys and surrounding mountains, at twenty thousand. Subsequent estimates made by the settlers who came with Mr. White's party, reduce this number to five and even as low as three thousand. The Yuka, in common with nearly all the Indian tribes of Northern California, in erecting his abode or wigwam, first excavated a sufficient space to a depth varying from three to five feet, making with the displaced earth a circular wall or tumulus, upon which he erected a structure of poles, covered with bark or hides. Unlike the Indians of the plains, the Yukas were not migratory in their habits, and having once established a village or rancheria, it was of a permanent nature. The wigwam and its inhabitants have disappeared; the tumuli still remain—and from this evidence, and from that obtained by patient inquiry among the most intelligent of the remaining Indians, I approximated the Indian population of Round Valley, and of its immediate vicinity, at the date of the first white settlement, at twelve thousand. Of this number hardly four hundred remained in 1874; and in my endeavors to ascertain from the settlers what became of the rest, I invariably received the answer that it was hard to tell.

A careful reading of the succeeding pages may possibly render the solution of the problem self-evident.

The first white settlement in the valley dates from June 1856, when a party composed of Mr. George E. White and others, came across the mountains from Sacramento Valley and established a permanent location. At about the same time man named

Storms acting under instructions from Colonel Thomas J. Henley, then superintendent, of Indian affairs for California, located an Indian farm in the Northwest part of the Valley. This farm, or station, was known as the Nome-cult Indian farm, and was a dependency or branch of the Nome-Lackee Indian Reservation, in the foothills of Sacramento Valley, in Tehama County.

Storms had lived a long time among the Nevada Indians, and had acquired great influence among them; and when they were brought from Nevada to the Nome-Lackee Reservation, he came with the tribe. When the location of the Round Valley farm was determined upon, he came as agent, or supervisor, of the new establishment, with some forty Nevadas as a nucleus; in the course of time, nearly all the remaining Yukas were prevailed upon to come and live thereon, and in the spring of 1859, the Con-Con tribe was transferred to this farm from the Mendocino reservation.

During the summer and fall of 1856, more whites arrived, and engaged in farming and stock raising; and Round Valley began to assume the appearance and characteristics of all white settlements in the Indian country in their early days.

Up to this time the Yukas had lived contented and happy. Their manner of living was very primitive—sufficient for the day was the good thereof; they owned no horses or live stock of any kind, and the use of fire-arms was to them unknown. Practicing none of the arts of civilization, they were also exempt from its vices. They do not appear to have placed any impediments in the way of the establishment of a white settlement in the midst of their native country. They regarded the white man as a superior being, endowed with many of the attributes of their Great Spirit, and they retained that opinion until the whites, by their own acts, made it impossible, even to the most absolute credulity, to retain it any longer; for the time was coming fast when, hunted like

a wild beast among his native hills, starvation and death staring him in the face whichever way he turned, the poor Indian would come to the army officer, his only friend, and, as far as his power extended, his only protector, and pointing to his wounds would say, "You ask us to come on the Reservation, and tell us that we will not be molested. We have been there, and our brothers, our wives, and our children have been killed. We do not know in whom to believe; we have lost faith in everything but death."

During the first and second year of the settlement, the number of white inhabitants was increased at different times by the arrival of a certain class of white men known in the vernacular of the country as "floaters"—men without fixed occupation or abodes, who came, some as hunters, and others as stock-herders. Having no interest at stake, these men were not over scrupulous in their conduct toward the Indians, and their bad example appears to have contaminated some of the real settlers. From this time dates the beginning of aggression and outrages on the part of the whites, and of Indian retaliation in killing stock, and sometimes whites, culminating at last in a war of extermination waged by the whites upon the Indians.

The first murders charged to the Indians were those of two white men. If what is related of one of these is true, the provocation certainly justified the deed. His favorite amusement is said to have been shooting at the Indians at long range, and he usually brought down his game. Goaded to desperation the Indians killed him. The shedding of the first white blood, however, gave an additional impetus to the already fast growing animosity of the whites; and matters began to assume a decidedly bad look for the poor Yukas.

This state of half hostility speedily grew from bad to worse, and in the latter part of the year 1868, in answer to an urgent request made by the settlers, a company of

the Sixth United States Infantry was ordered from Benicia Barracks to Round Valley. The inclemency of the season, however, prevented the officer in command, Major Johnson, from reaching his destination, and he was compelled to halt and go into winter quarters at a place known later as Fort Weller, some fifty miles below the valley; whence he dispatched an officer with a detachment of seventeen enlisted men to Round Valley, with orders to take post at or near the Nome-cult Indian reservation or farm. Lieutenant Dillon, the officer in command of the detachment was instructed to afford all the aid in his power to the agent and employes on the reservation; to induce as many Indians as he could to come from the mountains; to prevent the Indians from molesting the whites by killing their stock or otherwise, and to protect the Indians from the whites. In view of the small force at his disposal, which he was compelled to weaken still more by stationing small detachments from it at points in the vicinity, it must be admitted that these instructions were, to say the least, somewhat hard to follow. From a military point of view, they were equivalent to his being ordered to front, at one and the same time, in three different directions; to sustain a combined assault on his front and rear, and to repulse an attack on his flank. The result of this complication was that in his conscientious efforts to obey the dictates of humanity toward the Indians he unfortunately incurred the enmity of many of the whites. Despite these untoward circumstances, his manifold duties were discharged, on the whole, in a satisfactory and conscientious manner, but the relations between the two races do not appear to have become more amicable. The conflicting interests, or rather prerogatives, of the civil, military, and Indian authorities, added to the white and Indian complications, were difficult to harmonize or conciliate, and his endeavors to compel a certain class of white men to discontinue their outrages

upon the Indians were openly, and in one or two instances, successfully resisted.

Early in the year 1859, a memorial, signed by a number of the white inhabitants of Round Valley and the surrounding country, praying for protection against the Indians, was addressed to Governor Weller, and referred by him to the commanding general of the department; who, in turn, referred it to Major Johnson, commanding at Fort Weller. Major Johnson returned it under date of May 1, 1859, with an emphatic report denying the assertions of the memorial.

"The Yukas have not been," says the report, "for the last two years, nor are they now, at open war with the whites; but the whites have waged a relentless war of extermination against the Yukas, making no distinction between the innocent and the guilty. They have ruthlessly massacred men, women, and children. That the Indians in a few instances have retaliated by killing some stock is true; but so far from killing 'twenty whites at least,' as falsely represented, they have never, since the first settlement of the country, killed but two." The report here states the circumstances of their death, as given above, and goes on: "These were killed some two years ago, and not a man has been killed since. It is difficult to say how many Indians were killed by the whites within the time specified, but it is asserted and believed that some six hundred have been killed within the last year. The statement that the Indians have, within two years, killed forty thousand dollars worth of stock in Round Valley is believed to be a gross exaggeration. One of the largest stock owners in the valley has within the last few days denied the statement, and says that he does not believe the Indians have ever killed a tenth part of the amount stated. Several other citizens of Round Valley have denied the statement and scouted it as ridiculous.

The Indians have destroyed some of H—'s stock in Eden Valley. All the stock that is lost is charged to the Indians. His stock is not herded. The Indians have killed some, it is true, and the manner of killing has indicated plainly that it was done in retaliation for the gross outrages practiced on them.... Some of the stock which the Indians were accused of having killed, has since been found. Persons traveling through the Indian country are not attacked 'at sight.' I have repeatedly sent single expressmen through the country who have encamped in the Indian country without molestation. Men go alone almost daily over and through the country, looking for stock and hunting, and I have not yet heard of one having been attacked. No man travels through this country without arms of some sort, but whether armed or unarmed, it is false that any men have been attacked by these Indians. As to the statement that the citizens, having exhausted all means of defense against the depredations of the Indians, entertained the idea of abandoning the country unless speedily assisted by the State authorities, it is regarded by all as simply ridiculous. The object of the statement is palpable. The memorialists wish a company of volunteers called into the service for the purpose of exterminating the Indians. This work has been going on since the first settlement of the country, but not fast enough to suit the views of certain unscrupulous speculators and stock-owners, who would gladly see the last Indian sacrificed to their insatiable avarice and cupidity. The inhabitants are fully able to protect themselves without the aid of volunteers. The Indians, and not the whites, need protection. If the Indians were let alone, we should not hear so much of Indian depredations. If they were allowed, in common with the brutes, to eat the acorns, roots, and clover of the valley, instead of being killed and driven to the fast-

nesses of the mountain, and thus compelled to starve or steal, we should hear of no depredations at all.

"I shall now proceed to mention some of the acts of the whites toward the Indians by way of showing clearly the ability of the former to protect themselves, and as constituting part of the history of the present condition of military affairs in this district.

"The Yukas are now a miserable tribe of naked, starved, Digger Indians, inhabiting the country between the North and South Eel Rivers. They live upon and cultivate the reservation in Round Valley, and almost every farmer in the valley has a number of them, whom he employs as servants, and who have either been brought from the mountains or from the reservation. These Indians are worked and packed, and but scantily, if at all, clothed and fed. Many of them at the reservation have been officially reported to me as almost in a starving condition, and hardly able to get out to procure roots and clover, their usual diet."

The report goes on to narrate in full a case in which whites attacked an unarmed and unsuspecting settlement of Yukas, on the mere suspicion that they had taken some missing stock, and massacred some forty of them. Again, on the previous New Year's, certain whites "armed with rifles and revolvers, went to the several farms upon which Yuka Indians were employed as servants, and in cold blood killed some forty or fifty of them. They directed the ranch owners to select such Indians as they did not wish killed, and they would kill the rest. I have not heard that any reason was assigned for the massacre, but have understood that it was a sort of New Year's frolic." In another case some twenty Indians on the Reservation were shot upon suspicion of having killed stock. "The precaution had been taken in this last massacre to disarm the Indians and burn their bows and arrows." "The agent informed me that the citizens of Round

Valley had threatened to wipe out the Indians on the Reservation; that they had come there armed for the purpose, and that he had been compelled to call in the employés to protect the Indians, and had serious notions of arming the Indians in their own defense." In still another case, an armed party looking for lost stock in the mountains, "attacked every village of Indians they came upon and massacred some two hundred or more," men, women and children.

Several more massacres and personal atrocities practiced upon Indians, are related; and Major Johnson's report closes as follows:

"I have endeavored to put a stop to the aggressions of the whites against the Indians, but without effect. They seem bent upon their extermination, and so long as they continue their indiscriminate slaughter, the Indians will occasionally retaliate by killing some stock. Large numbers of the Indians have died. The combined effects of hard work, disease, starvation and the attacks of the whites, will soon cause them to disappear entirely, without the aid of a volunteer company, to expedite the work of destruction."

"I also enclose two counter-memorials, numerously signed by persons known to be among the most reliable residents of Round Valley."

Colonel Henley, Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, took exception to this and to a subsequent report, made by Major Johnson, and published a refutal in the columns of the San Francisco National under date of February 5th, 1860. Colonel Henley having made, in his letter, certain aspersions on Major Johnson's courage and veracity and others to the same effect to the discredit of Lieutenant Dillon, they were answered, in the absence of these two officers, by Lieutenant W. P. Carlin, 6th United States Infantry, commanding at Fort Weller, who having first submitted his re-

joinder to General Clarke, the Department Commander, for his inspection, published it in the San Francisco Herald in March, 1860, assuming all the responsibility of its publication.

Notwithstanding my respect for the eminent positions so ably filled by Colonel Henley, and my personal regard for this venerable gentleman, candor compels me to say, after a careful perusal of both refutation and rejoinder, that General Carlin appears to have acquitted himself in this instance as he did some years afterwards, on the fields of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama—he moved upon the enemy's works and made himself master of the situation.

Pending this controversy, however, the State authorities had decided in favor of employing a company of volunteers to operate against the Indians of the valley and its vicinity. The company was organized in July, 1859.

Under dates of July 22d and 28th, Lieutenant Carlin, commanding at Fort Weller in the absence of Colonel Johnson, wrote to the department commander that the captain of the volunteers had told him that he should operate against the Indians in Round Valley and Eden Valley, until they were all removed. (Eden is a smaller Valley three miles south of Round Valley; its history is really part of Round Valley's. The Yukas assembled there in large numbers at certain seasons of the year, for religious ceremonies; it was peculiarly dear to them for that reason, and to this day the last remnant of the tribe look upon it with feelings approaching veneration.) Lieutenant Carlin also wrote: "Previous to the organization of this company, I had ordered Lieutenant Dillon to go out with a mounted detachment from Round Valley, and endeavor to bring the Indians on the Reservation. . . . He found a few Indians, but did not take them into the Reservation; very few could be induced to come to him to talk on the sub-

ject, as they now place no confidence in the statement of any white man."

Major Johnson early in the following month writes on the same subject. "He succeeded in talking with twelve of these Indians, who approached after having been assured by an Indian guide that they would not be molested. They were told that if they would come into the reservation, they would not be killed, and they promised to come in. Lieutenant Dillon now reports that fifteen of these Indians have come in within the last few days. The other Indians on Eel River fled at his approach, and could not be induced to come to him. They told the runners who were sent to them that—and men from Round Valley were constantly hunting them, and that a large number of their people had been killed by them at that very place; that they had always been told by the white men 'Come on the reservation; we do not want to kill you,' but that they had been invariably deceived and killed, and now they did not know whom to believe."

Just before this occurrence, Major Johnson's report goes on to relate, a settler had gone into the mountains and killed five Indians, one of them a girl; and several other outrages had taken place. "A war of extermination, is being vigorously waged against the Indians by the citizens of Round and Eden Valleys," he says; and again: "The Indians, driven by these repeated attacks from their usual places of resort, have taken refuge in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains, where it is impossible for them to glean even a scanty subsistence, and pinched by hunger, have doubtless killed some of the stock, which, loose and unherded, ranges for many miles over that vast country; but that they have killed anything like the amount of which they are accused, I do not believe; nor is there evidence to substantiate the charge. Every head of stock that is missing is charged to the Indians. While I was

in Round Valley a citizen missed some of his hogs and the Indians were at once accused of having killed or driven them off. I went with him to his farm and to the mountains, and after a most diligent investigation not a particle of evidence could be procured implicating the Indians, and the citizen confessed that he might have made a mistake. I believe it to be the settled determination of many of the inhabitants to exterminate the Indians, and I see no way of preventing it. I have endeavored to collect them on the reservation, and several hundred are now there; but they have a great aversion to coming in, doubtless owing in a great measure to the great mortality at this time prevailing among them, some eight or ten per day having died some days previous to my leaving the valley. This mortality is attributable to a change of diet, scarcity of food, and the great prevalence of a certain class of disease brought among them by the whites."

On the 22nd of October, Major Johnson addressed to the general commanding the Department an official letter, protesting in the strongest terms against the proceedings of the volunteers, saying that they "are slaughtering indiscriminately all the Indians they meet; men, women, and children are killed by them." This company of volunteers remained in the service of the State some nine months. The question was raised in the Legislature whether there had been really any need for their services; and it was not until an investigating committee was sent to Round Valley and reported favorably, that they were paid for them. They succeeded, it is said, in bringing about seven hundred Indians upon the reservation. The rest were never accounted for. I was told by General Foote, Adjutant General of California, under date of November 30th, 1874, that he cannot find among the records of his office any official reports of the operations of this company.

For months the poor Yukas and the other

Indians skulked like hunted wild beasts in the mountains, hiding in caves and in the most inaccessible places, and for months, whenever hunger forced them to come out of their last retreats in search of food, they were met by the bullets of sharpshooters. The reader will remember that I said that as I went on, I should try and make the solution of the problem of what became of the Indians a self-evident one. It certainly needs no further demonstration.

The operations in Round Valley, effectual as they were in removing the Indians from it, and from its immediate vicinity, had a somewhat bad effect on the neighboring settlements. Lieutenant Carlin, then at Fort Bragg, wrote to his general in San Francisco, that he had been talking with a gentleman from Long Valley, who attributed all their troubles there to the exterminating war against the Indians of Round and Eden Valleys. "The Indians that escaped death, fled westward toward Long Valley, some twenty miles from the two other valleys, and believing that all the whites were leagued against them for their extermination, they felt that they had but a short time to live, and that for that time, they might as well live on the cattle of their enemies. In fact, they had nothing else to live upon, having been driven, hunted, and slaughtered, until no place afforded them shelter but the barren greasewood mountains, and even there, they are now found and slain."

"I do not think," Lieutenant Carlin further wrote, "the settlers will ever tell how many Indians they have killed, nor how many were women, and children. As to protecting their stock, I presume that no force could be more efficient than the owners of the stock, and I cannot see why the United States, or the State of California, should furnish troops to herd and watch the cattle of people who have nothing else to do.

"The presence of troops might, possibly, deter the Indians from coming to the valley to kill stock, and would consequently take

away all excuse for the killing of Indians by the settlers.

"Mr. W—— thinks that the Indians are now driven back so far from the valley, and so frightened, that they will probably not disturb the settlers again soon. I think so too. If the settlers will let them alone, there will probably be no further trouble."

At about this time, October 1859, a white man, named Bland, was killed by the Wylackies under the following circumstances, as stated in the official military report of that date:

One day this man, in his rambles in the mountains after game, came across a young Indian girl and fell in love with her at first sight. He carried her away from her people by force; but she escaped from him and came to the reservation. One dark night, soon after, having ascertained her whereabouts, he came and forcibly carried her away again from among the Yuka women, where she had been placed while awaiting the arrival of her people. The officer in command of the small detachment of regular troops stationed in the vicinity, gave orders to arrest him, but Bland, in the meantime, had escaped to the mountains and could not be found. Very soon after this the girl again escaped from him, and this time got back to her people; but Bland searched the mountains for months, harassing and annoying the Indians, in his endeavors to re-possess himself of the woman, until one day, he met what was in all likelihood a well-merited death. He came across a large party of Wylackies, one evening, and after a desperate resistance he was overpowered and burnt at the stake. One of the finest mountains east of the valley, has borne his name ever since, on account of its proximity to the scene of his death. Bland Mountain is one of the best known landmarks in the vicinity of Round Valley. Although characterized in the reports of the army officers as a lawless ruffian, Bland, like all the men of his stamp, in those early days,

had many good points about him, and to his utter fearlessness he added an inexhaustible fund of good humor and reckless jollity.

The Wylackies that killed him, are supposed to have been a band called "Gun Indians," from the fact of their being armed with rifles stolen or captured from the whites. Many murders were charged to these particular Indians.

Under date of May 16th, 1860, Lieutenant Dillon, having been assigned to duty at Fort Bragg, made to the general commanding the Department an official report, from which the following are extracts:

"In leaving the detachment at Round Valley in charge of a sergeant, I deem it proper to report the condition of affairs in that valley. It might have been supposed that the settlers, being satisfied that it was the intention of the government to reserve the entire valley for Indian purposes, would have stayed the hands of slaughter and permitted the starving Digger to remain unmolested in his mountain retreat, until the Government shall have provided for him a home in his native valley; but not so—several parties have recently been on expeditions against him, and only a short time before leaving, I was informed by an Indian, that a large camp, near the forks of Eel River, had been attacked on the day previous, and that he alone had escaped."

"I was told by this Indian that in this last attack was consummated the entire destruction of the particular band to which he belonged. Only a day or two after this attack, a white man fell upon an Indian and with a hatchet literally chopped him to pieces. The only charge against the Indian was that he had stolen a knife. This same white man a few weeks previously blew out the brains of a squaw charged with killing a pig. I am not aware of any recent depredations on the part of the Indians, though there is reason to suppose that an animal is occasionally made away with."

"The presence of troops in the valley

is unquestionably a restraint upon the Indians, and necessary to the proper maintenance of the Indian Department. At the present juncture, I consider their presence of vital importance, for some of the citizens, exasperated at the idea of being compelled to leave the valley, would, I am satisfied, (could it be done with impunity,) gladly seek revenge in the destruction of crops and property, and exult in the scene of starvation and misery that would ensue.

“The General will then observe that there exists at present the same disposition toward Indians on the part of the settlers, that has heretofore been reported.”

“In regard to the Indians on the Reservation and the management of that institution, I am glad to report an astonishing improvement. The number of Indians now making it their home is about five or six hundred, and increasing. These Indians are more rapidly gaining confidence than one familiar with their former ill-treatment would have supposed possible, and they learn with wonderful facility to perform the ordinary work upon the farm. They seem to be satisfied that they now

have an interest in the work of their hands, and to feel that the persons now placed over them to direct their labors are friends, not enemies. They are as well clothed as the inconsiderable sum appropriated for that purpose will admit, and they receive better and more food than they have ever been accustomed to. Above all, they appear to be cheerful and contented, and have less mortality among them than at this season of the past year.”

The strength of the detachment mentioned in the above report, although re-inforced more than once, never exceeded at any time twenty-five men.

After Lieutenant Dillon's departure, it remained in the valley in charge of a sergeant until April 1861, when it was ordered to occupy a point called in those days the Forks of Eel River, where the South Fork joins the main Eel River, where it remained until ordered East, sometime afterward, to take part in the war between the States, and Round Valley was for a time abandoned by the military authorities of the United States.

A. G. Tassin.

Still is the pool, the evening still ;
 Above, the silent sky is spread ;
 The sunlight fades behind the hill ;
 Beneath, the grass is sere and dead.

Shadows are resting in the stream,
 And sombre pines are gathered there,
 And o'er the forest is the gleam
 Of ghostly summits dim in air.

Among the darkling rifts of trees,
 A trailing vine with leaves of blood,
 Wreathes its light tendrils on the breeze,
 Splashing its color on the flood.

G. Melville Upton.

BEARS.

"Old Charley" is one who "loves to chase the deer more than to guide the laboring steer," In one of the glorious cañons that flood and glacier have furrowed into the heart of the Sierras—so deep "the only wonder is what it can know in its clime but calm"—he has reared his humble cabin. Close by he has built a rude stable, and fenced a little grassy mead by the side of the torrent. The wild, wooded steeps around left many a castellated crag that tops a dangerous incline of talus, and is abatised with tangled chaparral wherein the grizzly bear holds garrison or roams on nightly emprise.

I had formed acquaintance with Charley when in these mountains once with a party for whom he served as guide. On that occasion I had several times, when out hunting, become so bewildered and lost that I only accidentally succeeded in regaining camp at a very unseasonable hour of the night. To avoid being laughed at, I hinted that the excitement of the chase had led me very far away; but I saw by a merry twinkle in Charley's eye that he only credited what he chose of this tale. Charley was a nondescript, and in order to study him I opened a correspondence with him after our party had disbanded. I was now "raising blood." My physicians benefited me not in the least. As a last resort, I determined on "roughing it" awhile in the mountains. I had written to Charley to that effect, and I was delighted to shortly receive a very cordial invitation to visit him, closing with the statement that bears were now very plenty there, and that if I would come, he was sure I "would be in the brush every night hunting until after midnight."—"Kind, honest old Charley!" I exclaimed; "he knows my fondness for hunting, but he

hardly guesses my opinion about bears."

The welcome I received was all I could have desired. The look of doubtful approval that he cast on my finely-finished, latest-improved Winchester rifle gave place to a glow of admiration when he had fired it a few times, and only missed the center of a distant mark by a few inches, and then always on the same side; and I had to smile when he set it down as tenderly as an infant, with no more disparaging remark than that it only needed a little re-sighting.

Old Charley had for fellow hunter and companion a frontiersman yclept Jack Small, who, however, seemed to have nothing little about him except his name and clothes, and "nothing of the bear except its skin." Nearly seven feet tall, and, although remarkably ungainly, built in proportion, he was as strong as an ox, and thought nothing when he had killed a deer of taking it on his shoulders and proceeding with it thus for hours on his hunt. Like Charley, he was dressed in greasy, abraded, buck-skin breeches, coarse woolen shirt, slouched hat, and home-made moccasins. A receding forehead, long hair, and beardless face—stamped with an expression of honest, inquiring wonderment, like a country bumpkin's when first beholding an elephant—finished harmoniously his general effect. There are mysteries in human affinities more inscrutable than those of any chemical processes, and I thought at first the only bond of congeniality between Jack and Charley must be the latter's need of some one possessing a few of the attributes of the rhinoceros as a butt for his spile-driving jokes. But underneath big Jack's uncouth exterior I soon discovered a vein of finer metal, outcroppings of which were displayed in attain-

ments of no contemptible order in music.

Old Charley, as I have said, was a "character." His father was wealthy, a master mechanic, mayor of the town, and, at the time of his death, represented his district in Congress. Underneath his official robes, however, must have beat the heart of a Gordon Cumming. But he quelled the longings in his own bosom, as does a rock-bound coast the storm-waves of the equinox. Yet Nature, not to be thwarted of her wishes, turned, and with the spite of a vixen, heaped the whole suppressed inheritance on the son. Before the age of thirteen—with a youthful companion, a small shot-gun, one steel trap, a hatchet, a skillet, and a very small supply of food and ammunition—he set out for the Rocky Mountains, with the intention of killing bears and Indians, and hunting and trapping for a living. Without blankets, or clothes other than those they wore, they wandered westward—sleeping at nights with several inches of snow on the ground, by the camp-fire; going hungry when their miserable weapon failed to provide a rabbit, squirrel, woodpecker, or other game—until, at length, they reached Lake Michigan. Worn out with walking, they here stole a canoe, embarked, suffered shipwreck, lost their outfit, and escaped themselves as by a miracle. With their romantic intentions a trifle dampened, they then became "wharf-rats," drifted apart, and Charley hired out on board a small lake craft; where, after several months, he was finally discovered by his father, who had spent some thousands of dollars in search of him, had mourned him as dead, then gained trace, and, at last, found him—ragged, dirty, and lonesome—in the most menial position of the vessel.

He received after this a fair education although he interspersed his school days with several similar exploits; served apprenticeship as a mechanic; then went West; was by

turns trapper, hunter, explorer, guide, and scout; and at the time I visited him, he was killing some hundred of deer, and a score or more of bear annually; and, although less than forty five years of age, he generally answered to the name of "Old Charley." He had kept himself surprisingly well informed for his station; and was even, in his way, a bookish man, taking pride in the use of good language, and extravagantly given to quotation and parody of a few favorite authors.

Two miles down the cañon, the only neighbors for miles around, were two more cronies of the genus *ursa immortalis*—Mc Somebody, an old Herculean Irishman, who had forsaken society and the life of a tramp because with Byron he could exclaim, "I have not loved the world, nor the world me;" and Dave, whose surname or pedigree I never tried to trace, but who appeared to lead the life he led from a Rip Van Winkle disposition—or, as he stated it, "because he'd rather do anything he ever done than work."

Their abode was on my route to Charley's, and, when I went past, I stopped there to inquire my way. I found Dave asleep in his bunk; and, on my awakening him and making my requirements known, he gave me, between yawnings, necessary directions, and then said that he had some "business to transact" with Charley, and if I had no objection he would accompany me there. I gladly accepted this volunteered guidance, and, shouldering an old yager, with a gait representative of his general character, he led the way. To more readily engage him in conversation, I followed on foot, leading my horse by the bridle; and I was repeatedly amused by the wistful expression with which he eyed my empty saddle. Once I pleaded my consideration for the tired animal as an apology for not offering him a ride—whereupon he said, "there would be hosses arter we war dead,"

and otherwise unhesitatingly signified his willingness to accept any such wind-fall; but I made no further advances.

The trail led up the trough of the cañon, not far above the torrent, and crossed a succession of steep, shady, lateral ravines, cooled with tiny, clear, rippling rills, hidden in ferns and rushes. In places lordly evergreens formed magnificent colonnades, with leafy archways. The whole scenery was of surpassing loveliness and grandeur. Once I was attracted by seeing a very rare conglomeration of fragments of quartz and other rock embedded in slag-like lava, and stopped to examine, whereupon Dave descanted largely on "combustibles blowed up," and, launching out, assured me that "the hold horthodox Bible hideas of the creati'n war hintirely exploded," and that I "jest orto wake Charley up on the revolution hypothesis if I warnted to hear chin music." I asked him if Charley were an advocate of evolution, and he said, "he kind o' hexhorted like, semi-occasionally, from that text, as it war."

The business he had to "transact" with Charley, I found out, was to get a sack full of such portion of the game as Charley and Jack did not wish to eat or preserve. African hunters tell us hyenas often accompany the lion, to obtain the leavings of his royal feasts; and Bumpus, the hunter, boasted that a crow followed him across the plains, to feed on the offal of his slaughtered game. Mac and Dave were poor hunters; but they very well filled the place of hyenas, or, better perhaps, of Bumpus's crow.

The path thriddled an oak thicket, that fringed the base of a great, overhanging ledge, and emerged suddenly therefrom at the doorway of the cabin. This was one of the ruder sort of log dwellings so often described in tales of Western adventure, poetry, and romance. Scott's poetic picture of Roderick Dhu's island home would need little modification other than in its "ample size" to answer as a description of the

sylvan dwelling. But little squaring had here been done by ax or hatchet; the "russet canopy" of "withered heath and rushes dry" was modernized by a low roof of shakes, rifted from the trunk of the stately sugar-pine; and the "trophies of the fight and chase" did not merely "garnish forth" but literally heaped the interior economy of this habitation.

The dogs barked a friendly welcome as we approached, and Charley and the stooped form of the giant Small issued from the dwelling's dusky portal. After wringing my hand with many a boisterous expression of welcome, Charley, with a wink, made me "*used to*" Mr. Small; who thereupon again gripped my hand in a paw that would have graced a grizzly, and silently gawked benignly down, with a serio-simple, honest, mindless expression. At Charley's suggestion, he took charge of my horse. Then with one of his favorite bursts of parody—while swinging his arms like a wind-mill—Charley declaimed as he ushered me into the cabin:—

"You've sought us till you've found us, where
The panther makes her breeding lair,
And rears her cubs the grizzly bear:
Where echoes nightly through the dell
Coyote's bark and wild-cat's yell;
And, blending with the night-bird's cry,
Sounds round our lodge wild lullaby.
But lately, in these forest shades,
The young bucks wooed the dusky maids,
And rustling leaves, and gurgling tide
Still breathe the guttural tales they lied.
Night, too, late heard these wilds resound
The yell of devils, that danced round
A tortured captive they held bound:
But smiled the cliffs with morning's ray
That saw those fiends for that deed pay
Their blood in their last desperate fray.
Their tribe is gone—the paleface where
They lived now traps the fox and bear,
And hunts the deer—yet often sees
Some sunbeam vision 'mid the trees,
Some lurking shadow in the cave,
Some dancing fairy on the wave,
Some Grace reclining by the fern,
Some beauty blushing at each turn;—

On these, and on your lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

"My hope, my trust, my *eyes* must be,
My poet guide, in following thee,"

I made shift to reply to this unexpected address of welcome. When the dim obscurity of the interior had taken some form, I made an inventory of the arrangements. A tier of berths, as on shipboard, was to the right of the doorway as we entered; farther on, to the left, stood a table; above the table was a small window, and beyond the window a cupboard filled with marred crockery. In the further end of the room was a large fireplace, hung about with a miscellaneous array of pots, kettles, fry-pans and like paraphernalia. Various chairs and stools, traps, guns, tools, clothing, and provisions were scattered in some disorder around the earthen floor—spread on which in front of the beds a large bear-skin served as a rug. The crossbeams overhead were piled with jerked and dried meat and various cured skins; and more of each in a fresher state was depending from them, drying.

Charley was a good taxidermist; and a splendid panther crouching above a dead fawn, and showing his teeth threateningly to a magnificent stag, with lowered antlers, made a fine group in the corner opposite the beds. An old grizzly looked over from a cave-like opening in the loft; and, on one end of a long book-shelf—just above the panther—a golden eagle contended with a large vulture over an upturned swan.

Jack and Charley were eager for the news, and a budget of papers I took along they seized on with avidity. After supper, Small, at my request, discoursed sweet music awhile on the violin; after which, wearied with the journey of the day, I retired to a spicy couch of fir and cedar boughs and fern fronds, where, musing on the strange, new phase of life that I had just begun, and speculating as to the number of grizzlies that I should kill before my return, I fell asleep.

The supervisors of many of the stock-grazing counties of California offer a bounty for the scalps of such carnivora as destroy the young of domestic animals. To trap these for the bounty and their fur, and at the same time to look after a small band of cattle that "ranged" in the cañon, constituted Charley's and Small's regular employment here. For the former purpose, they set long lines of steel traps through the region around. The traps ranged in sizes from number 1 to 4, excepting two bear traps, one of which weighed nearly fifty pounds. It was necessary that they should visit these as often as every alternate day, in order that the game when caught might not gnaw a foot off and so escape—a thing it often did, even then. In making these rounds, they would nearly always drag a piece of bloody meat, to lure the hungry prey to the traps. Old trappers say there is no other scent for this purpose equal to that of blood. They always carried their rifles, for they never knew at what time or place they might see something to shoot; nor could they ever anticipate what that something would be. (It was one old hunter, I think, that remarked to another—when, while on their visit to a city, they first saw a dude—"What queer animals one do sometimes see when we hasn't our guns along with us!") Herein lies one great charm of hunting—some new adventure is always presenting itself; and, with the hunter as with the miner, although unsuccessful today, hope buoys him up for the morrow. The bear-traps were set in places where bear were "using"—that is frequenting—and were penned in with a low fence to keep away domestic animals, should such happen around. The bait—which usually consisted of the entrails and fore-quarters of a deer—was so placed that a bear, in reaching for it, would be likely to put his foot into the trap; and the smaller traps, for smaller animals, were on the same plan. The bear-traps were attached to heavy clogs, and the

smaller traps were fastened to some root or sapling as was the most convenient.

I felt too worn the next morning to go with Jack or Charley along any line of the traps; and so, at their suggestion, I took one of the dogs and my rifle, and went on the hill, above the cabin, to look for deer. Charley, before I set out, cautioned me strictly to always be sure of what I was shooting at; saying that a visitor from the city, a short time before, had mistaken *him* for a bear. They had started out hunting together, but had separated, agreeing to meet again at a certain place. Charley reached the rendezvous first, killing a deer meantime near the spot, over which he was bent, engaged in skinning it, when the city gentleman came up and shot at him. Charley said the danger was not so very imminent; but then it was a bad plan to be always shooting through the woods, as it tended to scare away game, and he didn't therefore, like to hunt with such chaps. Jack said that he "lowed, taking it up on one side and down t'other, the feller wasn't so thunderingly mistaken arter all;" but Charley immediately suppressed him with, "Be careful, old mammoth, how you try to trip the light fantastic toe in the dizzy mazes of the humorous. You become it as naturally as a bear does a ballad."

The dog that I took with me could be sent across a stream or other difficult ground by himself to look at traps, and he would bark and so give warning if an animal was caught, but otherwise never molest the traps. He had at first now to be led, but soon he showed an interest in the hunt, and I turned him loose. Ever snuffing the ground and the breeze, his eye actively glancing around, and his ears attentive to every sound, he walked a few steps in advance of me. A certain suppressed excitement that he showed shortly made me aware some wild animal was near,—and suddenly springing through the bushy openings, came a splendid deer, and then another, and an-

other,—until, for a moment, I was as if in the midst of a flood of tumbling waters; and before I realized what to do, not a deer was in sight. When all was over, the dog looked almost as disappointed as I felt; but, nevertheless, with ardor seemingly but slightly abated, he renewed, along with me, the hunt.

After some hours, he again evinced the symptoms that I now knew betokened proximity to game; and, looking carefully around, I saw a deer uneasily regarding me, some sixty paces away. To bring my rifle to my shoulder and fire was the act of a moment—and away went the deer. The dog now looked me in the face with evident disgust; and after we had examined the deer's tracks and he had smelt no blood, he started towards home. I called to him to come back, but he only dropped his tail and broke into a cowering run. When I returned to "camp," he showed utter indifference to me, other than to watch me closely and to slink from my approach; nor until long afterwards would he willingly accompany me on a hunt.

When I told of my poor success that evening, Small was disposed to take it, and the disfavor I had found with the dog, with serious commiseration, but Charley only laughed uproariously.

Some days later, I went with Charley along one line of the traps, not carrying my gun. In truth, I had thus early begun to care less for hunting than for listless love-making with Nature. Charley asked me several times on the way what I would do without a gun in case we had caught a bear, and I replied that I would kill the bear with my pocket-knife. When we came to where the bear trap had been set, it was not there; and Charley, after looking closely at all markings, turned to me as though blankly realizing the situation, saying, "It's gone!"

"I'd give a thousand dollars now for my Winchester," said I.

Charley reached his gun toward me with one word—"Here."

"To take your rifle from you would be like robbing the miser of his gold," said I, and I would not let him urge it on me, but again asserted that I would "kill the bear with my jack-knife."

"Just as you choose," Charley said sentimentously; and thereupon we followed the track that the bear, dragging the clog and trap, had made. This shortly entered a thicket of juniper, near the center of which Charley suddenly stopped, and, pointing just ahead, turned to me quizzically, asking: "Where's your knife?"

Glancing in the direction his finger indicated, not two rods away I saw one end of the pole that I knew the trap had been attached to, sticking out from behind a low clump of bushes. Now, a day or two before I had helped Jack and Charley bring in a bear that they had taken in the other trap. This bear had torn a pathway through the undergrowth like that made by a logging team, and in biting the steel trap and chain, he had broken his great teeth off into the jaw-bone. As I looked at this at the time, and at his powerful jaws, I had thought that I should not have desired to have been in the trap's place. All this now flashed across my mind with startling vividness; and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, I broke out of the brush "like a quarter horse." All this Charley related with great gusto at the social board, to Small and our neighbors, adding many embellishments of his own to the truthful version; and I could see that I gained little repute in their simple minds thereby; although Charley, the while, almost hugged himself with enjoyment.

II.

Supper was the event of the day. Then tales were told, jokes cracked, and songs sung. Any difference that they may have at first shown toward me quickly wore off, and I was given the hand of good fellowship and

brother joker. It may be well to remark that everything was always really said in the best humor—appearances often to the contrary notwithstanding. A curious medley of hunters' talk, of rough chaffing, and of serious converse, it was, I will try to give a transcript of it for one evening, as a sort of sample.

I had learned that Charley and Jack were reticent about the events of the day in a ratio directly proportioned as they had been exciting, and I fell in with their whim and asked no questions. One evening when they had both come in in an especially indifferent and modest manner, we were just seated at the table when the dogs barked, and, looking out, we saw Mac and Dave coming. Catching sight of the dish of bears' paws as they entered, and noting their curious and uncanny human resemblance, Mac began: "If I hear of any one as has lost any children, I shall say yez's ate them."

"Sit up—sit up and try them," said Charley—busy meantime preparing places for them—"while I tell you a good go on George here."

No second invitation was necessary, and, noting my blank look with a quizzical expression, he continued: "I came down by the little bear-trap this evening, and it had a fisher in it. I took the fisher out and came on in. I saw George's tracks in the trail and picked up his hat; but didn't think much of it till I got here; when I found George, wild as a March hare—his clothes all torn—and he told me had been to the trap and it had caught a cub, and the old she-bear got after him, and chased him, and nearly caught him. Ha, ha, ha! Mistook a fisher for a bear-cub, and imagination done the rest."

I waited until the laughter that greeted this story—which was a pure canard—partly ceased; and then I said that I had not taken a fisher for a bear-cub, but, that I had that day mistaken an old bear for a

black stump, and that if Charley would retract his invention, I would tell them how it was. Charley unblushingly said that he would "skin out," and I thereupon related how I had that day stopped to rest, on a little bluff that overlooked a patch of chemisal. I had looked the brush over carefully, as I thought, and had noticed nothing peculiar, until, on looking a moment later, I saw in it what I took for a burnt stump, with two little knots resembling a bear's ears. I had not seen this stump at first looking, but I thought nothing of that. It looked, however, so much like a bear's head, that I concluded that I would "draw a bead" on it, and snap the "set" of my rifle—just to see how nicely I could hit it, if it only *were* a bear. I did this several times, as steady as marble—when my supposed stump suddenly dropped on to all fours, and started off. I tried to aim then at it, but I shook so, I could not hit a mountain. My gun did go off, but I don't think that I saw anything at the time except the bear—which went off, too. I shook as if I had the ague, and felt weak, so I sat down. Then for the next five minutes I amused myself watching my knees tremble and trying to stop them. How supremely disgusted I was with myself and the world at large, only those who have been in the like situation can imagine.

The laughter that greeted the narration of this, however, while it did me no harm, must have been vastly beneficial to them.

"I comed within an ace of getting myself into jest such a snap as you put up on George here!" exclaimed Dave. "To-day I was going through the woods with the old shot-gun, when I seen a cub clawing the bark off a rotten log, on Crystal Crick; hunting for bugs and worms—"

"Was it on the *other* side of Crystal Creek, Dave?" interrupted I, for I had seen bear tracks there that day.

"No," Dave curtly replied.

"Was it on this side?" I inquired, less eagerly.

"No, hit was jest hat the crick. Hit was not habove the crick, hor below the crick; hit was not on this side the crick, hor the other side the crick; hit was *jes' hat the crick*. Do you hunderstand now? Wal, I crawled up to about forty steps of hit; and had jes' drawn bead on hit, and was pulling trigger, when the old she grizzly rose bodaciously up from ahind the log; an' I jes' got a tree atween me and her, mighty quick, and shinned out from thar, I tell ye; an' that ole bar didn't never know I'd been 'roun'."

"Why in thunder didn't you try them a rattle anyhow?" exclaimed Charley.

"Oh! I wasn't hunting bar, I was jes' looking for deer," Dave replied ingenuously.

"Dave," I interrupted, "Is *bodaciously* a good American word? How do you spell it?"

"Oh! you go to the devil!"

"But I'll give you five dollars if you will find the word in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,"

"Webster's—? Be blanked to *him*! Webster is jes' as liable to be mistaken as I are."

"Did I ever tell you Dave," inquired I, "how near a dear friend of mine came to running away with an Irish girl?" I said "Irish" as a challenge to Mac also.

"No," Dave answered. "Did you have a friend about to run off with one?"

"Yes."

"Wal, why didn't he, then?"

"Oh! another person ran away with her."

"But why didn't he elope first?"

"He was unacquainted with her then," I replied in an absent-minded manner.

While Dave was considering this Mac was evidently occupied with another point; and, doubtless, he finally concluded that I had cast reflections on Irish girls as a class; for, with his eyes gleaming balefully beneath their grizzled brows, he riveted me, as did the Ancient Mariner his listener, and began:

"George! There was a mon in the ould Dart. He was a good mon. He always

came up with his rint. Und there was born unto him saven sons und thra dahters. Und the sons want into the Quane's airmy. Und the dahters was as foine a lot of girls as you'd mate in any one day's travil. Und two of them married lards. Und one of them ran away with a waiver. Und the ould mon followed thim to Dublin. Und he caught her. Und he fetched her back. Und he cut off her hair. Und he covered her head with black tare. Und he put her in a dark barn. Und he kapt her there fur noine days. Und then he barnished her to Austrahlia. Und that's the way they sarve the girls in my counthray."

Whatever other doubts might, like Banquo's ghost, obtrude at our feast, which of us after that could question the proper training of Erin's fair daughters? The subject was dropped.

Then said Charley, "*I saw something today that would have made your eyes snap!*"

"What was it," I asked.

"I saw Old Club-foot."

Old Club-foot was a monster grizzly, maimed in one foot, who was renowned in the region.

"That's *nothing*," said Jack, who had been rather ostentatiously silent. "I *killed* him an' anoder bar a few hours ago."

"You infernal old liar, you!" retorted Charley. "A man can't tell the truth any more but you must up and tell a blanked lie to cap it! Tell the company now that Grecian fable—about the fat bear you killed in the Coast Range; do, Jack."

"It's a God's truth about Old Club-foot, as I'll show you tomorrow," reiterated Small; "an' so it is about that fat bar. You know, in the Coast Range they has a kind o' bar—some grizzly, I reckon—they calls a Rushen brown bar; and this war one o' them varmints. Bars thar that season war so thick they had trails all through the chaparral. I minded one particular large track—over sixteen inches long—an' the print it made in the soft ground showed the

insect wasn't light as a fairy. A fat bar always comes down on to his heel, you know; and a poor bar only steps on his toes, you know. Wal, arter I got onto the critter's racket, I sets a gun for him, an' 'long in the night we heerd it go off. The next day we took tracks, an' we soon seen by the blood the varmint had got something aside from the bait. Wal, arter awhile we comed on to it in a little ravine—dead as a door nail—an' it weren't no baby, I tell you. The sun had risen, right smart, an' that bar had sort o' melted, and the ile runned down to a little hollow, and made thar a minitor lake——"

"With 'Isles of Greece,'" interjected Charley.

"Wal, we reckoned the varmint dressed over twelve hundred; an' the ile we tried out war a caution to greasers."

"And, I would add, a caution to the credulous," Charley again supplemented. "I once made a careful estimate from the data he furnished, and it amounted to something over a ton."

"A careful estimate from an idjeot imagination, more like!" retorted Small.

"Don't you ever sell the oil to pharmacists to make pomatum of?" I inquired.

"Well, I should smile!" said Charley—"and so would the druggists if they supposed you thought hair daubs were ever inside bear skins. Calves' fat makes the young bloods good hair oil; and bears' grease makes us good lard. Otherwise, as Tennyson very beautifully says, 'If what is fair be but for what is fair, and calves' grease be for calves, and bears' grease be for bear—rash were my judgment, then, who deem herein no violation of the bond of like to like.'"

Charley chuckled at the way the others received this as a literal quotation, and I smiled, as I said: "I suppose then the clerk lied who told the lady who asked him if he had the 'Exiles of Siberia,' that he had not, but that he had some very fine

bear's ile from the Rocky Mountains.'"

"Und that reminds me of what I disremember—Ah! I have it neow. It's meself und Davey, bhoy, have been raiding of the islands fornenst Alaska; und w'ave thought to be after moving there and start a canery. It's meself, neow, can solder und Dave can do the spearing. Und w'ave come to talk it over, und have your expression in the business," said Mac, earnestly.

"Well; Dave ought to be good at spearing salmon, for the same reason that the hunter's dog ought to have been a good bear dog," remarked Charley.

"Und why was that, sure?"

"Oh! because he was no account for anything else. Did you ever serve at the tinman's trade, Mac?"

"I've done soldering in the ould counthry, sure neow."

"How do you think of going, Mac?" I inquired.

"W'are undecided whither by stahmer or canal-boat."

"That calls to mind something I one time heard a Dutchman say," said Charley. "When scouting for Uncle Sam, I was once guide for a detail escorting some settlers into eastern Idaho—a thousand miles from anywhere save emigrant wagon or pack-mule communication. An old Dutchman in the party was in one constant streak of ill-luck. Once crossing a gulch in one of the sandy sage-brush valleys, he broke his wagon-tongue out. We halted, and I put in another for him out of a willow. While I was doing this, he did nothing but bewail his misfortunes. One thing he said was: 'If ever I go to Idaho agin by this route, I'll go by stahmer.' I would humbly suggest, Mac, that you profit by his experience."

Mac and Dave had all along been "feeding like horses when you hear them feed;" and the latter here finished his fourth bear paw, saying: "Wal, my stomach feels about replete."

"And that calls to mind an observation I heard a Scotchman in our outfit in Washington Territory make," said Charley. "There they have every spring 'Chinook winds,' that are very warm and dry, and carry off the snow so fast you can see it melt, and when the wind is a little late coming, the Indians have a Chinook-dance, to hurry it up. We were watching a band one night, kicking their heels until the sweat ran, to make '*medicine*' for the weather. Their 'woven paces' and 'waving hands'—which, after all were not very intricate—got away with the old Scotchman, who delivered himself with: 'By God! boys, I do believe there is something in it!'" Dave evidently did not discern any application, and Charley continued: "One bear's paws, as the fellow said of the gallon of liquor, 'aren't much among one.'"

"How well the old Scotchman's remark shows the uncanny, eerie Scotch mind!" I musingly observed.

"When it comes to the pinch, every one believes in a Supreme Ruler—a Sanctum Sanctorium—to whom he can put up a petition in case of necessity," said Dave.

"Yes," said Charley, "I once hunted with a rough case, who used to boast that he had never prayed in his life. Well, once he jumped a huge grizzly that showed fight, and his muzzle-loader snapped. I was close by, although he didn't know it; but I could not shoot on account of some intervening twigs. While I moved a little so as to get an open shot, I saw the scamp draw his knife, and overheard him say: 'O God!—if there is such a man—help me now, if you ever intend to help me; but if you can't help me, don't help the bear; but you just lay low, God, and you'll see one of the goldarnedest bear-fights ever you seen' Just then my rifle cracked; and over rolled the bear—in direct answer, he ever after maintained, to his fervid appeal."

"And the few words that reached the air. Although the holiest name was there, Had more of blasphemy than prayer,"

I said gravely. "And Charley, while here such talk may give no one a shock, it would be worth while, I think, if we would stop to figure what good we get from what would wound the finer sensibility of those sincere people that you call 'narrow minded.'"

'An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!'

When I was a boy, too, I once heard an old sinner tell that same tale, as having happened to one whom he knew when himself a boy; and I think I have seen it in detail several times in print. So it has not even originality to redeem it."

"When you come to know Charley as well as I do, you'll swallow his yarns with a power o' allowance," confided Small.

"Be careful of your personalities, old satyr!" growled Charley. "But Jack, tell your yarn about the big trout you caught in Deer Creek, two foot between the eyes, and longer than your boat, you know. Come, I'll stand sponsor for the truth of that."

"That war a sturgeon we caught in the Sacramento," corrected Small.

"But," persisted Charley, "you said your footing was slippery, and when you speared him, he took you over the riddle, into deep water, where you had to swim for it."

"That war a salmon I speared in Fall River that I tole you on, that weighed nigh ninety pounds," Small again amended.

"Yes, and you said the trout was as big as a salmon, and you said the salmon was as large as a sturgeon. How do you conform all that, old prevaricator?" Charley sternly demanded.

"Wal, if you know the yarn better than I do, you just go ahead and tell it," said Small, proceeding to take out his violin.

Among Charley's other volumes, there was an old copy of Byron. This I now opened; and while Jack "invoked the invisible spirit of harmony," I wandered in the Alps with Manfred. Presently Charley begun to sing a song whose words were evi-

dently of his own composition, with reflections upon the wrongs of society, and a refrain to the effect that,

"The grandeur, and beauty, and air blowing free,
Of a mountain land and a genial band,
And a life in the woods, does me,"

—in which refrain Jack joined with a deep, baritone voice, like the fourth string of a violoncello. I took prompt exception, however, to the "social cant" of its sentiments. This brought forth a long monologue on the land question, on which it seemed Charley held strong opinions.

"Henry George says, 'our land laws are more unjust than the English,'" he said rising, and showing a good deal of warmth; "and while I take issue with him in general, I endorse this. 'The firmest of social bonds, and the most potent source of patriotic inspiration spring from the possession of landed property; and a permanent, well-proportioned distribution of such property among the citizens is and always will be one of the principal objects of a wise government.' The most notable free people of antiquity so considered it, and they even went so far as to make some landed possession one qualification of citizenship. They sought by legislation to prevent a monopoly of the soil in the hands of the few to the exclusion of the many; and their failure to accomplish this was, in the opinions of the wisest judges, the root of all those evils that finally resulted in their downfall.

"Now see how wisely we have profited by the experience of past ages! California for instance:—To induce early settlement the Mexican government granted land to such of her citizens as established a specified settlement thereon. When that country ceded the territory to the United States, we agreed to acknowledge all grants made by her prior to the treaty. Our government took no proper measures, however, to decide as to the validity of these grants; and a law firm in San Francisco sent one of its members to the City of Mexico for the sole

purpose of obtaining fraudulent land titles. Bribed, doubtless, a land agent here lets other worthless deeds pass by default. Then Congress passes a law confirming the titles to those parties that have bought land from grant claimants! Still land is left in our wide valleys—and monopolies are bountifully subsidized with it. Then the wise guardians of the nation's wealth legislate themselves much of the rest in 'Swamp and Overflow,' 'Timber,' 'Desert,' and other 'Land Acts.' So the people have been juggled out of their natural inheritance, until our fertile valleys are portioned into estates that dwarf those of feudal times. Now, in the name of Reason, what chance is there left for free schools, and those industries that go to sustain a people such as the founders of our republic intended? Rather a grim outlook 'ranch-wages' would be to marry on. Can any one, knowing the law of reaction, wonder that a season of this grinding toil is so usually followed by a week of license, which ends in a period in the hospital? The laborer is valued less than the horse—and this under a government the very nature of whose institutions, it has been said, makes a man's manhood his most valuable possession!—Valuable indeed! because in office it commands a standard market price. I grant that industry must be left untrammelled, and the citizen protected in his acquisitions, or there would be no impulse to exertion. But when it comes to an individual being able to amass a hundred million dollars during a lifetime, I suspect that the social institutions that make this possible go a little farther than leaving him untrammelled—that bribery and corruption are not unknown in the legislatures that are so profusely generous of the national possessions; that in short, the whole thing is run in the interests of *dishonesty*. With 'the rich growing richer and the poor poorer,' and social rifts continually opening wider and more appalling, no wonder 'Many a thoughtful Curtius begins to ask

where Rome shall find a jewel precious enough to be cast in and save the city from being swallowed up'!

"And meanwhile our plutocrats would have caste. Ranks are relative, so, as if conscious of their own innate vulgarity and superficiality, they would get distinction by further degrading labor. To do this they would have our land overrun with hordes of Chinese coolies. And already these mighties are generally guilty of absenteeism. Vampire-like, they draw the life-blood of the country to feed their insatiable desires. The only limit now to the rents their avarice wrings, is when the tiller discovers that further concessions to extortion would drive him into certain ruin. How long will it be before the small farmers will all be turned from their rural holdings into the tenement houses of cities—where every evil passion is stimulated, and 'the home perishes of asphyxia'? and then laws be introduced, regulating the relations of landlords and tenants, and a standing army be kept to sustain them? and, finally, that other pernicious evil of primogeniture and entail be added? And yet an evil not so pernicious either, if Doctor Johnson's bitter apology for it is true—'That it makes but one fool in a family.' A poor criterion money is of mental caliber! Why, sir, I have heard two tramps, by the way-side, tell of the geological formation of the countries they had visited, and enter into a discussion of political economy with an understanding that might put the scientist and statesman to blush. I grant they were the exception and not the rule; but, I tell you, the class that is here to-day, was in Mexico last year, and will be in Alaska or South America, perhaps, next, has more than a brute instinct, and may sometime question the why and wherefore of things. If we do not propose to rely everywhere on force for maintaining law and to glide into despotism, the law itself must appeal to the understanding by its own justice. 'The

basis of public security is obedience to law'—but if law is only obtainable by the rich—if in the interest of wealth 'sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits,' will foster corruption and causes of discontent and oppression—if a clique of bribed officials will pack a jury, and, in the face of the public, conduct a farce of a trial and for money liberate a criminal,—no wonder if the people forget this principle, and come to regard law as an avenue whereby gold shields guilt; and that sometimes in an outraged community Anarchy rises red-handed, and in blind fury dispenses justice! Our people today are subject to a lawyer-craft as dark and damning as ever was priest-craft of old, and, I tell you, we are fast nearing a social crisis!

"But I make no hue or cry against any one class. The preacher is either a sheep or a wolf in sheep's clothing. The doctor dallies with disease and causes death to swell his fee. And 'Who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?' Not 'villainy somewhere,' but *villainy everywhere!* It makes me sick! There's rottenness at the heart of things! Humanity is a monster creation of a monster power! Anybody that wants may dive into the social maelstrom and call it living—but 'the beauty and grandeur and air blowing free, of a mountain land and a genial band and a hunter's life does *me*.'"

"*Ditto*, pard!" exclaimed Small, extending his hand, and for a moment their wedded paws sealed the agreement between them.

I protested that his harangue was nothing but a re-hash of stump invective.

"In a growing, free country, like this," I said, "the individual is to blame if he remain in mediocrity. Prudence, foresight, energy, and economy *will win*; and if one, possessing these more than I do, push his bark to a richer haven than I mine, does that give me a right to growl at the order of things? Systems of irrigation, transpor-

tation, and the like, are a benefit to the community, and the man who so invests his fortune is a public benefactor. Self-indulgence and its attendant irregular, thriftless habits, are the main source of poverty and suffering in our land; and the only real amelioration of the race must come by developing a strong, honest, upright manhood in the individual. Education is the only road to this, and some of our rich men are endowing institutions for this; will any one question their being benefactors of the human race?

"The bettering of our laws of property, too, it has been truly said, 'must proceed from the concessions of the rich, not from the graspings of the poor;' and it would be better for reformers to be teaching the rich a wise philanthropy, than pandering to the unreasonable clamorings of the poor. Such a state as you choose to imagine between land-owner and tenant, you yourself know is impossible in a community where the people govern themselves. Lincoln asked, 'Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?' And let us remember, too, that 'we have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.' I can never reflect on the wonderful works, in art, science, and literature, that mankind has wrought, and think of Humanity as a whole—with its heart pulsating with hope and fear, joy and sorrow, pity, love, and aspiration—but I feel almost with Comte, that it furnishes an object for adoration; and, I tell you, this world, swung in space, with its oceans and continents, its mountains and valleys, its rivers, lakes, woods, and deserts, and the glorious heaven above all; and life with all it offers for physical, intellectual, and æsthetical development and happiness,—are both God-like affairs. If any existence is worth living, this must be, and worth, too, *living well*. You believe in evolution: how can you refuse to believe that some Justice

is shaping events, or making it worth while to lead our lives with integrity?

‘Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.’”

Instead of defending his position, Charley dismissed the subject good-naturedly and returned to the music. After a time, I went out into the moonlight, and while I there communed with the stars, I saw Mac and Dave taking their departure. Mac singled Charley out for special distinction with: “Well, so long to yez, Charley, me bhoy.”

Charley pressed his heart, made a stately bow, and, with a flourish of the hand, responded grandiloquently, “*Au revoir*.”

As Mac and Dave wended their way down the trail, like receding phantoms, I heard a voice from out the night wilds saying: “Charley is very polished intirely:” and then a moment afterward it broke into a catch of street song.

III.

Small, the next morning, confided to me that while he had really killed two bears the day before, as he had said, yet that the smaller one had been caught in one of the bear-traps—that his dogs had led him to it while he was on his way home, without his having followed its tracks at all—and now, if I would “jes’ keep shady, we’d get a rig on Charley that’d make us quits.”

After learning where the bears were—and Small told the true whereabouts of Club-foot—Charley directed Jack to take the pack-horses and go by Mac’s and Dave’s cabin for them, (it had been arranged the evening before that they were to accompany us,) while Charley and I would go along that route of traps that had the bear-trip included in it, and that we should all meet at Old Club-foot. As Small moved off, he gave me so significant a glance that I feared Charley would suspect something. How-

ever, we all started on our respective routes, and all went as usual until Charley and I came to the place where the bear-trap had been, and found it missing. There Charley turned abruptly, and, looking me squarely in the face, demanded: “What did Jack mean by that wink he gave you as he started off?”

“Really,” said I, trying to look retrospective, and not let him look me out of countenance; “now that you remind me of it, I do believe I was so very injudicious as not to ask him.”

“See here,” said Charley, “I have thought all along that Jack has been putting up some kind of a racket on me, and I believe you are privy to it.”

“Was it Jack, I wonder,” said I, “that told us to go along this line of traps while he went with the horses?”

This last query partially allayed Charley’s suspicion, for he had given every direction that morning himself. Still as we went along, he would occasionally drop some remark that showed he was still mentally weighing every circumstance, and was not altogether satisfied.

The bear had made toward the creek, and had evidently crossed it, for the tracks entered it, and we examined the bank above and below the place without finding “sign” coming out. I suggested that we should go to a disrooted tree, that spanned the stream about a mile below, and cross over that, and then return and search the other bank; but Charley vetoed this by beginning to disrobe. The stream, like most of those in these mountains, headed amid melting snow and was cold as ice; and I told Charley that I would not ford it for a score of bears. To settle the matter, he proposed to carry me across on his back. I questioned his ability to do so; but he affirmed so stoutly that he could, that—although I had misgivings of his purpose, as well as his strength—after expatiating on the direful effects that a wetting would probably pro-

duce on my yet imperfectly healed lungs, I yielded. I was so conscience-smitten, while seated astride of his great bear-muscled shoulders, that I almost confessed to the deception that was being practiced; but fear of a retributive ducking kept my lips sealed. Once, in mid-stream, waist deep, he purposely slipped and staggered, and I spasmodically gripped his throat, almost thinking he had divined my thoughts; but he only laughed at the fright he had given me, and landed me safe on shore. His clothes and our guns had been left, necessitating another trip, after which he again dressed himself.

The dog, meantime, having swum whimperingly over, shook himself, rolled in the sand, and frisked his satisfaction; he had scented out the place where the bear had waded out, and we all followed on after. The sign now led up a steep brushy hillside toward some cavernous ledges. Charley showed me how, from the shape of the footprints, he knew the bear was a cinnamon; and their size—as well as its dragging the trap and clog, which together would weigh two hundred pounds, over the route it had—showed that it was a large one. Old trappers almost invariably can tell the different varieties of animals, from some peculiarity of their footmarks.

Charley, with all suspicion now allayed, had told me that I should have the first shot at Bruin, but he went just in advance of me, preceded in turn a few feet by the dog. All at once, he drew a little to one side, and indicated with his hand that I should look ahead; and I saw the bear very skillfully concealed by brush so as to seem to be resting with its head upon its paws. Only one toe was fast in the trap, as could be plainly seen; and softly calling Charley's attention to this, I broke and ingloriously fled. I heard his ejaculation of disgust, followed by the report of his rifle; and then, from the rocky ledge, the loud guffaw of Small and the others. I never before saw

Charley so confused. He walked up to the bear, and examined it (Small had taken out the entrails the evening before); then as I came up, asking him something about killing it with a knife, he looked skyward and exclaimed: "Conspiracy! who goes mailed against thy dagger? By it Cæsar himself fell"—then turning his eyes reproachfully toward me saying: "And thou, too, Brutus!" he pressed an imaginary wound, and fell on to the bear's shaggy back in the attitude of the dying gladiator, remaining so until the rest gathered around, when with a soul-rending moan, he turned a little over on to his back, and rolling apparently dying eyes up at the group, ejaculated: "Stabbed! Stabbed to the heart! And by his friends!" and then he seemed to expire. Ridiculous as the performance was his acting was so superb that the others evidently thought that something was seriously wrong, for I seldom, if ever, saw depicted on a group of faces such helpless, remorseful concern. I dare not guess to what absurd length he might have carried his extravagancies, had I not begun to mock him, and attempt to outdo his quotations; whereupon he rose, laughing, and advising me to "choke off," proceeded to the solid work of the day.

I never tired, while staying here, of gazing from some commanding point upon the ever varying grandeur and beauty of the outlook. Great series of tall black basalt cliffs formed the lips of the cañon, on the fronts of which long lines of weather-worn seams intervening, marked the successive overflows of lava that once in fiery flood devastated the region around. These cliffs were topped by ancient forests, which feathered over the upper flank of the mountains in one grand, continuous stretch. The broad, sloping, flat-topped ridges, which evidently had once formed an inclined plateau, disclosed to view numerous breaks and depressions, which gave shadowy suggestions of the mysterious retreats and savage gorges

that the mountains held hid in their mighty embrace. Over the slope of ridges and through the long downward vista of the cañon's walls, the valley of the Sacramento, with its belts of timber and mottling of soil and vegetation, spread away to the base of the long air-purpled chain of Coast Range Mountains. Upward, the eye followed the sinuous turning of the cañon until lost within the heart of the snow-clad summit peaks. In places the sides of the abyss pitched in sheer descent of cliff and talus, to the belt of shining silver that the torrent stretched below; in others they would widen, leaving gently-sloping plats and openings, clothed with wild oats. Few are the artist brushes that might hope to paint the autumn coloring of the foliage, when seen in the pure sunlight—gorgeous with crimson, and orange, and purple, and gold—which, blending amid the dark rocks in myriad shades and contrasts, was rendered doubly charming by the deep-green coniferous back-ground above. Nor can pen-picture convey any adequate idea of the impressive vastness, the sublime grandeur and eternity of these Sierra cañons to one who has never felt their silence and solitariness from the dangerous verge of some commanding precipice.

Often from some such tree-crested ledge, I would look far down on the eagle or vulture soaring across the dizzy chasm, then over a thousand feet above the bed of the torrent. I would watch the mists linger lovingly in sheltered piny nooks or else, where caught in the currents of the blast, wheel in wild curves and eddies, like phantom phalanxes executing aerial evolutions. Sometimes, when all above would be clear, the valley would be overspread with an ocean of billowy fog, which would extend into the cañon's long, winding estuaries, flinging spray-edged waves along the cliff-strewn steep—while the ridges extended downward, long promontories, into the sea; and far away the summit of the Coast Range would appear above these billows like a resurrected Atlantis.

Even more enchanting was the cañon as seen by moonlight. Then all the varied features and colorings of the day were toned in strange, unnatural monochromatic lights and shades. Each line of cliffs and bossy crags seemed transmuted "alternately to ebony and ivory." A mysterious silvery gauze floated around the tips of the brown, gloomy forests; and the still reaches of water flowed, ink in the shadow, crystal in the light; or, where agitated, changed in the moonbeams to troubled drifts of snow. Great unreclaimed regions, too, were left, of vague and solemn darkness. Hearing there the panther's yell and the rapid bark of the coyote—echoed by the gorge into maniacal shriek and laughter—and startled by the sepulchral call of the owl's 'Who? who-o? who? who?' one need make little effort of the imagination to feel he had here reached the region of Dante's pen and Doré's pencil; and that by answering that sentinel challenge satisfactorily and advancing a few paces he might meet unearthly sights, or plunge beneath the quiet waters of Oblivion.

When I had been there over two months, I had killed only one small bear and a few deer. I shot the bear one evening when Charley and I were returning home late together, from a day's hunt. I had seen something on a hillside move and then remain still, and I called Charley's attention to it. He told me to "try a crack at it." I replied that it might be some domestic animal and reminded him of his injunction to me to be always sure of what I was shooting at. He said: "Take a shot any way, and I'll take all chances of your hitting it." His tone piqued me a little; so, rather hoping that it might be a calf or hog of his, I aimed as carefully as the darkness allowed and fired—and down it fell. Thereupon Charley dryly remarked that I "shot best in the dark of any one he ever saw that couldn't hit anything by daylight."

If I killed little, however, I took much exercise. I climbed all the near heights, breathed deep their balmy air, and drank

new health and inspiration from the gushing springs amid the tall-columned pines and sturdy-shafted oaks. My associates, I knew, looked on my long rambles and indifference to hunting as something of immoral tendency, with feelings akin to Prince Henry's when he exclaimed, "O, monstrous! but one half penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" Charley explained to the others that it was all owing to the "eccentricities of genius," at the same time significantly touching his forehead; but I was in the first rebound of full returning health, and I only laughed at the slur and continued the eccentricities.

A few miles away, in a very broken district, was a rugged elevation they called "Ajax's Butte," and I set out early one morning to scale it. There had been a light fall of snow on the tops of the ridges the night before; and awhile after I entered the confines of this snow, I came across the fresh footprints of a very large California lion. I had heard the others tell of the local depredations of such a beast, which they called "Old Nubia," and which from all accounts, joined the wisdom of a serpent to the native ferocity of his species; and I at once conjectured that the tracks were made by him. They were about as large as saucers, and were over three feet apart; and as animals of the cat kind, in walking, put the hind foot exactly in the track of the fore one, I knew the beast was over six feet between the hip and shoulder.

As they led in the direction I wished to go, I followed them. Near the summit of the butte, they entered a break or fissure, which slanted downward from above to near the base of a high precipice. From the lower part of this crevice, the tracks showed that the lion had sprung off over twenty feet perpendicularly. As I could not there follow him, I retraced my steps and kept along the upper edge of the cliff, looking cautiously over.

I had not advanced much over a hun-

dred yards thus, when I caught sight of several deer, feeding beneath some oaks that skirted the foot of the ledge, I drew back from view, and, quietly gaining a convenient spot for a shot, I was stealthily watching them, when I saw the lion with a mighty bound bear down a doe that was of the band.

With great effort, I controlled my excitement, slid the muzzle of my rifle over the edge of rock, took deliberate aim—making allowance for shooting downward—at the lion's shoulder, and fired.

As if the catch that held bent a strong spring beneath him had been loosed, the lion rose high in air, and alighting on his feet, quickly drew himself under the cliff out of sight. Almost overpowered now with excitement, I hurried a long way around to where the deer still lay dying. From there the lion's tracks, marked with blood, led into a cavern, bedded with wind-swept leaves, on which, cowering in an attitude of wrathful fear, lay the magnificent cat—dead. I gave it a shot in the forehead, but it returned no quiver of response.

A long time I gloated on my prize. Then I dragged the deer into the cave, and feasted my eyes again on both. I finally made very careful measurements of them, so as to have their skins "set up," and I then proceeded carefully to remove them. All this occupied much time, and it was late when I started to return home. All the way there I was mentally busy with an address to deliver on arriving. Charley was very fond of directing some grandiloquently worded harangue at his comrades and then chuckling at their bewilderment, and I cherished an ambition to retort the practice upon him.

It was dark when I reached the cabin, and, approaching cautiously, I placed my valued trophies softly beside the door, and then stepped back and entered a little noisily. As I set my gun aside and gave my hand for the dogs to lick welcome, Charley

carelessly inquired: "Well, chip o' the mountains, where have you been mousing until this time o' night?" He had asked exactly the question, and in the very spirit I had anticipated he would; so, assuming a somnambulistic tone and manner, I began:—

"My dear 'fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,' no doubt you think that Nature is a queer bundle of whims and contrarieties. She smiles as 'twere through tender tears in the beautiful arch of the rainbow; and we, like children, ever rush to the sunlit grove from which the arch seems sprung, to find there only the dark, cold earth. Sweet-faced and siren-voiced she lures the careless novice; and gazes gorgon-eyed on her despairing, time-tried worshiper. We glory in her beauty, strength, and power, and feel ourselves *en rapport* with her; and we are instantly crushed by her forces. With equal poise—in like chalice—she offers the elixir of life and the deadly poison. She gave us life, and she will send us death. And yet in all this seeming discord, the seer's discerning vision sees the most beautiful harmony, infinite prevision, majestic patience, "unhasting, unresting." Have you seen the wild beast, springing like an embodiment of life and action through the desert storms, and never realized that to the wilds and the blasts were due his energy and power of defiance? Have you viewed, embosomed amid snow-capped peaks, the flowery vale and mirror lake, without thought of the terrible convulsions through which the beauty of the scene was wrought? And when we join co-workers with Nature, she breathes fragrance through the groves of the citron and orange; she whispers promises in budding orchards and growing fields of grain, and pours in profusion from her lap, the rich and ripened harvest. Consider well the saying of the seers:—"By obeying nature we command her." The moth flutters about the flame of forbidden pleasure; the wild feathered captive beats its passionate breast against the iron bars of the inevitable;

but a wise discernment conforms itself to surrounding circumstances, and thereby controls them.

"Life, then, is not a riddle, but the supreme lesson; and Nature is the teacher. We may, or may not, love her, but we must respect her. One secret that I have acquired I well may now impart: in no way can we more respect Nature than by *always respecting ourselves*. A proper self-respect, this evening, will permit my replying to your question no further than merely by adding: I have been this day visiting an old and friendly elevation, to which my fellow mortals have applied the appropriate appellation of Ajax's Butte."

Small, who all along seemed to consider that this studied reply was pointed past Charley's ear directly at his forehead, here, not unkindly, ejaculated: "Wal, you be the curisest cuss ever I know'd on, hum-bugging about in these 'ere mountains!"

Charley was pouring out coffee when I began; but he had set the coffee-pot down, and, steadying himself with one hand on the table's edge, regarded me attentively. Finally he asked: "What is it you have seen?"

I looked him in the eye, as though I beheld the wall beyond, and replied in tones sounding deep in my chest:

"I have had a most rare vision.
What I saw though in that vision,
Of 'the secrets of the future,
Of the distant times that shall be;
It were long and vain to tell you.
I beheld though in that vision,
While in converse with the hoary
Butte, of which I have made mention,
That old pirate, Nubia, springing,
From his hidden lair, upon an
Inoffensive, feeding dun deer."

"Have you *killed* Old Nubia?" Charley asked eagerly.

"That base monster's tawny vesture,
And the rent robe of his victim,
Are without our lodge's portal,"

I replied in my most sepulchral tones, and

walked to the fireplace, clasped my hands behind my back, and turned my back to the fire.

Charley took the light, went to the door, and peered into the darkness, returning with my treasured spoils. While he unrolled them, I declaimed:

“O, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.”

Satisfied with his inspection, Charley rolled up the pelts, put them aside, and extended his broad palm, saying: “Put it there, my boy!” And, while he almost wrung the blood from my finger-tips, he added:

“’Twas hunter-like, bravely, and well done.”

Small had mutely regarded the disclosure with such expression as Joe’s face must have worn, when, after his visit with Pip to Miss Havisham’s, he backed against the wall exclaiming, “Astonishing! Astonishing!” But he now put out his rough hand with one word—“Shake;” and we shook, until my fingers ached again.

The slight storm on the uplands was premonitory. The winds had for some days been marshaling their storm forces, and the next morning the weather looked so threatening that it seemed unsafe to leave our shelter. The cloud-rack drifted overhead as if on a mission of haste. The wind soughed mournfully through the trees, like the sighings of Nature. The leaves, sear and yellow, whirled in the blast and eddied into heaps as if they sought consciously after

shelter. And, at last, the low-hanging folds of the storm curtains, that had rested a while on the ridges, dropped into the cañon their borders of rain. I looked out and listened to the plaintive tales of winter that the raindrops told the leaf-drifts; and, somehow, their whisperings touched a responsive chord in the heart. How differently a spring and an autumn shower fall on the spirit! The one all joy, full of tender witcheries, falls like a veil over the face of a bride, enhancing the promise of delight; the other, like a pall on the marbled features of dead hopes, and joys, and expectations.

For a week it rained and the wind never ceased. The woods looked bedrenched and forlorn; the rocks shed tears of dejection; the soil oozed miry discomfort; and the stream that erewhile flowed in crystal tranquillity, raged now a wild, tumultuous, turbid, roaring flood. I only noted, however, but did not deeply feel these changes. They merely acted as a foil to the exhilaration of my restored health. Bears, however, evidently felt all the elements’ depressing influence; and Charley announced it as his conviction that they would now “hole up.”

Having no curiosity myself regarding their state of hibernation, I selected the first pleasant morning to start for civilized regions, and rejoin men—“men my brothers, men the workers.” But I think both Charley’s eyes and mine dimmed as we shook hands in good-bye; and hung now in memory’s gallery are companion pictures—the one, in clear strong colors, is of bold mountain scenery; the other, with kindlier, softer, yet no less indelible touches, is of Jack and Old Charley.

Oscar F. Martin.

CRACKER JIM.

A traveler passing through the mountainous or hill country of Alabama would from time to time at the different stations, or the several points where the great iron horse halts for provender, see a Cracker woman enter the car, clad in a homespun dress and bright-colored bonnet of similar material, unless successful ambition had provided her with a head-gear of more pretentious quality in striped or spotted calico. She lives nowhere near the railway; in all probability her home is behind the echoes awakened by the impetuous neighing of the iron steed, and she has trudged miles with her burden of nuts or fruit, eager to turn an honest penny by tempting the appetite of the way-worn traveler.

The Cracker woman is not ordinarily a beauty. Milkmaids have ceased to be divine since the gods deserted Olympus. And yet we may sometimes see, tripping over the hills or descending a mountain path, a bright-eyed lass as lithe of limb and fleet of foot as Diana herself. But hard work and scanty living write their sad history upon human faces as well as upon human hearts, and the sun is no respecter of persons. The Cracker man, although not an Apollo, is, unless he belongs to that degenerate and fortunately small class called "clay-eaters," as strong and hardy as the pine trees among which he makes his home. He, too, is a vender of small wares, carrying apples, peaches, blackberries, chickens, eggs, home-knit stockings and gloves, and counterpanes, to the most accessible market; for which he "takes trade"—which technicality implies that he receives such quantities of flour, sugar, jeans, and calico as he and the purchaser may agree upon. The more enterprising vender drives his cart to a more dis-

tant destination, where he is, perhaps, able to make better bargains, and perchance obtain a little cash, as well as the necessities of life, which constitute the ordinary result of Cracker speculation.

Previous to the outbreak of the war between the States, the planting districts of Alabama were frequently invaded by these itinerant merchants, who brought from their sterile hills and mountains apples and cider whose delicious flavor rivaled the products of any city market in the world. Like the swallows, they had set times to come and go, and their periodical visits were welcomed alike by the fair matron of a handsome establishment, whom they often enabled to add a choice venison ham to her already well-stored larder, and the "folks" on the plantation, among whom the indulgent mistress was sure to dispense a barrel of cider.

Such a trader was "Cracker Jim," whose genius for commerce carried him far beyond the cross-roads stores and railway stations among his native hills, to the towns of Talladega, Tuscaloosa, Greensboro, and Marion, and sometimes to such important cotton marts as Selma and Montgomery. It was from the inhabitants of these towns that he had received the soubriquet of "Cracker Jim," and he, in turn, especially when soured by an unsuccessful commercial venture, would not hesitate to characterize them as "darned, panady eatin' citerzuns."

To his compatriots Jim was an enigma, and at the same time an object of warmest admiration. To their unsophisticated judgment he was a man of wide travel and great attainments. He accomplished wonders in traffic at home and abroad, and as he usually vanquished his neighbors in argument, he was universally conceded to

be the chief speaker, and like the inhabitants of Lystra, they readily accorded to him the attributes of both Jupiter and Mercury. His father had been elected and re-elected "Jestice o' the Peace," and was acknowledged to have "er power o' larnin' in the law;" and naturally the prestige of his influence fell upon the shoulders of his son. Indeed the sagacity of the sire, old Ned Snyder, not unfrequently enabled Jim to be even with the "town uns," while the continued and increasing prosperity of his orchard and garden, as well as his general thrift, induced the belief that "Natur'" or some other supernatural patron had taken him under especial protection. His pigs and cow were always in excellent condition, his apples were the finest, his plums, that most uncertain and capricious crop, ripened at the time most propitious for transportation to market; he made the best vinegar and cider, and in his hands the raising of fruit tree scions became a profitable business; while a well-known instance was duly recorded by neighborhood gossip of his having made a "right smart spec" by retailing crab-apple blossoms to students at the university of Tuscaloosa. Such exceptional successes outside of the conservative channels of barter and exchange were not to be looked upon without serious misgiving; for whatsoever came not within the comprehension of the Cracker mind, unquestionably came of evil.

"The tradin' o' blossoms air agin Natur', en er sin—the blossoms on the yearth air jest ez free ez Almighty's grace, en it haint fur no sich ez Jim Snyder ter be a settin' boun's by er puttin' er price on 'em," said Tom Welsh's mother to him as she puffed her cob pipe.

"Hey—hey—but folks ez has dealin's with hants en mebbe Satun hisse'f haint er gwine ter stan' on tradin' o' blossoms—it air mighty easy makin' money when er body air got er pardner like the Prince o' the Power o' the A'r—ter fetch er kotation frum the rider ez

agin us er sarmount last Sunday," oracularly, replied Tom who did not enter Jim Snyder on his list of friends.

"Tom Welsh, I ken tell ye ez Jim Snyder haint never had narry ter dew with hants nur the Devil nuther, en I haint erfeard ter say so, barrin' hurtin' yer ole mammy's feelin's," interrupted Dick Harjoe, the most well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood. "Jim Snyder war borned for luck. I rid my critter er mile beyant Big Mounting the night Jim Snyder war borned, er huntin' er stray keow. I didn't find the keow, but thar war luck in every stair in the firmament, en that luck war fur Jim—en no mistake."

"Yaas, yaas, Dick Harjoe," answered Mrs. Welsh, shaking her head solemnly. "I mind me o' the night; thar war signs, thar war signs, fur true, I recolleck."

"But they war all fur luck—all fur luck, Mis' Welsh," persisted Dick Harjoe. "It haint in mortyal man ter run agin Jim Snyder's luck."

The afternoon was late and the sun near its setting when a company of men and women assembled at Dick Harjoe's house, the largest and most conveniently situated in the settlement, for the purpose of making contributions to Jim Snyder's wagon, which was about to start on its periodical journey down the country. The house, a pretentious one for the neighborhood, was a log cabin, consisting of four rooms, two on each side of a puncheon floor, which in the summer season served the various uses of dining-room, passage, and place of general assembly. With the exception of a few chairs, with split oak and rawhide seats, the only piece of furniture in this passage was a ponderous spinning-wheel, which stretched its grotesque length against the log wall. A quarter of a mile from the door stood Big Mountain, the largest elevation of that spur, belonging to the range which girds the clear, beautiful waters of the Tennessee, as it winds its way across the river State. The rich and variegated coloring of autumn had already

fallen upon its foliage, which, with the sombre contrast of the fir and pine, and the illumination of a gorgeous sunset, made it from base to summit a palace of beauty. Bogue Chitta Creek, famous for its length and depth, as it persistently held its course through the upper counties until it reached and watered the fertile plains of the canebrake region, here had its rise, and having valiantly withstood the fierce heat of the summer months, murmured with complacent self-gratulation as it flowed down the rocky mountain side.

Dick Harjoe's ear evidently caught the pleasing sound, for, striking his pipe against the protruding log at the end of the passage, where he had poised himself on two legs of his chair, he said with significant gravity: "Bug Chitty hev hilt her own mightierly this hyar hot weather—fur it air powerful hot, in no mistake."

Hester, his wife, sat opposite, calmly smoking. Refilling her pipe with tobacco, mixed with the dry leaves of a fragrant and much-prized herb called by the natives "begerlouse"—an amalgamation in vogue among the women—she replied in the same grave tone: "Dick Harjoe, I hev bin in this hyar kentry nigh on ter ten year, en ole Bug Chitty haint nuver gin out wunst."

"En she haint er gwine ter gin out, Hester—en no mistake," answered Dick.

"She kin make her music year in en year out. She air er power, I tell ye," said Tom Welsh, who had taken his seat on the steps leading into the passage. "I hev driv down inter the canebrake en hev seed her thar, en hyerd her thar, en it 'peared ter me ez she war er reg'lar river er roarin' en bilin' erlong—she don't stop fur nuthin'; en when she gits ter the Kyhawby, she air more'n haffen ez big ez hit air. She air er monstrous crick!"

Just then a noise was mingled with the sound of the waters. It was made by Jim Snyder's team, slowly winding around the

base of the mountain, in its approach to Dick Harjoe's house.

"Hester," called Dick, putting his hand up as a shade to his eyes, and looking into the distance, "that air Jim er comin', en ye better tell them women ter git thar truck ready—Jim aint no feller fur tarryin' when onst he air minded ter start."

Hester rose and stepping to a door opening into the passage made known Jim's approach to the women busy in preparing their merchandise for its travel. A loud halloo and tremendous cracking of a whip gave additional impetus to their bustling activity, and announced the arrival of the wagon at the door.

"Fetch erlong yer traffic—the sun air not more'n er good hour high, en I 'low ter start on my journey betime she dips; hurry up, women folks—she air gittin' low I tell ye," called Jim, fastening his mules to a tree.

"Waal, Jim," said Dick Harjoe, rising to extend a hand of welcome to his friend. "Hester air got er monstrous load fur ye this hyar trip. Set down en take er cheer—they women's got ter talk en peckerfooster er level nour afore they git fixed. Powerful good weather fur travelin', Jim, en yer beastises air peert."

"That air true, sir," answered Jim deferentially. "How be ye, Mis' Harjoe?" said he as Hester appeared carrying an armful of bundles and baskets.

"Middlin'—how be ye, Jim Snyder? This hyar dry spell air gwine ter make it easy on yer critters. The roads air good, bean't they?" asked she, looking apologetically at the amount of "traffic." "I laid out it war the best ter fix in my truck, agin the women got theirn ready. Ye better store them aigs first; jest look at 'em, Jim—bean't they fine? don't they wuth three dimes er dozen? Ole Dominicky laid 'em, en they air rale game. Ole Dominicky's chick'ns haint never had the pip yet, en

these hyar be the bestest fur settin'—they'll make powerful peert hatchin'. Look at this counterpin, Jim—I done the spinnin' on that wheel settin' thar, en don't ye take trade fur it—it dew wuth money en orto fetch it. A 'restercrat onst gin me three dollars in silver fur one not haffen ez good. Now, Jim Snyder, jest ye view that yarn—haint it er beauty?"—and Mrs Harjoe held up the yarn so that it might catch the rays of sunlight that streamed through the passage. "It air dyed with poke-berry juice—poke-berry air the onliest thing in natur' fur rale good colorin'. Mebbe some Jedge's wife—en ye air got the 'quaintanceship o' sich, Jim—'ull buy it jest fur knittin' en bonin'; Cherrykee 'lows the 'restercrat ladies dew er power o' bonin' but they hev er quar name fur it. Leastways, Jim, the bestest poke-berry beyant Big Mounting air in that ar yarn. Thar air ten dozen socks—mighty close knit. The 'restercrats 'ull git 'em fur ther plantation naygers. I hev solt 'em hunderds o' pars—er quarter er par. I laid out ter hev some mits fur ye, Jim, but Cherrykee 'lowed she war gwine ter fetch er batch; she hev knit some powerful purty mits with new-fangled stitches ez she larnt outen her a'nt ez lives beyant Big Mounting."

By this time the women, having completed their task of packing baskets and bundles, assembled in the passage. Jim gave a listening ear to Mrs. Harjoe, but his eyes now and then glanced furtively over the group as if in search of something. This was not unobserved by Tom Welsh, who slowly removing his pipe from his mouth, said, "Whar air Cherrykee, Mis' Harjoe? She 'pears to be belated."

"She air comin', en in time, tew, Tom Welsh. Cherrykee hain't been belated many times in her life, en she haint er gwine ter be behind naow," replied Mrs. Harjoe, with some asperity of manner and tone.

"Cherrykee air purty gin'rally up ter time—en no mistake," remarked Dick Harjoe, puffing the smoke of his pipe over his

head. "En I' ull swar ez she air the purtiest gal this hyar side o' Big Mounting. I war er talkin' with ole Squiar Blevins at Possum Bend not more'n er fortnit gone by—ole Squiar Blevins whar air been ter North Calliny, Firginny, en Lorsyanny, en tother furrin kentries—en he hev 'lowed ez Cherrykee war oncommon likely en peert. He hev seen her han'-write, tew, en he 'lowed it war fine—en the Squiar air er scholard."

"Thar haint er peerter gal in the kentry fur work, nuther," interrupted Mrs. Harjoe.

"Waal, I reckon not, Hester, en her a'nt hev give her er good schoolin'. They tell me ez Cherrykee hev got book-larnin' en air been through the fi'th reader; en that shows she hev got fur erlong—en no mistake."

"Ef er body ken berlieve Sam Parker's chat, Cherrykee hev larnt that ez hain't book larnin' beyant Big Mounting," said Tom Welsh, vigorously whittling a stick, but evidently keeping his ears and eyes on the alert.

Before Dick had time to reply, Mrs. Harjoe demanded imperiously, "What air that, Tom Welsh?"

"Why, Mis' Harjoe, it don't wuth gittin' mad, dew it?—but Sam Parker 'lowed ez the talk war sich ez Cherrykee war sorter addled in her mind by the schoolin' ez her a'nt gin her,—he 'lowed ez she war that peert at meetin' ez made folks talk; that when the rider come down outen the pull-pit, en war er splanifyin' the Bibul ter the women, she war not afeard ter ax him queshtings. Sam Parker tells it ez she air that sot up she hain't no usen fur tother peoples, en thinks we uns hain't haffen good enough fur her. I gin it, Mis' Harjoe, jest ez Sam Parker tolt me," said Tom Welsh, with an air of great humility.

"En ef she hain't no usen fur Sam Parker en sich," answered Mrs. Harjoe, with severe emphasis, "she hev showed good sense—mighty good sense. Thar air folks ez better look close home when they air

sarchin' fur addled brains; but mebbe ez Sam Parker air bereft o' hisn, he hain't none ez air addled."

"Hey—ye air hard on Sam, haint ye, Mis' Harjoe?" asked Tom, somewhat disconcerted.

"Waal, mebbe ye air jest er leetul bit hard, Hester," said Dick, feeling that hospitality required some show of sympathy with Tom. "Cherrykee air er right young gal, en young gals will be briggity, whar they haint meanin' no sorter harm. They air like young colts afore ye break 'em; they hev got ter be hilt in, got ter be hilt in—en no mistake."

"Dick Harjoe," replied his wife, warmly, "ye haint no call ter talk agin Cherrykee, jest ter please the Welshes nor the Parkerses nuther. What business air er passul o' men ter be runnin' down the ways o' gals?—men hev ther ways en women hev thern, en ole folks hev ther ways en young folks hev thern, en thar's er differ betwixt 'em, en er big differ tew. Cherrykee air like ole Dominicky's pullets—she air 'bleeged ter holt er high head; it air natur'."

Jim Snyder, who had been quietly taking an inventory of the various articles collected by the women, and had manifested no interest in the conversation, now turned deliberately to the speakers and said: "Mis' Harjoe air hard on Sam Parker fur true—mighty hard; fur I tell ye er true word when I tell ye Sam air smart—oncommon smart. Thar air them ez air bereft in ther minds, but it haint Sam Parker—he air powerful peert; he war not borned yistiddy. Mebbe, Dick Harjoe, ye dunno why Sam hev vacated this hyar beat—hey?"

"I haint nuver hyern," answered Dick, with profound attention.

"Waal, I 'ull tell ye. Sam Parker 'lowed ez he war not gwine ter stay nowhers whar he war not the biggest liar in the settlement; en ez Tom Welsh didn't move, he war 'bleeged' ter move. I tell ye, Sam air powerful smart."

This speech was greeted by a loud guffaw, in which the women joined as heartily as the men, while the speaker himself laughed so long and so triumphantly that Tom's face began to show alternate expressions of discomfort and defiance. Mrs. Harjoe, however, was not one to hold her peace, and called out, "Hey—hey—Tom Welsh, haint ye got nothin' else ter norate?"

Tom could not conceal his irritation as he replied; "Mebbe I mouten hev, if I war ter speak my mind ez free ez some folks. Mebbe Sam Parker air er liar, en mebbe I air er bigger liar 'n he air, en agin it mouten be thar haint much differ betwixt us; but it air powerful sartain ez narry me nur Sam Parker haint got our eyes so sot on the north star ez ter run our waggin wheels smack agin er mile post; we don't run our heads clean inter the bird nestis; en liars ur no liars, we haint lookin' so fur beyant ez not ter see the holes in the road."

Whether the covert allusion in this speech was aimed at Jim's matrimonial aspirations or his commercial enterprises, admitted of a doubt in the minds of his auditors, who now eagerly listened for the caustic rejoinder, which seemed inevitable; but attention and expectation were turned in another direction as Cherokee was seen descending the mountain path.

"Thar air Cherrykee, naow!" said Mrs. Harjoe, sternly. "Tom Welsh, jest holt yer tongue; thar's pizen on the eend on it."

"Pizen ez er rattulsnake!" muttered one woman, her head deep in the basket she was packing.

"Mebbe ye haint hyern, Dorkis Stokes, ez grapes ez war sour war mighty hard ter swaller," replied another woman, carefully arranging her eggs for transportation.

"Cherrykee dew holt er high head, en she air got a right ter dew it—she air likely. Why, she air steppin' over them rocks jest like er blooded heifer," said Dick Harjoe.

In a few minutes Cherokee reached the cabin door. Acknowledging the presence

of the company with a slight inclination of the head, she walked directly to Mrs. Harjoe. "I hev brung them mits, Mrs. Harjoe." The effort to say "Mrs." instead of "Mis'" was noticeable.

Cherokee was like and unlike the women around her, as a wild flower, newly transplanted to the florist's garden, loses its rankness in submission to artificial training, but has not yet gained the rich and graceful efflorescence that comes from long culture. A stranger who beheld her among such a group, would have looked at her again and again. Their stolid, unchanging countenances were as expressionless as their lives were uneventful. With them the mind was as untraveled as the body, and even imagination was stagnant, with the exception of its traditional excursions into the region of superstition, which enveloped them too closely to admit of investigation or inquiry. Their days and a part of their nights were spent in spinning and weaving, and of the outside world they knew as little as they did of the migratory birds that left them in the winter and returned with the summer. They only knew that the birds had been "fur beyant," and so the world of progress and civilization was to their minds a great "beyant." They knew "north'urd" and "south'urd" and "east'urd" and "west'urd," for the cows and sheep and goats not unfrequently took long journeys, and had to be brought home to be milked and fed and protected from the "varmounts" and wild "beastises" in the woods and mountains. Few could read; fewer could write; and public opinion rarely found its way into their unlettered circle. Primitive necessities pressed hard upon them; to-day was as yesterday, and like machines they moved and had their being in the same small circumference that had limited the hopes and desires of their grandmothers. Now and then one might see among them a face humanized by long acquaintance with sorrow, or refined into spiritual beauty by a life of

deep religious faith; but the larger number were content if they were able to give a good account of regular attendance at "meetin'" when the "rider," as the itinerant Methodist preacher was called, made his periodical rounds; and they could set before him as good fresh eggs and as good fried chicken as could be found "anywhar in the hull kentry." In the faces of the men this stolidity was sometimes replaced by an expression of shrewdness, which is the usual result of sharp practice in trade and greediness to make a good bargain; but the Cracker, man or woman, is a philosopher, and is rarely disturbed by the unsatisfied energy of a noble discontent.

As Cherokee delivered her basket of mittens to Mrs. Harjoe, the women crowded around her to make an inspection of the newly arrived articles, while the girl, oppressed by the heat, removed from her head the Cracker sunbonnet, which in this instance was made of white checked muslin, instead of home-spun. Her hair was of that rich chestnut color that shows bronze under a strong light; her eyes had the deep blue color and dark lashes of the Celtic type, and to the expert physiognomist, the nose and mouth, those features which so unmistakably reveal the refinement of past generations, seemed not only singularly unlike those around her, but betrayed signs of a nature at variance with its conditions. The complexion is rarely good among Cracker women, but whether from painstaking or abstinence from snuff dipping, Cherokee's skin was almost dazzling in its transparency. The color in her cheek was perhaps of too warm a tint to have pleased the dainty taste of fashionable society, glowing as it did with the ripe luxuriance of the peach rather than the delicate blush of the rose; but it seemed a part of the perfection of this rustic beauty, a thing to be expected, and was as satisfying to the beholder as the sound of the murmuring waterfalls on the mountain

side. She was the living impersonation of that "neat-handed Phyllis," whose praises have been sung by poets from Virgil to Milton, and whose occasional existence is a pleasing confirmation of our ideal conceptions. Her dress was of home-spun, and of the pattern much in vogue among her people—blue and white check—but it fitted her form, a circumstance quite unusual enough to attract attention. She wore, too, a white linen collar, a decided heresy, since a home-spun neckerchief, or at best, one of white muslin, constituted the neck attire of all the women in the settlement.

Her hands showed marks of toil, for Cherokee was an orphan, living with an aged grandmother, and household cares as well as the spinning and weaving necessary for their little home, fell upon her. Old Mrs. Dobine had long ceased to take an active part in household work, the preparation and dispensing of the morning and evening meal to the few ducks and chickens that gathered around her back door, being her only occupation. Pete Dobine, her grandson, and cousin to Cherokee, tilled the garden, ploughed the little corn patch, and went to mill on the one mule, which with the humble homestead comprised the family property. Pete was a faithful laborer, but youth often tests the sad results entailed by an absence of prudence, even when there is an expenditure of time and energy, and hence old Mrs. Dobine did not always make both ends meet. On the contrary, they were always far apart, with little reasonable probability of union, especially if the "varmounts," had been bad on the pullets, and "middlin' bacon," was held at a high price. But there was one who never failed to offer the addition which spliced the refractory ends, and that one was Jim Snyder. When his wagon returned from its commercial tour, packages of coffee and sugar were sure to find their way to Granny Dobine's cabin, Pete being the bearer, who always delivered them with a conscious glance at

Cherokee: "Granny, Jim hev sent ye some short-sweetnin' kase ye air poarly—it air better'n long-sweetnin'."

Molasses was the "long sweetnin'" commonly in use, and was mixed with coffee, or tea made from various herbs found in the woods. This "long sweetnin'" was detestable to Cherokee, who in her visits from home had tasted coffee and tea sweetened with white sugar. Jim Snyder often recalled to his imagination the image of Cherokee, when as a "brat" of four years she would watch for his coming from the cross-roads store, where he, a lad of thirteen, had expended his hard-earned picayunes for a pound of coarse brown sugar, which he would feed to her from his hands at designedly long intervals that he might hear her baby entreaties for "short sweetnin'."

"She war er purty brat then, en she air purtier naow," said he, as he reflected upon this experience of by-gone days. And he thought so more than ever as she stood waiting the sentence which Mrs. Harjoe—the autocrat of the neighborhood on all subjects pertaining to needle-work or housewifery—would pass on her mittens.

"Wall, Cherrykee, them air beauties, and the 'restercrats 'ull like em. What er purty scollup ye hev gin ter 'em jest by widenin' en narrerin', en I'll say fur ye ez ye air the onliest gal in the settlement ez ken dew it. What er power o' stitches ye did put on, I'll declar—all at onst, tew. The 'restercrats 'ull buy 'em, Cherrykee, for they won't tech nothin' with ther hands, bethout w'arin' o' gloves, ef it air jest ter set butter on the table; Tom Welsh, ye hev tolt me that many er time. Cherrykee, ye must er done this fine ribbin' with er bone, kase it haint in natur' ter dew it with er needle—leastways, that air my jedgment."

The knitting known as crochet is well understood by the Cracker women, and is done with a bone prepared for the purpose by a process of boiling and scraping.

"These hyar torsuls," continued Mrs.

Harjoe, "orter make 'em fetch er power o' money, Cherrykee; en ye larnt it all when ye war vis'tin' yer a'nt beyant Big Mounting—ye haint er or'nary gal, Cherrykee, I say it behint ye en afore ye."

In the meanwhile Jim Snyder had been gradually drawing nearer to the group of women, who surrounded Mrs. Harjoe and the mittens so closely as to prevent any nearer view than could be obtained by an occasional glance over a series of heads; and as soon as their market value began to be discussed, he pushed his way into their midst and took hold of the basket.

"Waal, Mis' Harjoe," said he holding up a pair of mittens and scrutinizing them with a very professional air, "ef these hyar mits dont wuth a haffen dollar, every identerkul pa'r, I haint no jedge—en what air more, I ken git it fur 'em. Why, they air more'n middlin' good—the store mits haint no better en no purtier. Ef I was buyin' on 'em, en free ter use my choosin's, I druther hev these hyar ones, en I speak fur true."

"I reckon Jim 'ud gin haffen dollar out-en his own pocket—jest fur speckylatin', ye mind," said Tom Welsh, who had sufficiently recovered his spirits to make another thrust; but it passed unheeded amid the lifting of baskets and bustle of making ready, for Dick Harjoe had again called out: "Git ready, women folks—the sun air runnin' low—Jim, haint it yer expectate ter start afore she air gone down?"

Jim took advantage of the commotion to draw Cherokee aside.

"Why, Cherrykee, I wish ye could see the 'restercrat ladies ez 'ull w'ar them mits, when they be directin' ther naygers erbout ther work, en when they air breshin' ther fine chany cups en sassers, en ther trinkuts in ther parlors—ther hands air ez saft en white ez allybasty, en they talk jest ez sweet ez they look, Cherrykee—sorter like ole Bug Chitty, when she air singin' low in the summer time, en sorter like the markin'

bird, when she air minded ter make her music bethout much noise; en they hev sech er smile on ther lips, tew,—they look mighty proud fur off, Cherrykee, when they air ridin' in ther kerridges, but when ye come close ter 'em, they air jest ez perlite ez ef I war er 'restercrat myse'f. Thar's Jedge Barrett's wife, ez lives in a fine house on the big road gwine inter Maryon—she will buy four pa'rs o' these hyar mits fur herse'f en darters. I hev done er power o' tradin' with her. She sends out her nayger waitin' man in his white coat jest ter tell me ter drive inter her back yard. I sell her all the dried apples she minds ter usen in winter, en the Jedge hisse'f says Jim Snyder's cider air the bestest he ever tasted. Why, Cherrykee, the Jedge hev er plantation en er hundred naygers, en his wife hev come out ter my waggin en paid me with her own white hands—lookin' jest ez fresh en fa'r ez er rose, Cherrykee—jest like er purty rose."

"I know they air fine en purty—en sweet, too; I hev seen 'em, en talked ter 'em," answered Cherokee looking down into her basket.

"But Cherrykee, thar haint narry one on 'em no purtier in ther face, en no likelier in ther figger 'n ye be," said Jim apologetically, lest his admiration for aristocrats might be construed into depreciation of her own charms. "Ye know that air my thinkin', Cherrykee—I hev been tellin' ye that nigh on ter ten year."

Cherokee looked persistently down at the basket in her hands, and answered not a word.

"En ye air the onliest 'oman on the green yearth ez I want fur my wife, Cherrykee," said he vehemently. "Ye haint got no doubt on it, hev ye, Cherrykee?" That Cherokee might not love him and would not be his wife, seemed now a remote possibility which frightened him.

"Ye don't say nothin', Cherrykee; what ails ye?"

The girl tried to speak, but the very effort seemed to choke her.

"Mebbe ye air tew chick'n-hearted ter tell me ye love me, Cherrykee—air that yer ailment?" and Jim's brawny hand was laid tenderly on the little hand that was clinging to the basket for support. The touch made her start, and she found words at last:

"Ye hev been kind ter me, Jim Snyder—kind ter me, en ter Granny—en—ter—Pete; en I give ye thanks—hearty thanks—fur it; en I hev tried ter think uv ye ez er husband, en I can't. I dont love ye—en I won't marry ye—don't niver speak ter me erbout it agin!"

Jim gasped for breath. "Don't love me, Cherrykee!—wont marry me!—me ez hev waited nigh on ter thirteen year fur ye—me ez hev loved ye when ye war er brat, en then er littul gal—tell life don't wuth nothin' be-thout ye! Cherrykee didn't ye love me afore ye went beyant Big Mounting? War it schoolin' en book-larnin' ez turned yer heart away from me? Don't go, Cherrykee—mebbe ye haint hyern all I ken say ter make ye think better on me. Air thar any yuther man ez ye dew like, Cherrykee?" urged Jim, trembling from pain and disappointment.

But Cherokee had not waited to hear the last question. Those who saw her abrupt departure attributed it to excess of grief at separation from her lover, for Cherokee and Jim had according to popular understanding, 'been promussed'.

Jim hardly had time to recover his self-possession before Dick Harjoe again called, "Hello, Jim, ye'll be belated ef yer don't hurry up; the sun air droppin', she air, en yer critters air twistin' ther necks off."

A few rapid steps brought Jim to his wagon where, having re-adjusted some baskets piled higher than the rest, he took his seat in the saddle.

"Jim," said Dick Harjoe, who had followed him, "Tom Welsh air tellin' erbout hyar ez the 'restercrats air talkin' er power

ez thar air ter be war betwixt the North'urd en the South'urd fur true. He 'lows ez it air er rich man's war, but it air ter be er poor man's fight, en he 'lows tew ez he air not er gwine ter hit narry lick, nur Sam Parker nuther. Naow, Jim, this air er mighty corntrary noration, bekase I hyerd both on 'em, Tom en Sam, tell Squiar Blevins ez they war rank seceshers, en 'ud be glad ter fight the North'urd whenever he gin the word; I hyerd that ez shoar ez Bug Chitty air er crick—en no mistake. It war when the Squiar war er speakin' fur Brickin-ridge agin Judge Barrett, that war speakin' fur Bell!"

"I mint me o' the time, Dick Harjoe—it war the same day ez I gin Tom Welsh er jodarter uv er thrashin' at Possum Bend—he war er leetul tew peert erbout secesh that day," answered Jim, settling himself firmly in his seat.

"Tew be shoar, Jim, I recollect; he war er braggin' mightierly. Jest fetch us the news, naow, Jim; if anybody ken git it I know ez Jim Snyder ken."

"Waal, I reckon I ken find out ez much ez Tom Welsh, an' I reckon I ken talk ter the 'restercrats ez much ez he dar' tew, en er leetul more. The Judge 'ull know it all, en in pint o' jedgment, the Squiar can't holt er candul ter him. I wont be back hyar tell long arter plantin' time, en Jim Snyder haint afeard ter ax queshtings. Far'well Dick. Git up, Jane—Git up, Huldy!"

The crack of the whip roused the mountain echoes, which were heard after Jim and his team were out of sight.

"It 'pears ter me," said Dick Harjoe, as he approached the small group that still lingered in front of his door, "ez Jim air down in the mouth. One thing shoar—he air peerter erbout every thing more'n 'erbout his coartin'—he hev been arter Cherrykee the likes o' ten year, en he don't seem no nigher bein' spliced ez he war this time last year."

"Not er bit," answered Tom Welsh.

"Cherrykee haint er gwine ter be ketched by Jim Snyder, but by somebody beyant the mounting—that air my thinkin'."

"Waal, Tom, ye haint allus thunk the same thing, mebbe; but I know ez coartin' nuver tuk up my time. Peas didn't git ripe by it. I done it all at onst. I war ridin' my ole sorrul mar', en Hester war ridin' behind me, en says I ter Hester, 'I love somebody settin' betwixt me en my mar's tail,' en right on ter the heels o' that, Hester 'lowed, 'I love somebody settin' betwixt me and yer mar's mane,' en thar war the eend on it, en we war spliced the follerin' Sundy the rider come round. But I know ez thar air er differ in women. Hester haint no book-larin', but she ken make up her mint oncommon short."

Jim Snyder's team traveled some distance without an encouraging word from the driver. The road, winding over and around a succession of hills, showed picturesque beauty on every side. The ripe luxuriance of autumn was over forest and vegetation. Rich red poke-berries contrasted with the shining black clusters of fox grapes and muscadines. Gaping chestnut-burrs disclosed their long-hidden treasures, and wild plums and persimmons, made luscious by the recent frost, hung in tempting proximity to the roadside. Glossy sloes and chinquapins lay cheek to cheek with scarlet berries whose leaves were as bright as themselves, and fantastic vines embraced gloomy pines and sullen cedars, which refused to be coaxed into gayety, and looked all the more stern for the wild revelry around them. Nature was prodigal in her gorgeousness. From every hill-top, like Pentecostal tongues, shone the sumach, whose flame the evening shades could not utterly quench. Bushes, burning with red and yellow light, stood here and there among the undergrowth, and the maple and black-gum glowed like beacon torches. Every tint of the rainbow and hue of metal or precious stone was here simulated—gold and silver, ruby, emerald,

amethyst, sapphire, garnet, turquoise, and diamond, mingling and blazing in dazzling confederation of color, and varying with every shifting ray of the sinking sun.

When Jim had reached the highest elevation of a series of hills, which he had been slowly ascending, he halted to let his "critters blow." From this height was opened a magnificent vista, whose wonderful coloring resembled the capricious variety of a kaleidoscope. Many a time he had gazed on the same scene with rapt admiration, until his emotions would find expression in words: "I declar', Natur' ken beat anything in univarsal creashun when she air er mint to!" From this very hill-top he had gathered in the spring many a yellow jasmine and honeysuckle for Cherokee; many a white dogwood blossom, and still whiter Cherokee rose, which Cherokee had been named "arter," he had carried to the Dobine cottage. "The jasmint en honeysuckil be fur yerse'f, Mis' Dobine, but the white, purty rose air fur Cherrykee,—kase it dew emblematically her powerful." Every path in this forest was familiar to him. He knew every haunt of rabbit and squirrel, and had sometimes killed an old buck or timid young doe, not far from where he was now sitting. From the persimmon tree, standing not a stone's throw from him, he had gathered many a basket of the American date, for persimmon bread was a dainty morsel and was indispensable as a lunch at "corn shuckin's en quiltin's."

But now, Nature did not charm him nor did her fruits tempt him. He waited for his team to rest, with all the air of a man entirely preoccupied. When this was accomplished, he drove to the foot of the hill, where he again encountered a bend of the well known Bogue Chitta. From the side of the hill rising up from the creek, gushed a spring of water, so abundant in north Alabama—as clear as crystal and so cold as to make a too hasty indulgence rather painful. Here, each successive jour-

hey, he had been in the habit of encamping for the night; and having unhitched and watered his mules, he sat down to his simple meal. A split oak basket, containing raw bacon, which was to be boiled on coals, and hoe-cake of corn meal, was to supply his food whenever his resting place was too remote from a store or farmhouse to afford a greater variety; but although the basket had been removed from the wagon to its post of duty at his side, it remained unopened. A thousand recollections crowded his mind, each one bringing with it something that sharpened his disappointment. Drawing from its place of concealment about his waist a pouch of buckskin, containing all the money he possessed in the world, he counted it over, preparatory to securing it for the night. With these few dollars, he had purposed to buy a painted table and three painted chairs—articles of luxury hitherto unknown in Big Mountain. This extravagance of furniture was meant to please the refined taste of her whose heart until now he had never doubted to be his own; a split oak chair with a rawhide seat was quite good enough for him. With Dick Harjoe's assistance he had "figgered it up," so as to make this unusual expenditure consist with the little sum over his actual necessities; and Dick had told him that the "figgeration war jest ez good ez ef the jestice o' the peace had done it." Counting money is no doubt subversive of sentiment; but Jim's emotion had already reached a climax, and hastily putting his treasure back into its place of security, he did what many a philosopher has done before him—he buried his face in his hands and wept. Even so much tenderness can dwell in the heart of a man who wears copperas breeches and a homespun shirt.

He rose betimes next morning from his bed in the wagon. "I usen ter be ez peert ez er lark, en could e'en a'most beat the sun hisse'f risin'—but it 'pears ter me I

hain't no more sperit naow; the stiff'nin' air gone clean outen me."

As many as seven days were required to complete the journey, at the end of which Jim Snyder and his team had reached the outskirts of Marion, a town situated in a high, sandy-land region—so named in contradistinction from the canebrake, or prairie country, which lay four or five miles below; where its inhabitants owned large and fertile cotton plantations, which yielded handsome revenues—land so lavishly and enormously productive that during the war it was called "the corn-crib of the Confederacy."

Ample wealth and leisure had afforded the people of Marion opportunity for easy living and broad culture. Then, as now, it was an educational centre, possessing two large seminaries for girls and a college for boys, with a consequent series of infant and preparatory schools, and sometimes presumed to claim equality with Tuscaloosa herself in letters and social refinement—a temerity which was resented by the seat of the university and former capital with ridicule and contempt. A railway connected it with the markets of Mobile and Selma; but adjacent towns and villages were reached only by private conveyance, or the old-fashioned stage-coach, which was expected to stand every day at two o'clock before the entrance of the hotel, and whose approach was duly heralded by the driver's horn.

It was in emulation of this time-honored custom that Jim had provided himself with a horn, which, though taken from the head of a cow and quite free from any embellishment of art, surpassed, thanks to the lungs of its athletic owner, the stage-driver's in sonorousness. Ascending a hill, which partly overlooked the town, he drew a blast so shrill and loud that it roused the neighborhood, and even awakened some of his own old enthusiasm. Children rushed out of stately mansions, and ran down handsome walks and carriage avenues, and scampered

over hedges of rose and cape jasmine, to catch a glimpse of the traveling merchant, whose big covered wagon held bushels of fine apples. The black butler, in conventional white cap and apron, anticipating the cider "Mistis" was likely to buy, stepped out on the balcony or veranda to see the familiar team.

"Fetch erlong yer kags," called Jim, "I'll take my persish jest er leetle beyant the court house—ye'll find me thar in erbout five shakes uv er sheep's tail."

A crowd grew with every turn of the wagon, made up of children and negroes, footmen and errand-boys, whose mistresses were too absorbed in shopping or visiting to detect them in their enjoyment of this delicious vagrancy.

"Come erlong, Prerfesser, fetch out yer cider jug; ye air needin' on it ter fatten ye," said Jim to an adipose negro barber, who with arms akimbo, stood grinning in the door of his shop.

Peals of laughter from boys and college students followed this speech. "Waal," continued Jim, with a sly look at the students, "I thort ez every man in this hyar town war er prerfesser. Come on with yer cash; I am prerfesser o' the bestest cider in ole Alabam'."

The team soon arrived at the favorite stand near the court-house yard. Jim halted and looked around him with not a little amazement. The court-house and yard were all astir. Groups of men in earnest conversation stood on the colonnade and within the main hall of the building. Each little assembly had its orator, who harangued until another took the same theme out of his mouth. Two words were so often repeated that they seemed to Jim's bewildered mind to be floating in the air: "war" and "secession." Knots of half-grown youths and boys, wearing badges of white and red ribbon on cap and lappel of coat, were arguing as zealously as their sires. Standing near and around them, and talking as vehe-

mently, were other groups, conspicuously destitute of badges. Not unfrequently the words of the disputants rose high enough to be heard at a distance, and "secessionist" and "base submissionist" fell upon the ear. Small boys armed with bells would rush upon the badge-bedecked youths, and ring their shrieking weapons in the ears of the enemy, when a scuffle would ensue, half in play, half in earnest, until some other attraction called them apart. One urchin, persistent in his claims for Bell and Everett, hung bells to his pony's mane and tale, and rode him through a crowd of antagonistic politicians. College students, with and without badges, argued at the corner of every street with the earnestness of men. Children, all unconscious of the magnitude of the subjects, and little dreaming that they were foreshadowing a great revolution, fought for union and secession on their playgrounds. The mighty events that were to come had already cast their shadows before.

Jim Snyder stood for a while patiently surveying the scene. "I dew wonder ef Tom Welsh war tellin' uv er true word—it haint like him!"

Leaving his team in the care of a bystander, he approached a group of men engaged in conversation.

"What mought be the ailment? Air thar ter be er war betwixt the North'urd en South'urd fur true?"

"'Air thar?'" answered one of the men derisively. "Perhaps you can tell us. What do they say about it at Big Mountain? Do they think that General Jackson is President yet? Do they believe Henry Clay is dead?"

"We haint hyern erbout no war fur true," answered Jim, unperturbed by his questioner. "Bug Chitty en Big Mounting both on 'em went fur Bell en Averate, en I 'lowed ez they war erlected. I know ez Judge Barrett voted fur 'em."

"Well, my friend, that didn't elect them. Lincoln is elected, and the South is going to secede."

"She air?" answered Jim, overwhelmed at the thought. "Naow, that 'ull go mighty hard with the Jedge. Whar air he, gents?"

"In his office in the court house—on the other side—follow your nose," said one of the number, pointing the way.

"I disremember all the Jedge said, when he spoke at Possum Bend, but I know ez he said ef thar war secesh thar'd be war, sartain," muttered Jim on his way to the office.

The Judge was deep in his books and papers when his Cracker friend entered without knocking. His calm, resolute countenance betrayed no sign of agitation. Jim felt hopeful at the sight of it.

"Why, Jedge, ye look ez cool ez er cucumber. Them fellers outside must er been riggin' me. Ye haint hexcited. Mebbe I haint hyern the correck noration. Air Lincoln elected?"

"He is. Take a seat Jim," replied the Judge.

"Waal, Jedge," said Jim, drawing his chair up to the grate, in which the remains of the morning fire lay smouldering, "they hev been tellin' outside ez the South'urd air ter secede. Air that a true word?"

"I hope not—but I believe she will," answered the Judge calmly. "This is a time, Jim, for earnest thought; not for excitement."

"Waal, Jedge," said Jim looking steadily into the grate and making a strong effort to collect his bewildered faculties, "ez fur ez my recollection dew carry me, ye said ef thar war secesh, thar 'ud be war."

"I believe that war will follow secession."

Jim preserved his attitude of meditation as he drew a plug of tobacco out of his coat pocket. Biting off a piece the size of which rendered mastication a slow process, he placed both hands on his knees by way of assisting his powers of reflection. Having apparently mastered the subject, he turned sharply round to the Judge with the question. "Waal, what air ter be done?"

"That is to be done," replied the Judge

with sober emphasis, "which a man ought to in every position in which he is placed—duty."

"Yaas—fur true—fur true," answered Jim, relapsing into meditation.

"If Alabama secedes, and war is the consequence, I shall take my place as a soldier, and—"

"What," cried Jim starting from his seat, "a sojer, Jedge? Haint ye been forment secesh all erlong? haint ye been speechifyin' agin them ez wanted ter break up the kentry."

"Yes, I was against secession and against all sectionalism, North or South; that *was* my duty. If war is declared, my duty is to fight; it is the time for action, not for talk."

"Waal, Jedge, Dick Harjoe war tellin' me—ye know Dick—waal, he war tellin' ez Tom Welsh war noratin' it erroun', ez the 'restercrats wa'n't gwine ter fight, but ez they 'lowed ter make the poar men fight. Tom said ez it war ter be er rich man's war, en er poar man's fight; yaas, Jedge, he war newsin' it erbout everywhar. Howsomever I don't set nothin' by Tom Welsh's talk; it haint no body—it air all smoke."

"I know the people," replied the Judge; "and if the country is invaded, every man ought to, and every man will, fight."

"Waal, Jedge," answered Jim, after a few moments' silence, "mè en Dick Harjoe, both on us, 'ull pin ter yer jedgment, bekase I said ter Dick ez ef anybody knowed what ter dew, Jedge Barrett knowed it." Rising from his seat, he stood, slowly buttoning his copperas homespun coat to his chin. When this task was finished, he thrust both hands into the pockets of his breeches, and said in a husky voice, "Jedge, I haint nothin' ter live fur naow but my ole dad; the 'oman ez I keered fur don't keer fur me—nothin' 'tall fur me. My dad fit in the Mexikin war, en ef this hyar war dew come, I air gwine ter fight ez shoar ez my name air Jim Snyder. I haint got no naygers, I haint nuver had no naygers, en I don't want no naygers—they air lazy en air

jest er cumberin' the yearth uv Ameriky like the varmounts dew Big Mounting; this hyar air er white man's kentry—but I air gwine ter fight with ye, Jedge. Ye hev done me er power o' favor, en I haint had no chance ter retaliate the good turns ez ye hev done me en dad; en naow, I air yer man, en thar air my hand on it, en er jug o' the bestest cider ever fetched ter this hyar taown, settin' out in the waggin fur ye. Far'well, I'll be mashin' canebrake mud afore tew hours en er ha'f; en when I git back I air ready fur ye."

Weeks enough to make two months and more had passed when Jim Snyder was again seated in Judge Barrett's office—weeks in which the American people had been writing history. South Carolina had seceded, and in turn each Southern State. War was no longer a probability; it was a fact—a fact proclaimed at every station, and town, and village. Companies and regiments were being marshaled at every point. Men left estates, professions, offices, and families without a murmur; and wives and sisters surrendered husbands without a tear. Boys leaped into the arena of war as if they were going to a picnic instead of a cannon's mouth, and many a Southern mother, with more than Spartan fortitude, sent from a luxurious home a lad whose cheek was as fair as her own, and on whose brow not more than sixteen summers had shone. Every phase of political sentiment and opinion was merged into one great thought. Before Mr. Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand troops, even in the midst of disunion, secession found its opposers as well as advocates in almost every household, and argument and feeling were often hot and uncompromising. The action at Washington made a unit of the most diverse opinions. Men most prominent as exponents or leaders of the Union party were the first to volunteer in the cause of the South, asking no higher rank than that of a common soldier. Ladies who had refused to employ their dainty fingers in

making secession badges, and had laughed to scorn the disunion sentiments of their partisan admirers, turned without complaint or reproach to resolute labor and self-sacrifice, to the weaving of homespun and making of garments for the men who wore the gray.

Judge Barrett was already in command of a regiment. In vain did he urge Jim Snyder to return home and raise a company in his own community.

"No, Jedge, I haint er married man, en I 'low ter stick ter yer in this hyar war fur better ur wusser. I air gwine ter be back hyar er plum day afore ye start, en my critters 'ull git over ground betwixt hyar en Big Mounting, I tell ye, when Jim Snyder air mint ter be in er hurry."

And Jim was true to his word. Never had he accomplished the journey home in so short a time—traveling late and early, and halting only to rest his exhausted team. It was twelve o'clock in the night when he drove into his own yard. Putting his mules under shelter, and drinking a gourd of water to refresh himself, he walked three quarters of a mile to a house, under a window of which he knocked with a persistent determination that demanded immediate entrance. After some little stir within the house, a man unfastened the leather string that held the wooden blind, and putting his head out asked: "Who be ye?"

"Dick Harjoe," answered Jim in a voice that sounded like a stage whisper, "I hev listed fur the war. Let me in at onst."

Dick Harjoe did not ask his visitor's name again. Closing the window blind, while Jim made his way into the open passage, he opened the door, bearing in his hand a tallow candle. Motioning to Jim, he led the way into the opposite room, where he set the candle-stick (a block of wood with a hole in the middle) on a white pine table. Not a word was spoken until both men were seated at the table, when Dick, leaning forward on his elbows, and looking steadily into his companion's eyes,

said: "Jim Snyder, in God's name hev yer fetched a correck noration?"

"I hev got it correck, en fetched it correck, Dick Harjoe," said Jim, with the solemnity of an oracle. "I tell ye, tew, ez Judge Barrett hev riz his riggyment, en I air gwine to jine him."

"En Tom Welsh war not lyin'! That air quar!" said Dick, shaking his head.

"He war lyin' erbout one thing—ez the 'restercrats war not gwine ter fight. They air 'listin' Dick, every day, jest ez free ez a'r, en quick ez lightnin'. The littul childun hev ter be hilt at home, fur they air ez peert erbout gwine ter war ez thar dads. I tell ye, Dick Harjoe, the hull yearth air alive en bristlin'."

"Jim," said Dick, rising from his seat and walking impatiently across the floor, "did ye bespoke my name ter the Jedge? fur I 'low ter 'list. I hain't er minute behint ye, ur any man in the kentry."

"Set down, Dick. Don't ye be so quick on the trigger. I air gwine with the Jedge, bekase I hev my reasons; en I said ter the Jedge, ez I knowed Dick Harjoe wouldn't feel no begrudgin's. But ye air the man, Dick, ter git up a comp'ny, yerse'f, en I gin ye the word direck frum the Jedge. Says he, 'Tell Dick Harjoe ter be 'listin' his men, he ken git his commission bethout ur diffikil, —hit air ready fur him, when he air ready fur it."

"En I 'ull dew it—I 'ull dew it, Jim Snyder. Barrin' yer dad, thar haint no man in this hyar settlement ez ken git moar men ter foller him ez Dick Harjoe; that air beknownst ter ye, Jim. Gin my word back ter the Jedge ez I 'ull dew it."

"Jest shake hands, Dick Harjoe. I hev allus knowed ye ter be the true grit, en so hev the Jedge."

"I air, Jim Snyder—en no mistake." And the two brawny fists met across the table in a solemn pledge.

"Captin Harjoe," said Jim, with a con-

gratulatory smile. "Captin Harjoe o' the Big Mounting Rifuls."

"No, no, Jim. Jest listen at ole Bug Chitty er roarin'; I 'ull nuver go back on her—I air Captin o' the Bug Chitty Boys; that air the name, en I tell ye, hit 'ull please Hester powerful—she air that sot on Bug Chitty."

"That air er true jedgment—that orter be the name o' yer comp'ny, en I haint forment hit," said Jim eagerly.

It was some minutes before the hands thus grasped were parted. Jim Snyder was the first to break the silence, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said: "Dick Harjoe, ye air my friend."

"Jim Snyder, I air," was the quick reply.

"Yaas, Dick, en ye hev knowed we uns afore I war borned, en I feel ez ye air wilin' ter stand by me, dead ur alive."

"En I 'ull dew it, Jim—en no mistake."

"Waal, Dick, in er war thar air them ez go en come back, en thar air them ez go en don't come back. I mouten be them ez don't, en ye mouten be them ez dew; en, Dick, thar air sumpthin' ez I want ye ter promuss me. I 'low ter fix my littul truck ez dad en Cherrykee ken ar it—en Cherrykee ter git it all arter dad air gone. Cherrykee don't keer fur me—nothin' 'tall fur me, Dick; but I couldn't rest in my grave ef I knowed she war suffrin'. I couldn't b'ar it. Jest see arter Cherrykee."

"Jim Snyder," answered Dick, laying his hand on the shoulder of his friend, "I hev knowed you uns afore ye war borned, en ye ken count on Dick Harjoe—I tell ye, count on him; jest ez Dick Harjoe ken count on Jim Snyder—bekase I mouten git back ter Hester."

"Fur true—fur true," answered Jim rising from his seat and throwing his arm around Dick's neck. "Dick Harjoe haint nuver bruk his word to mortyal man. I 'ull trust ye Dick—I 'ull trust ye."

"I 'ull trust ye, Jim," whispered Dick, his eyes filling with tears.

This was their last meeting. In less than a fortnight, Jim Snyder was on his way to Virginia with Barrett's regiment; and what soldier on the battle field of Manassas did not hear of the gallant deeds of the Fourth Alabama?

* * * * *

The war was over. Five years had elapsed since the fighting had ceased, and reconstruction and carpet-baggers were busy throughout the South in making the surrender at Appomattox a fact. In many homes there had been starvation; in more, desolation; everywhere, wreck and ruin of fortune. Never had the fable of Pandora's box been so literally enacted, and never had a people, inspired by an undying hope, struggled so sublimely. It was summer in Big Mountain, and early in the season, for the rhododendrons had not lost their glory, and the odor of the yellow jasmines lingered through the forests. Hester Harjoe sat in her house, in the open passage, through which the afternoon sun was streaming, carding bats of wool, to be spun on the wheel, which still kept its old place. A short distance up the road winding around the mountain, and within sight and sound of her own door, stood a new cabin, from which now issued a strain of music. Hester now and then suspended her noisy work of carding, and turned her ear to listen. "That air that fiddlin' fool, Pete Dobine. He 'ud er sight better be in the corn-patch, ur wurrakin' Cherrykee's gyarden. Fiddlin' air er ruination ter er young man."

But Pete did nor hear this comment on his performance, and the music, which consisted of two or three lines of a song, alternating with a refrain robustly scraped on an execrable fiddle, rose higher and higher.

"Loozy, she weeps fur her hero departid, She moarns while she sleeps, en she wakes brukun-heartid."

Here followed a sawing and shrieking of the instrument that rendered it an ingenious

species of torture, after which the song was resumed.

"In vain frum her grief dew they hendever to wean her,
Fur they hev tuk him fur erway, to the Isle o' Saint Herlener."

Another interlude on the fiddle.

"No moar 'ull he fight on the battle-field goary,
No more 'ull he lead his sojers to gloary."

"'Fiddlin' air foolishniss, ter my thinkin'," said Hester, laying the bats of wool carefully away in a basket at her side. Just then three riders came in sight. They were men returning from the mill about four miles below the mountain, and carried their week's provision of meal behind their saddles. Hester rose from her chair, and descending the steps into the yard, met her husband in time to assist him from his mule.

"Naow, Mis' Harjoe," said Bill Stokes, who had already alighted and was tying his mule to a tree, "Jest holt on—gin me er chance; I ken holp Dick offen that critter better'n ye ken."

"No, Bill Stokes, obleeged ter ye; I hev larnt the ways o' holtin' his cretch. It haint every man ez 'ud git erbout on one leg ez good ez Dick Harjoe. Ef ye want ter help, jest lay on ter that meal-bag en fetch it in the house."

"Stan' ter me—stan' ter me, Hester," said Dick, as he cautiously dismounted. "I had the usen o' tew legs nigh on ter forty year, en hit dew take er man er leetul time ter git usen ter one."

"Jest light en rest yersef in er cheer, all on ye," said Hester, not forgetful of hospitality, as she aided her husband; "ye 'ull hev time ter git home afore night ketch ye."

When all were seated and pipes were ready, Pete Dobine's nasal twang and shrieking fiddle were distinctly heard.

"Ef Pete air gwine ter keep that fiddle, I wouldn't gin much for his corn-crop; hit won't be wuth shellin'," said Dick Harjoe.

"Waal, Pete war not in the army haffen er year afore he tuk ter fiddlin' like all na-

tur', en he hev been at hit ever sence," said Bill Stokes.

"Big Mounting had powerful bad luck in the war—Jim Snyder war kilt, en my ole man got his leg shot off, en Pete Dobbins got pussest with fiddlin'. My belief air ez the Devul air in fiddlin'," said Hester solemnly.

"Whar did Pete git this hyar critter he air playin' on?" asked Ben Pitts.

"Tom Welsh gin it ter him," replied Dick. "Tom air purty easy on Pete; he hev lont him meal en money. He war up thar Sa'day night er playin' on the 'cordeen hisse'f. Tom air makin' money hand over fist, they tell me."

"En, Dick Harjoe," said Hester, handing a gourd of water to her guests, "mebbe ez ye hev hyern ez whut comes over the devul's back air shoar ter go under his belly; en nobody needunt tell me ez Tom Welsh air helpin' Pete outen pyore kindness, fur hit hain't fur true. Hit air along o' Cherrykee—he air arter her."

"I hev hyern ez Tom owned er power in the mill, en he air got er sheer in the stoar daown thar," said Ben Pitts.

"I believe that air the correck noration, Ben," said Dick Harjoe; "en er man air er right ter go arter er 'oman, hain't he? Mebbe Cherrykee mouten dew wusser. She wudn't hev Jim Snyder when she cud git him, en naow she air honin' arter him, en won't look at narry man on the yearth. Women folks air powerful cur'us when they take er notion. En 'it runs through the hull univarse; thar air my ole mar',—she air cur'usser 'n the hoss—jest 'bleeged ter be, I reckon; hit air natur'."

"My ole 'oman told me ez ole Mis' Welsh war continnerly sendin' arter Cherrykee, sence she hev moved daown ter the mill, en Cherrykee haint been ernigh er—not wunst," said Ben Pitts.

"En she haint ergwine ter, I tell both on ye, Dick Harjoe en Ben Pitts. Cherrykee dew know men o' the right stripe, ef ye don't. Tom Welsh air er nasty, weevul-eatin', suck-

aig hound, ez air not darsen ter hold up his head by the side o' sech ez Jim Snyder—ah, Jim war the right stripe," retorted Mrs. Harjoe, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"He war—he war fur true, Mis' Harjoe," said Ben Pitts.

"Dick," said Bill Stokes, "yer wife air correck. Tom Welsh air in with them ar radikills out en out—jest solt hisse'f. They gin him money ter put in that stoar. He air er dratted vilyin!"

"Lud! I haint er comparin' him ter Jim ur any man o' the right stripe. The likes o' Jim Snyder haint nowhar in the hull kentry. I don't holt ter sich ez Tom Welsh—I druther be shed o' sich er cuss; but when Hester gits so peert, en runs so hard, ye see I air 'bleeged ter pull er check rein jest er leetul, fur she wudn't leaf er ha'r on Tom's head—hit 'ud be ez bar' ez er possum tail." And Dick winked significantly at the men.

Hester was a little appeased, but pursued her subject. "Ter my thinkin', Tom Welsh air wusser 'n er rale live Yankee—he air er outdacious mean Allerbamy Yankee, all the wusser fur bein' home-made. I druther deal with er furrin un."

"Ye air correck, Hester," answered Dick. "It air er true word ez the rale, live arteekul uv er Yankee air better'n the home-made truck."

"I haint no harder 'n I orter be," replied Hester. "I war at the stoar er fort-nit ergo, ter git some caliky, en thar war Tom Welsh with stoar close on, en er high hat, en er big shiny chain on ter his wescut. 'How air ye, Mis' Harjoe?' says he, en he fetched er bow daown ter the doar-sell,"—and Mrs. Harjoe rose from her chair and imitated Tom's salutation so well that the men laughed uproariously. "En he nuver laid han's ter help me offen my critter; en when I sot myse'f on the saddul ter come home, he walked up en 'lowed, 'Mis' Harjoe, it war my expectate ter call on ye at Big Mounting, but my buggy wheels air bruk, en I 'ull take er futur' horportunity ter take

dinner with ye. My cormpliments ter the Captin'g.—Says I ez pintedly ez I knowed haow, 'Tom Welsh, when I git dinner fur er 'restercrat, he 'ull be er rale un, warp en fillin', en no sich slazy stuff ez ye air; en I gin my critter er cut o' the switch, en war outen sight afore he got his senses."

"I reckon ye tuk the consate outen him, Mis' Harjoe," said Ben Pitts.

"Ye cudn't take the consate outen Tom Welsh, ef ye war ter beat him with er hominy pessul. Hit air wusser'n poke-berry dye; hit air tew deep sot. He air sich er fool! Why he hev ackshally writ letters ter Cherrykee on smellin' paper en enwhollopments ter match!" replied Hester laughing derisively.

"I tell ye, Dick," said Bill Stokes, "I know—he war in my riggymint, the twenty-tewth Allerbamy. He war er big secesh, but he didn't go till he war cornscripted. Onst we war settin' rount the camp-fire talkin': some o' the men 'lowed ez they war fightin' fur the flag, en some ez they war fightin' fur wife en childun; and Tom war powerful peert at talkin'—he 'lowed he hain't no wife nur childun, en he didunt keer a darn fur the flag; he war fighting fur whut air up, he war. En ter my thinkin', that air Tom's idee allus: his man air Tom Welsh everywhar—you uns en we uns ken go ter the dogs."

"Waal, Bill," answered Dick, shaking his head, "I reckon he war the onliest man on the Cornfederick side ez got whut he war fightin' fur."

"Er true word, Dick," laughed Bill Stokes. "En naow he air got moar'n ye en me, ez fit fur the kentry the hull foar year," continued Bill, growing more serious. "I tell ye, Dick, I hain't seen yit the rale inside o' the meanin' o' this hyar war. Whut er power o' good men war kilt! en jest look at the raskells—Tom Welsh er ridin' errount in his buggy; Jedge Barrett en Jim Snyder, both on 'em gone. I hyerd ez the Jedge's wife war school teaching ter

take keer on her chill'un. That 'ud gone agin Jim's grain powerful."

"En hit dew go agin mine, Bill," answered Dick. "I hev thunk erbout the Jedge en Jim—en myse'f"—and he looked down at his maimed body; "but, Bill, I reckon ez the Orlmighty 'ull dew justice. I air 'bleeged ter think that. I reckon Him ez ken make er pa'r o' good legs 'ull know whut ter dew fur them ez hain't but the one—that dew stan' ter reason, Bill. Leastways, hit appears so. Hit air true ez He ken see further 'n we uns. My ole mar' air er powerful traviler, but hit hain't in her natur' to know my plans, en ye en me needunt try ter understan' Hissen. The rider air right, Bill, I reckon."

"No," answered Bill, "hit hain't fur we uns ter know whut air beyant our natur'"—waving his hand significantly.

"I hyerd," said Ben Pitts, "ez some o' the Mounting folks hev seed Jim Snyder's hant. Hit stan's reg'lar in the clump o' pine trees behint Cherrykee's cabin, en they 'low ez she hev talked ter hit time en agin."

"Naow," said Dick, "that dew fetch ter my ricollection whut er man ez lives at the mill tolt me. He come frum Shiloh, en 'lowed uz thar war nights when the moon war not shinin' ez ye cud see both armies er fightin' up in the a'r. Ye cud see the men en horses en cannon ez plain ez the hand afore ye. He 'lowed he hev seen the fightin' jest like hit war at Shiloh, with his own eyes. I know thar air hants, but I hain't seen 'em yit."

"They 'lowed agin," continued Ben Pitts, "ez Tom Welsh war drivin' his buggy across Bug Chitty, where Jim Snyder's team usen ter cross, en suddently Jim's hant stood afore him, en Tom were that skeered he fell clean outen his buggy inter the crick."

Mrs. Harjoe burst into a hearty laugh. "I lay he war bad skeered," said she. "Ye ken bet yer corn-crop, Ben Pitts, ez ef Tom Welsh cud see the eend o' Jim Snyder's

leetul finger he 'ud be skeered outen his senses, hoss en buggy ur no hoss en buggy."

"I hyerd the noration ez Jim's hant war in the mounting, en mebbe hit dew splanify the reason Cherrykee don't git married. Be-in' ez haow she air livin' in the cabin ez Jim gin her, mebbe she air erfeared," said Bill Stokes.

"Nay, Bill, Jim Snyder war not er man ter skeer er 'oman when he war livin', en his hant, ef hit air hissen, don't come back ter make no 'oman erfeared," answered Dick Harjoe authoritatively. "But I say the word ez hit mouten be the bestest ef Cherrykee 'ud furgit Jim en marry er good man—not Tom Welsh—jest let her usen her own choosin's."

"Bekase that air the ways o' men. Thar be er differ bewixt the ways o' men en the ways o' women, en er big differ, tew. It hain't the ways o' women ter furgit. Cherrykee air never gwine ter furgit Jim Snyder—hit hain't her way," said Hester. "Her way air not ter furgit."

"So hit air—so hit air, Mrs. Harjoe," replied Bill Stokes. "I hev knowed women ez 'ud worrit er man whilst he war livin', en study er power on him arter he war dead. But I reckon ez my critter hev hed time ter blow. Ben, I air minded ter start afore the dark 'ull ketch us—night air comin'. Far'-well ter ye, Dick; Far'-well ter ye, Mis' Harjoe. When ye air tuk with er notion ter go beyant, my ole 'oman 'ull be powerful glad ter see ye."

As the men rode homeward, the shades of evening gathered over the mountain. The monotonous flow of Bogue Chitta Creek, and the occasional note of the dove and the whippoorwill, the plaintiveness of which added to the solemnity of the scene, and the still less frequent trail of some horseman, hurrying to his destination, were the only sounds that broke the universal stillness. Dick Harjoe, after taking leave of his guests, had resumed his seat and his pipe, and Hester was busy in preparing supper.

Suddenly an object in the distance caused

Dick to drop his pipe and stare intently. A misty light ascended from the bed of the creek and followed the current until it reached a knot of fir trees, where it rose and sank, and rose and sank again, growing more brilliant and mysterious from contrast with the tall, grim shadows behind it.

"Hester—Hester—jest view this hyar sight, will ye?" called Dick.

"Hey—hey," answered Hester, walking into the passage with a large iron spoon in her hand, dripping with grease from the skillet. "Ye needunt call me ter view, Dick Harjoe; I hev viewed hit frum the winder, en hit haint the fust time nuther, nur the last, to my thinkin'."

"I 'ull be dod-rabbit ef hit haint the biggest en peertest Jack o' Lantern I ever sot my tew eyes on in my borned days," said Dick, leaning on his crutch and peering around the intervening trees.

"Gin hit the name ye will, Dick Harjoe, but I hev knowed hit afore. When ye war tuk with the tarrified fever, hit usen ter come reg'lar en stan' daown the crick torruds yer 'tater patch; thar, hit 'ud rise en beckin' ter me, en the wusser ye got, the higher hit riz, en when I prayed in my heart, hit seem ez hit 'ud say: 'Keep up yer sperrit, Hester—keep up yer sperrit; I air er watchin' with ye,' en when the fever left ye, hit didn't come no moar: then I knowed ez ye war gwine ter git well. Look! look! Dick Harjoe! hit air gwine nigher en nigher on ter Cherry-kee's cabin. The word hit fetches air hern this time, shore—the last time I seed Cherry-kee, her face war ez white ez flour dough."

"But Hester," answered Dick, "er Jack o' Lantern cudn't tell ye ez I war gwine ter git well."

"Mebbe hit cudn't; but I know ez Jim Snyder's hant cud tell what hit war er mint ter tell, en ef er hant 'ud want ter come in the likes uv er Jack o' Lantern, what air ter hender hit, Dick Harjoe?"

"Dew Cherrykee say ez she hev seed Jim's hant, Hester?"

"Say? I haint axed her. What call air

she ter say? When it was er comin' jewrin ye war sick, I didunt say nothin'—hants air fur them ez 'ull see 'em. I tell ye, Dick Harjoe, hit haint fer women ter say every-thing ez they hev knowed. Men hev ther ways en women hev thern."

"I hev hearn ez them ken see hants ez air borned with er corl over their eyes, Hester."

"Mebbe, that air er true word, Dick Harjoe; but I know ez I seen Jim Snyder's hant ev'ry time the roads air fittin' fur horlin', sence he was kilt in the war."

"Hester, I haint sayin' thar haint no hants, mind ye—I believe nat'ally thar be hants; but ef this hyar air Jim Snyder's hant, hit air pintedly the fust I ever seen."

Zitella Cocke.

THUS FAR.

Because my life has lain so close to thine,
 Because our hearts have kept a common beat,
 Because thine eyes, turned towards me frank and sweet,
 Reveal sometimes thine unthought thoughts to mine,
 Think not that I, by curious design,
 Or over-step of too impetuous feet,
 Could desecrate thy soul's supreme retreat,
 Could disregard its quivering barrier-line.
 Only a simple Levite, I, who stand
 On the world's side of the most holy place.
 Till, as the new day glorifies the east,
 One come to lift the veil with reverent hand,
 And enter with thy soul's soul face to face,—
 He whom thy God shall call to be high priest.

Ellen Burroughs.

ZANZIBAR AND THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

Owing to the circumscribed space allotted in our atlases to the vast continent called Africa, it is very difficult to form an adequate idea of its dimensions. In Europe, Asia, and America, both North and South, there are certain well-known divisions into which each of these continents is distributed, known respectively as republics, kingdoms, or empires, and as a separate map is devoted to each of these, some conception may be arrived at of the extent of the continent so divided. With regard to Africa, however, if you except Egypt, the British

Colonies in the South, and possibly Algeria, no separate maps exist—indeed a delineation of the semi or wholly barbaric states, (and they are many) which occupy much of its surface will simply be impracticable for centuries to come, without taking into consideration the innumerable savage tribes which make up the balance of the population.

A wonderful amount of ignorance prevails everywhere as to the greater number of these states, and of course to a much more considerable extent with regard to the numberless subdivisions of the inhabitants. A book

of travels is taken up and possesses a special interest for the moment, particularly when we read of the daring exploits and wonderful tenacity of purpose of such men as Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Cameron, but how much of its contents does the mind retain? Little generally, but a somewhat confused recollection of the names of places, and previously unheard of habits and customs, an attempt to commit the whole of which to memory would be a hopeless task. Only a continuous course of study, especially a repeated perusal of works of this character, could produce sufficient impression on the brain; and as few or none care to take this trouble, very little knowledge of Africa is to be found, even in the best educated circles.

There are, however, various degrees of ignorance, and that part of the continent to which I am about to draw your attention is probably even less known to many than the rest. Few people ever hear of the east coast of Africa without associating with it simply the idea of the eastern portion of the Cape Colony, the British settlement of Natal, the Zulu Caffres as connected with the late war, and the Dutch Republic of the Transvaal, not long since so valiantly defended. But the map shows what a very small section of the continent is comprised within these territories—taking into consideration the vast extent of sea-board to the north of them up to Suez, all which may be included in the designation “East Coast of Africa.”

With respect to the knowledge which the ancients possessed of this coast, we learn from Herodotus that Necho, King of Egypt, about 500 B. C., fitted out a naval expedition to circumnavigate Africa; but unfortunately no account of its results has been preserved. From other sources we find that various exploring expeditions were undertaken by way of the Red Sea, and that one at least of them reached the vicinity of Delagoa Bay and Madagascar. King Solomon

had the credit of originating one or more of them, and it is conjectured, from the slight similarity of name, that the celebrated Ophir, or land of gold, mentioned in the Bible, was no other than Sofala, one of the Portuguese possessions acquired at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

And now we come to those once celebrated navigators, the Portuguese. As on the west coast, where their settlements and the territory thereto appertaining, notably Angola and Benguela, extend for a considerable distance, they, towards the close of the fifteenth century, began to establish themselves on the east. In 1486 Bartolomé Diaz advanced as far as the Cape of Good Hope, which he called Cabo Tormentoso or Stormy Cape, a term that sailors, even at the present day, would consider very appropriate. The king of Portugal, however, gave it its present more auspicious name, as its discovery afforded a hope of a new and easier way to India, the great object of all the maritime expeditions of that age. Subsequently to Díaz, in 1497, the renowned Vasco de Gama, immortalized in verse by Camoens, the only Portuguese poet worth naming, doubled the Cape on his way to India, touched at various points on the east coast, and finally brought up at Goa on that of Malabar, which remains Portuguese to the present day. At Mozambique, Quiloa, Mombaza, and Melinda, he found towns occupied by Mahometans, whom he calls Moors, but who were really town Arabs; from most of whom he received but scant courtesy, the only place where the meeting was genuinely friendly being Melinda. The result of this visit was the gradual conquest of the greater portion of the coast by the Portuguese as far as the last named town, which remained free—probably out of consideration for the former hospitality of its inhabitants; but it has now ceased to exist.

The present territory owned by the Portuguese is very small compared with what it was at the close of their conquests. Pro-

ceeding in order, we find the first of their settlements to be Delagoa Bay or Lourenzo Marquez, just to the north of Natal, which is but a mere outpost. Then come Inham-bane, Sofala, and Quilimane, on the river Zambeze. On the banks of this river are likewise situated the towns of Seena and Tete, and they claim the coast line up to Cape Delgado. But the territory appertaining to the whole of these settlements is very limited; for most of the tribes in their vicinity are warlike, and will suffer no encroachments on their land. Indeed, not only is this the case, but the inhabitants of the two towns on the upper Zambeze had for a number of years to pay tribute to a branch of the Zulu nation, and possibly do so still, in order to retain peaceable possession. North of Cape Delgado as far as Mombasa, we find that the coast is claimed by the Sultan of Zanzibar; but his authority reaches to but a very short distance inland. He levies customs' dues, however, on all exports or imports—or rather it is done by a Banyan or Hindoo merchant, who farms this branch of the Sultan's revenue. North of Mombasa there are several Arab towns that owe the Sultan no allegiance. The coast between them is inhabited by wild Galla tribes, and still further to the north as far as Cape Guardafui, and then to the west towards the south of Abyssinia, by the Somâli.

Zanzibar is an island between fifty and sixty miles long, and twenty to thirty miles broad, crossed by the 6^o parallel of south latitude, and distant only a few miles from the main land. Just to the north of it is that of Pemba, of somewhat smaller dimensions. Formerly they were owned by Sayd Sayd, the Mahometan Sultan, or, as he was generally called, the Imâm (high priest) of Muscat, a small state in Arabia, the chief town of which, of the same name, is situated on the western side of the Persian Gulf, and bears the reputation of being one of the hottest places in the world. He took

up his residence by preference at Zanzibar, in a very decent stone palace, and lived in a certain degree of state, with a guard consisting principally of Beloochee mercenary soldiers (from Beloochistan, on the east side of that gulf), a very respectable navy, and a magnificent yacht, built for him by the English Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. He was a staunch ally of the British, and made the Queen a present of a line-of-battle ship built of teak at Bombay, which was christened the "Imâm," transferred, of course, to the British Navy and for many years she was the guard ship in the Cove of Cork. At his death one of his sons inherited the original paternal domain of Muscat, and another Zanzibar and its dependencies; and it is the son of the latter, Sayd Burghash, who now occupies his venerated grandfather's throne.

I had the honor of dining on several occasions, not exactly with, but in the presence of, the old Imâm, and in company with an envoy from India and officers of the Indian Navy—the Imâm sitting in an armchair at one corner of the table without eating, but engaging us in conversation so that it was somewhat difficult wholly to satisfy our appetites. There were invariably two *pièces de resistance*: a whole roast sheep (not very large) at one end of the table, and at the other another sheep, stewed, and stuffed with dates, rice, tomatoes, spices, etc., which was really a delicious dish. Then there were pillaus of fowl or mutton, and rice, kebabs, and other oriental dishes, altogether a very creditable repast; but the only beverage allowed was iced sherbet (water flavored with rose leaves or otherwise and sweetened), no wine or spirits, these being, as is well known, prohibited by the religion of which the Imâm was the head in his territories. Then there was black coffee, intensely strong, served out not only at these dinners, but during visits of ceremony; but as it was flavored with cloves, and therefore exceedingly bitter,

it was simply impossible to drink it, the only set-off being the undissolved sugar-candy at the bottom of the cup, which we always fished out with great perseverance.

These cloves are cultivated in extensive plantations, which surround the Sultan's country palace of Shangany in the interior of the island, and so abundant is the crop that on several occasions the Imâm sent one of his frigates to England almost entirely laden with them for sale. The climate of the island generally, but especially in the centre, is so fatal to Europeans that it is most dangerous to sleep at this palace. This was proved in a very sad way by the death of the British Commodore Nourse and several of his officers, who were invited by the Imâm to spend a day or two there with him. What seems wonderful is that the Imâm himself and *his* officers, none of whom were natives of the island, should not likewise have been liable to attacks of the malarial fever.

Talking of eating reminds me of the way this operation is performed by the Arabs. Five of them seat themselves round a large bowl of rice surmounted by a skinny fowl, all being curried. Two seize the wings with their fingers and two the legs, and simultaneously tearing these off, leave the carcass to the fifth, afterwards taking out the rice by handfuls and dextrously conveying it to the mouth with a peculiar jerk. One mark of hospitality shown to guests when at table consists in the chief's rolling up some rice into a ball in the palm of his hand and aiming it at his guest's widely distended jaws. On one occasion this piece of civility was shown to myself; but not being an adept in the art of swallowing rice balls when so projected, the effect was anything but what my kind entertainer anticipated, for, independently of being nearly choked, the grains were scattered or rather sputtered over the table in a manner that elicited roars of laughter even from the very grave Arabs. This, of

course, was the last experiment of the kind tried upon me.

The Imâm's harem was regulated (and I presume the Sultan's is at the present day) in accordance with the laws of the Koran, for he had four wives and I know not how many supernumeraries—all of course invisible to the eyes of the profane male sex excepting those of their liege lord. This was carried to a very absurd extent, for when one of them was ill a medical friend of mine was called upon by the Imâm to prescribe for her—but the only indication of the nature of her complaint submitted to him was her tongue, which she protruded through a slit made in a green baize curtain; he was not even allowed to feel her pulse.

This prohibition did not, however, extend to all the Imâm's female Arab subjects—or at any rate but partially so, for I, as a Christian, and, therefore, more unobjectionable than a Moslem, was permitted to see two young cousins, of his living with their mother. Their complexion was transparently white, features classical, eyes gazelle-like, figures tall and perfect, hair black and hanging loose nearly down to their feet. These (as well as their hands) were small and protected from the inequalities of the floor by wooden sandals, which were kept on simply by a wooden button slipped between the great toe and its neighbor. The nails of both fingers and toes were very prettily stained with henna. Altogether, they were very pleasant objects to contemplate, and my progress in Arabic was considerable during the somewhat frequent visits I paid them. Their names were very pretty—Bibi (Lady) Aisha, and Bibi Haroos.

I also had an opportunity of observing the inmates of an Arab harem. For a short time I occupied half a stone house owned by a venerable officer of the Imâm; and at the top landing of the staircase that led to my apartments, there was a partition consisting simply of boughs of trees with their foliage, over which were visible the heads

and shoulders of two or three white Circasians or Georgians, together with yellowish-brown Abyssians, and jet-black Nubians. The four Arab wives never presented themselves to my view. The others made good use of their eyes, but of course I dared not speak to them. They seemed to be a happy family, for I never heard any quarreling amongst them; but what a life to lead! indolence almost complete, for they never seemed to be doing anything in the shape of work. As to the old Arab, I had really a great respect for him; he was a man possessed of no mean amount of information considering his opportunities, and versed to a certain extent in astronomy and some other sciences.

The old Imâm was a very liberal-minded and generous man. In return for a doubled-barrelled gun, he presented me with a splendid Arab thoroughbred horse—a gift contrary to the usually received opinion that Arabs will not part with these animals; but then this more properly applies to the Bedouins. The present, however, went far towards proving a fatal one. He was provided with an Arab saddle, which had a peak in front and behind, and the brass stirrups were so narrow that after jamming the toes into them it was very difficult to get them out again. Well, the first day that I mounted him, he took the bit in his teeth and galloped through the streets of the town, which in most instances are not more than from ten to fifteen feet wide—scattering the people in all directions, and turning abruptly round every corner he came to, so that as poles projected from the roofs of the houses I every now and then received a severe blow on one of my shoulders. At last, emerging from the town, we arrived at a tolerably deep creek, into which the horse plunged, and swam across, alarming the numerous sharks (not very large ones), which I saw swimming away as he advanced. On the other side was a plain, round which he took a frenzied gallop, and returning to the

creek, again swam it, to the consternation of its denizens; and I at last brought him up against a dead wall and dismounted, which it had been simply impossible for me to do before. On the following day, a friend mounted him—when the horse immediately reared and fell backwards, crushing his rider. You will say that in all likelihood the Imâm was aware that he was not very safe to ride; but probably he had not calculated on the animal's aversion to Europeans. I afterwards took him to the Cape and sold him for three hundred guineas (about \$1,500).

The commerce of the island of Zanzibar represents more or less that of the whole of the east coast of Africa; the capacity for a large and lucrative trade is unquestionable; and it has made considerable progress during the last thirty or forty years. Its exports consist of ivory, gold-dust, hides, cloves, beeswax, and several varieties of gum, mostly brought from the coast to Zanzibar as an emporium or depot. The last are principally: 1st. Gum copal, and a variety of it called *animi*, much used for varnish. These two are found in the ground, at the roots of the shrubs from which they have exuded, and resemble amber, frequently containing flies and other insects, visible in the generally transparent substance. Indeed, it would almost seem as if amber were fossil copal, and it possibly is. 2d. Gum olibanum, or frankincense, of which so much use is made in Roman Catholic churches. This is gathered from shrubs, and is yellowish-white, and mostly tear-shaped. 3d. Gum myrrh, which is reddish-brown, and found in irregular excrescences on the bark of other shrubs. 4th. Gum Arabic, also an exudation from the bark, and familiar enough to require no description. Then there were the slaves, but the traffic in these is happily, although comparatively recently, abolished. This subject will probably be referred to further on. As to imports, they consist principally of cotton goods, *i. e.* shirtings, domestics, and chintzes, of different colors

and patterns, suited to the tastes of the various tribes; beads of an infinite variety of shape and hue; iron rods for the native blacksmiths, brass and copper wire, which the negroes twist round their arms and legs as ornaments; guns, principally flint; powder and ball, and so forth.

The currency consists of silver dollars and five-franc pieces; but for small purchases you have to carry a bag of millet (there called *mtama*)—a small, roundish grain used as food either entire or ground—together with a wooden bowl to measure it with. Fruit is excessively cheap; pine-apples, mangoes, the most delicious oranges I ever tasted, watermelons, bananas and plantains, custard apples, papaws, the jack-fruit (the largest I have heard of that grows on trees; it somewhat resembles in shape what we call in England a vegetable marrow, but in America, I believe, a squash. It has a most detestable odor, but if you can sufficiently overcome your repugnance to this, the taste is delicious); dates in mat bags, from the Persian Gulf; and several other fruits, which I forget. Well, you could purchase eight hundred pine-apples for a dollar, but as these would be rather too many even for the Sultan's family, we were obliged to have resource to our millet-bag, and measure out as many bowlsful as would represent the value of the number we decided on buying.

The only wild animals in Zanzibar worth noticing are wild boars and monkeys, the latter very numerous. In an excursion I made into the interior of the island, I had the good fortune to witness (hidden from them of course) their most ingenious method of crossing a narrow stream without wetting themselves, or running the risk of drowning. There were about thirty monkeys of average size. One, the largest of the troop, firmly twisted his tail round a bough of a lofty tree growing on one bank, opposite to one of similar size on the other; then one of his companions nimbly de-

scended, and his tail was seized by the first, curling over his paws; this action was imitated by all the others in turn, until the whole were suspended, forming a monkey chain of thirty links. The lowest monkey, likewise a strong one, then began a swinging motion, which was gradually communicated to all the rest, in the direction of the opposite tree, till at last the momentum was sufficient to enable him to catch the bough in front of him. This being accomplished, the grasp of the original supporter on the bough was relinquished, and the chain was thus transferred from one tree to the other, and the stream was crossed. Those monkeys that formed the lower links leaped to the ground and scrambled up the trees, whilst the others ascended to the bough over the bodies of their companions, who, I should think, must have been considerably relieved when the weight hanging to them was removed.

The island of Pemba—to the north of Zanzibar—is, I may say, one continuous paddy *i. e.*, rice field. I visited it in order to explore the ruins of an ancient city on its eastern shore. No tradition exists as to who were its builders, whether they were Portuguese, Arab, or some still more ancient nation. The remains I found to be of a most solid description. There were walls many feet thick, rent asunder by the trunks of enormous trees, the growth of centuries, terraces, reservoirs, and canals, but all buried amidst the dense tropical vegetation. This city would form an interesting study for any one with time and means thoroughly to explore the ruins.

Zanzibar has always been the starting point for travelers intending to visit the interior of this portion of Africa. There Livingstone, Stanley, Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, as well as other less known explorers, organized their expeditions. There they made contracts for the porters destined to carry the presents and other innumerable articles necessary for African travel, and the soldiers who were to constitute their escort,

as well as laid in stores of provisions for the caravan. In old maps of Africa a large lake will be seen laid down, stretching parallel with the coast at a distance from it of about three hundred miles. The information relating to it had originally been derived from the Arab traders, who traversed this part of the continent in every direction; till lately, in quest of slaves, as well as ivory, and so forth. The name given to it by them was Nyassa, which is the Sawahili word for the sea; and there really is a lake of that name, or so called by Livingstone, first visited by him on the 16th of September. 1859, which is about two hundred miles long and from fifty to sixty broad. It is to the north of the Zambeze, and southeast of Lake Tanganyika. In 1840 some Arab merchants helped me to draw a map of the route to the last named lake—which, also, they called Nyassa—and I afterwards presented it to the Royal Geographical Society of London. With this map before me, and the information they likewise gave about the country to be traversed and the tribes that inhabited it, I resolved on undertaking an expedition to the lake, and had made considerable progress with my preparations, when I was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, and utterly incapacitated from proceeding to the interior. Had I made the journey, I should have anticipated the celebrated travelers I have named.

During the several previous years, however, I had visited much of the coast, penetrated at times some little distance inland, and seen a great deal of various tribes, either on their own ground or brought down as slaves to the Portuguese or to the Arab settlements. Opportunity was therefore afforded me of observing these negroes critically. Generally speaking, they were of fine physique, but what most struck an observer was the wonderful variety of self-inflicted tortures that most of them had undergone in order to deprive themselves of such amount of beauty as Nature had bestowed

upon them, and make themselves hideous. It is inconceivable why human beings, especially savage races, nearly all over the world, should consider that they are enhancing the charm of their features by going a great way towards obliterating them, or frightfully disfiguring them, but so it is. The faces of some of the tribes had the appearance of plum puddings bristling with almonds, excepting that the color was different—for with some sharp iron instrument they had raised little knobs of flesh wherever there was any, and the effect may easily be imagined. The fashion of these knobs varied according to the tribe. Others had raised horizontal lines across the face in a similar manner, reminding one of the visors of the olden times. The bodies of many were scarified in every conceivable way, and others again were tattooed in a fashion very much resembling that of the New Zealanders—in addition to which they were frequently besmeared with grease, and even with clay. Otherwise, they were made shiny with palm or cocoanut oil, which unless applied daily would become rancid. The odor perceivable on approaching them was therefore not of the most pleasant character. The lobes of the ears of all were perforated, and sometimes were weighed down with heavy iron or copper rings, but in most instances a round or cylindrical piece of ebony, or other hard wood, or ivory, was inserted into the hole. The lobe, in consequence of this addition, was frequently increased in size *pari passu* with the gradually enlarging hole—and this was sometimes so enormous that when one day at Zanzibar I was looking at a negro's ears that were unusually distended, and literally hanging over his shoulders, figuratively like those of an elephant, he grinned, showing all his teeth, removed one of the circular lobe fillers, drew his ear down as if it were caoutchouc, and thrust his fist through the orifice. Then the teeth! in many instances they were filed to a point, and visible through a slit in the upper lip,

giving the owner a most frightful and ogre-like expression; you might imagine that you had before you a set of wild demons let loose from the infernal regions. Now and then men and women were to be seen with these filed teeth blackened, but the effect in these cases was not quite so dreadful. The noses and lips, too, were subjected to a variety of ornamentation—in the former a ring or piece of hard wood was often to be observed passed through the cartilage, or a sprig was let into the upper side of each nostril, just as you see pictures of Hindoo belles, excepting that in their case the ornaments are gold or silver with precious stones. As to the lips, you would see in the upper one a circular piece of wood or ivory let in, similar to the lobe-fillers, so that it sometimes protruded at right angles to the face. Curiously enough, this is the style of lip adornment adopted by the tribe of Botacudo Indians in South America, excepting that with them it is the lower, instead of the upper, lip that is so treated, and it protrudes for at least two inches. There are models of them at the Crystal Palace near London. Lastly, we come to the negro style of hair-dressing. This is almost as varied as the distinctive marks on their faces. The prevailing fashion, however, is horticultural—that is, the hair is separated by rectangular seams into a number of square patches, resembling garden beds. One tribe, the Wasagara, to the south of Abyssinia, adopt the classical and picturesque coiffure of ancient Egypt, and possibly derived it thence: The Portuguese domestic slaves generally had their heads close shaved.

One remarkable thing amongst these last African tribes is the absence of fetich worship as practised on the west coast. They have not even idols. Indeed, their ideas of religion, if they have any at all, seem to be exceedingly vague; but they generally do believe in an evil spirit or spirits, and supernatural power; and the superstition of some of the tribes is extreme. Mechanism of all

kinds appears so wonderful to them that it is attributed to witchcraft. A story is told of a Portuguese taking into the interior an assortment of cheap American clocks, which he meant to barter for ivory. He imprudently set them all going at once in the presence of a chief, who was so dreadfully alarmed at what he considered to be the presence of a number of demons that he precipitately rushed out of his hut in fear and trembling; and the unfortunate trader was ordered to quit the country instantly, besides being heavily fined, and he considered himself lucky to have got off so cheaply. “Magicians,” too, are to be found amongst them, who, as usual, impose on the credulity of the ignorant masses for their own benefit.

The only attempt that was ever made, excepting perhaps within the last two or three years, to Christianize the blacks on the east coast of Africa beyond Caffraria (which includes Zululand), was at Mombasa, an Arab town on the coast opposite to Zanzibar, somewhat to the north, where a missionary establishment was founded in 1847; but I understand that it has long been abandoned. Talking of missionaries—in the Cape Colony there were in my time, and probably are still, several Moravian establishments, where the Hottentots were taught, in addition to religion, various kinds of trades. In fact, these missionaries are thoroughly in earnest in their endeavors to ameliorate the condition of their flocks, both physically and morally. I spent several days at one of their settlements in that Colony, and was delighted with the order as well as content, that prevailed amongst their disciples. Of these they had about twelve hundred, the sexes being pretty equally divided. It was perfectly soul-inspiring to hear this congregation sing the old year out and the new year in. Their voices were most harmonious, and produced a thrilling effect—the men and women sitting in two separate bodies in their place of worship. A peculiar custom,

which obtains amongst the Moravians, may not be generally known: at their headquarters in Germany a list is kept of ladies who are ready to become missionaries' wives at a moment's notice; one of the elect writes home for a wife, and out the first on the list is sent, without regard to age or appearance, as the members of the body are not permitted to signify their wishes in this respect. A curious instance and effect of this custom came before a friend of mine who was on his way out to Calicut, on the Malabar Coast of India. On board the same steamer was a lady who had been dispatched in this way to become the wife of a missionary there, who, it was said, had lost six already—but possibly this was a mistake. When they arrived in port, he came on board in a state of great excitement to see his new wife and hurriedly dived down into the cabin; but presently afterwards emerged from it with a very long face and rushed to the taffrail, where he was heard to give vent to this rather irreverent remonstrance: "O Lord! O Lord! for these many months past I have been praying thee not to send me red hair, and here it is again!"

Returning to the more geographical portion of this paper, I have already pointed out to you the Portuguese settlements on the coast as far as the Zambeze. I will now add that beyond the Transvaal Republic, and therefore at some distance inland from Inhambane and Sofala, some very ancient gold workings have been discovered, said to be of considerable extent, and one or more companies have been formed in England for their further development. This would seem to confirm the idea already referred to, that Sofala is the Ophir of old.

Now with regard to the river Zambeze, so celebrated as the scene of some of Livingstone's early discoveries. Looking at the map, but a faint idea can be formed of the importance of this river, which may be said almost to rival the Nile in magnitude. Its stream divides into no less than seven separate

channels, at a distance of from eighty to one hundred miles from its mouth, forming a delta which far surpasses that of the Nile in size, and if properly cultivated would unquestionably equal it in fertility. The easternmost branch is called the Zambeze, although not so wide as the Luabo, the westernmost, but it is the most important as on the left bank is the Portuguese town of Quilimane, situated about eight miles from its embouchure in the Mozambique Channel.

From that embouchure up to the town, the amount of aquatic bird life, when I first visited it, was amazing. The numerous low islands, or sand-banks, were covered with flamingoes (which with their scarlet plumage looked at a distance like a regiment of British red-coated soldiers), spoon-bills, herons, cranes of many species, as well as geese and other birds, too numerous to mention in detail; whilst pelicans of large size and somewhat different plumage from those on this coast, having white bodies and grey wings, floated proudly in the shallows. (These birds are long-lived. There is one of this very species that has been in the London Zoölogical Gardens for more than thirty years.)

Then on other low islands, and on the shelving banks of the river, were basking huge hippopotami—some of the females with their young ones on their backs; and as I ascended the stream at first in a small gig, pulled by two men, it did not seem very comfortable to be near these monsters, which I had read were able to crunch a boat in their powerful jaws. One did swim towards us, whether with hostile intentions or not I could not make out, but having my rifle with me, I planted a ball in his eye and he disappeared. I afterwards devoted much time to hippopotamus hunting, and altogether made up a bag of upwards of twenty. I had a gun not intended for killing large game, but for boat defense; the barrel was seven feet long and full half

an inch thick, and it carried a two-ounce pewter ball. This gun pivoted on a stanchion let into the fore-thwart or seat of the boat—a larger one than the gig. The plan was to lie perfectly still on the water until one of the river-horses rose to the surface to breathe, blow a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shake the water out of his ears, and open his enormous mouth to give vent to the discordant bellows, the notes of which have been likened by Livingstone to a monster bassoon. Then was the time to fire if the gun could be turned in his direction with sufficient rapidity; and a ball aimed at the cavity formed by his distended jaws almost always proved fatal. The animal sank instantly; and when the negroes were apprised of a successful hunt, they watched on the banks for the carcass to float—which it did twenty-four hours after death; it was then drawn ashore, the flesh stripped from the bones to be distributed, and the teeth delivered to me. At that time these were very valuable, being used by dentists in the manufacture of artificial teeth in preference to other kinds of ivory. The hide also was cut into strips, for whips and traces. On several occasions I was fortunate enough to shoot a hippopotamus on the river bank, aiming behind the left shoulder blade. The natives lay traps for these animals, consisting of a heavy log of wood, into one end of which a spear-head is inserted. This is suspended from the bough of a tree by a rope, which is fastened with a sailor's knot to a stake fixed on one side of a path made by these creatures on their way to and from their feeding grounds (paddy and other grain fields), in such a way that it is instantly loosened when the hippopotamus comes in contact with the same rope stretched horizontally across the path, the other being securely fastened to a tree on the opposite side. Down comes the log, the spear head pierces the animal's back, and as he is sensitive to wounds of this kind, death follows very quickly.

During my acquaintance with the Zambeze, and, of course, with the coast in general, the slave trade was flourishing in all its vigor, in spite of the numerous British cruisers—the traffic being carried on by Brazilian and Portuguese vessels; although I did also meet with one which was French. The supercargoes of these craft established themselves on shore at Quilimane, and opened stores for the sale of the various articles required for trade with the interior—principally English goods consisting of shirting, domestics, chintzes of bright colors, dungaree, (a deep blue cotton cloth, used as currency amongst the blacks, the measure being the distance between the nose and the tips of the fingers), beads, guns, ammunition, and so forth. As these were disposed of, slaves were purchased, until a sufficient number had been got together to fill the vessel. A heavy penalty, however, was generally paid by the crews of the slavers—they almost invariably lost many of their number from malignant fever prevalent there at certain seasons. The slaves appeared to be well fed and treated on board, gangs of them succeeding each other in playing the tom-tom, singing to its accompaniment, and dancing on the deck; and this plan, I was told, was adopted throughout the voyage.

It was, however, very sad to see the trains of these unfortunate creatures arriving from the interior—men and women, young or in the prime of life, lads and young girls, all chained together by the neck, and mostly with their hands tied behind them. By the Portuguese inhabitants of Quilimane, who had nearly all been transported there from the mother country for criminal or political offences, their domestic slaves were generally mercifully treated; but I saw some exceptions to this. I was hospitably entertained at the house of the colonel of a black militia regiment named Moraes, who was also a landed proprietor; and one morning at breakfast the executioner, an immensely

tall, brawny black, brought in a wretched, but fine-looking, culprit. This man had been a free negro; but being in want had sold himself to Moraes, who sent him to his tribe to purchase poultry. Instead of doing this, however, and returning to his master, he spent the dungaree currency confided to him and sold himself a second time, but was caught. The stern sentence pronounced by Moraes was: "Mateme este bicho"—"Kill me this worm" or "wild beast," (a term usually applied by the Portuguese to their slaves); so the doomed man was led to the whipping-post in the court-yard, which was visible from where I sat at table. His arms were placed round it, his wrists tied together, and then he was suddenly jerked to the ground by a rope fastened to his ankles, with his face downwards. The executioner then applied his hippopotamus-hide whip on the prostrate body, and the effect began to be frightful, when at last Moraes yielded to my intercession, forcibly expressed, and the delinquent was released. Had it not been for my presence the sentence would undoubtedly have been carried out to the letter.

The free blacks are much more cruel to their slaves than the whites. Walking along the bank of the river, I saw in the mud the body of a fine young negress, who had been tied hands and feet and then knocked on the head. I found on inquiry that this had been done through jealousy by her mistress, a free, jet black firebrand of a woman; but no notice whatever was taken of the crime. The murdered girl was but an animal in the eyes of the authorities.

The towns of Senna and Tete, to which I have already referred, as well as Quilimane, were important only as slave emporiums, as all the traffic of a legitimate nature was scanty in comparison. Ivory of course was the staple article after slaves, and at Quilimane I saw some magnificent tusks, a few weighing as much as one hundred and fifty pounds each; but probably it is difficult to procure any of this size now. Then there

is some gold dust, but not in any large quantity, which is brought down to the coast in quills; columbo root, used in the pharmacopœia, and fustic, a yellow dye-wood, are also sometimes exported. There is, likewise, cotton of a light pink color, which grows wild, and is never cultivated, but which might be made available to any extent.

With regard to the civilization of Africa by gradual European colonization, and the cultivation of its natural products, of which so much has recently been said, it is quite true that, speaking at present of the eastern portion of that continent, the soil will bear anything, being mostly alluvial; but the climate for a considerable distance from the coast is at times deadly, and the idea seems to me to be a perfectly Utopian dream, at any rate for centuries to come. If there be any considerable emigration from Germany to the Congo, the settlers will sooner or later find out their mistake. The climate is *not* adapted to Europeans, who will have a constant struggle for existence (of course I am speaking of Africa within the tropics). Trading stations may be established along the banks of that river, and a profitable trade may perhaps be carried on by a few; but fever will soon diminish their ranks, and perhaps ultimately cause the abandonment of their posts. As to the nature of the traffic, I am at a loss to conceive what it can amount to. Ivory, as I have said, is the staple; but with the indiscriminate slaughter of elephants that is constantly going on, the supply must inevitably diminish by degrees. What else is there, unless the natives apply themselves, as they do further north, to the collection of palm oil, gums, (if any exist in that region) bees-wax and ground-nuts? It must be borne in mind that the majority of the African tribes are averse to sustained labor, and that, in their warm climate, their wants are very simple—so much so that they are not inclined to great exertion in order to procure what to them would be superfluous luxuries. Of course I am not speaking of

all, for here and there you will find a tribe that displays considerable industry; but these are mostly situated in a more northerly direction.

The territory owned by the Portuguese near the Zambeze is, as I have said, of but small extent, and confined to a comparatively short distance from its banks; and their towns, if they can now be so called, are in a state of decay, owing to the complete cessation of the slave trade. Indeed, the utility of these colonies to Portugal is questionable, unless they continue to use them as penal settlements.

The mode of traveling adopted by the Portuguese is comfortable enough. A narrow cot, to hold one person, is slung from a stout pole, and to this there are two relays of four bearers each, who run along at a good pace, and to relieve themselves shift the pole simultaneously, at a given signal, from one set of shoulders to another without stopping. The cot has a flat awning, which is pulled down on either side by a string as a protection from the sun's rays. During the rainy season, (and it *does* rain there,) these awnings are replaced by a straw roof, with a small open window on each side, protected from the rain by an up and down shutter. The owners of these cots, or "*machilas*" as they are called, take pride in dressing their bearers in the most fashionable styles; this consists of chintzes of gay patterns, worn from the waist to the knee. My cognizance was a cotton cloth with broad black and white stripes, which the bearers took to wonderfully, and the costume really did look picturesque, when contrasted with the jet-black skins. In this conveyance I traveled considerable distances in different directions, and was actually able to fire from it when game came sufficiently near for a shot. Elephants were visible at times, but my rifle was not of calibre large enough to attack them with safety.

These trips were very interesting, as they enabled me to have some insight into the

habits of various tribes; but they seemed to be all pretty much alike. Some had their paddy and others their maize, millet, or manioc fields, and their clumps of banana trees, and on these they bestowed just as much labor as was sufficient to supply themselves with food, and then idled away the rest of their time, either in sleep, striking their tom-toms and dancing, or playing on a sweet-toned musical instrument called, if I recollect rightly, a "*marimba*." This was formed of the half of a large calabash, with a small hollowed flat board fixed in it, to which were fastened narrow curved strips of steel of different lengths. The ends of these were rounded off, and when bent slightly backwards with the fingers, as if playing on the strings of a harp, produced somewhat sad and plaintive notes, their simple airs being of the same character. I am not aware whether the manioc, otherwise cassava root, which I have mentioned, is known in the United States. It is a very nutritious and wholesome vegetable when cooked; otherwise it is poisonous. Boiled, it is served up in its natural shape—thick stalk, cut longitudinally into slices; but I have seen it universally eaten in Brazil as a substitute for bread. There it is first baked, and then ground, or rather pounded, into a coarse fibrous powder, and this—called "*farinha de pao*," literally, stick-flour—is served up in small plates, from which pinches are taken just as you would break off a piece of crumb or crust.

I was fortunate enough to be present at a very original dance, a ceremony held in honor of a king or chief of the Macua tribe, who had died some months before. It is, I have no doubt, well known to those who have read stories of African travel, that a hideous and unnatural custom prevails more or less throughout this vast continent of immolating the wives of the head of a tribe at his decease, with the idea that they will accompany him to another world. In Ashantee and Dahomey, the sacrifice of human

life on these occasions is appalling, and the custom likewise obtains in many a petty chiefdom; but in these latter cases the victims are generally kept in suspense for many months before the holocaust is finally consummated. It is a very disgusting subject to speak of, but I will hurry over it. The deceased chief is kept above ground till he has arrived at an advanced stage of decomposition, so that there can be no doubt of his being really dead. A variety of ceremonies are then gone through, and preparations made for the interment. An immense circular and deep grave is dug in the alluvial earth, (this description of soil is the rule and rocks and stones the exception throughout the greater part of Africa, that is not a sandy desert). Five wooden stools are then placed in the centre, and on these sit the five principal wives of the departed, whose head rests on the lap of the oldest wife, and his arms and legs on those of the other four. Round this group squat closely together the remainder of the unfortunate victims, sometimes numbering several hundreds, and after a chorus of farewell from the doomed mass, a host of blacks rush forward and shovel earth on them till they are completely covered with some feet of mould. In spite of the superincumbent weight a heaving up from below is noticeable for several minutes—then all is still. Well, all this had taken place just a week before I arrived on the spot, and I was told that the wives so sacrificed were from one to two hundred in number. Of course, for obvious reasons, I did not approach the site of the interment, but contented myself with viewing the festive scene. You can fancy about three hundred couples of men and women, of almost demoniacal figures, (you will recollect what I have said before about the disfigurement of their faces and bodies,) forming a circle around a primitive band of musicians; some of whom banged away with ropes' ends on copper or brazen vessels turned upside down, whilst others blew rams', antelopes', or cows'

horns, and others again shouted at the top of their voices, to the accompaniment of the clapping of their hands—together producing a most infernal din. The males and females forming these couples remained in the same spot and danced close to, and in front of, each other, gesticulating, grinning, wagging their heads, and throwing their limbs into the most fantastic contortions of which their bodies were capable, at the same time that they kept constantly changing their respective positions. As the women took the inside the men came out, and *vice versa*; but they managed their movements with so much regularity that all the women were inside at once, and then the men, so that the effect was at the same time grotesque and picturesque. The costumes were of the most scanty description, consisting mostly of a cloth round the loins; but some of the women had a cotton garment from the shoulder to the knee. The deficiency, however, was made up for in another way: they all, men and women, had strings of small calabashes, or gourds, fastened round the legs from the knee to the ankle. These had the pulp extracted, and replaced by a small quantity of coarse gravel, which, as they distorted and moved their limbs, produced a curious kind of rattling, and, I must say, at the same time exhilarating, music. The excitement and novelty of the scene were so great that for the first moment or two I could scarcely realize that they were human beings who were so frantically disporting themselves. Then I almost wished myself converted into a black—their enjoyment seemed so intense; and it was with some difficulty that I could refrain (young as I was at the time) from following the example of some of my attendants, who became perfectly wild, and, seizing women from the crowd around, thrust them into the circle and began a dance as outrageous in character as the rest.

During these excursions I was enabled to make a good collection of native weapons,

principally bows and arrows, and spears. The bows were made from very tough wood, generally of immense strength and difficult for a novice to draw, and could send one of their light reed arrows to a distance of several hundred yards, when shot into the air. These were almost invariably barbed or jagged, with a view to the infliction of the most dangerous possible wounds. Now and then I met with arrows, the tips of which were stated to be poisoned by dipping them in the juice of certain plants; but the most dreadful venom is found in the entrails of a small caterpillar, and its effects are nearly indescribable. It generally produces almost instantaneous madness, the wounded man flying from his fellows a raging maniac. Lions and other wild beasts are similarly affected when struck by one of these arrows so poisoned; they are heard moaning in distress, and become furious, biting the trees and ground until they expire. The spear-heads are also generally barbed; in some cases the barbs are three or four deep, and of a variety of patterns. The shafts of the heavy spears are of hard wood, or even of iron, and the light ones of reed. I saw no shields of any kind in this part of Africa, but to the south the Zulus and other kindred tribes carry them, as is well known, of hide.

At Quilimane I had an opportunity of seeing a gladiatorial exhibition as striking as any of those witnessed in the Roman arena. One morning, almost immediately after my arrival, a man came on board hurriedly, with the intelligence that a tiger (as they are erroneously called; but really a large panther) had been tracked into a wide-spreading mango tree near the center of the settlement. I at once seized my rifle, landed, and proceeded to the spot; but found that I had been forestalled by a Portuguese sailor, who, relying on the skilfulness of his murderous knife, was just approaching the tree as I appeared on the scene. Calling the panther all sorts of opprobrious names, he quickly enraged the beast so much that

he descended, his first leap being on the inclined trunk, and the second to the ground. As he made this, the sailor aimed a blow with his knife behind the left shoulderblade, but missed and struck the bone itself; whereupon the panther turned on him and then ensued a struggle that I should not like to witness a second time—the beast and the man rolling over and over each other, the one clawing and biting and the other stabbing. Of course, it was impossible for me to fire without the risk of hitting the sailor, so the fight ended in what might have been seen from the first would be the inevitable result—the panther was stretched dead on the field of battle, and the sailor was so dreadfully wounded that he died a few hours afterwards.

Some degrees north of the Zambeze, we find Mozambique, the earliest of the Portuguese settlements, or rather conquests, on the east coast. It is situated on an island, very close to the mainland, in latitude fifteen South; and here resides the Governor-general. The unhealthiness of this place is so great that it is calculated that out of one hundred persons who reach and remain on the island, not more than ten are alive at the expiration of five years; but then they are mostly involuntary settlers, *i. e.*, convicts, either criminal or political, as I have said before. Its trade, since the suppression of the traffic in slaves, has very much fallen off; but it is still frequented by merchants from Goa, the Portuguese Colony in India, called Canareens, as well as by some Banyans or Hindoo traders, and Parsees from Bombay.

Skipping over for the present other points of minor interest, I will come to an expedition I unsuccessfully undertook to explore the river Juba, the mouth of which is situated almost exactly on the equator. I left my craft at the Dundas Islands, a short distance to the south of it, and, requesting the sailing master to come to the entrance of the river in a week's time, I started in a boat,

manned by four sailors, only one of whom was white, the remainder being blacks hired at Zanzibar, and a Portuguese Canareen, almost as dark, (who had become a Mohametan) to act as interpreter, as he was acquainted with several of the coast languages. The first day was tolerably prolific of adventure. I landed on the mainland a little to the north of those islands, in order to visit, with a Sawahili guide taken from them for that day, a sandy plain, (near the shore to the north, but there inaccessible for a boat, on account of the breakers,) where he had told me that gold dust was to be found in abundance mixed with the sand. This, however, after a walk of about nine miles, was discovered to be a myth—the guide's object being simply to secure his pay, part of which he had received beforehand; but of course he did not get the balance. Before arriving at the sandy part of the plain, our road lay at times through thick brush, at others over ground which, with its clumps of beautiful trees, looked like a park. Here the amount of animal life visible from time to time was simply marvelous. Apes and monkeys of several varieties chattered in the trees; then a large baboon, leaping suddenly to the ground from a hidden branch, would startle one with the idea that it was a panther or leopard seeking its prey; zebras and quaggas were constantly galloping before us; and antelopes and gazelles in numbers fled on our approach. No so-called wild beasts, however, were to be seen, as they remain hidden in the leafy recesses of the woods during the heat of the day. But we soon had ocular demonstration of their existence in the neighborhood; for after our scanty stock of water was exhausted, and we were parched with thirst under the vertical rays of an equatorial sun, we to our great delight arrived at a natural well—although the water was literally yellow, being frequented by the wild animals of the desert, the tracks of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, panthers, leopards, hyenas, and jackals, (possibly also

giraffes,) crossing each other in all directions around it. The liquid was by no means inviting, and it was difficult to get at, as we had no vessel with line attached to dip into it; but insatiable thirst does not stop at trifles, and I was only too glad to accept the offer of one of my men, who, taking his greasy skull cap from his head, had his legs held by a companion as he leaned over the brink and filled his cap for me. This was really the most delicious beverage I ever swallowed in my life. Not a shot was fired as we proceeded, for we could not have secured our game; and lucky was it that we refrained from shooting till we had returned to the park-like land, not far from the boat. Here I was looking amusedly at a group of monkeys, when I heard a shot close to me. It proceeded from my white attendant, and had been directed at a gigantic ape, which had been running along, sometimes nearly upright, sometimes on two legs and one hand, and a stick in the other. The poor creature evidently had his back broken, for as I approached him, he dragged himself along the ground towards me, gnashing his teeth with a most diabolical expression. Being anxious to put an end to his sufferings, I fired my rifle and pistols successively seven times point-blank at his head before life was extinct. Had I known it, a shot straight at the back or the chest, if I could have got at them, would have had a much more speedy effect. I took his measurement, which was five feet four inches; and he had all the characteristics of the gorilla, as described by Du Chaillu, *i. e.*, a wide face, with a very low retreating forehead, high cheek bones, deep-set eyes, with demoniacal expression, broad chest, protuberant paunch, and immensely long, muscular arms. (On my arrival in England, I declared that I had shot an orang-outang; but this was pooh-poohed by naturalists, who one and all said that there were no orang-outangs in Africa; but several years afterwards, when in the ante-room of a German physician in London, I

happened to open a work on Natural History that lay on the table, and there to my great surprise I found a delineation on the page before me, of an animal identical with the one I had shot; which, as it appeared, was killed by a German not far from the same place. In that work it *was* called an orang-outang.) Unfortunately, I was deprived of the opportunity of securing the skin of the creature—which at that time would have produced a great sensation in England—for the wild Galla, hearing the firing, came rushing out of the brush, several hundred in number, and we were only too glad to get to our boat in safety, out of reach of their spears. A fight would, of course, have ended in the annihilation of our little party, however many of the savages we might have killed with our guns; for my blacks were not much skilled in the use of fire-arms—and although I bought a Colt's repeating rifle a year or two afterwards from the Captain of an American vessel, breech-loaders were unknown at that time.

These Galla are men of splendid physique, somewhat akin to the Abyssinians, copper or chocolate-colored, with regular features, but woolly hair. They have herds of cattle, and roam over a vast extent of country from a line to the south of the Juba till they meet the Somali, some distance to the south of Cape Guardafui. The more southerly the tribes, the more savage they are said to be; but those that approach the frontiers of Abyssinia have a certain degree of quasi-civilization, and many are to be found in that country itself. Like the Indians of this continent, the southern tribes use as ornaments or trophies the human spoils of their slain enemies; but instead of suspending scalps in their huts, or attaching them to their spears, the Galla wear dried noses, ears, and so forth as necklaces. I saw only one of these savages at very close quarters. He was in a Somali hut on one of the Dundas islands, (of which the Somali are the principal inhabitants); and when I

entered it he was so amazed and seemingly stricken with fear at my appearance—I was the first white man he had ever seen—that his first impulse was to seize his spear, which was leaning against a corner of the hut, and he would have thrust it through me had he not been withheld by his Somali companions, who are somewhat less savage—although I question whether any of them were accustomed to the sight of Europeans. We soon, however, became great friends, as I presented him with some tobacco, which was a great and novel treat to him. He was a splendid young fellow, dressed in the scantiest of costumes; and after some preliminary conversation, carried on first in Portuguese with my renegade interpreter, then in Somali (a language well known all along what I may call the Zanzibar portion of the coast) with the Somali, and lastly by the latter in the Galla tongue, he intimated to me that if I would shave his head and pare his nails he would perform the same operation for me, and we should then be sworn brothers, and I could accompany him into his country without any harm befalling me, although no strangers, excepting the Somali, were allowed to enter it under penalty of death. It may readily be imagined that, although closely shaven heads might unite the Galla in bonds of friendship, it did not quite suit my purpose to allow mine to be divested of its natural covering; nor should I in any case have felt very comfortable had I trusted myself within the reach of a razor in the hands of a savage who had so recently manifested hostile intentions. His proposal was therefore declined with thanks, and met by one on my side that we should eat and drink together, as this constituted a bond of fellowship amongst white men. This he accepted, and demolished some of my provisions in my company. A place of rendezvous was then fixed with him and a few of his countrymen, whom he was to bring with him for the following day, at an isolated clump of trees on the plain,

I attended with my boat's crew, without any arms visible but with pistols concealed; the savages, however, did not make their appearance; and perhaps it was just as well that they refrained from doing so.

Returning now to my so-called orang-outang—it was evidently a gorilla, or an animal closely allied to that family, and the first ever shot in Africa. There is an ancient work “Hanno's Periplus,” which is the account of a naval expedition undertaken in the time of the Carthagenians, which passed through the pillars of Hercules—otherwise the Straits of Gibraltar—and sailed down the west coast of Africa as far as what is now called the Bight of Benin, and probably up to the river Gabon, the neighborhood of which is the habitat of Du Chaillu's gorillas. Well, in that account mention is made of hairy women called “gorillas” being seen; so that the name was kept for more than two thousand years. Du Chaillu gives the height of some of those he saw and killed as nearly six feet, describing them as having “an immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep-gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to him like some nightmare vision.” This description corresponds very nearly to that of the animal to whose existence I put an end.

The first day of that expedition did not end without another contretemps. After our retreat from the Galla, we steered toward the northernmost of the Dundas Islands, in order to beach the boat for the night; when having approached too near to a reef, a sea broke in whilst I was eating my supper, and washed away that and the greater portion of our provisions, together with my bag of clothing, which was on the seat; and I had the satisfaction of seeing both swallowed by the sharks. Having reached safe anchorage in a small creek, the boat was covered with a sail as a protection

from the heavy night dews, and then we slept.

Our stock of eatables having been reduced to a bag of biscuits and some dates, and our stock of water consisting only of one small barrel, I felt inclined at first to return to the vessel; but at last considered that I should be able to land at times to shoot game for our subsistence, and therefore resolved to proceed. So on the second day we found ourselves at the mouth of the Juba, which was apparent from the water being discolored by mud brought down by the river. But its entrance was so hemmed in and concealed by rocks and islets that we failed to discover the channel; and in the meantime a strong northeasterly current (i. e. setting towards the northeast) and the southwest monsoon, which blew very fresh, were hurrying us in a northerly direction, so that on attempting to make way against them, even by taking advantage of a slight eddy close in shore, it was found to be exceedingly difficult, and our endeavors to enter the river had to be abandoned for the moment. (This river is several hundred miles long and flows entirely through the Galla country, excepting perhaps towards its source. Several attempts have been made to explore it, but unsuccessfully, and more than one British man-of-war's boat's crew has been capsized in the surf near the mouth and murdered by the natives.) We then attempted to stem the current by pulling against it diagonally in zig-zags at a short distance from the coast. But at the close of each day we found ourselves considerably farther to the north than the point from which we started in the morning; and five days were passed in this way. The Galla were for a good many miles from the Juba visible on the beach, making signs to us to land; but in the first place the surf was very heavy, the billows rolling in unbroken all the way from Malay peninsula, rendering it impossible; and secondly, even had it been

otherwise, it would have been madness to trust ourselves to the tender mercies of the natives. My hopes of killing game, then, were disappointed, and we were all that time reduced to very short commons indeed. The scarcity of water was the greater of the two privations under that equatorial sun, to which was added our anxiety at the idea of not being able to re-join the vessel.

At last, on the sixth day, after our first start, we observed a coral reef running parallel with the beach for several hundred yards; and inside this the water seemed to be perfectly smooth and undisturbed. Gladly then did we enter this quasi lake, thinking that now was the opportunity of making a more substantial repast—*i. e.* on game of some kind. The bow of the boat was run on the sand, and I was preparing to land with my rifle; when in the most unaccountable manner, a roller suddenly rose from the previously smooth surface and broke into the boat, actually washing one of my men overboard—a black. But I caught him by his woolly hair, and with the assistance of another, jerked him in again, before the second roller came on. It is a curious fact that in the Indian ocean when one roller makes its appearance, there are invariably three in succession. Well, we baled the water out as fast as we could, and presented the boat's stern to the second roller, which nearly toppled us over; still we went through it, although, of course, thoroughly drenched; and the same thing happened with the third, which was not quite so heavy. All this occupying but a very few minutes. In the

meantime, although we had not seen any of the natives for a couple of days, some of the Galla had been watching our proceedings, hidden behind the sand-hills and bushes; and just as we had made our way through the third roller, they rushed down to the beach shouting, and hurled their heavy spears at us. These whizzed past uncomfortably close, one of them very near my own head, and some of my men would have been struck, had they not promptly stooped when they heard the Galla yell. We might have returned a fire with our muskets and rifle, but in the first place they had been soaked in salt water and were probably useless for the time, and in the next, it would have been wanton destruction of life, as we found ourselves almost immediately out of danger.

The next question was, What was to be done? Trying to get back to the vessel we had long discovered to be a fruitless endeavor, but where to go? Our dilemma, however, was most fortunately put an end to by a small Arab craft, which came in sight as we were deliberating. The crew told us that we were only a few hours' sail from the Arab town of Brava to the north; so to that place we steered, now with wind and current in our favor, and ran in through a narrow channel between two rocks, on the top of a roller, which landed us high on the beach. A number of friendly Arabs rushed forward before another breaker could overwhelm us, raised the boat and dragged us out of reach of the surf; there we were at length in safety and enabled to satisfy our ravenous hunger.

J. Studdy Leigh, F. R. G. S.

PYGMALION AND I.

Happy Pygmalion gained of old a wife,
 Warmed by his love from marble into life.
 But I a sadder miracle have known:—
 My love has changed a living maid to stone.

OLD DOC TRAVERS.

Night had fallen over Black Bear Cañon, and from the grey arch overspanning the wild gulch, the snow was falling in great soft flakes, settling on the dark pines, tipping each needle with white, and gliding down into the waters of the swollen creek, which boomed over its rocky bed, hurrying onward to its last mad rush into the muddy tide of the Salmon, ten miles below.

The stamps in the quartz mill had ceased their restless toiling, and inside the great building the only sound that broke the stillness was the rush of water over the bare plates and through the tailings-slucies. The annual clean-up had just been completed, and the bright gold bars awaited transportation, securely guarded in the great vault of the office across the muddy road, where Hal Vance sat writing a letter to go out with the bullion-train the next day.

The letter finished, Hal wheeled his chair in front of the open fire-place, threw on some pine-bark, rolled a cigarette, and lay back in his seat idly watching the blue smoke drift slowly toward the vortex, which, catching it, whirled it up the great chimney, amid the bright sparks that the snapping bark showered forth.

"Where the devil is Ray?" he murmured, yawning drearily. "Up at Travers's as usual, I suppose." A despondent shake of the head followed the supposition, succeeded in turn by a fit of deep musing, gradually merged into a doze, terminating in profound slumber.

Yes, Ray was up at Doc Travers's. He, too, was idly watching the fire and gnawing his brown beard, a deep gloom on his face—a gloom reflected on that of his companion.

A long silence had fallen on the two. This was their last hour together.

Could it be that the next night would find him miles distant from that dear face? That there were to be no more nights in the fire-light, no more reading, no more chess, nothing but blank separation?

Months ago this woman had come into Ray's life; the wife of old Doc Travers, the hardest drinker and most unscrupulous gambler in the Salmon district. For weeks Southack had studied her character with an ever-increasing wonder that a woman with her refined tastes and pure nature could ever have allied herself with one so entirely her opposite. There was, for him, a mystery in her life, and in an idle moment he set himself to fathom it. He failed because there was really none to fathom. She was simply what she seemed—a pure-minded, pure-hearted woman. Knowing this he gave her all his sympathy. Then, before he knew it himself, all his love.

She knew his secret before he had discovered it, and fought against her pity for him with all her strength. She begged her husband to take her elsewhere. He refused: he could not, in fact—in no other camp would he have been tolerated. Then she was cool and distant with Ray. It but made him the more eager. This alarmed her; the more so that his manliness, grace, and deference charmed her. After so many years of neglect and wretchedness, it was sweet to be cared for.

The result can be predicted. It was hurried to a climax by an incident.

One day, in the mill, Helen's dress was caught by the great belt, which was hurrying her swiftly into the mass of wheels and pinions whose sharp teeth waited eagerly to tear that loveliness into horrible fragments. Ray, ever hovering near, caught her with a cry, and threw all his great frame, with

muscles tense and corded, in the opposite direction. It was hot love versus woolen fibre. Love conquered, the dress parted, and pale, nerveless, and trembling, Ray stood before Beauty in a white skirt, paling and crimsoning by turns, but with a look in the brown eyes that fired his stagnant blood and sent it bounding and tingling to his finger-tips.

Beauty did not faint, but hurried home wrapped in a blanket, while Strength gathered a fragment of her dress and thanked God it was *only* that. Old Doc Travers was maudlinly grateful, and Ray, disgusted, cursed him behind his beard.

Helen never told Ray that she loved him, nor tried to thank him in words; but he knew her heart and thought that Eden and Black Bear Gulch were synonymous terms. Then came the hours in the fire-light, with those long periods of silence, about which the booming waters without grumbled and complained till they fell a-talking again.

Sometimes Hal and Old Doc Travers came in, and the three men played euchre, with two-bit corners, "just to make it interesting," as the Doctor said. That the interest was all-absorbing to the latter was evidenced by his inevitable absorption of the cash, by means well understood, but never hinted at, by his opponents. Helen discouraged all such manifestations of skill as much as possible, but Hal paid his money cheerfully, "just for the pleasure of sometime over-reaching the old cuss" (which he never did); while Ray cared little who won or lost, if he could but watch a sweet face bending over its work in the glow of the firelight.

But Eden in South Salmon district had its serpent, and when old Doc Travers went on a protracted spree two or three times, culminating in an attack of delirium tremens, which kept Ray and Hal at his bedside two days and nights, and took the color from Helen's cheeks and the strength from her frame, Ray began to re-

bel. Beauty yoked to a Beast without any princely attributes, enlisted all his sympathies, and aroused all his resentment. He lost his head and urged a separation.

Helen smiled sadly and tabooed the subject. Then Ray began to brood. There was less chess, less reading, and the booming waters without complained at longer intervals of silence.

During the long days, alone in her home, Helen thought much. Then she told Ray that he must go.

It was a terrible blow to him and he rebelled fiercely. But Helen conquered, though it was like giving up life to let him go. So it had come to this: that they were sitting by the old fire for the last time together.

They had been silent for a long time. The heart was dumb with its pain, and lips were silent from sympathy. Each knew that the moments were slipping by, hurrying on that of separation, but the weight on each heart pressed ever more heavily and crushed down speech.

As Helen watched Ray's face, the light of compassionate love filled her eyes. Then her little hand slipped out and rested caressingly on his arm. "Ray," said she softly, "it is our last hour together. Help me to make it one to be remembered for its quiet happiness."

Southack looked up into the dear face, where a brave smile was struggling with tears. "You ask me too much, Helen," said he. "How can happiness ever attach to the saddest hour of my life?—my last with you, perhaps for all time?" He rose and paced the room with long, impatient strides.

"It is best so, Ray, and it is right." The brown eyes met his bravely.

"Best! right!" repeated Ray bitterly. "Best to leave you to a life of wretchedness? Right that you should pass years in suffering, yoked to a worthless vagabond, who steepes you in his misery and degrades you, a pure,

sensitive woman, by his beastly, drunken companionship? It is not best and right. It is a horrible mockery of justice;" and Ray's deep voice trembled with suppressed passion. "Helen, did you ever love that man?" He paused suddenly in front of the bowed head.

After a silence, broken only by the roar of the rushing waters without: "Ray, I do not know. He was not always what he is now. His talents dazzled me, a young girl who knew nothing of men. I respected him—then." The voice faltered and paused. "Since I have known you, I am sure that I never loved him as I ought, when I married him."

"The more reason in your freeing yourself from him. What claim has he upon you that he has not outraged in all ways?" and Ray leaned heavily against the wall of the fire-place, looking down on her.

"The error was mine," replied Helen sadly. "He loved me then, and even in the depths to which he has since sunk, he loves me still. Does that give him no claim upon me? You say that I could free myself from him. You are right, and he would help me. There are depths of generosity, even in his fallen nature, which you have never sounded."

Ray made a movement of impatience; a faint flush spread over the sweet face raised to his, but Helen continued steadily:

"Ray, he knows that I have long since lost my love and respect for him, and yet, he loves me. God knows that I tried to keep the knowledge from him, but I failed, and just how much that failure contributed toward his downfall, I cannot tell; but I cannot feel guiltless. Has he no claims upon me, Ray? Have I no duties to perform? I ask your heart."

"Your logic is pitilessly faultless," replied Southack, bitterly. "The more so that it convinces me how fruitless in happiness my love for you will ever be. You say that you love me, and yet you put that love so far

from you that, to me, it seems scarcely to exist."

The tears sprang to Helen's eyes under the sting of these words; but forcing them bravely back she rose and came to Ray's side, taking his hot hand between hers. Ray shivered at their icy coldness.

"Dear heart, you do not mean that," said she, softly. "My love for you is so great that my life itself depends upon my keeping it out of my life. Your love for me is so sweet a happiness that I would rather lose my life than lessen it by attaching to it the smallest taint of disgrace. So we must part, dear. Doubts *would* come, even with your arms around me, with your kisses on my lips; and a doubt of your happiness would kill me dear. I could not help but doubt, and that would bring a great grief into our lives. So you must go Ray. But you must not think of me as grieving for you, dear. Think of me as trying to live a life worthy of the great love you have given me; a love which will always give me strength when I most need it."

Ray's head was bowed on his arm now. He felt how powerless he was to alter this woman's decision. He could but feel how just that decision was, yet he loved her at that moment more passionately than ever before. He felt how great a treasure was slipping from his grasp; but her nobleness had cleansed his nature from dross, and his duty lay plainly before him.

Helen's hand rested softly on his bowed head. Turning to her he took her face between his hands, and looking down into the depths of her dear, true eyes, said:

"You are right, dear heart, always right. I cannot feel that I could ever doubt your love; ever give you cause to doubt mine for you. It seems to me that the sweetest happiness I could have would be to call you my wife, and your being that would annihilate the past. But I cannot read your woman's heart, dear, further than to know that you love me with the best and purest of loves.

I will be brave and try to be worthy of that love. It will be bitterly hard for both, dear, but we can bear our sad lot, each helping the other. I must know where you may be, always. I cannot let you go out of my life wholly. You know where to send me any word, and you will if you need me?"

"Yes, Ray, I will," said Helen. "Now you must go, dear." Then, tremulously—"Go quickly—this pain is too bitter."

Ray caught her swiftly to his breast, pressed a farewell kiss on her trembling lips, turned, and went out into the night. Helen sank into the seat he had so lately occupied, her head drooped into her hands, while the great weight on her heart seemed to crush out life.

The distant clatter of a closing door shot through the silence. Helen raised her head and quickly drew back into the shadows around the fire-place, and waited, with hot eyes, her husband's entrance. He did not come; it had been the wind that startled her. The stillness remained unbroken, and again the weight crushed her heart.

Outside, the wind had risen, and was sweeping down the gulch, whirling the snow from the pine boughs, which moaned and tossed as if loth to lose their white, soft mantle.

The driving flakes beat into the face of a man plodding aimlessly through the mud and the slush of the road, muttering to himself, and staring vacantly into the storm, heedless of its pelting fury. Anyone meeting him would have recognized the disreputable and liquor-bloated old Doc Travers, and would have passed him by on the other side as drunk and dangerous—the latter element of character a natural sequence of his physical state in a man notoriously quick with his gun, and at no time notable for a pacific disposition.

Travers, however, was not drunk, for once, nor even dangerous. But he was working his way slowly and surely, if not purposely,

toward the Bed Rock saloon, up the gulch.

Disjointed sentences, mingled with grim chuckles and, at times, imprecations of impatience and disgust, seemed to be jerked from him by the inequalities of the trail, as he stumbled along. Something of more than usual moment had happened to disturb his ordinarily placidly befogged mind.

"Just as I thought—just what I *expected*. (Curse that rock!) Saw it all a month ago, and ain't been sober enough since to know what to do."

Another stumble, and this time a plunge forward into the mud, followed by a labored resumption of the perpendicular.

"This is a cursed mess for a fact! Poor girl, poor girl. She's fine gold, and white as quartz. (Damn such a trail!) Sticks by me in the squarest manner—me, a whiskey-soaked, gambling old card sharp. She don't care a chip for me, either. That's what lays me out cold. I knew it, too, years ago. Oh! you'll 'blow off, will you? Take that, then," and the battered old hat was pulled viciously forward, far down over the bushy grey eyebrows. Then he struggled up the steep trail again.

"She's clean grit. It takes sand to stay by a way-down old rake like me, when she knows she has only to say the word, let in the law sharps, and get shet of me. *I'd* never kick.

"God knows that I love her, though. Yes, she said that I did, too. Poor girl, poor Nellie! This is a hell of a mess for a fact!" and the grimy hand ran nervously through his grey hair as he pulled himself out of a mud-hole, and plodded wearily on.

"Blames herself for not loving me, too! Great Scott! I *am* a loveable old soak! I *am* calculated to keep the love of a decent woman. I am a holy terror, I am, damn me!" and with a derisive laugh he paused. "But she does love Southack, that's a cold fact. Thought he'd bluff, did he? Well, he weakened when she showed her hand. Takes sand even to do that sometimes.

He's hit, hit bad. Don't blame him either, for Nellie is a treasure. Don't know what I'd have been without her." This profound problem apparently dazed him, and he crept on again.

"Got to fix things some way; the whole game is square—except my hand. Southack has thrown up his and pulls out of camp to-morrow for good. It's a howling shame, and don't you forget it! What in thunder can I do to change their run of luck? They have thrown the whole game into my hands, and for once, I'm damned, if I know how to play it."

The Bed Rock saloon was at hand now, and muddy, dripping, disheveled, Travers entered.

Pausing at the bar he gulped down a full glass of whiskey, and then slouched through the crowded room. Refusing all invitations to join sundry games, he sank into a seat in an obscure corner, and fell into a deep reverie. The whiskey made him dull and sleepy.

An hour passed, and his thoughts became momentarily more hazy. A second hour slipped by, and one by one the miners straggled out, until finally the sleepy bar-keeper shook old Doc Travers, who, rousing, found himself the last of the motley crowd.

He staggered slightly as he stepped out into the storm, and fell back into a shadowy angle of the building to recover himself. His brain was still in a whirl.

The sound of low voices near by came to his ears in a meaningless jargon. The impatient stamping of horses, mingled with curses, was audible.

"Now is your time, and we have got to be quick about it. We'll have a close call to finish the job and get away before daylight gives the game away," said one voice.

"Remember, boys, no shooting. One shot and we'll have the whole camp down on us in a holy minute."

"I'll have Southack's life, if I have to

stand off the whole damned outfit." growled a deep voice, with drunken imprecations.

"Kill the swell and welcome, but knife him and keep your gun quiet. We are after the dust first, and anything else afterward. Ready? Quiet now!"—and three mounted men stole by like phantoms and took the down trail.

Were they but creatures of the old doctor's diseased brain, or what deviltry was astir that wild night? Travers staggered forward and bent low. Yes, there were the hoof-prints, into which the water was even then seeping from the slush and mud.

Then it came to him in a lurid flash, pregnant with horrid possibilities. An attack upon the office was plainly indicated. One voice Travers recognized; that of the man with murderous designs on Southack's life. He remembered him as a burly ruffian whom Ray had discharged, and had thrashed subsequently and driven from the camp.

Travers sprang to the door of the saloon, and beat wildly upon it, yelling to the bar-keeper to open. All remained silent within. He cried, and begged, and cursed, shouting murder; but the bar-keeper was but too used to such demonstrations from old Doc Travers, and cursing him sleepily, slept again.

Time was too precious to be wasted there. The boarding-house was distant a mile up the gulch, and the miners and mill men were mostly there. No time to obtain help from that quarter.

A grim, set look came over Travers's face, as, turning, he rushed madly down the trail. It was a good mile to the mill, and the enemy had fully five minutes start and were mounted.

Good God! what might not happen before he could cover that distance! Tearing off his old, ragged coat, he flung it away. Slipping, sliding, falling, but ever on his feet again, his bloodshot eyes glaring in their deep-set sockets, on the old man rushed. Every shriek of the wind seemed a death

cry, which the roar of the swollen torrent seemed vainly striving to drown. An unnatural strength possessed him. A wild exhilaration filled his veins. One thought beat remorselessly in his brain: "She loves him, and he must be saved." Onward he dashed with great bounds, his revolver tightly clinched in his hand. His hat had gone long ago, and his thin gray hair streamed and tossed in the wind and snow.

At last one spark of light ahead! Thank God that it still burned! Then two or three empty cabins appeared and disappeared as he ran by. Then from the old man's lips rang out panting cries. "Help! murder! help! Surely some one must hear! God in heaven! What is that?"

Figures moving to and fro, shutting out that blessed gleam of light.

Help was needed where that light burned. Three to one were terrible odds, and death was hovering awfully near to Ray, as he struggled in the grasp of those reckless, determined villains.

"Choke him, choke him, Bill! Down with him! Knife him, knife him, quick! Damn him!" The keen blade flashed and fell. By a superhuman effort Ray tore himself free and threw out his arm. A great spurt of blood told where the steel met the warm flesh. Then that wild cry rang out in the distance. "Break, boys! Break for your lives! The game is up!" and two of the three rushed for the door. The third sprang towards Ray, faint and reeling against the wall. The knife would find an easy victim now. One sure stroke, and then away!

Crash! The door flew back, and the two men near it shrank away, cowed at the sight of the maniac who rushed by. It could not be human! Crack! from the surest gun in the camp, and, as the light went out, Bill missed his stroke, and falling forward he and Ray came to the ground together with a crash.

The pistol shot broke the spell. Two more shots flashed in the darkness, and two

replied; and then only one horse was needed to carry the man who rushed from that hell, and he had to cling to his saddle in mortal anguish as he rode down the gulch, the cries of the now aroused camp in his buzzing ears. Then lights flashed in the office again, and half dead he fled from the death behind him.

"Clear the room, boys, and throw up the windows," said the old doctor as he moved with wavering steps to where Ray lay unconscious beneath the inert form of his assailant. No need of gentle care with the latter. He needed only to be put out of sight of men's eyes in the frozen earth.

"Quick, a light here! That towel and that poker! Stand back! My God! what a gash!" Then with deft fingers the towel was tied above the gaping wound and twisted till the flesh bulged on either side, and the slender iron rod bent beneath the strain. That awful flow of blood was stopped, and none too soon.

"Hal, run up to my house and get my instruments and some bandages. Be mighty sudden, now," said the doctor in a husky voice.

"Here is all you need," said a calm, sweet voice; and Helen knelt beside the senseless man and gently raised the heavy head with its damp hair, to her lap. She was as pale as the unconscious burden she bore, but as calm and quiet as the dead a yard away.

"Artery severed, of course," muttered Travers in the same harsh, labored voice as before. All his old professional skill seemed to return now, and in a few minutes the severed artery was tied, the veins taken up, and the fearful wound drawn together and held by its silken stitches.

Then the grimy, bloody hands began to falter strangely, and the bandages were applied with an effort. A strange, drawn look came into the momentarily paling face, and he paused.

"Fasten them, Nellie," he said faintly;

and then there was a swaying of the bended body, and the Doctor pitched forward and lay on his face by the woman's side.

"Stand back, and give me air! Hand me that flask there;" said Helen.

The torn shirt was pulled back from the old man's chest. "My God! He's hit!" came from pallid lips. A blue hole just over the left lung marked the wound.

The men were carried by gentle hands to their homes, and the best man in camp went twenty miles for the nearest surgeon.

A bad night's work. Well for that groaning, cursing villain that he was miles away down the gulch, with a good half-hour's start. Not much hope that the savage men hurrying after would overtake him that night.

But what about Fate? That was before him, and he could not know. Up, up the long trail, winding around a spur that ran down from the main range and paused abruptly in the yellow waters of South Salmon, which surged around its foot, Up, up, till the trail turned sharply the angle of the spur, while a sheer thousand feet below, the wild waters boomed and roared among the jagged rocks that had fallen from that awful face.

Only a thin, saffron-hued Mongol, toiling up the other slope of that narrow trail. A few moments pause by either, and all will be well. But Fate is in it. Face to face Mongol and horse meet, just at that narrow turn. The figures start in unnatural proportions from out the gloom.

The animal crouches back from that strange apparition. One hoof hangs over the abyss—there is a wild struggle for one brief instant—and then the Chinaman stands, bleached to a sickly hue, alone on the trail, while a scream of horror floats up to him from the black depth below, half drowned by the dull roar of the all-grasping, turbid waters.

The sickly gray of dawn struggled down

into the Gulch with the still fast falling snow, and crept in around the scene of the night's horror.

Old Doc Travers turned and moaned uneasily on his bed. Helen, sitting by his side, bent eagerly forward.

The sick man's eyes opened and looked into hers. For a minute the brain refused to act, and then a look of intelligence slowly dawned in the blood-shot orbs.

"Has the doctor come in yet, Nellie?"

"No, Tom, it will be hours yet—certainly not before noon."

The man's hand was fumbling in his bosom now. "Who fixed *me* up, Nellie?"

"I did, Tom, as well as I could."

"Good girl, good little girl! You did well, Nellie; could not have done better myself. Give me a little whisky."

Helen hesitated. "It can't do me any harm, Nellie," said Travers faintly. "No, nor much good, either."

"Oh, don't say that, Tom," said his wife, as she held the glass to his lips.

"Fact, Nellie. I'm booked for across the range. Knew it as soon as I was hit. But *he* will pull through all right, girl. He's got the constitution of a horse. There's no poison in *his* blood. *I'm* played out. Too much whisky! Too much whisky."

Helen's head was bowed near his own, now, and the tears were falling. The thin hand rested gently on that head, and nervously smoothed the brown hair.

"Don't cry, Nellie, don't. Poor girl, poor girl! It was a bad mess for a fact, and I didn't know just how to help you. But it's all right now;" and the old man smiled contentedly and lay for a time with closed eyes. Then suddenly rousing:—"Nellie, don't let that other doctor kill him. All he needs is to be let alone. He's a white man, Nellie, and he will take care of you now."

"O Tom, don't talk so! Tell me something I can do for you," cried Helen tremulously.

"You can't help me any, my poor girl.

No one can." The voice was very feeble and husky. "Nellie, I heard you last night. I came down to say good-by to Southack. I came in the back of the cabin, and heard you stand him off. You did right, Nellie. I'm a broken-down old card sharp, but you did right. I am proud of you, Nellie—my brave little girl! I have led you a very hell of a life—but I *have* always loved you. You have been a good and true wife, and now—after a while—you will have a good husband. He's white, Nellie. Stand by him. Luck was

dead against you both—but its running with you now. I called the turn just at the right time"—and a faint chuckle followed. Helen shuddered. "I bet my last chip—that I—leaded that cuss—that lit out. It wasn't bad—for an old soaker—like me," and the old man rambled off into delirium. But when the grey of night settled over Black Bear Gulch again, he lay quiet enough, with his eyes closed and his wife's kiss on his cold lips. The game had been all in his hands, and right bravely had he played it.

H. W. Leavens.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS. III.—THE BANNOCK CAMPAIGN.

I.

Meanwhile, the entire Northwest was full of movement and excitement. The usual operation of mobilizing forces, which in Europe always creates consternation, occurs in any corner of this country the instant hostile Indians begin their work of murder, outrage, and robbery. Of course, here, the numbers of men to be moved are small, but the posts are far apart, and great distances have to be spanned before any considerable force can get to a rendezvous.

A commander in Indian warfare is impatient, and chafes at the exaggerated reports coming to him from every quarter. The experience, however, of the Nez Percé war and of the Custer massacre taught us never again, if it could possibly be avoided, to send an inadequate body of men against the Indians, after they had had time to concentrate.

As a city fire-brigade promptly rushes at the first alarm to a burning building, so the troops of the Northwest sped on from every garrison, toward the Camas Prairie and the

lava beds, where the first bloodshed had occurred. They were hastening thither by water, by rail, and by marching—infantry and artillerymen from Fort Vancouver near Portland, from Forts Stevens and Canby, near the mouth of the Columbia, and from Fort Townsend on the Puget Sound. After reaching Umatilla, all these soldiers were to follow the overland stage road eastward for a hundred miles, getting such lifts as they could in transportation wagons, riding and walking by turns. Fort Walla Walla furnished its contingent, two troops of cavalry—Whipple's and Perry's; Bendire's was already across the Blue Ridge, making for Walla Walla under previous instructions, but was quickly turned back, so that the beautiful route across the mountains was alive with marching men. Half-way between the Columbia and the California line was a frontier garrison at Camp Harney, which sent forward at once McGregor's troop of cavalry and Downey's company of infantry. They, with many misgivings, left behind them to protect their women and children but a small guard. At the same

time other detachments were approaching the scenes of disturbance, by water, and by overland roads from California.

The morning of the 4th of June, Colonel Frank Wheaton, who was at Lapwai in Idaho, was fully warned of the Indian outbreak and of the perturbed condition of affairs in the vicinity of Boise City. The following Saturday—June 9th—was appointed for a consultation between him and me at Walla Walla. Colonel Cuvier Grover, the commander of Walla Walla, was sent at the same time to the front, under instructions to go to Boise City, “assume charge at that point, and remain there, opening communication with the department commander wherever he might be, and keeping him fully informed.” The instructions to Grover indicated that I was to leave Portland Friday morning, go to Walla Walla, remain there one day, and go thence directly to Boise; and he—Grover—was to furnish me with telegraphic reports at the various stations along the route.

There were still other preparations that I had to make before leaving my headquarters for the field.

There was a famous Indian not far from the Columbia, (who is now living on a part of the Colville Reservation in Washington Territory,) by the name of Moses. He is the acknowledged chief of several bands of Indians, and had then more or less influence over numerous restless tribes who were roaming over the upper region of the Columbia. I had great fears that certain wild white men, who preferred a state of riot and war to peace, might stir up trouble with this chieftain or among his followers. I knew, from my intercourse with him the previous year, that I had Moses’s friendship; so I wrote him on the 4th substantially as follows: “I have already sent you word about the Bannocks; I send you word again. The Bannocks are giving me trouble, so that I cannot meet you, as I promised, at Spokane Falls. When I come back from

the Bannocks, we will arrange for a meeting somewhere. I depend on you to keep the peace.” Moses received this and several kindred communications. They had the effect that was desired; for he made no effort to combine with the Bannock hostiles or to give them aid in the war.

On the part of our Eastern people at times much objection has been raised, in letters and in the press, against the use of Indian scouts in dealing with Indians on the warpath. The fear is that by using Indians in trailing and skirmishing and other warlike operations, we keep them excited and diminish their interest in peaceful pursuits; so that they are more likely to shed blood among each other, and more inclined to retaliate their wrongs, or fancied wrongs, upon the settlers. Still it is next to impossible for a commander successfully to follow Indian raiders or locate Indian camps without Indian scouts. We sought earnestly to obtain them in this war; first from the celebrated Captain Smith, the agent of the Warm Spring tribe. They were offered the privilege of furnishing their own horses, twenty-five of them, and they were to meet us *en route* at the Dalles, or afterward. No inducements, however, could procure them. Similar efforts were made to secure scouts from the Umatillas, the Walla Wallas, the Nez Percés and other Indians, but for quite a time without success. These failures indicated beyond a doubt that there was a secret understanding among a score of tribes; in fact, among all those who range through Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territory. No matter how advanced any of them were in knowledge and civilization, their “Dreamers,” or *Toots*, had over their minds a wonderful influence, and the hopeful predictions of ultimate success had for a time many ardent believers. However, the loyal Nez Percés, who during the previous war had remained our friends, did at last bring into the field fifteen of their number; and the wily Umatillas, under the

persuasions of a half-breed interpreter, McBain, yielded us a few scouts—though not till after our battles in their vicinity had shown the futility of the enemy's attempts against us.

It was quite necessary in those Indian conflicts, where hostile bands changed their positions often, and made with their tough and numerous Indian ponies, rapid and long marches, to make on our part corresponding changes of position and plans. Certainly it is a difficult operation to ascertain and meet the shifting whims of an enemy more given to flight than to battle. These considerations determined me to be myself at the front, as near at hand as possible. With three staff officers, Major E. C. Mason, and Lieutenants Wilkinson and Wood, I left Portland the 7th of June to go by the way of the Columbia and the stage line across the Blue Ridge to Boise City. The previous engagement at Walla Walla for the 9th was met. Colonel Frank Wheaton, who had arrived before me, took up his station there at Walla Walla to watch and guard the home district with small reserves under his orders stationed at several posts within his command, while the rest of us were endeavoring to arrest the depredators in Idaho and Southern Oregon. We hoped speedily to beat them in battle or take them as captives.

On the afternoon of the 12th, after a tedious journey, we reached Boise City, where we met Colonel Grover with several dispatches just received. A telegraph operator, a Mr. Calkins, kindly offered his office for temporary headquarters. It was situated in the city and every way convenient; for telegrams were constantly coming from all directions, so great was the alarm. It was at this point that I received the dispatch from Captain Bernard, informing me of the position of the hostiles, their number, and of the bold proposition of Sarah Winnemucca to go, at the risk of her life, straight to their hostile camp.

There is a disposition on the part of men who have military knowledge, but who have only a limited military experience, severely to criticise all plans of operation. No commander can succeed in any warfare without formulated plans. Yet to make these good, it is necessary to have accurate knowledge of the country he occupies, and of the enemy. It does not do, however, to hesitate in Indian affairs. Use what information you can gather, and for the rest, conjecture what is most probable, plan quickly, and act at once. With this theory in mind, there was no delay. As soon as Boise City was reached, my dispatch to General McDowell was as follows: "Arrived here this morning, sent force under Grover including Sanford, [who was *en route* from Kelton, a Central Pacific Railroad station, towards Boise] to clear up scattering Indians (eastward) toward Fort Hall. Please ask commanding officer Fort Hall to work toward Grover; to detain the Bannock families reported going to Hall, particularly relatives of those on war-path. I am concentrating other troops against Bannocks and Malheurs at Sheep Ranch, six miles from Owyhee Ferry on Winnemucca stage road; taking charge of this column myself." This dispatch indicates the plan promptly taken at Boise City, founded upon the partial information which Colonel Grover brought.

At this time the moving troops coming from Walla Walla and further west, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were immersed in dust and pushing along the Baker wagon road and yet considerably scattered. They were aiming for "Sheep Ranch." The two companies from Camp Harney were supposed to be already near that station. They were to pass the Malheur Agency, and if they had kept straight on would not be more than three or four days' march from that point.

Just then the Lemhi Indians and many friendly Bannocks appeared to have broken off from the hostile camp, and were working

back toward their homes. On the other hand it was reported in dispatches that the Wiezers and many Piutes had already joined the hostile Bannocks in their raids. Buffalo Horn, it was asserted, but erroneously, was still alive and declared that the outbreak was begun by drunken Indians, and that as Captain Bainbridge, the Fort Hall commander, would hold the full tribe responsible, they might as well go to war at once, taking horses and other property. The bulk of the information represented that the main body of the Indians, with their women and children were somewhere far in the rear of the active raiders in the vicinity of Big Camas Prairie and the lava beds; and that the raiders had been comparatively few in number until they were reinforced about this time by all the Piutes that belonged to the Malheur Reservation. The best approach to these conjoined enemies was from the Sheep Ranch. I was quite sanguine that while my main force was marching to encounter this restless body, that Colonel Grover, with the troops at his disposal, pushing out eastward, would be able to sweep the others with their families towards Fort Hall and its troops, and soon defeat and capture them. But a little later as will appear, I discovered that the stories concerning the Indians on the prairie and among the lava beds, were all incorrect. There were few Indians, if any, still in that region. Before, however, evolving a second plan, my staff and I hurried down the stage road to the Sheep Ranch, arriving there the 14th.

The next day, waiting for the scattered companies to come together, I was sitting with Captain Bernard at about 5:30 P. M. in a little room at the station, when it was reported that a mounted party was coming towards us from the west. It soon proved to be our messenger to the Piutes, Sarah Winnemucca, with her companions. She came ahead of them riding very rapidly. At first she could hardly speak for crying,

she was so weary and excited. As soon as she was sufficiently quieted to speak intelligently, (Captain Bernard, and Lieutenants Wood and Pitcher being present,) I received from her an account of her remarkable journey—over two hundred miles long, rough, and evidently full of incident and excitement. Though at the time many of her statements appeared to the hearers to be considerably exaggerated, yet I put sufficient confidence in Sarah's story to change my whole plan of movement.

The following condensed account was crowded into a paragraph and recorded in the journal of the day:

"About 5:30 P. M., Sarah Winnemucca came in, riding fast; had been to hostile camp; brought out her father and brother; others followed, and were pursued, overtaken, and taken back. She heard firing, and fears her brother Lee was killed; says Natches aided the white men to escape from the camp, and went with them. She reports Oytes and Egan, with their bands, still detained in hostile camp; says arms and plunder were offered to tempt them to join hostiles; then threats and coercion were tried; locates camp near Juniper Lakes, Stein's Mountain; gives number at about seven hundred; brought her sister-in-law into our camp, and implores help for her father, whom she left behind with a few men and guns guarding the fugitive women and children."

I may now add that Sarah's story, so far as subsequent information and evidence could affirm it, proved to be literally true. It is of sufficient historic interest to introduce here a few of those graphic incidents which she herself has since recorded:

"We [Sarah and the Indians George and John, Piutes] followed the trail down the Owyhee River as much as fifteen miles, and then we came to where they had camped, and where they had been weeping and cutting their hair. So we knew that Buffalo Horn [the Bannock leader] had been killed."

There were other indications of great grief, besides the locks of hair on the ground; namely, pieces of *manta* and clothing, and numerous beads broken from the strings and strewn around. They found on the trail the whip of the stage driver who had been killed, and other articles from time to time, which made the blind trail when crossing the rocky beds, easier to follow.

The first ranch the party came to had been owned by a frontier settler, Mr. G. B. Crawley. Everything combustible had been burned, but there were still considerable fire and fresh tracks about the premises. After delaying here to take a little food and rest, they determined to follow the fresher of two branching trails. This led them towards Stein's Mountain. That day they picked up a clock and a fiddle, and shot a mountain sheep, some strips from which added to their supplies. They were then near Juniper lakes. Five miles farther on they caught a glimpse of two people, dressed like Indians, on the slope of the mountain. Sarah's account of this meeting is unique: "As we came nearer to them, I said to George, 'Call to them.' He did so. I saw them rise to their feet. I waved my handkerchief at them again, and one of them called out, 'Who are you?' I said, 'Your sister Sarah.' It was Lee Winnemucca, my brother who had called out * * * Lee said, 'O dear sister, you have come to save us, for we are all prisoners of the Bannocks.'"

Her brother represented that her father had been treated very badly; that his friends had been stripped of guns, horses and blankets, and that there was great peril to life to her and her companions. "For," he said, "they will surely kill you, as they have said they will kill every one who comes with messages from the white people, for Indians who come with messages are no friends of ours. They say so every night." Immediately Sarah and her companions were transformed by the using of blankets

and putting on of war-paint, into Indians proper; then all together they went on to the grand encampment. "The mountain we had to go over was very rocky and steep, almost perpendicular. Sometimes it was very hard for us to climb up on our hands and knees, but we got up at last, and looked down into the hostile encampment. Oh such a sight my eyes met! It was beautiful; 327 lodges, and about 450 warriors." Greater numbers were close at hand: they were down in Little Valley catching horses, and some were killing beef. This was part of the united camp of the Bannocks and Piutes.

A little later, Sarah had worked her way into her father's lodge containing several Piute men and women. She says, "Every-one in the lodge whispered, 'O Sadie, you have come to save us!'" She and her brother succeeded in communicating with most of her father's friends. By concerted action, quite a number, estimated at seventy-five in all, left the camp in the night. When they were well on the way, they heard a horse running towards them. "We had to lie down close to the ground. It came close to us and stopped. Oh! how my heart beat. It stood a little while, and some one whistled. 'Yes,' the whistler said; 'where is father?'" It proved to be Lee Winnemucca's wife Mattie. After this Mattie and Sarah rode together and tented together during the entire campaign.

Lee now turned back to endeavor to separate more Piutes still from the hostiles, and to act as a scout and guard to his father's little column. Old Winnemucca then said, "Ride two by two, keep close together. Men, march your children and your wives. Six men keep back, for fear we will be followed." Thus Winnemucca's family and friends, riding fast for six hours, hurried on for the remainder of the night, reaching Summit Springs at the break of day.

They had stopped for a little rest and food when, of a sudden, they saw one of

their rear guard riding furiously toward them. He cried out as he approached, "We are followed by the Bannocks. I saw Lee running, and them firing at him. I think he is killed." Of course, they mounted at once and rushed on again.

At this time, finding Winnemucca's column too slow to suit her impatient spirit, Sarah took her sister-in-law with her and two Indians, saying to her father,

"Come, father, give me your orders, as I am going back to the troops. What shall I tell General Howard? as I am going to where he is this very day."

Winnemucca replied, "Tell him to send his soldiers to protect me and my people."

With this message, these brave women made the remainder of the distance to the Sheep Ranch, and reported to me as I have previously stated. Bernard's chief of scouts, a Mr. Robbins, was immediately sent with his men to meet the old chief and his party, and bring them to the protection of the troops; to facilitate which, Sarah sent Piute Joe as a guide.

I have been thus particular in recalling some of the incidents of this ride because of its extraordinary nature. It was a ride of over two hundred miles made between 10 A. M. of June 13th and 5:30 P. M. of June 15th. Sarah says truly, "I went for the Government when the officers could not get an Indian or a white man to go for love or money."

Information was now abundant. The reports from all sources showed that the Bannock raiders, those who had committed the most of the murders and robbery, had sent their women and children and bands of ponies in advance of them; so that those whom I had supposed still in the lava beds, as well as the raiders, had already formed junction with the Malheur Indians, and some others, probably Columbia River Indians and Klamaths, had made their way to them. They were all at Stein's Mountain. Their aggregate numbers varied in

the accounts from seven hundred warriors to fifteen hundred. They had a strong position and expressed a determination to remain at Stein's Mountain and give battle.

The friendly Piutes, who had gone with Sarah Winnemucca and returned, were so much alarmed at what they saw, and were so sure that the white men would eventually be defeated, that they could not be prevailed upon by any offer of reward to act as guides or interpreters, or even to continue with us. Furthermore the sorrowful report reached us that the two companies from Camp Harney, affected by the extraordinary and unexpected danger, feared for their families left under an insufficient guard, and had concluded in spite of orders to turn back to their post.

All communication was now, of course, interrupted. The experiment was afterward tried of getting a communication through to Camp Harney by using "Little Joe", a Piute Indian. I had found Joe a prisoner at Silver City, suspected of being a spy, and after investigation, I had concluded to release him, principally in order that I might attach him to me, and, if possible, send him with messages to his people in the enemy's camp. He was now trusted with a communication to Camp Harney. He gave strong promises but proved false, going straight to the hostiles.

With all these considerations in view, all the forces were now directed to make Stein's Mountain the objective point.

The field orders of June 16th sent toward the enemy what we called the right column under Major Joseph Stewart, with two companies of the 4th Artillery and five of the 21st Infantry, changing his march from the Baker road southward; they sent Captain Bernard with his four troops of the 1st Cavalry, constituting a left column straight from the Sheep Ranch to the same point; while Colonel Grover's detachment of three troops of cavalry and one company of the 2nd Infantry, was turned back from its eastward

march toward Fort Hall, and made a center column, to go directly from Boise City to Stein's Mountain. These little columns, moving rapidly toward the expected battlefield, were to be speedily followed by a reserve of five companies of the 12th Infantry, under Major Egbert, who had just come from the Department of California to join our force.

These columns were to move with the usual military precautions. They must carefully scout the country, pick up Indian men, women, and children, and avoid all ambuscades. None were to attack the enemy separately, except when there was a reasonable prospect of success, but if an attack was made, it must be delivered at once and be a quick, vigorous one. They were instructed to keep up constant inter-communication by scouts and couriers, so as give to one another the readiest information and the promptest support at whatever moment need might arise.

One paragraph of this field order indicates that several Indian tribes who were in Wheaton's district, then called the "District of the Clearwater," were represented by warriors or sympathizers in the hostile camp. Colonel Wheaton was urged to watch with great care these tribes, and guard against the return of the renegades whether they were in small or in large parties.

Just as soon as these instructions were issued, my staff officers and I, taking with us Sarah Winnemucca and her sister Mattie as interpreters and guides, drove as rapidly as possible past Fort Lyons, where a short halt was made, back to the Baker road, and there joined the right column under Major

Stewart, and pressed it as fast as men could march, toward the position in which it now seemed probable the enemy would be found.

We began to realize something of the fear and demoralization of the citizens, when we reached what was called Rhinehart's Corner, or Cross-road. Here we found a large brick house and out-houses, filled to repletion with families that had come from the thinly settled valleys and cattle ranches more remote still from the hamlets. Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, who had in charge the scouting parties, soon hired all the men from these crowded tenements and added them to his lists. They were sent out to ride with all their might upon their indefatigable half-breed "cayuses," till they should obtain sight of the hostiles or gather important news of camps, movements, or the present whereabouts of our changeable and rapid enemy.

The poor white women cried out, "What! send away our husbands! Who will care for us? who will protect us?"

Lieutenant Wood replied, "Their going is your protection."

"Oh!" they said in tears, "let the soldiers do that; let the soldiers do the fighting—it is their business!"

"Why, yes," the humorous Lieutenant remarked, "the soldiers will do the fighting—your friends only have to help them to find something to fight!"

The new scouts accordingly soon sped off to comb down the woods and ravines, and trail up the cañons and mountains, to catch and bring back any lurking foes, for the soldiers to fight.

O. O. Howard.

RECENT FICTION.

There are some reasons why a fiction writer should be at a little special disadvantage in the matter of honor in his own country. If he is a master of fidelity to life, his own community will be delighted with his pictures, even with his satires, of itself, as we are told that Boston is with Mr. Howells's; or if he has that other genius of effective caricature, of brilliantly lighting up the striking points in the community's life, still more will it applaud, as California applauded Bret Harte. But without the genius either to be strikingly true to the fact, or with audacious brilliance to appear true, the writer of even a fairly correct representation of life incurs multitudes of minor criticisms from those too familiar with that life. The originals of his characters are sought for, and the doubtless deliberate deviations from entire truth thereto noted; any failings in local color are felt in minute detail.

These generalizations are apropos of Dr. Royce's novel, *The Feud of Oakfield Creek*.¹ Looked at in the large, so to speak, Dr. Royce's book gives to the reader at a distance a very fair impression of some phases of Californian life and character; looked at in the small, it seems to the Californian reader somehow to fail of bringing these out sharply and characteristically. And the story renders itself liable to be judged in the small, because it is defective in construction and fails to leave an impression as a whole, seeming rather a series of episodes. This is not the fault of its plan, which is well-thought; but of the working out thereof. The "feud" and the relations of Escott and Eldon are the real story; and this is connected, and smoothly and

strongly wrought. The love matters of Ellen Escott and Tom Eldon, Mrs. Eldon and Harold, should artistically be only subsidiary to this, and we cannot but believe that the author so intended them; but he has failed to keep them so. This is the more to the disadvantage of his story, as the love story is much inferior to the friendship story. Both are gloomy, both exhibits of human weakness marring human nobility, and helping fate to bear strong and well-meaning people on to tragic disaster. In the case of the fatal feud between Escott and Eldon, this seems inevitable and true to life—although the machinery by which the hostility between them is kept up and increased creaks awkwardly occasionally, when the reprobate Boscowitz has his hand on the crank. The two chief figures seem to us fine and true in conception. They cannot be exactly found in any type of men upon whom the reader could lay his finger here; yet they are such men as well *might* have been among us. The millionaire, however, has somewhat a made aspect—as though from a shrewd study of the California pioneer millionaire made at a distance. We suspect that, in fact, no man has yet remained for years in possession of a score or so of millions without showing not only the effect, as Eldon does, of years of power, but also that of years of flattery, in loss of simplicity.

The love tragedy, on the other hand, is not a justifiable one. It is not so told as to be in its effect what it really is, a warning of the far-reaching wrong wrought by want of self-control in love; nor is it one of those tragedies in which strong souls go down in ship-wreck before storms that fate, and not their own selfish weakness, has brought upon them: and one or the other of these things a

¹The Feud of Oakfield Creek. By Josiah Royce. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

novel should be, to justify its meddling at all with the grave subject of love that conflicts with marriage. This is an element in life that literature cannot without weakness altogether avoid, still less treat conventionally or priggishly; but the line between the noble and the base in such a love cannot be defined with too scrupulous a hand—and there are plain principles of fundamental rectitude, not in the least dependent upon any convention, that fix it. Margaret's love for Harold was in itself of a noble cast; but the want of self-control by which she allowed it to become the ruin of many lives, brought it below the level of nobility, and made the whole affair a deep wrong. The attitude toward her husband and child and life, by which she was inviting at any moment some such catastrophe (the unjust attitude, for no fair moral sense can hold that the woman who had herself held love so light as twice to marry without serious reflection had any right to stand as judge with implacable severity for years over her husband's less grave weakness, in spite of its tragic result); the inability to bear her love in silence and dignity; the recklessness of its consequences to others, at the moment when their fortune depended upon her self-control;—these things make her not the high-minded victim of fate, but its weak and sinning instrument. It is undoubtedly true that in life people are thus weak and sinning; but it is also true that other people are not—that every day women train themselves to a loyal acceptance of such duties as Margaret's marriage involved; that almost any high-minded girl in her teens can at need bear love in the silence that this experienced woman found herself incapable of; and that among trustworthy men and women, the consciousness of important interests intrusted to their discretion rises to silence the lips even more quickly and instinctively than the impulse of speech can find its way thither. Such conscientiousness, such reticence and self-control, such instinctive perception of metes and

bounds and of duty towards others' rights and happiness, are phenomena of every day—else would this world be a yet more cruel place than it is. And the novelist should keep clear to the moral sense of his reader the line between people who preserve these virtues and the half-noble, half-base, who, Lancelot-like, wreck the lives about them by the union of nobility and baseness.

We may add that the story would have been the better for some pruning; what with its episodic structure, and its occasional tendency to over-say, to dwell on a point already sufficiently made, to elaborate a purely parenthetical detail, it becomes hard reading. Almost every episode is good within itself—some of them excellent. It hardly need be said that the book is admirably intelligent. Were it not that repeated instances show that excellent writers in other lines frequently stumble upon a painful crudity of style when they essay fiction, it would also be needless to say that the diction is clear and good. There is, in structure and manner, an unmistakable betrayal of the amateur; but among what we may call amateur novels there rarely falls to us to read one on the whole as free from crudity, as strong, and as intelligent as *The Feud of Oakfield Creek*.

Some two years ago we had occasion to review a certain dull and foolish novel called "The Witch's Head," from the hand of an unknown writer. This unknown writer has since had the luck to make an extraordinary hit, (and, let us say in fairness, the skill to deserve some fraction of his success,) with the ingenious romance of "She." It is probable that in a few years everybody will agree with the critics, who now say that this extravaganza has none of the qualities of the higher order of work, and a great deal of tinsel; but it is undoubtedly "taking." It may prove that it has this merit in sufficient degree to secure it a place for many years among the books that people read; though that place—with all deference to the English

critics who greet Mr. Haggard as the great restorer of romance—we are satisfied will never be a very dignified one. There is a great deal of trumpery about the book, and trumpery is always recognized as such before very long. It is not sincere romancing; it is Mr. Haggard trying to write a popular book. His latest story, *Jess*,¹ betrays this motive in a still higher degree; and the happy thought that gave him for “She” a plot something better than merely sensational, was evidently *only* a chance happy thought, not an outgiving from the affluent imaginative stores of a real romancer. *Jess* is in the main made up of the crudest sensationalism, redeemed by some good description, and occasional touches of eloquence and of insight into human experience, when speaking of the graver mysteries of life and love. Except for these touches, the love story is as sensational and as unnatural as the adventures. We should consider the book fairly characterized by calling it a cross between the dime novel and the legitimate romance of passion. Mr. Haggard is, of course, on an altogether different level of education from the dime novelist, and now and then has paragraphs of very felicitous writing—yet he is capable of an occasional slip that betrays much. “Those sort of reflections come afterward,” is a sentence that, in the convenient phrase, “gives away” the writer irreparably.

Several collections of short stories before us are deserving, for one reason or another, of rather especial note: Robert Louis Stevenson’s *The Merry Men*,² Thomas Nelson Page’s *In Ole Virginia*,³ and Lafcadio Hearn’s *Some Chinese Ghosts*,⁴ for their

¹*Jess*. By H. Rider Haggard. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1886.

²*The Merry Men, and Other Tales and Fables*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

³*In Ole Virginia*. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

⁴*Some Chinese Ghosts*. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

unusual merit; *Between Whiles*,⁵ because it is by the late Mrs. Jackson; and *Crowded Out*,⁶ because it occupies a somewhat new field.

The Merry Men contains six stories, (each of the collections, except “*Crowded Out*,” contains, as it chances, the same number): one of these, “*Markheim*,” was one of the stories in “*The Broken Shaft*,” and perhaps some of the others may have been in print before. All but one of these stories contain some coloring of the uncanny, just falling short of the supernatural—two of them, “*The Merry Men*” and “*Thrawn Janet*,” are of Scotch superstition, and “*Olalla*” is of family degeneracy and the brute in the human; “*Markheim*” and “*Will o’ the Mill*” are half-parables, of the same order as “*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*”; but “*The Treasures of Franchard*” is merely a humane little tale—told in playful humor, though the others are dark-colored, one or two saved from being ghastly only by a certain tranquillity in Mr. Stevenson’s manner that nothing in his matter can obscure; the impression left on the reader’s mind, if deep, is never painful or enervating. Scotland and France, Germany and Spain, give local habitation to the stories. It is scarcely possible to say too much in admiration of their style. It has a curious air of being very old-fashioned; yet it would be hard to say what old writer it is like. It is singularly unique among writings of today—as direct and clear as the best-disciplined modern style, but full of a certain artlessness now well-nigh obsolete. The half-dozen stories, as stories, are nothing remarkable—they are good, but the merit lies mainly in the telling.

It is seldom enough that a man can get himself a place in the memory and interest of the reading public by a single short story;

⁵*Between Whiles*. By Helen Jackson (H. H.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁶*Crowded Out, and Other Sketches*. By Seranus. Ottawa. 1886.

but that is what Thomas Nelson Page did by "Marse Chan." He has published since several others—"Unc' Edinburg's Drownin'," "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," "No Haid Pawn," and "Polly." The half dozen are now collected in a volume (with a cover "designed by the Tiffany Art Company"), under the appropriate title *In Ole Virginia*. None of the later stories has the pathos and beauty of "Marse Chan;" but they give fuller play to the genial humor only hinted at in this earliest one. Those who knew old Virginia testify to the truth of Mr. Page's work (he is a young Richmond lawyer, we are now told); and any reader can appreciate its dramatic vividness, its feeling and intelligence. "No Haid Pawn" is decidedly inferior to the others; but with this exception they are models, in their way, of the short story.

Some Chinese Ghosts is a delightful little group of paraphrases from Chinese sources. The legends have been selected, says their author, with reference to their weird beauty. He has in every case expanded into a tale the mere outline given, in dry brevity, in the original; and the reader, unless he be so fortunate as to know a good deal of Chinese literature, cannot judge whether the quaintly poetic rendering is the paraphraser's own, or is an imitation of Chinese style in extended narrative. It is, at all events, very pretty; and the stories themselves are very pretty, even though several involve deeds of rather ghastly heroism.

It may perhaps seem undervaluing the stories in *Between Whiles* to intimate, as we have done above, that they are of special interest only for the sake of the place their author has held in our current literature: but we cannot rate them as of any such value in themselves as those of either of the

three collections we have just noticed. Mrs. Jackson was singularly at disadvantage in story-writing—a curious contradiction enough, when one thinks of "Ramona"; but for the most part she struggled with, and only partly conquered, a curious crudity both of manner and matter when she turned her pen to fiction. Yet her stories were always popular, and the earliest ones—the "Saxe Holm" stories—made some little stir on their appearance, and are much read yet. A few of them were admirable, free from any touch of the sentimentality that affected the others; and all had a sort of excellence about them. These later, acknowledged stories are written with a firmer pen, and all are fair magazine stories—but scarcely more. "The Captain of the Heather Bell," to our mind is to be excepted from this, for it touches a height of pure and ardent feeling that sets it apart from the others. Several of them have been printed before; one is only a fragment from an unfinished longer story.

Crowded Out is a very unpretentious, paper-covered, ill-printed volume, containing about a dozen sketches two or three decidedly poor, two or three decidedly good, and the rest either indifferent or mixed good and bad. One or two are not stories at all, but sketches only; one or two are somewhat elaborated stories; the rest are between the sketch and story. They are almost entirely Canadian in scene, and appear to have good local color. The alternation of passages of real thoughtfulness, gentleness, and perception of human nature, with artificialities, suggests a writer of no inconsiderable ability, but wanting in critical discrimination—whether because of youth, or newspaper work, or some other cause, it is not easy to guess.

ETC.

There is occasion for even more reflection than has yet been devoted to the subject, in the distaste of the "general reader" of to-day for everything that demands consecutive attention. The increasing dominance of fiction in our reading might be attributed to a growing interest in human nature and experience, instead of to a failing capacity to read anything harder, were it not that within the fiction read there is a parallel change, from the long and serious to the light and easy. Schoolgirls used to be allowed to read Scott and Dickens as an exciting recreation; they are persuaded now to read them for self-improvement, and regard it as a laudable and severe mental exertion. It is curious to notice how restive magazine readers become under a serial that passes novelette length, however entertaining. Cable's "Dr. Sevier," Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," James's "Portrait of a Lady," and "Princess Casamassima," all had begun to provoke impatient comments on their continuance, long before the authors, with any sort of artistic propriety, could bring them to a conclusion. It is curious to reflect what would have been the luck of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Tolstoi, had they published their serials in American journals to-day; and somewhat appalling to reflect what loss in mental power it may imply that people are unable to hold the attention continuously (even for the sake of entertainment, and even when aided by the division into monthly installments) beyond so brief a limit.

THERE are two things especially connected with this loss in power of continuous attention, partly as effects, no doubt, but still more as causes. One is the tyrannous newspaper habit. No one who has watched, in any special instance, the development of this habit to excess, can doubt its tendency to produce mental indolence. The book is dropped, and only brief stories and articles stand a chance of being read; and in time even these repel the wandering attention, and the brief paragraph of the newspaper, the rambling succession of anecdote and incident and news and gossip and passing comment, become all that it can control itself to. The newspapers, with diabolical skill, minister to this mental indolence, and thereby increase and perpetuate it. In tens of thousands of families, the newspaper is not only the reading of the par-

ents, but of the children. And these children, teachers, at the same time, find that the little things turn away from the books that fascinated their own childhood, as if they had been asked to study a difficult lesson, protesting, "O, that's too hard!" The other thing is the present disposition of schools, and parents, and writers for children, to make everything very easy for young minds. Easy words must be used in talking to them; easy renderings supplied them of all sciences and arts; easy methods of education devised, by which the teacher shall do most of the work, and through his labor, and the ingenuity of the system, and abundant supply of costly apparatus, knowledge may be pleasantly and imperceptibly introduced into the child, like a pill concealed in jelly, while he is kept as far as possible under the impression that he is being amused. That he should be allowed or encouraged to front difficulties, to make stalwart effort of brain to comprehend what is almost beyond him, to rouse his powers to do that which is toilsome and disagreeable, and experience the joy of vigorous exertion and achievement,—this is regarded as most dangerous, and apt seriously to injure the brain.

PERHAPS behind both these things lies a common reason. The newspaper is what it is, largely because the habit of reading at all has extended to a lower level of society; the schools and the writers for children have become afraid to demand mental independence, because education has been extended to a lower level, and the children of generations of mental inaction are leavening the schools, and reading the books. Teachers know that the child of the illiterate foreign peasant is often simply stunned by the bare achievement of learning to read, and has to be inducted into it by an incredible expenditure of patient drilling, and an almost inconceivable simplification of everything that is said to him. The peasant child leavens only the public schools, but the new rich, quite as indisposed to mental effort, and perhaps not always much more capable of it, leaven the private ones. These dangerous accompaniments to the great benefits of universal knowledge are to be reckoned with; and the only possible safeguard against them is in the protection and advancement of the higher learning.

Unprofitable Servants.

My life had been apart, my home was placed
by quiet ways,
And solitary, opposite, my neighbor passed her days.
I had a servant, Diffidence, who long with me had
stayed,
And Bashfulness was what they called my timid
neighbor's maid.
Now I often to the lady, dainty delicacies sent,
—A tender word, a message sweet, or pretty com-
pliment.
But my provoking servant was sure to spoil them all,
He crushed them, or he lost them, or else he let
them fall,
And in the dust did roll them, while I in shame
would wait,
And long to call him back with them, but ever was
too late.
And when, with thanks, her Bashfulness came
tripping o'er the way,
All mute she stood, forgetting quite what she was
sent to say,
While my clumsy Diffidence, of course, ne'er came
to her relief;

So our poor servants nearly brought our friendli-
ness to grief.

Once when a costly present to my neigh-
bor I would give,
I felt that, were it broken, 'twould be sad indeed
to live.
And so I sent the blunderer away forever more,
And boldly went, myself, and knocked upon my
neighbor's door.
'Twas Bashfulness that oped to me, a very little
space,
But I pressed in and soon I met my lady, face to face.
"Fair lady," said I simply, "I have brought my
heart to you,
I hope you will accept it, for 'tis loving, warm,
and true."
Then the lady whose dull servant had affrighted
fled away,
Thanked me herself and promised me to cherish
it for aye.
The love and joy she gave to me has gladdened all
my life,
For my gentle little neighbor has become my own
true wife.

I. N. K.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Life of Thomas Benton.

It is doubtless to Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to attain such a place in the political history of the country that, as the series of biographies upon American statesmen progresses, it may not end without including one of himself, that we are indebted for this life of Mr. Benton. A study of the political history of the country is necessary to the education of the political aspirant and that must include the public life of its eminent men. For more than thirty years Mr Benton was the most eminent, as he was by far the ablest, person in politics from that part of the country lying west of the Mississippi river. He was born March 14th, 1782. This is the only date noted in the volume with reference to Mr. Benton, excepting April 10th, 1858, the day on which he died. These seem to be the most important dates in any one's life; but we have become so accustomed in reading other biographies to being more liberally dealt with in the matter of

dates, that we have long ago come to think that their insertion at the important events of life indicated accuracy in the writer and were quite helpful in comparative biography and history. If any reader of this volume has a prejudice in favor of such things, he had better overcome it, or, in case his enjoyment depends upon them, he will have moments of dissatisfaction as he progresses through the book. It may be he will see other reasons to find fault also.

Mr. Roosevelt is not without considerable ability. He has studiously and patiently, we judge, availed himself of Mr. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," and "The Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856," by Mr. Benton, in sixteen volumes, bringing the debates down to 1850, which were the basis of most of this biography. According to the custom of the series, he has considered the life of his subject as made up of eras in the political history of the country, and has not allowed his readers' attention to be distracted from the fact that he was writing of Mr. Benton as a statesman, and not as an individual, whose personal life was of any par-

The Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco, by Chillon Beach.

ticular consequence. The biography of a statesman need not be marred by over many details of private life; but the study of any man's character is not to be known simply from his public appearances and his views upon public questions. The teaching of his life, which we suppose is the chief object in reading it, must lack completeness in the absence of all details of personal traits, from which is developed the aggregate of character that is seen in the public man. The author of this book has made first a little study of Western life and character, as a setting for the picture of Mr. Benton's public career. Then he initiates Mr. Benton into early life, and does not finish his first chapter thereof before he has his subject in the United States Senate. A chapter lets him get comfortably seated, and then to each of the questions that occupy the public interest of the day—the election of Jackson, the struggle with the Nullifiers, the war on the United States Bank, the distribution of the Surplus, the slave question in its various aspects, the boundary troubles with England—single chapters are devoted; and with a few closing remarks the task of authorship is completed.

As a history of the discussions of the public questions and their final solutions, it is clearly and well told. Mr. Roosevelt's admiration for Mr. Benton as one of the greatest statesmen of America is genuine, clearly expressed, and undoubtedly well founded. But his praise and admiration are not indiscriminate. He has been mindful that a part of the duty of the biographer is to heed the imperfections of his subject, and to occupy towards him a quasi-judicial position. Indeed, in this umpirical attitude Mr. Roosevelt views a good many public events and cotemporaneous personages, and gives his decisions with an air of superiority and conclusiveness that sometimes surprises one into the suspicion that a new Daniel has come to judgment. The phrases perplex us as to whether the author, or this statesmen of the past generation, be the greater. There appears to be no phase of affairs that he does not feel called upon to criticise or approve—usually to criticise.

He adjudges the question of the tariff by remarking sententiously that "in a federal Union it is most unwise to pass laws which shall benefit one part of the community to the hurt of another part, when the latter receives no compensation." He quietly wipes out the name of Jefferson from the list of honest men by attributing to him the quality of "being constitutionally unable to put a proper value on untruthfulness." He closes the argument of the abolitionist, who preferred separation to slavery in the Union, by asserting that "it was self-evident that by no possibility could slavery be abolished unless the Union was preserved." He

settles all question of dispute as to intellectual precedence, by adjudging that Mr. Lincoln "was not only the greatest American, but also the greatest man of the nineteenth century." Of Mr. Calhoun he says, that "it may well be that he has received far more credit for purity of motive in his public conduct than his actions fairly entitle him to." In discussing the question of slavery extension, he somewhat startles one by declaring that "the Greeks for the conquest of new lands which characterized the Western people had nothing whatever to do with the fact that some of them owned slaves." Of General Robert E. Lee he says, "he will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth"—and adds, with a much audacity as good taste, "and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington." He patronizes his subject and laments that Mr. Benton's great talents were "exercised on behalf of such a piece of foolishness as for example, the expunging resolution." He warns our cousins that "The English rule in India, while it may last for decades or even for centuries, must eventually come to an end and leave little trace of its existence; on the other hand our conquests from Mexico determined for all time the blood, speech and law of the men who should fill the lands we won." He concludes that Mr. Webster made rather a poor piece of work of the Ashburton treaty, which determined the boundary with Great Britain, for he says, *ex cathedra*, concerning it, that "no foot of soil to which we had any title in the Northwest should have been given up; we were the people who could use it best, and we ought to have taken it all." A stranger, at all familiar with the history of our country, and the great men who have figured in its history, might upon reading such samples of arbitrament, somewhat too curiously enquire concerning the author. These specimens seem to us however, to indicate considerable self-reliance—a quality which in the sphere of politics may be more safely depended upon for success than in that of history or biography. This proneness to pass a final judgment upon eminent people, and legislative and judicial and diplomatic events, is very frequent throughout this biography, and has the deplorable tendency to divert the reader's attention from the subject of the volume to the author of it, which latter person, we are wont to believe, should not obtrude his opinions as of much consequence.

Barring the over-much mixture of Mr. Roosevelt's superior judgments, the volume gives a lucid account of Thomas H. Benton's political career, and will aid to a just knowledge of the life of one of the most eminent statesmen of America.

Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit.¹

It is announced upon the title page and in the introduction of this volume, that it was "revised in part by Mr. Beecher, and under revision by him at the time of his death," and that "when his ministry came to a glorious close, he had gone patiently over about one-third of it." The volume contains characteristic sayings by the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, selected from sermons, speeches, and writings. It is a duodecimo of 229 pages, and the selections, of from one to five lines each, are placed under thirty-eight different heads, such as Nature, Man, Business, Character, The World, Success, Human Life, Liberty, Wealth, The Press, and Education, besides religious and theological topics.

The title of the volume is ambitious, and one would believe beyond the vanity of living man concerning anything he might produce as original, were it not that the editor announces that "the work was begun nearly ten years ago, at Mr. Beecher's suggestion and under his guidance." It is only charitable to his memory to conjecture that the editor alone is responsible for the title, and to believe that *that* part of the book was never, not even a third part, revised by Mr. Beecher. It challenges the test of a criticism that few authors are ambitious to have applied to their productions. Proverbs are, to the minds of most people, the concentration and consummation of wisdom. As learned and witty as many men are, few hold themselves equal to the utterance of such wise sayings. An unusual inspiration sometimes gives a man the rare chance of a happy hit in language, which his best admirers may claim as a genuine utterance of wisdom. That in the long life of the world, men have from time to time been thus genuinely wise as well as felicitous, is evidenced in the proverbs that the world has accepted and hands down as heirlooms to each new generation. But they are not in any man's every-day speech. They are not produced in given quantities, nor are they subject to production under contract. We do not doubt that there are a good many people who are ready for a given price to agree to originate them, and to bring us fresh for every day's breakfast, ready for the day's application, pure maxims that they will warrant will pass for proverbs. But the contract could never be filled, if the performance were to be put to the tests which determine the wisdom of all speech—time and the truth, which wait upon their application to human affairs. "Proverbs," it is said, "embody the current and practical phil-

osophy of an age or nation." Lord Bacon said: "The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs;" and Lord John Russell pithily defines a proverb as "the wit of one and the wisdom of many."

Either Mr. Drysdale has some other understanding of what proverbs are, or he has not attained to the limited wisdom which can weigh the worth of words. There are in this volume, we estimated, more than two thousand "proverbs." In our judgment this collection shows in a very marked way the danger which may come to one's reputation from the over-great admiration of not very critical people. As simple selections, of more or less value, from the writings of a preacher of unusual force, brilliancy, and eloquence, they must prove acceptable enough to Mr. Beecher's friends and admirers. But every word is not pure gold; every sentence is not a nugget; and although by some curious fate, very commonplace sayings occasionally get to be quoted as utterances of wisdom, very few of these are likely ever to be repeated as proverbs. An unusual way of putting a very usual truth will sometimes impress that truth upon the ordinary man, who is not much given to thinking. But its single utterance has fulfilled its purpose, and the phrase is not worth saving as a proverb, any more than a common fly is worth saving in amber. Much of Mr. Beecher's speech was of this character. A part of the admiration which was bestowed upon him was by reason of his fearlessness, a part by reason of his freshness of phrase, a part by reason of his genuine humor and broad, human, and generous manner, his attractive and persuasive personality. These are qualities that win hearers, but do not make a strong armor against the sharp edge of criticism. We do not say that Mr. Beecher never said a wise thing, nor uttered a proverb; but we say that he never uttered two thousand proverbs, or, if he did, that they are not among the two thousand and more selections in this volume.

It would be ungracious not to make good this criticism by a few instances:

Under the sub-title "Nature," he says: "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." If that, in its wisdom, is true and was uttered to the glory of God, we fail to know the meaning of words or to recognize a proverb when we see it. The phrase is pretty enough, if it means nothing, and seems to us an inspiration worthy a choice place in a young lady's album. He says on the same page: "The monkey is an organized sarcasm upon the human race, with variations multitudinous." We leave the value of that to be discussed between the evolutionists and the friends of the departed preacher.

¹Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit. Selected from the writings and sayings of Henry Ward Beecher. By William Drysdale. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1887.

He says: "In things pertaining to enthusiasm, no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions." The application of this proverb will be found frequently among revivalists in religion. But as an utterance of a truth it will scarcely endure analysis. And there is no page of the volume on which may not be found even weaker sentences, that less justify by felicity of phrase any attempt to consecrate them as proverbs. The editor seems unfortunately, as not infrequently happens to devoted admirers of other men, to select with singular fatality, as the wisest things his hero uttered, and to prove his greatness, what one can scarcely help thinking must have been his most foolish sayings—certainly, apart from their context, what seem really very weak. Mr. Drysdale's critical faculty was a little dull when he printed these as proverbs. "Four hundred thousand angels blowing trumpets for a fool would not give him a right to preach." "There never was so happy a man as Jesus Christ." "The theatre is the door to all kinds of iniquity."

The following seem to us among the best of the sayings, and yet may to many seem not very extraordinary: "Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of dishonesty."—"The ability to convert ideas to things is the secret of outward success."—"A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves."—"No office can make a worthless man respectable. A tallow candle does not become wax by being put in a golden candle-stick."—"Mountains of gold would not seduce some men, yet flattery would break them down."

The best that we could be justified in saying by way of fair appraisal of the volume is that perhaps one in twenty of the selections is readable beyond the sentences of ordinary men, and that of those upon the themes touching man perhaps a twentieth, again, are worth reading for some peculiarity of beauty, wit, or wisdom. What the author has to say upon the subjects The Nature and Spirit of God, Theology, Death, and the other themes upon which man's ignorance is immeasurable, and which Mr. Beecher's wisdom is unable to elucidate, belongs to that great mass of imaginative literature that has been devoted to conjecture and hope, and gives no further hint of truth than the visionary angels of Jacob's dream.

Dr. Channing's Note-book.

These notes of Channing, we are told by the editor, "have been gathered with careful study; and

are here reproduced, without change or revision of any kind." Conscious of the abrupt construction of many of them, she believes that what is lost in elegance is more than compensated in vigor and freedom of expression. They were the expressions of his current thoughts, as he was reading, or musing, and were written with lack of restraint, because intended for personal and immediate reference only. Excepted from this are the last ten pages of the volume, which are from chapters of his unfinished work on Man. The notes include thoughts upon a large range of topics, such as came most frequently within consideration of this eminent man, and they show the lofty tone of thought, and the strong and pure heart of one who was among the most highly esteemed thinkers of the early part of this century. Such themes as Freedom, Man, Society, The State, Self-culture, Friendship, Love, Faith, Conversation, Education, Life, Joy, Happiness, The Soul, God, Religion, Sensation, Reflection, Memory, are the occasion of some of his highest thoughts.

His conception of true freedom is expressed thus: "Forego everything rather than invest another with the power of determining your actions, or transfer to him the empire which belongs only to your own minds." His idea of the proper dignity of man, thus: "I am never to lose the consciousness of my own importance as an intellectual and moral being. Whoever respects it is my friend. I deserve this respect."—"How far are men kept in wickedness by being taught that it is their natural state?"—"The misery of mankind is not this, or that calamity, but ignorance of the true resources from all calamity." Of Society he says: "A bad sovereign makes an unhappy country. Does this rule change when the people are sovereign? Can the people govern any farther than they are enlightened and self-governed? The people swayed by demagogues do not rule."

On other themes: "Studied conversation is most tedious, and defeats all its ends. We want in conversation that the heart should flow out. We cannot every moment pronounce a maxim."—"He who converses without the idea of displaying himself has made great progress in humility."—"Fear makes children false."—"Injudicious restraint is the parent of self-will."—"Shakespeare is as a prophet whose writings are fulfilled by all which takes place."—"There is no religion in being unhappy."—"Men have labored for churches more than for religion."

These are but a few specimens of the thoughts of a man, all whose thoughts were devoted to further the development, liberty, and elevation of human society.

¹Dr. Channing's Note-book. Passages from the unpublished manuscripts of William Ellery Channing. Selected by his granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

A Club of One.¹

The contents of this volume purport to have come from a pretty good-sized drawer, locked and padlocked, and found filled with manuscripts. The editor presumes "to give them the title they bear, the author of them having departed this life." We are asked to think that they were written not for the public, but purely for occupation; that "their author, a reader and thinker, though an invalid, could not be idle," that "he has said some things that have not been said before, and has said them in his own way." The preface thus invites the reader's criticism; for all the world awaits the writer who can fulfill the expectation that must attend such an announcement. Reader, we readily confess the writer has been; thinker, not so much as reader and re-narrator. The "things that have not been said before," we have patiently sought, and have to confess that our seeking is without its promised reward.

About all of originality that readers have any right to hope for, is not in the thought, but in the way of putting things. And there is here and there throughout this volume a freshness and quaintness of expression that saves the reader from otherwise inevitable *ennui*. If the editor is the veritable author of the book, he apparently seeks immunity from a too critical review by standing in the shadow of a presumed invalid, who finds consolation in the constant seclusion of his rooms, in his books, which give him the best companionship, and in his pen, which he takes up to utter the thoughts that seem to prelude his reading. His thoughts, however, keep always close company with his books, so close, indeed, that the reader is impressed with the idea that they are only the result of his reading. The book seems to be the product of many notes taken while reading. They are upon a multitude and variety of subjects. The books read were mostly the standard books of English literature. His thinking was not very deep nor continuous, for on almost every topic he graciously yields the greater space to excerpts and anecdotes, which his books kindly and richly furnish. As the final result, one finds that it may be true that the book was composed by one "who might have been sociable", for he is often held most sociable and most entertaining who, if he converses, does not afflict us with thoughts too deep nor too long in expression, and fortifies himself against the charge of wearying us by a plentiful supply of anecdotes of people more illustrious than himself. The volume is not without interest, but rather as

reminding the reader of pleasant things that he likes to be reminded of, than as suggesting to him much of anything "that has not been said before."

Briefer Notice.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued in their "Handbook Series" two magazine articles by Thos. Wentworth Higginson, here entitled *Hints on Writing and Speech-making*.² The author is a master of both accomplishments, and what he says is well worth reading by young writers and speakers. He lays down six specific rules for success in speech-making, and gives much excellent advice to contributors to literature. Among other requisites, he insists upon clearness of expression; but when the labor to acquire this fails, "we can try," he says, "to believe it only that inevitable obscurity which Coleridge calls a compliment to the reader." But by what sarcasm of fate does he, in impressing the lesson offer to his readers the following unhappy sentence? "If, therefore, in writing, you find your theme to be abstruse, labor to render your statement clear and attractive, as if your life depended on it: your literary life does depend on it, and if you fail, relapses into a dead language, and becomes like that of Coleridge only a *Biographia Literaria*." If Mr. Higginson were dead, the commentators, like worms, would be "e'en at him." But, living, he may rise and explain.—We also receive a new edition of *English Synonyms Discriminated*,³ by Archbishop Whately, edited by Richard Dublin, who has revised the work throughout. The book, which has helped educate several generations of scholars, needs no special words of commendation.—The last issue of the series of volumes devoted to "Epochs of Modern History" is that entitled "*The Early Tudors, Henry VII, Henry VIII*."⁴ They are reprints from English publications, and are rightly commended as epitomes that are worth a place in every one's library. Without pretending to be derived first hand from the original sources, they are all written by authors selected by the editor for their special qualifications for writing the separate periods to which the volumes are devoted. The present is the seventeenth volume of the series, and with the previous volumes makes complete an excellent history from the earliest English history to the death of Henry VII.—*Obiter Dicta*⁵ is a

²Hints on Writing and Speech-making. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³Synonyms Discriminated. By Archbishop Whately, edited by Richard Dublin.

⁴The Early Tudors. Henry VII: VIII. By the Rev. C. E. Moberly, M. A., late a Master of Rugby School. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

⁵Obiter Dicta. Second Series. By Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

¹A Club of One. Passages from the note-book of a man who might have been sociable. With marginal summary by the editor. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

reprint of a volume made up of almost a dozen papers—all but two of which were formerly lectures or contributions to the press upon authors and literary themes. The two alluded to are upon Milton and Pope respectively; the rest upon Johnson, Burke, The Muse of History, Charles Lamb, Emerson, The Office of Literature, Worn-out Types, Cambridge and the Poets, and Book-buying. The reader must not be repelled by the old, familiar themes, for the author has not a tedious page in his book. Indeed, he was in conscience bound to be entertaining, for he believes that to be the duty of every author. "I protest," he writes in this very volume "that it is a matter of indifference whether an author is happy, or not, I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it." He has the wit and intelligence to follow his own teaching. "Every author," he says also, "be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made

disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book." This author is both grave and gay, and his book is most ingratiating. His papers are not long enough to weary, nor exhaustive enough to be exhausting. He has a sensitive intelligence that finds a phase of interest in the lives of the persons of whom he writes, and he treats it seriously enough to enlighten his reader fully, and, for the most part, humorously enough to win his smiles. He writes from fullness of knowledge. To those familiar with his themes he is a most charming commentator, while to those whose critical judgment is immature, he is a singularly intelligent help and guide. He has a large charity that makes you think well of men whom all critics have not always spoken well of, and he has a discrimination that is excellent and trustworthy. His style is fresh, and brilliant, and fascinating, and the book is sure to win a place among the favorite volumes of your library.

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A NEST OF WILD CATS.

In the last year of the preceding century Aaron Burr tried his prentice hand at stealing a bank charter through the New York Legislature, securing its passage under the guise of a bill chartering a company to supply the city of New York with water. From that early date until the establishment of our present national banking system, the legislatures of the various States spent much time and labor in tinkering with bank charters.

Banking privileges were granted in some cases by special and in others by general enactments. Like the traveler, choosing between two roads in an Indiana swamp, whichever way was selected, the State was apt to wish that it had tried the other. Where "special acts" were required, too often the only result was that specially active lobbying and log-rolling was necessary to get the charter granted. Thus in 1813, Governor Snyder of Pennsylvania vetoed a bill granting charters to twenty-five banks, with an aggregate capital of nine millions.

Next year, however, a more generous policy on the part of the pullers of wires enabled them to pass a bill over the second veto of the governor, chartering forty-one banks with an aggregate capital of seventeen millions, of which only one-fifth was required to be paid in. Of this number thirty-seven went into operation, and of these, fifteen failed within four years.

The birth of such a litter of wild cats was certainly a great calamity; but the passage of a general enabling act, which made possible their spontaneous generation over a whole State, seems to have been worse. In 1837, Michigan passed such an act: and it may be well to glance at her experience, before turning to that of Nebraska Territory, which is the subject of the present paper.

The act was supposed to have been carefully drawn, but almost immediately after its passage, "banks were springing up all over the State, in unheard of places, in the depths of the forest, in saw mills, in asheries, and in the pockets of dishonest

men." Their circulation soon became so enormous that there was probably \$300 of it for each man, woman, and child in the State. H. M. Utley says that paper cities were brought into existence merely to give plausibility to the lie which made people believe that a sound bank was located in some unvisited corner of the State, and mortgages on the lots of these alleged towns were shown as the real estate security required by law. Speaking of the city and bank of Brest, he says that the contemplative traveler who should penetrate to the desolate frog-pond, which the lithographic advertisements of the place had represented as thronged with the merchantmen of the world, "would never dream what great possibilities had been unrealized on that spot." Three unhappy commissioners were appointed to visit all the banks and see that they complied with the law. Spies dogged their steps and notified each bank as they approached. A considerable supply of specie was carted along ahead of them to enable each bank in turn to make a good showing. "An examination into the affairs of the Lenawee County Bank showed the requisite specie on hand. Suddenly descending upon the bank a few days later, the total amount of cash in the vaults was found to be \$34.20. At the same time, the circulation of the bills of the bank amounted to more than \$20,000." In 1839 the bank commissioners made an almost pathetic report, in which they affirmed that at a low estimate there were \$1,000,000 of worthless notes in the hands of the people. In an agony of haste to get rid of the thing, the law was repealed and declared unconstitutional at the same time.

But however calamitous might be the outcome of these early experiments, each new State was in turn anxious to try the intoxicating influence of inflation; and each in turn had to undergo the depressing, head-achy process of recovering from the financial spree. In the early days of Nebraska, many

things, ranging in importance from the chartering of a town to the granting of a divorce, required a special act of the Territorial legislature, and the competition for bank charters was eager from the first.

Wherever powerful economic forces have their origin in what are termed "practical politics," we are apt to find that the political part of applied political economy is by far the more important one. And in the case under consideration it will be found that the struggle of these banks to get into existence is the most suggestive phase of their history. The early legislatures of Territorial Nebraska were of rather extraordinary composition. Nearly all the members of the first assembly came across the Missouri River from Iowa for the express purpose of being elected. To make perfectly sure of this devoutly wished for consummation, some of them even went so far as to bring along their entire constituencies from the older State. Thus two wagon loads of the citizens of Council Bluffs provided themselves with ballot boxes, and election blanks, and very refreshing refreshments, and on election day made a little excursion into the tract of prairie and woodland that acting Governor Cuming had marked off as "Burt County," where there was not at the time a single *bona fide* inhabitant. The result was a set of vastly formal election returns, which entitled two representatives and one councilman to seats in the Territorial assembly. In fact, Nebraska had a fully developed State government so early in her history that it was at first necessary for her to borrow citizens to fill the offices. The second, third, and fourth assemblies, of which I shall have occasion to speak, were of course made up of men who were for the most part citizens of the Territory, but all through the fifties the legislative body was of such a nature that at any time muscle was liable to become a factor in legislation, and "the revolver to serve as a representative of the people." A Territory so governed was certainly a con-

genial habitat for the financial *lynx rufus*.

The first special act of incorporation passed by a Nebraska legislature for any purpose whatever, brought into existence the Western Exchange Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Omaha. This company was a banking establishment in disguise, and was soon known as the Western Exchange Bank. It was the only one chartered by the first legislature; for though there was a good deal of log-rolling to get other bills of the kind passed, yet sectional interests (relative to the location of the capital) were paramount, and in the trading of influence between the various factions these bank charters were finally defeated. The contest for their chartering brought out a tremendous burst of oratory from a certain Mr. Jones, who claims to have been the only man in the first assembly that consistently opposed all the charters. In the greatest effort of this since modest dealer in real estate, he exhorted his fellows to remember posterity, and their constituents, and other things supposed to have a cautionary influence upon legislators; and as he warmed to his peroration he declared that, "when he (Jones) should be gathered to his fathers, and a humble monument should be erected to his memory, it would gratify his soul to look down from the high battlements of heaven—the region of the blest—and read upon that monument the simple and truthful inscription: 'Here lies an honest man—he voted against wildcat banks in Nebraska.'"

In the second Territorial assembly, that of 1856, Mr. Jones was not a member, and so was debarred from doing additional work to earn the coveted monument. But there was this year in the lower house a young man of twenty-two, J. Stirling Morton, who was fresh from college, and full to running over of the principles inculcated by Wayland's Political Economy. He was chairman of a special committee on the chartering of the Richardson County Bank, and submitted an adverse minority report,

in which he argued at length against what he termed John Lawism, and said that every bill issued by such concerns as the legislature was asked to create, should be stamped with the legend: "Bill-holders individually liable." His fight and that of others in the other chamber, was vigorous, brilliant, and unsuccessful. His report was denied a place in the House Journal, and five banks were incorporated in spite of all opposition.

The charters of these five banks were all drawn according to the same model. The company was in each case made up of less than a dozen persons. The stock was either \$50,000 or \$100,000, to be increased at will to \$500,000, and was divided into shares of \$100 each. When \$25,000 of the stock had been *subscribed*, the company could organize and begin business. The stock was assignable and transferable according to such regulations and restrictions as the directors might think proper. The bank had power to issue notes, bills, and other certificates of indebtedness, to deal in exchange, etc. The stockholders were individually liable for the redemption of the currency, but there was no provision for a fixed specie reserve, nor other guard against individual rascality or incompetency. There was, indeed, a clause requiring an annual report of the condition of the bank to be made to the State auditor, and this report was to be published in three papers of the Territory. No such report was ever made.

In the third session of the Territorial assembly, there was an increasing number of banks seeking "the awful right to live." But by this time there was a growing suspicion that paper money might not be found to be as much of a help in the development of the young commonwealth as had been supposed. There were already six banks for a population of twelve thousand. A majority report of the council committee to which had been referred "sundry bank

bills," was adverse to their passage. Their adverse report is something of a curiosity, and seems to have been not so much the outcome of the teachings of political economy as an ebullition of good sense and common honesty. As an evidence of what the untrained intellects of plain men can do in dealing with such a problem, considerable extracts are here given with no attempt to revise the grammar, orthography, or punctuation.

The two men, Messrs. Reeves and Miller, boldly say that they are, "not at all in favor of banking in general," yet neither do they feel positive that the new State can get along without banks, for they think that under such circumstances the Eastern banks would send their money thither and monopolize the gold and silver themselves [!]. Concluding, then, that it may be necessary to compete with other States in the issuing of bad money, the committee "would further state that if it was true that a little of a thing was good therefore more was better, this legislature might go on and charter a bank for every county in the Territory. . . . But where are to be found the honest men who would invest capital in a banking operation when every twenty-four square miles has a machine for grinding out a mean representation of money. Your committee can easily conceive that they are recreant to the interests of the persons who would readily engage in the business of securing charters and putting bills in circulation to the extent of their ingenuity, and when no more could be issued a failure would ensue and the bill holders would have the privilege of holding them." After considering the evils of inflation in a style equally forcible and ungrammatical they go on to say:

"Look now, sir, at this machine as a bank of exchange and tell us what banker in any of our eastern cities would honor our paper, none would dare because they would have no certainty that the soulless thing would have any existence when the draft should

return by express. . . . But suffer us again to return to the issue. We have now six banks; add six more and we have twelve, a bank for every thousand inhabitants there with a capital stock of \$250,000; each [therewith a capital stock of \$250,000 each,] would be equal to \$300,000 [3,000,000 evidently intended], three times that annually, which is the remaining sum which they have a positive right to issue would be \$900,000 [\$9,000,000] this upon equal division would give to every man, woman and child \$750 currency, allowing every fifth of our twelve thousand inhabitants to be business men, then we would have for each man \$3,750.

"There is another view of this matter it would be well to look at. Who are the men that ask for these charters? Are they sovereign squatters of Nebraska? Most, if not all the leading men are from other states who would be much obliged to us now to legislate to them the opportunity of filling our pockets with their bills, but who would laugh us to scorn when they had our gold and our property in their possession.

"Who in his senses would think of intrusting money in the vaults of such institutions, if past experience would teach us anything. We would dread them as a highway robber, for hundreds have confidence in them, have waked up in the morning and have found that the body of the soulless thing had evaporated, and that there was nothing to represent his pocket full of bills but an old store, a counter and a broom."

The committee next take high moral ground, for after saying that "it will avail us little to wail over our folly and wickedness when the territory is bankrupt," they point to the fact that "privileges, exemption, and facilities for speculation encourages and multiplies rascals. The honest portion of the community with vice constantly before their eyes become assimilated with it; its odious features and soon become familiarized; they wink at the monster[!], and it is

well for them if they are not fascinated and become parties in a grand swindle of the confiding and unthinking portion of the community."

Thus far the report is climacteric, and one only wishes that the public printer had done more to aid the writers in the unaccustomed task of composition; but their conclusion is weak. They "are not willing to take the responsibility of saying that there shall be no banks chartered at this session of the legislature," and only recommend certain amendments in case the council should see fit to grant any of the charters. These amendments limited the amount of stock of each bank to \$300,000, reduced the maximum rate of interest chargeable to eighteen per cent., provided for the deposit of certain securities with the State treasurer, and made the stock non-transferable except after three months' public notice of the contemplated transfer. More than a dozen bank bills were introduced at this session, but only two of them passed, the charters in these cases being the same as those granted the previous year. The governor vetoed both these bills, in his veto message modestly stating that he was willing to throw himself into the gulf to save his country; but a two-thirds vote passed the charters over his veto, and the unclosed chasm, having thus swallowed down the self-complacent Curtius, still yawned horribly for more.

In the autumn of 1857 every bank in Nebraska failed. The immediate cause of the panic this year was the failure in Cincinnati of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, and the collapse of the then famous New York broker, John Thompson. At first the Western newspapers insisted that the panic could not possibly hurt their section of the country. The Omaha *Nebraskaian* early in September echoed a Chicago paper which asserted that "even should there be a much greater tumbling among these institutions [the Eastern banks] than we have now any reason to expect, our Western banks

will scarcely feel the shock. Wall Street may be the money centre, the great stock and currency regulator, but the money strength of the country is in the West." This obscure and illogical declaration of financial independence failed to nullify the laws of trade. The assertion of Messrs. Reeves and Miller that the bank charters were not sought by "sovereign squatters" of Nebraska, was well borne out by the condition of affairs in the Territory at the time the panic reached her. It was found that only one of the "capitalists" concerned in her banking enterprises was a resident of the Territory. The Platte Valley Bank, the capital invested in which was owned by a resident of the city where the bank did business, was the only one that redeemed all its currency at par. This was done, not because there was anything intrinsically sound in the institution itself, but because S. F. Nucholls would not have it said that any money bearing his name had been worth less than its face value.

The Western Exchange Bank of Omaha was the first chartered, the most pretentious of the early enterprises, and the first to fail. L. R. Tuttle and A. U. Wyman, who were respectively cashier and teller of this bank, were both of them at a later period prominently connected with the management of our national finances. The president of the bank, Thos. H. Benton, Jr., issued an address, and trustees were appointed, the promise being made to wind up affairs as quickly and economically as possible. But most of the banks went out of existence without the formality of trustees, or statements, or anything else pertaining to a decent and orderly financial "taking-off." As a typical case of abjectest failure the Nemaha Valley Bank of Brownville may be taken. After the time when the cashier, seeing reason to anticipate a run, had thoughtfully locked the front door and slipped out the back one, the editor of the Brownville *Advertiser* ob-

tained leave to examine the books, and announced in the next issue of his paper that every thing was sound, only time was needed. According to his account there was \$33,000 of the Nemaha Valley currency in circulation. The assets of the concern consisted of "stock notes, \$73,000; discounted paper at thirty and sixty days, over \$5,000; cash, over \$1,000." It surely required a Western journalist, characteristically impressed with the need of maintaining public confidence, to state that such a condition of things indicated soundness. Suppose, for instance, that it should transpire that the "stock notes" were virtually worthless. Such a thing was not uncommon, as the stockholders of the old State banks used often to "pay up" their capital by giving their personal notes, and then when occasion offered they could take measures to make these notes entirely worthless. Suppose further that the discounted paper had been received from those who were not reliable, at least in a financial crisis. Suppose also that the alleged "cash" consisted of the bills of other banks as worthless as the one under investigation, and suppose, finally, that the books had been "fixed," and that in reality much more than \$33,000 of currency had been issued.

Such was very nearly the condition of the Nemaha Valley Bank. The machinery of the courts was put in motion to enforce the redemption of the currency, and nearly a thousand dollars of the old bills are stored among the records of the district court. Property was levied upon that usually turned out to belong to some one else, and finally the sheriff reports having levied upon and sold a safe, a table, a stove, and a letter press, which altogether brought sixty-three dollars. The last plea which the absent president ventured to make was, that the so called "Nemaha Valley Bank" could not be sued, since in reality it had not been legally incorporated

at all! The only record to be found of the assets of the Bank of Nebraska, at Omaha, is in the return of a writ of execution by the sheriff of the county, when he reports having levied upon and sold the following property: "Thirteen sacks of flour, one large iron safe, one counter, one desk, one stove drum and pipe, three arm chairs, and one map of Douglas County."

But in many instances the collapse was more mischievous because not so sudden and complete. The institutions had legally forfeited their charters, elastic as those charters were; yet they continued to drag out a precarious existence, getting cases postponed in the courts, compromising with their creditors, and circulating their bills below par. People, thus finding that poor money kept on circulating, apparently ceased to care how bad it might happen to be. Banks having not the faintest shadow of a legal claim to existence sprang up in various parts of the State. Such was the Omaha and Chicago Bank, which issued bills bearing date as late as May 1861. Such also were the Corn Exchange and Waubeek Banks, both of De Soto. Another of the same kind was the Omaha City Bank and Land Company. The bills of this company were stamped with the legend, "Capital, \$300,000; circulation, \$200,000." To add to the general confusion the city of Omaha issued scrip to the amount of \$100,000 to aid in the completion of a public building. This scrip at first passed at par, but soon depreciated, and except as some of it was used in the payment of taxes, it was never redeemed at all. "The Brownville Hotel Company" was also encouraged by the newspapers of the time to take the same method of making a loan, but I am not sure that it ever did so. The governor of the Territory took steps to secure the prosecution of the illegal concerns, but accomplished as little as some of the governors of our own time in their attempts to prune off the illegalities of more powerful corporations. As each new bank

began business, the newspapers hastened to urge that it was just as legal and sound an enterprise as any of like nature in the Territory, — which was true in the strictest possible sense.

In 1858 some enterprising strangers appeared in Omaha and began the work of "wiring through a bill" to incorporate the State Bank of Nebraska, which was to be established at Omaha with branches in different parts of the Territory. It was to have direct dealings with the Territorial government, lend it money, and be of use in many ways. The sleek gentlemen who had the enterprise in hand were near being successful, but before the bill had passed the council, their attempts to bribe certain men who were not bribable, got them into trouble, and they found it to their interest to flit Eastward swiftly and secretly.

What were the actual losses to bill holders from these wildcat banks, there is no means of ascertaining. None of them ever made any of the required reports to the Territorial auditor; few of their old books are preserved, and some of them seem hardly to have troubled themselves with books at all. In the report of the comptroller of the currency for 1876, we find the statistics of the old State banks in so far as they have been preserved. The table of the Nebraska banks is obviously incomplete. For the year 1857 only four banks are reported, which have an aggregate capital of \$205,000, and an aggregate circulation of \$353,796. In 1858 six banks are given, but their aggregate capital is only \$15,000, and their total circulation \$41,941. For 1859 but two banks are given, for 1860 none, and for 1861 but one; later than this there is no report. Now it is certain that there was no lawful bank in the Territory after 1857, and it is equally certain that there were between five and a dozen of the unlawful, wildcat variety.

None of these banks issued bills of a denomination higher than ten dollars, and only two of them issued anything larger than

fives. All their energies were devoted to getting their currency to circulate as fast and as far as possible, and the farther the better. Most of it ceased to circulate only when it had found its way into the possession of those least able to appreciate its worthlessness, and least able, also, to bear the loss that its worthlessness entailed. Iowa learned in the bitter school of experience how mischievous it might be, and her newspapers used to publish long statements of the various discounts at which Nebraska money should be received, and to caution her people in a general way against receiving it at all. Long after the Nemaha Valley Bank had, in a court of law, entered the plea that it did not exist, an enterprising citizen of Brownville took a pocketful of its bills down below St. Louis and passed them as good money. Even in the early days of the war many of the Nebraska soldiers found it profitable to carry a supply of the worthless State bank currency, as they often met those who could be persuaded to receive it.

And from this it follows that we cannot wisely ignore even such an apparently unimportant chapter in the banking history of our country, for the evil does not stop at the boundaries of the State or Territory over which a single incompetent or dishonest legislature may have authority. Each individual must directly or indirectly depend upon the integrity, not only of the legislature which he helps to elect, but upon that of many legislatures chosen by constituencies to which he does not belong. It is proved that money of almost any quality can be made to circulate across State lines, and even a new, raw Territory can disturb the finances of half a dozen States. Nebraska was one of the last of the Territories having a chance to do this kind of blundering, and a statement of how disastrously she availed herself of the opportunity, may have value at the present time as a reminder of the financial nadir to which it is possible for a State to sink.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS. IV.—BATTLE OF "OLD CAMP CURRY."

While the three columns were marching as fast as they could, from different sides towards Stein Mountains, which at last accounts had all told some two thousand Indians filling various camps, returning scouts and messengers met me every few hours. At last, on the 19th, word came that the hostiles were no longer in those mountains, nor in that neighborhood; that they had on the approach of Bernard's troop, lost courage and so made forced marches—or better, perhaps, a wild run—more than one hundred miles westward into a barren country, very hilly and heavily wooded, southwest of Camp Harney. In the evening of the same day, I heard from Captain Bernard that he had reached our point of concentration and finding the Indians gone, had pressed on after them, following their plain trails, and putting his troops to their utmost speed.

It is well now to pay a brief visit to the enemy's encampment, to inquire in the light of subsequent events what produced this sudden change of plan on his part, and the strange abandonment of so strong a position as that in the Stein Mountains.

No masses of men have ever accomplished much without organization and leadership. When the Indians set out from Fort Hall, the redoubtable Buffalo Horn, young, brave, skilful, and energetic, was the Bannocks' chosen leader. When he was killed, there was no other Bannock chief whom the people would follow. Winne-mucca, as before remarked, had no sympathy with the war, and deserted the hostiles, coming to us. Egan, the next chief, the leader of all Pi-Utes at the Malheur Agency, was at first very reluctant to fight. He, it was said, had even refused

and had been made a prisoner by the others. An old Too-at or Dreamer, Oytes by name, was for a time the actual chief. He was full of superstition, believing, or pretending to believe, that the time had come when the Indians were to rise in their might and regain all their old camping-grounds and cherished haunts. While the Indians listened to his wizard performances and raving revelations, they looked upon him as civilized men do upon ministers—they wanted a regular military chief.

At last, after much pressure of threats and persuasion, Chief Egan, taking Oytes as his counselor, resumed the chieftainship, and became for the war the military head of all the Indians there gathered. He had fought General Crook and other officers in former years. He had quite a reputation among both white men and Indians. His method was never to risk everything in a pitched battle. He heard that I was coming with three distinct bodies of fighting men, with plenty of guns and ammunition. He had no cannon and but a limited amount of cartridges or provisions. So he advised them to move rapidly westward to his old camping-grounds, where the Indians would have the protection of extensive forests, where they could scatter and deceive, by numerous trails, the pursuing foes. He hoped, further, that some Klamaths and many Umatillas were watching to join him as soon as he got far enough west of Camp Harney. These allies would bring supplies. Again, the hearts of the bravest talkers, even the heart of old Oytes himself, began to weaken as their scouts, rushed up the mountain crying that more than a thousand horsemen were moving to attack them. Then almost a panic ensued. Away they

went, marching more than forty miles in a day, though they were encumbered with women, children, and baggage. No white community of like size could stand such strain and fatigue.

As Major Stewart's command was threading its way towards Stein Mountains by the route of Willow Creek and the Malheur Agency, I left him for a while and passed on with my staff to a little mountain town called by the suggestive name of Malheur City. During Stewart's march, alarming reports and rumors of fresh Indian trails, came from nearly every direction. One example will suffice to indicate their nature. A party of Indians—so said an excited citizen by the name of Harlan—had passed straight through the Burnt River country going northward, at least thirty miles off the main road. Lieutenant Shofner, with a detachment, using wagons so as to make the quickest time, was sent by a night march to test the report. He found no Indians, and really no valid signs of them. The Lieutenant returned to his command without delaying the column.

Such lateral marches, like reconnaissances, were frequently made. These, with the aid of our numerous citizen scouts, who had become spirited in their enterprising rides, soon put a stop to the small raiding parties of the hostiles, and deceived them as to what we were really doing.

Meanwhile I had sent Lieutenant Wilkin-son, with two soldiers, and the two Indian women, Sarah and Mattie, for guides, to take his way by the stars across the country to Camp Harney. I sent the party on this perilous journey not only because of the rumored flight of the Indians and the vigorous pursuit by Bernard, but because of a report, which had a semblance of truth, that Captain McGregor's troop of cavalry had met Egan, and had had a disastrous fight, ending in defeat and the loss of his horses. Could Wilkinson get through sixty or seventy miles to Camp Harney, he could quickly verify the report of Egan's presence in Har-

ney Valley, and satisfy me with regard to Bernard's and McGregor's condition. For I firmly believed that by this time McGregor's troop, which went from Camp Harney, must have joined Bernard, so that if McGregor had been badly handled, so had Bernard, and Camp Harney was in danger.

In fact the Indians' flight had changed the whole field of operations, and necessitated new planning and new instructions.

Whilst everybody else was in motion, I held my staff at Malheur City for two days. All the workingmen who were employed on the immense mining ditch in that neighborhood, were organized for scouting under a most enterprising citizen by the name of Packwood, a foreman on the work. They scouted and watched the country, rough and wooded as it was, for the breadth of a hundred miles. From Mr. Packwood I obtained prompt and accurate information, and secured a few Indian prisoners, who had strayed away from Egan's flying column.

Major Stewart's command, never halting save for the necessary night camping, entered the famous Malheur Agency grounds the morning of the 23d. Here the same morning, by a rapid cross-cut with my staff and scouts, I overtook him.

The Indian agent, Rhinehart, who had fled from the agency at the first outbreak, now came back and joined us here. There was not at that time an Indian on any of the lands of the reservation. The buildings were standing, but were in a deplorable condition. They appeared to have been robbed of every valuable. "Windows were broken; doors were forced in; and the floors covered with the debris of articles rendered useless, of bedding, wearing apparel, table furniture, and cooking utensils." In the storehouses there was considerable flour, and a little salt. Fortunately for our hungry soldiers, there was still unharvested a crop of potatoes and other vegetables in the garden. These they were not slow to find, harvest, and issue. Judging from Agent Rhine-

hart's account, a set of robbers, either white men or Indians, had, since he left seventeen days before, made to the place a predatory excursion.

Making this a turning point in our ever-changing Indian campaign, I detached Major Stewart, and Captain Cochran's company of the 2d Infantry, to remain temporarily on the reservation. There were three objects in view: to take care of the property, what little there was left; to gather supplies and establish a sub-depot for the operating troops — one which would be temporarily much needed; and — a thing I had much at heart — to search out all the surrounding woods and ravines, and bring in Indians who were reported as hiding in that neighborhood.

The moving column was placed under the command of Captain Rodney, an active young officer of the 4th Artillery. All being assured that the Indians were already in Harney Valley, Rodney was allowed but the briefest halt. Turning westward, he pushed on with so much rapidity, that he marched thirteen miles toward Camp Harney the very day of his arrival at the Malheur Reservation, that is the 23d of June.

I was with him at the head of the column. We had gone late into camp; but as we were unusually weary, an extraordinary quiet reigned; when suddenly, at about eleven o'clock at night, Lieutenant Wilkinson with his Indian guides startled the outposts by his sudden appearance, and then rode rapidly into camp. He and his attendants had come as fast as horses could bring them forty-five miles from Camp Harney.

They brought good tidings. McGregor was united with Bernard; the day before, a battle had occurred, and instead of a defeat it was a complete victory. It was near Camp Curry on Curry Creek, forty-five miles beyond Camp Harney. The Indians had fled from the field, but had rallied not far off. Bernard had managed to get four troops of cavalry into the engagement; but

owing to their forced marches over rough ground and immense distances, his men were very weary, and he called strenuously for re-enforcements. The battle was not decisive enough to end the campaign. The rapid movements of the Indians had had the effect of stretching out my command; Bernard was at Camp Curry; Captain Miles with two companies of infantry at Camp Harney; Rodney's battalion with me; while Grover and Egbert, coming on, were still beyond Malheur Agency toward Bois . Sometimes a commander wishes that his men had wings and could fly together to a junction. To re-enforce as speedily as possible, orders were sent at once to Miles to make forced marches to Bernard; and Major Stewart, leaving only a small guard, was to hurry on with his company to take care of Camp Harney.

Before eleven o'clock the next morning, our advance entered Camp Harney. Taking a couple of hours for food and rest, that night, Lieutenant Wood and myself rode out thirty miles farther, and encamped with Captain Miles's Infantry at a place called "Sage Hen Springs." Early the following morning we were on the battle field. Here leaving Lieutenant Wood, my aide, to make a sketch of the country, I rode on ten miles beyond, to join the brave Bernard and his gallant men.

The Indians after the battle had made a halt, and seemed at first to be waiting for another trial, but Egan was not confident enough to stand the onset. On our own side as is always the case after a victory, no matter how weary the men, they were highly elated. The officers, one after another, told me incidents of their *bona fide* cavalry engagement, where, as formerly, our horsemen with sabres or pistols in hand had charged an enemy well mounted, pretty well equipped, and as they confidently alleged, at least double their numbers.

From the few prisoners taken the story was confirmed that some Klamaths and sev-

eral Columbia River Indians had already joined the Bannocks and Pi-Utes; and that a body of Umatillas had come southward, perhaps fifty or sixty miles from their reservation, and gone into camp. They were evidently in sympathy with the hostiles.

After examining all sources of information, I concluded that our enemies under Egan after their fight and brief subsequent halt, had turned northward, following up Silver Creek, and were making for the south fork of John Day River. They would certainly follow this fork as far as possible, and then go up Grand or Bridge Creek to join the Umatillas, or Cayuse Indians, as we named them, who had come southward to meet them. This was a new move, and like a snowball, the rolling mass was certainly increasing in size.

The mountains in the vicinity of the John Day River are remarkable for their roughness. They do not appear very high, but in passing from Camp Curry across the intervening range to what is usually called "The John Day Valley", one finds every variety of country—jagged rocks, precipitous slopes, knife-edged divides, deep cañons with sides steep and difficult, sometimes four or five miles from the crest to the mountain stream that tumbles over the rocks in the hollow below. It is often the case that travelers crossing this well-known divide find hot weather on either side, and severe cold, often hail, snow and ice, at the summit. Even between old Camp Harney and Cañon City, the highest ground is always cold, suffering from frost every month of the year. It was on the north side of this John Day's Divide, that the Umatillas or Cayuse Indians, were waiting for the approach of Chief Egan.

While I determined to follow Egan's broad trail over the mountains, through the extensive forests and almost impassable cañons, with my main force, the threatened outbreaks farther north, and particularly the dangers of the hostiles getting far enough to cross the Columbia River, now gave me unusual concern.

As we were just entering one of the trails of woodland, following up several different paths made by the Indians—for now they took no pains to conceal their northward push—through the firs and pines, many of which were completely peeled from the ground to the lower branches, we came suddenly upon a large log lying diagonally across our way. This log, like so many in veteran forests, was at one end simply a shell. Crowded close into the very centre of the old log was found an old Indian woman. At first she was almost speechless; she was very decrepit and clad in tatters. She was hiding away without food, and as she afterwards declared, expecting to stay where she was till she died. We had her brought to our night encampment. She was fed and reclothed, being treated, of course, with great kindness by all. As soon as she came to herself, she cried bitterly, and said her nephew Buffalo Horn was dead. She believed old Oytes was the chief in his place. Sarah and Mattie took charge of her, showed her much attention, and were rewarded by a very full and clear statement of all that had been done by the hostile Indians, and of their plans and purposes in the future.

In Indian war, as in any other, the best possible policy is always to avoid harshness and unkindness toward prisoners—and of course it is right and proper in any event so to do.

O. O. Howard.

SLAVERY IN FLORENCE IN THE XIV AND XV CENTURIES.

Slavery in Florence, as in Italy generally, dates back to a very remote antiquity. A recognized institution during the palmy days of the Roman Empire, it survived alike its decadence and its fall; and far into the Middle Ages slaves were bought and sold in all the provinces of Italy. Even the Church, without entirely abandoning the natural opposition which in the course of ages undoubtedly had an effect in gradually weakening the power of slavery, still finding that all overt opposition to this iniquitous traffic was absolutely useless, had ended by according to it a modified sanction.

But on the eleventh day of August, in the year of our Lord 1289, the people of Florence, assembled for the purpose in the Church of San Pietro in Scheragio, solemnly and forever abolished all forms of serfdom, vassalage, and slavery, making the traffic in human beings a penal offense, "to be visited with the utmost rigor of the law."

In taking this step, Florence but followed the example of several sister cities. Siena, early in the century, had made various provisions for the enfranchisement of her serfs. In 1235 Padua had already established the *mezzadria*, and fixed the time for liberating the peasants. Brescia in a statute of 1239 showed so much kindness "*to these servants of the Church*" (*sic*) that without speaking of enfranchisement, she virtually freed them and bestowed upon them certain privileges. Bologna in 1256 bought all her slaves "for the sum of ten francs each, except those under fourteen years of age, for whom eight francs only were paid. This money was paid to the owners of the slaves out of the public

exchequer; and the slaves were registered as *fumanti*"—i. e. freedmen, not born free—"and had all the rights and duties of the commune as free men, and their names may still be read in the *Comore degli Alti*."²

The law passed in Florence in 1289 differs a little from all these, and has been held by some historians to mark a more decided step in the history of civilization. As to the motives that prompted the enfranchisement of the Florentine serfs, it were perhaps best not to enquire too curiously. Certain it is that the pure love of liberty was not the moving spring of the action that has reflected such lasting honor on the mighty commonwealth, but rather that keen intuition of policy that is the distinguishing characteristic of a powerful and successful government. In abolishing serfdom and vassalage, the republic of Florence aimed a blow at that power of the nobles, which was none the less formidable because so often checked. The triumph of the Guelphs over the Ghibellines had secured to Florence the political supremacy of Tuscany, and this magnificent result of the revolution of 1282 had been succeeded by an era of unexampled civil and commercial prosperity. Still, there were reasons, inherent in the existing conditions of life in Tuscany, for grave apprehension. The victory of Compaldino had been in a great measure decided by the intervention of the Tuscan nobles and their vassals, and it was the possession of vast numbers of these vassals that rendered the mediæval nobles almost invincible when they retired to their strongholds. It is true that the nobles were excluded from the government of

¹ Rumohr, *Ursprung der Besitzlosigkeit des Colonen in neueren Toscana*; Il Librario, *Della Schiavitù e del Servaggio*; Alto Vanucci, *I primi Tempi della Libertà Fiorentina C. Y.*; Capponi, *Storia della Repubblica Fiorentina*; Villari, *La Repubblica Fiorentina al Tempo di Dante Alighieri*; Zanelli, *Schiave Orientali nei Secoli 14 e 15*; Lanzani, *Il Comune e la Signoria*.

² Ghirardacci, *Storia di Bologna*. Bologna: Rossi. 1596 Lib. VI., p. 190.

Del Muzzi, *Annali di Bologna*, tom. I., p. 479.

Florence, and looked upon with some diffidence and distrust by the burghers; but they were ever near at hand, and daring, fierce, and unscrupulous. By enfranchising the serfs and vassals therefore, and making them free citizens, the Signory and people accomplished two things — the weakening of the nobles' power, and the strengthening of the commonwealth, for the freed vassals became loyal Florentines. That the nobles so understood the law of 1289 is evident, for they long opposed it in every possible way.

Among the "good men" who first voted for the abolition of slavery, the most erudite local historical authorities have agreed in numbering Dante Alighieri, G. Cavalcanti, and Brunetto Latini.

Thus was slavery done away with in Florence. Yet strange to say, not forever. Sixty years later, slaves — oriental slaves this time — were once more bought and sold there. Various reasons have been sought for in order to explain this strange falling away, and the best authorities have concurred in assigning as causes for the revival of slavery: first, the commercial relations of Florence; second, the continuance of certain religious and civil prejudices; third, the profound changes that took place in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in society in general, and in the conditions of domestic life in particular; and fourth, the enormous void made in the laboring classes by the pestilence of 1348.

The first cause will be easily understood, when we remember what ardent merchants the Florentines became, and how frequently they subordinated the policy of the republic to their commercial relations — so frequently, indeed, that it has more than once been asserted that the history of the rise, decline, and fall of the Florentine Republic, would be simply a history of its commerce. Indeed, the love of the mediæval Florentine for riches justifies the animadversion of Perrens that "*devenir et rester riche,*

c'était chez les Florentins l'alfa et l'oméga de la sagesse, comme de la science sociale." The Florentines possessed no seaport, but their marvelous energy so well supplied this want that they extended their commerce as widely, and established as close relations with the East, as did Venice, Amalfi, Genoa, or Pisa. The grand emporia of Eastern commerce in the middle ages were the ports of Tana and Caffa. Both were slave marts, and as both cities were crowded with Italian colonists, it may be imagined how constantly, how gradually, and how easily, the Italian mind became once more accustomed to the idea of slavery. The Venetians indeed had dealt in slaves ever since the eighth century, and notwithstanding the opposition that this traffic had met with under several pontificates, they had never been induced to abandon it.

The Tartars — who strangely enough were in those days considered to be allies of the Christians against the Mohammedans — were the principal slave dealers. Solgat was their capital, and there was a constant communication between this city and Caffa, then crowded, as has been said, with Italian colonists, principally Genovese. Although the Archbishop of Caffa formally prohibited traffic in slaves, it still went on, the Tartar merchants exporting thence great numbers of male and female slaves to the Soldan of Egypt, for the army and the harem, and finally obtaining from Michael Paleologo the free passage of the Bosphorus for their agents, who brought to Caffa slaves from Circassia, Georgia, Armenia, Turkey, and Russia.

The Genovese, who at first only tolerated this traffic for prudential reasons, conceding the exportation from Caffa of Mohammedan slaves on the payment of a duty to the consul (who had however a right to manumit said slave if he became converted to Christianity), ended by becoming slave dealers themselves. Nor did they limit their

traffic to the Levant, but before long sent slaves to Genoa, where they proved to be very welcome. From Genoa they were sent to Lucca and Pisa; and thus Florence in once more receiving slaves was but strengthening her commercial relations with the East, and also following the example of her sister cities.

Again, the law of 1289 had indeed gone into effect, but only gradually, and the opposition brought to bear against it by the nobles had received an unhoped for aid in the inertia of many of the peasants; so that from 1289 to 1350, although serfdom had been legally, it had not been actually, done away with, since large numbers of serfs continued in the service of their former masters.

And then the law of 1289, though it enfranchised serfs and vassals, made an express reserve in the case of infidels and Jews. With regard to Eastern slaves, who were all either Mohammedans or pagans, a Florentine could therefore have no scruple. The belief of the time was that infidel slaves might be bought and sold, since not nature but religion made men superior to brutes. Original sin, it was asserted, had annulled man's right to liberty, therefore slavery was the natural and just portion of unbelievers. A famous Florentine theologian of that day has rather naïvely treated this question: "Can a slave man or woman, born an infidel, bought in an infidel country, be still bought and sold after baptism? *I should say, yes. No one has a right to freedom who does not believe in the redemption of Christ.* Even though I have bought the slave, and bring him to Holy Baptism, he comes to it because of my will, and as a slave and chattel. And indeed, for the most part, to baptize these slaves is like baptizing so many oxen [sic]. I do not say that if your slave have really the will and wish to be a good Christian, you would not do well to liberate him; but I also say that when the slaves are what they generally are, even though baptized, you would do very ill to set them free, because

by so doing, you lift the rod from their backs, and *give them the opportunity to do every kind of ill.* And further, I say that if a Christian so desire, he may sell himself as a slave for a term of years, or for the term of his natural life; he may be so bought and sold, always premising that in the first instance he consent thereto of his own free will." Sacchetti thus. And St. Antoninus agrees with him. Taking as a point of departure the distinction between Christians, Jews, and pagans, St. Antoninus affirmed that Christians had a right to buy and sell Jews and pagans as slaves, and further, that it was no sin not to enfranchise a baptized slave, and that it was even allowable to buy and sell such slaves because "*quod non est prohibitum, intelligitur est concessum.*" It is true that St. Antoninus in another of his sermons declared that the moment a slave became a Christian he ought to be set free; but perhaps the great Florentine bishop is not the only theologian who at different times in his life has enunciated utterly irreconcilable propositions. A distinguished Italian jurist of that century, Marquado De Susoni, concurs from a legal point of view in the opinion of St. Antoninus; and as time went on an argument, familiar to every American, was introduced — namely, that it was a duty to import slaves to a Christian country, that the benighted souls of the poor heathen might be illumined by the light of the gospel.

The first gang of oriental slaves brought to Florence is supposed to have reached there late in the year 1348. Domestic servants were then greatly in demand, after the pestilence, and the slaves were bought up as fast as they arrived. The first slave sold, as may still be seen in the archives, was a little Tartar girl, nine years old; and with her was sold another little girl, "of darkest olive color, with a crescent branded on her left cheek." Poor little maids! They were bought by a certain Giovanni Francisco Andria, for the sum of twenty golden florins each (a large price in those

days), but there is no further record of their history. They were sold by "Agosto Dovanze of Modena, living at Ancona," whose name frequently appears on the records, and who must have been one of the busiest agents of the time.

As a rule, Florence did not receive slaves directly from the East, i. e. from an agent of her own, established at Caffa, but usually by way of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Naples, and Ancona. Venice was the principal slave mart, and a certain Bartolomeo Amigi, "mercator sclavorum," is recorded as having been the Venetian agent for Cosimo de' Medici, as Giovanni Portinari and Paolo de' Bardi of Florence were slave agents at Genoa for Avirardo de' Medici.

Most of the slaves were Tartars, but from 1366 to 1397 out of 339 slaves brought to Florence, we find 259 Tartars, 27 Greeks, 7 Russians, 7 Turks, 3 Slaves, 3 Circassians, 2 from Bosnia and Albania, 1 Arab, 1 Saracen, and one from Candia.

Nearly all the slaves were branded, probably for recognition, and most of them must have been very ugly, even repulsive, if we may judge from the description given in the records. Here, for example, is the description of a slave sold in Florence on the 16th of July, 1366, by Messer Niccolo dei Bagnanoli: "Medium stature, white skin, a large wart on her nose, another on the left cheek, another over the left eye, heavy eyebrows, meeting in the middle, a large, flat nose, thick lips, a brand (crescent) on the thumb of the left hand, another on the index of the right, and a brand on the left shoulder." Scarcely more attractive could have been the Tartar woman Maria bought by Messer Bernardo de' Nardi at Naples on the 25th of February, 1372, who is recorded as being of "middle height, skin dark olive, marked heavily with smallpox, two moles on the left cheek and one on the right, a large flat nose, thick lips, two brands over the right eye, and a mole on the upper lip; sound and whole in health." This is not al-

luring, and the records of Florence, then as now peculiarly minute and exact, during more than thirty years only once mention a slave as "beautiful and well-formed."

The ages of the slaves sold varied from earliest infancy (the records attest the sale of a baby of three months!) up to forty years of age. This was the limit and nothing older could find a market. Out of the entire number of slaves recorded as sold in Florence between 1350 and 1396, only twenty-six were males, a fact easily understood if we remember that they were bought principally, if not exclusively, for domestic servants. The average price was from twenty to thirty golden florins. Twenty florins was a low price, and was usually given for little girls, or for slave women when old, and worn with hard work and child-bearing. The highest price paid for slaves varied from sixty to eighty golden florins, and this only for healthy and strong persons of from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. In the fifteenth century the prices paid were considerably higher. Russian and Circassian women were then in demand, because, as one of the great ladies of the day writes, "they are so much nicer, neater, and prettier, and have also such strong constitutions." We find Averardo de' Medici, in 1431, paying seventy-one golden ducats for a girl, probably a Circassian, called Maddalena; and a rich Florentine merchant, Bivigliano de Matei, paying at Palermo to the agent Guglielmo de' Corona the enormous sum of eight hundred golden florins, or thirty-two thousand francs, for a slave woman, race and name not mentioned, who was sold with "all her clothes, jewels, and ornaments."

The laws of sale, fixed in 1360, when slavery, after having been tolerated for ten years, was once more legalized in Florence, were as follows: A slave was sold "sound and whole." If a malady, already contracted at the time of sale, and concealed by the seller, was afterward discovered by

the buyer, the contract was annulled. The slaves were baptized as soon as bought. Owners were allowed to hire out their slaves and receive the wages; or they exchanged them for other slaves — a form of barter that, judging from the records, the Florentine masters and mistresses must have delighted in. Very often, too, slaves were left in pawn or deposit, or were confiscated by creditors. They were bequeathed with other goods and chattels. The penalty for enticing a slave to run away, or for sheltering or hiding one who had run away, was fixed at two hundred florins, divided between the commune and owners of the runaway. "The accusation, notification, inquisition, and denunciation of the culprit being legally made," the magistrates, the podesta, and the captain of the people, being present, and all formalities duly accomplished, the authorities were ordered to proceed to "summary and brief justice." This, though severe, was rarely of a kind calculated permanently to injure the health, and therefore the market value of the prisoner; although a slave might be tortured by the authorities in order to extort a confession, or imprisoned in the Carceri delle Stinche for as long as his owners thought fit. The final clause in the slave laws is one of which Florence has always been justly proud. "If a master had children by his slave, the laws of Florence compelled him to acknowledge the child as free forever, and awarded to it all the rights and duties of a free-born citizen."

The records of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries represent the slaves as dull, heavy, and lazy, or scheming, ill-tempered, and dangerous. The lower classes looked upon them with a contempt that in the fifteenth century changed to a sort of dread; for then slaves were believed to possess evil magic. In family life their influence was in general most pernicious, the more as they were usually the attendants and playfellows of children.

Black slaves, ("Mori") who as has been seen were not bought at all at first, became

more common than other slaves as the traffic began to decline; and all the chroniclers of the time agree in awarding to them the worst character possible. "It is my firm belief," says Bandello, "that we should not have such slaves as these (the negroes), because they are never faithful. And moreover, they are unclean, filthy, and evil of odor as vile beasts. But all these defects are nothing in comparison to the deadly cruelty which reigns in them."¹ "I pray you for the love of God," writes Jacopo Mazzei² to his agent and friend, Francisco Datini, "to arrange in some way honorably, *but at any sacrifice*, (as far as money is concerned I will lose it willingly,) to sell and send far away that vile and wicked woman [a negro slave]. Some one told me today that it was she who had poisoned Simone. And pray engage an old woman or a boy to cook for our sons. It would be a sad pity were the youths to be murdered." Yet there are instances in which by the last will of owners slaves were liberated and also enriched "because of loyal and faithful service." And to the honor of Florence be it remembered that whenever a slave mother was set free her children were freed with her.

As time wore on, the slave trade gradually diminished. The introduction of "fair and well-formed" slave women had been far from conducing to the peacefulness of Florentine households, and though in 1459, the Venetian senate openly lamented the decline of the slave trade, the Signory of Florence some months later issued an edict forbidding ships from the Levant to carry female slaves for Florence, on pain of a fine of 100 florins per head.

Traces of slavery still lingered through the sixteenth century, but gradually disappeared, leaving the field open for the domestic service in which the Tuscans excel, by their industry, loyalty, and sweet temper.

M. L. T.

¹Bandello, *Novelle*, Part III., Nov. 21.

²Ser Jacopo Mazzei, *Lettere di un notaio ad un mercante*. Vol. II., page 86.

A DISAGREEABLE YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

"Jared Calhoun! will you be good enough to find some one willing to do five minutes' swearing for a consideration?"

The speaker had just entered the room, and still held the knob of the door he had closed behind him. His tone was one of semi-comic and wholly hopeless exasperation, and his words followed each other with a slowness that but for a clear cut decision of utterance would have been a drawl. The person whose attention was thus suddenly called from a package of trout lines and flies, which he was sorting, looked up snappishly.

"Well—what now? Have the ponies got loose?"

"No," answered the first speaker, advancing and seating himself. "I wish to Jupiter they had! Put those flies away, and anchor any movables within kicking distance, and I'll tell you. Do you want a shower bath of the final fact first, and the explanation afterwards, or will you be led to it by degrees? The bath? All right—listen: We are to be accompanied on our mountain trip by an old gentleman—a middle-aged lady—three hobbledehoys, and two society belles! Ten minutes for refreshments!"

Saying which he glanced at his watch, leaned back in his chair, put his feet on another one, and apparently went to sleep.

A long, low whistle from Calhoun was followed by a second's silence before he spoke, then words came, hot and fast.

"Confound you, Dunckley! You should have been staked out with the horses till we got started! You can be positively asinine on occasion. But whoever this fool party may be, with us they certainly shan't go—

for if your ingenious stupidity has left no possibility of shaking them off, there is at least the alternative of deferring, or giving up, our own trip."

Dunckley still apparently slept—and Calhoun, additionally irritated by his silence, continued to vent his vexation in an angry stream of talk. At length he ended his tirade with these words, "and now when you are ready to stop that exasperating nonsense and tell me how you got into this scrape, I'm ready to listen."

At this announcement, Dunckley, whose first name, by the way, was Richard, opened his eyes, sat up and looked at his watch, saying coolly as he did so, "five minutes only. Didn't think you'd get through so quick; I'd allowed you ten. Now if you've let off enough steam to listen rationally, I'll tell you the manner, as I've told you the extent, of our misfortune. I was down at the station, getting the things we had ordered sent by the noon train, and being busy at the baggage end of the car, didn't notice the passengers particularly. I chatted a few minutes with some of the village loungers as the train moved on, and was turning to walk back, when I was suddenly confronted by Mr. Strong—you remember, the splendid old fellow who watched night and night about with you, when the typhoid had me in hand last winter. Of course I was glad to see him, and *he* is always glad to see my father's son. You have seen but little of him, and I know don't fancy his style, and to tell the truth, I used to share your opinion, and as I knew that his devotion for my father was founded rather upon gratitude than any special congeniality between them, I felt no delicacy in expressing my dislike. But that fever not only shut my mouth but opened

my heart—I really love the old man; and I am as confident that in the proposition that followed our meeting, he had no thought of trading on my gratitude, as I am that *you* had no such thought in the blackguarding you gave me just now—so I shall be obliged to you for withholding any such suggestion.”

“Hang the old gentleman’s motives, Dunckley! I’ll let them be what you please if you’ll get ahead with the facts!”

“Which were,” continued Dunckley, “that he expressed surprise as well as pleasure at finding us here, (having somehow been under the impression that we were at the coast), and after saying that he had brought his young people up for the mountain trip, and that they were gone ahead in the stage with their mother to the hotel, immediately began congratulating himself that he was now able to add us to his party, and ended up by insisting that we should go as his guests. I thanked him, of course, but said we must refuse his kindness, as our plans were already made to start for camp early in the morning, and that our rooms being engaged by other parties, etc., etc., put it out of the question for us to change our plans.

“‘Just a fit!’ he shouted, giving me a thump on the shoulder that I feel yet. ‘Just a fit!’ Then he went on to say that *they* were going in the morning, as he had no time to waste hanging around the hotel, and had made all his arrangements by letter, and soon. Perhaps your ingenuity would have seen a way out—I couldn’t; although I assure you by the shades of Ananias, that I should have unblushingly asserted that our plans would not permit us to go for a week, if I had not already committed us in the other direction. Up to this time I had supposed his young people to mean those three overgrown boys of his; but just here, some word about ‘the girls’ reminded me that when he came to this Coast, he left two daughters to finish school in the East, who were graduated last June. He asked me to

call on them before we left town, but I had forgotten it all.” Here the speaker groaned comically, and “paused for a reply.”

He did not have to pause long, for although Calhoun had talked away his vexation, and passed into another mood, it equally demanded expression; for feeling and expression were almost simultaneous with Jared Calhoun. His answer amounted to an acceptance of the situation, and the determination to get as much enjoyment out of it as it then stood, as possible.

This conversation, as you may have guessed, took place in a country hotel, near one of the wonderful snow peaks of the Pacific Coast. Richard Dunckley was nearly thirty years old—square-shouldered, square-chinned, square in all his dealings, a quiet, cool-headed fellow, never known to be enthusiastic, except in one direction—that of his favorite study, geology. He already held a professorship in one of the infant universities of the Coast, and it was in the pursuit of this much loved study that the mountain trip had been projected; so, while the disappointment of having their movements hampered by a mixed party was easily thrown off by his companion, it increased rather than lessened in gravity with him.

Jared Calhoun was slender and wiry in physique, impulsive and quick in manner, and also in temper, as we have seen—but large-hearted and loyal, and very bright and companionable withal, and had been invited to accompany his geological friend, not only because it was impracticable to make the trip quite alone, but because so thorough an understanding and affection existed between them that they had long ceased to be any restraint upon each other’s movements.

Mr. Strong, the old gentleman whose ill-timed invitation had been the subject of discussion, was a hale, fine-looking old man, twenty-five years his wife’s senior, and regarded by his children not only with the respect and affection due a parent, but with something of the familiar fondness usually

reserved for an indulgent grandparent. While the young men spoke together he was acquainting his family with the new arrangements. "You see, Julia," he said, addressing his wife, "nothing could be nicer. It's a kind turn to the young men, for they have none too much money, and I shall insist upon meeting their expenses; and it's a kindness to my old bones as well—I couldn't do the whole mountain as these crazy girls are determined to, and now we can go with them to the snow-line, and play Darby and Joan in our tent there the day they make the climb, and I'll trust the girls to Duncckley, which is more than I'd say for any other man on the Coast. The guide and the boys'll be along, so the prinks and proprieties that you women think so much of will be all right. Duncckley was very modest about accepting my invitation, and I had a time to make him—I expect he felt delicate about being paid for, or something, but we'll knock that nonsense out of him once we get started."

This was a little after one o'clock. Five hours later Phoebe Strong, who had secured the horse she was to ride the next day, and had been out "exploring" entered the room that had been allotted to her sister and herself, and with a flushed and annoyed face, seated herself in silence. Her twin sister, Margaret, who had been napping, and was then dressing for supper, asked where she had been, and receiving only a short, absent-minded reply, waited a minute and then began again in a coaxing tone:

"Phoebe dear, what ails you? Has anything happened? You know you can't keep it from me in the end, so you might as well out with it."

Phoebe's only answer was a vexed little laugh, accompanied with an interrogative "Yes?" but she presently added "'Bide a wee'—I'm plotting. I'll tell you all about it by and by."

"All right," answered Margaret; "but you'll have to plot and dress at the same

time, for supper will be ready in ten minutes, and you are not one of those young women to whom a neglected toilet is becoming."

"Never mind supper," answered Phoebe; "I'm not going to it to-night. Excuse me to papa and mamma, and tell them I came back too late to dress, and filch something from the table and bring it to me when you come. I really want to be alone to think out something I've got started on; so don't bother me, and I'll tell you all about it when you come back."

Thus adjured, Margaret went to supper alone and came back when it was ended, bringing not only Phoebe's supper, but a face still lighted with the smiles that the bright talk at the table had evoked.

"Well, Miss Sulks!" she exclaimed placing the tray on the table, and seating herself, "we've had a lovely time, only I kept wishing you could hear the fun. Of course the two gentlemen that are going with us were at the table, and papa introduced them, and we all sat together, and Mr. Calhoun is just too nice for anything, and dreadfully handsome besides. The other one, that papa is always crying up, I don't think much of. He wasn't exactly rude, but he seemed to me sort of dull and absent-minded."

"I should say so!" interrupted Phoebe. "I saw him when I was out this afternoon; and that is what my 'sulks,' as you call them, are all about. I had tied my horse, and was sitting on the ground sketching the mountain, (and O Meg, there's a place about a mile from the house, where the view is so lovely that I felt I ought to beg its pardon for trying to sketch it!) and I was wrapped in the view and my work, when I heard men's voices behind me. I don't know whether I felt more guilty or startled, for you know mother told us not to wander far from the house alone. I hadn't meant to, but I was interested and forgot. Well, I thought my best way was to sit very still at

my work, and maybe they wouldn't see me, (there were some bushes between me and the path,) or if they did my sketching would account for me. As they passed, these words stood out distinctly from a mixed jumble of sound ' old man has spoiled everything—the boys were bad enough, but the girls make it simply a farce.' In the answer I only caught, 'But Dunckley,' and the words jumbled again. Wasn't I in a rage, though? At first it seemed as if I must come right back and tell papa, and break up the party—and I believe I should have, but they had seated themselves, not a stone's throw off, to enjoy the view I suppose, and I didn't dare stir till they went; that five minutes, and the mile's ride back, cooled me down a little. Of course time to think made it clear that after all the bother and expense papa's been at, things have got to go on as they've been planned, so far as our going is concerned, and we musn't spoil his pleasure by making a scene with the young men; but all the same that Mr. Dunckley has got to pay for his hateful speech. The ungrateful wretch! Mamma told me poor papa nursed him all through a dreadful fever last winter; I should think that ought to have made him civil, if he wasn't gentleman enough to be so without it!"

"I should *think* so!" responded Margaret with an excited face, and angry tears in her eyes. "And to think how happy dear papa was, thinking how much he was helping them! I sha'n't speak to that man the whole trip!"

"And if you don't, you'll just be a little goose, Margaret Strong! I've thought this matter over longer than you have, and the revenge that I plan is much more in the line of poetic justice. It is simply this (I was the one that heard his words, and retribution must come through me; but you must be my familiar): now mark me, Meg! that misguided young man is to return from the mountain confessing in his heart not only that the expedition has been much pleasant-

er for my presence, but wishing there were to be as many more as there are months in the year, provided 'the girls' would go."

Meg's pretty face clouded a little. "Phoebe, you're not going to try to make him fall in love with you, are you?"

Phoebe colored slightly. "Margaret Strong! your conscience will be the death of me! I don't know exactly what I *do* intend to do! To map things out in your bald way takes all the fun out of them. I don't believe I'd thought anything about love or love-making, but I intend to make that man like me, and feel ashamed of himself, and you've got to help me." Saying which, she shoved the tray back, rose, went to the wash-stand, and having wet her hair, proceeded deliberately to brush out all the pretty fluffy curls that had surrounded her forehead. This done, she strained the hair back in a hard, straight line from the central parting to the back of her head, twisted it (at just the elevation that was most unbecoming) into as hard and flat a little nub as she could get it into, and exclaimed, "Now Meg, if you'll unpin that ghastly green bow from your shopping bag, and give it to me, I shall be armed for the fray."

Meg obeyed automatically, and Phoebe pinned the bow at her throat, and assuming a dull, heavy expression, turned from the glass and faced her sister.

"Well, you *are* a fright!" exclaimed Meg. "What do you mean by making such a sight of yourself? You won't be fit to go to the parlor this whole evening now."

"I am going there, however," answered Phoebe.

"*Not as you are!*" almost screamed Meg.

"It is hard, dear," responded Phoebe with the air of a martyr, "but I shall be sustained by the sense of duty."

"Well," said Margaret, "if part of your duty was to make yourself charming, your way of doing so is, to say the least, peculiar."

"Margaret," answered Phoebe with mock

solemnity, "this is a deep laid plot; in order for this young man to fall into my snare, he must first learn to regard me as harmless. Come, I'm ready,"—and she began to draw her sister toward the door.

"But papa and mamma?" questioned Meg.

"Leave them to me," responded Phœbe, gayly, still pulling her from the room, and Meg, laughing helplessly, allowed herself to be dragged to the veranda outside the parlor. Once in range of the windows, however, Phœbe dropped her hand, and with a whispered word induced her to assume an attitude less suggestive of coercion; and they began a strolling promenade outside the windows. By the second turn, Mrs. Strong caught sight of them and hastened out, as Phœbe had expected.

"How strangely you look, my daughter!" were her first words. "Have you had a headache and been bathing your head? I thought Margaret said you were only too late for tea, or I should have gone right to you."

"Not a bit of headache, mamma," answered Phœbe; "but I'm not going to be bothered with curling my hair up here, and I might as well begin as I'm going on. It'll make papa more manageable after we get back to town, for one thing; he thinks he doesn't like bangs and frizzles, but he'll find out he does—won't you, papa?" as that gentleman appeared at the long, open window where they stood. "You see now what a guy I am without my frizzles; but I'm going to leave them off out here, if you won't snub them any more after we get back—and I'll be magnanimous, too, and not make you own up you like me better with them." As she spoke, her face was so lighted with fun and animation, that it was pretty in spite of its shorn and shaven aspect; but, as she turned to enter the room, and the young men advanced from the other end of it to meet them, she allowed it to drop into dull, heavy lines.

Mr. Strong had gone to the window to call his wife to a game of whist with another elderly couple who were in the parlor, and this left the young people together. Phœbe had extended her hand awkwardly with some commonplace word when the young men were presented, after which she relapsed into a silence which was only broken by monosyllabic answers, and which at length became so noticeable, that poor Meg chatted with nervous animation to cover it.

Dunckley, supposing this dullness the result of bashfulness, and feeling, moreover, somewhat remorseful concerning his own frame of mind, exerted himself more than usual to be agreeable, but with little result. At length, with the appearance of trying to think of something to say, she remarked that "papa was going to take them all to the mountain, and they were going to start to-morrow." Somewhat taken aback by finding that the plan which was so full of annoyance and disappointment to him, and which had been freely discussed at supper, had been so lightly regarded by the family as not to have been mentioned to her, Dunckley answered with some embarrassment:

"Yes, so I understood. Your father was so kind as to insist upon our joining you. I thought perhaps he had told you?"

"O yes," said Phœbe, with the air of being reminded; "he did say you were going with us"—but added no expression of pleasure or welcome, and sat looking innocently before her, as if unconscious that any was demanded. After an awkward pause, Dunckley tried again.

"I fear I shall be but a dull companion, as I am obliged to work a good deal in the interest of my profession."

"Yes?" answered Phœbe absent-mindedly. "I think papa said you were interested in stone—are there any valuable quarries near the mountain?"

Dunckley colored with vexation, but said

politely, "I am interested in stones from the scientific rather than the mercenary side, Miss Strong. I am a teacher, and my specialty is geology, although I am myself, and always expect to be, still a student."

Phoebe again appeared to be reminded of what had not interested her enough to be remembered. "O, yes," she said, "papa did say you taught somewhere," and again collapsed.

Dunkley was no ladies' man, and went but little into society; at any time preferring a ramble over the hills, or an evening with his books, to a kettledrum or reception. But this very reserve made him the more sought, and ladies were wont to exert themselves by every subtle flattery to draw him out, and pride themselves in the degree that they succeeded; so that his rôle this evening was an entirely new one—and growing discouraged he seized the first opportunity to join the animated conversation between Margaret and his friend. Phoebe sat silent and unconcerned for ten minutes, and then reminded her sister that they were to make an early start in the morning and had better excuse themselves. Her exit was awkward and demure enough, but once outside the room she sped up stairs like the wind, and banging her own room door behind her, burst into irrepressible laughter. In less than a minute, Meg, who had come more slowly, entered.

"Phoebe," she said, "you're the queerest girl I ever knew. How *could* you make yourself so detestable."

"How could I?" echoed Phoebe, swallowing her laugh, "Didn't I tell you, you sweet innocent, that I was henceforth the slave of a grim purpose? That young man has tonight learned the first three essentials of his lesson: first, that he does not have to steel his heart against my charms; second, that I'm not likely to be bothering around, flirting and talking late of an evening, when there's fishing or hunting, or anything needing early rising on hand for

the next day; third and best, that I can be safely neglected. A good evening's work, Miss Peggy!"

We will not wait for Margaret's answer, but will go back to the young men, who by this time were also in their room. Dunkley spoke first, and emphatically:

"The most disagreeable young woman I ever met!"

"You mean Miss Phoebe?"

"Who else should I mean? Perhaps you were too much absorbed in her sister to notice, but her dullness and incivility are simply phenomenal. Not that it makes any difference—or rather, it does make a difference in the right direction; she is much more to the purpose of our campaign than the pleasant one; apart from such help as she actually needs, I shall wash my hands of her. It's a waste of time to talk to her."

"Which it certainly isn't to talk with the other one. She's the brightest, most unspoiled little body I've met in a long time —"

"Which reminds me," groaned Dunkley, "that I was intending to advise you to give your mercurial nature full sway, and make love to both of them, and get it done with as soon as possible, as you were bound to do it first or last. As it is, I'll give you over to the adversary (I beg Miss Margaret's pardon), for it's a serious business for a susceptible chap like you to spend a month in the wilderness with as pretty a girl as she. I had hoped they'd neutralize each other. Were those flies all right? I forgot to ask you."

"All right," answered Calhoun, "and everything is in ship-shape for the morning. Good night."

"Good night."

II

The next morning the whole party were in their saddles, and the pack horses loaded by six o'clock, for it was twenty-five miles,

over bad mountain roads, to their camping ground, and tents had to be pitched and beds made before dark. I should have expected Mrs. Strong, who, with a man from the hotel as driver, went the first half of the way in a wagon—to the back of which a horse was hitched with a rope, which horse she was to mount when the roads became impassable for the wagon, and her husband and sons were to take turns in leading it.

It was a wonderful ride, with views of surpassing beauty at every turn in the road, and Phoebe so thoroughly enjoyed it that she almost forgot the part she was to play—but not quite. She never allowed herself to be with either of the young men if she could avoid it, and if thrown with either of them for a moment she was civil but dull. For most of the way Calhoun and Margaret followed first after their Indian guide, Phoebe and the boys (Jim, Thad, and Claude) formed a sort of second group, and Dunckley fell behind with Mr. and Mrs. Strong, while Chung, the Chinaman, who was to act as "man of all work" for the month, brought up the rear. Several times Dunckley spurred forward to help Phoebe; but she was a splendid horsewoman, and had tested her horse the day before to find what he could do, and to Dunckley's amazement each time conquered the obstacle before he could come to her aid—either making her horse leap without dismounting, or if that became necessary, doing so and mounting again without assistance. They stopped two hours at noon by a pretty spring, to rest themselves and the horses, and to eat a cold lunch, and reached by nightfall a lonely hut, built at the forking of a glacial stream at the foot of the mountain near which they were to camp—this hut being the only white man's dwelling for ten miles around, and inhabited by an odd "old man of the mountain," named Frisbie, whose good will it was quite necessary to gain, as he had a better knowledge of the mountain and its immediate surroundings than any one living. The party had

been given to understand by the people at the hotel that he was very cranky and hard to manage, so Calhoun was selected (as the person of most persuasive address among the males of the party) to interview him.

They knocked twice without hearing any move within; but a shuffling sound followed the third attempt, and an unkempt, sleepy-looking man of about fifty, in a red flannel shirt and deerskin trowsers, opened the door.

"Well you *air* a crowd!" was his first word, followed by, "I was out trappin' a bar' last night, and I turned in early; I reckon I was 'most asleep."

"Sorry to have waked you," said Calhoun, politely. "Does Mr. Frisbie live here?"

"Not as I knows on," answered the man, with a not altogether ill-natured gruffness—"not as I knows on. My name's Cyrus, and Frisbie ef yer hev time fur it. But I don't take what I don't give, and we aint no use fur mistering 'round these parts. As fur my *livin'* here, yer knowed it afore yer asked, and I'll tell yer now, ef yer want any dealin's with me, you've got to be *squar clean thro'*, and leave all sech foolishness ez bowin' and scrapin' 'round, and askin' what yer know a'ready, to home with yer store clo'es! Air yer come out ter camp?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Strong, for Calhoun had meekly dropped into the back-ground and left him to face the foe. "Yes, and we are told that no one can help us to do it in the right place and the right way as well as you, so we have come for your help. We expect to stay hereabouts hunting and fishing, and so forth, for a month, and to climb the mountain before we go back. If you are willing to tell us what we need to know, and act as our guide in the climb, please say so, and at what price."

"Now yer talkin'," answered Cyrus with

¹The bears in that part of the Pacific Coast where our scene is laid, are comparatively harmless—feeding mostly upon berries, etc., and never fighting unless attacked.

with emphasis. "I'll show yer a good place ter camp, and give yer a lift now and then, in things ye'r green at, fur nothin'; and I'll do the climb fur ten dollars—providin' yer ain't got a parson along. Is that young feller there a parson?"—looking at Dunckley—"He looks ruggeder than the av'rage of 'em ef he is."

"No, Cyrus," answered Mr. Strong, "we are none of us parsons, so we'll consider you engaged as our guide for the mountain, and accept with thanks your promised kindness in other matters; and as it is getting late, we shall be pleased to have you help us to find a good camping spot as soon as possible. We passed a little opening about three hundred feet back, that looked pretty good to me."

Cyrus laid back his head and laughed hoarsely. "I knowed that was a comin'," he said, as he ceased laughing. "Every last lot of folks as comes up here, wants to put up thar! It's good enough now," he continued, "but just you wait and see what it'll be tomorrer or nex' day, or mebbe nex' week, when the wind rises. It's right inter the draft of the cañon, and when the winds blows hereabouts, it's blowin' as *is* blowin', and it'd take yer women folks clean off ther legs. But I'll show yer a place a quarter of a mile further south that's prime. I picked it out a week back fer the fust lot er folks that come along." As he spoke the last words, he started off with a slouching stride and the party fell into line and followed. When they had advanced a few rods, he pointed to a little clearing and spoke again:

"There's wher I'd take yer, but some folks was thar last year, and left such a pesky lot er cans and bottles, and ginerall trash lyin' 'round, that the very bars is sick to the'r stomicks at it. Thar was ten in the crowd, and not one of 'em could shoot a bit of game ef 'twas tied acrost the muzzle of his gun, or catch a fish, ef 'twas onto a platter. They was here three weeks, and never did a blamed thing but set round on fold-up cheers, and

paint picters, and read, and sing, and eat the messes that a heathen Chineese cooked fer 'em outer them cans! Ugh!"

There was a general smile at Cyrus's description, which his final grunt of disgust brought to a laugh.

"And were the whole set ministers? And was that why you made sure we hadn't one with us?" asked Calhoun.

Cyrus's face, which had relaxed in sympathy with the laugh around him, instantly grew grim—and his manner assumed a rough but genuine dignity. "Young man," he said, "seven years ago come nex' Thursday ther was 'four young fellers come fer me to show 'em up the mountin'—one of 'em was a preacher, but he didn't let on he was, fearin' I'd molly-coddle him or somethin'. The other three of 'em was all right, but he was peaked and weak-lookin' with the kind er red into his cheeks, that's better out; so I says to him, 'You ain't no bus'nes climbin' the mountin', and you'd better hang 'round hereabouts, and fish a bit, while me and the others goes up'. But he was clear grit, and talked a lot er nonsense about the doctor a tellin' of him to rough it and sich, and he was bound to go. Then I was mad, and I says to myself, 'We'll see, young chap, which of us two knows the most about this 'ere mountain! I'll tire you a bit, and mebbe you'll listen to reason.' So I rushed em' worse'n common, and took 'em one climb ther warn't no need of; but he was grit clean thro', and kept right up with the rest, till we camped at night on the snow line; and the next day just the same—he never asked us to hold up a bit fer him, tho' we climbed like goats. But about nine o'clock, when we was 'most to the top, he fell a bit behind, and when I looked back, there he laid, with the blood spurting from his mouth over the white snow. We got him back to the cabin amongst us, and he died the nex' night. Sence then, I've saw that there red stream on the snow, time an' agin when 'twarn't there to see, and I've writ a vow down onto

the wall of my cabin, over where the breath went outer him, thet ef the Lord'll furgive me fer harryin' of that young preacher to his death, I'll never take another one onto the mountain ef he'd pay me a fortune—and that's why I asked ef yer had a preacher along."

Calhoun had pushed ahead with Cyrus a little beyond earshot of the rest, and was glad he had done so, for so sad a tale would have cast a gloom over the merry party. As it came to a close, old Cyrus halted, and called to the rest that camp was reached.

A busy scene followed—tents were pitched, horses unpacked and staked out, beds and fire made, and supper cooked. Cyrus waited till he saw everything well arranged for the night, and after cautioning them about letting any fire get into the underbrush, went back to his cabin, and the tired party divided for the night.

"Let me congratulate you and myself," said Dunckley to Calhoun, as soon as they were alone, "upon the good progress you are making in your flirtation with Miss Margaret. At this rate you'll bring things to a climax and refusal in time to be of some use yet before we go home."

Calhoun laughed. "Sour grapes, old chap! I'm sorry for you, but that's the way a fellow is apt to be served for doing his duty. While you were immolating yourself upon the altar of friendship last evening, playing the agreeable to the ugly one, I was getting a 'head start' with Miss Margaret, and now I'm her devoted, if not her chosen, knight. Seriously Dunckley—she's the sweetest girl I ever met."

"If 'figures dont lie,'" answered Dunckley dryly, "She *must* be something uncommon, for she is, I believe, the seventh young woman of whom I have heard you, make that remark. She certainly does seem very pleasing and companionable, if one had time to enjoy her; but the other one, uninteresting and disagreeable as she is, as I said last night, is much more to the purpose here—

she's no more trouble than a boy, and as she really needs no looking after, and you have assumed the other one, I shall feel freer to go to work, than I had dared to hope."

"Bah!" snapped Calhoun, "What a scientific petrification you are! It's very good of you to leave me to 'walk round the track', but it would be obliging of you to have enough eyes for Miss Margaret's attractions to add relish to my admiration. By the way, how superbly the other one, whatever her name is, rides!"

There was no response, for Dunckley had dropped to sleep while his companion spoke.

"O Phœbe," began Margaret (nervously hastening, as their tent closed behind them, to cover a shamefaced consciousness that all through the happy day two had been company, and three would have been none,) "O Phœbe, why didn't you come ahead with Mr. Calhoun and me? We did have such a nice time while you were sulking along with the boys. I never saw anything act as you did! whenever we tried to join you, managing to slip off with the boys again instantly."

"What a dear little stupid you are, Peggy!" rejoined Phœbe. "Do you suppose I can be one thing to one of those young men, and another to the other? Besides—I always enjoy the boys, and I made a better listener to their yarns today than usual, for I was so afraid that the young men would overhear me that I didn't dare talk much. But my dear child you have reason to be thankful that I'm in the body at all. I'm a pretty good rider, but if I hadn't been playing a part, I never should have dared to run the risks I have today. I was determined that that ungrateful Mr. Dunckley should neither help me himself, nor see the boys do it; and I've come out of it alive, with the comfort of knowing that he may regard me as that phenomenal thing, a young woman who can take care of herself. I can fancy his selfish high-mightiness rejoicing that he doesn't

have to bother about me, either to talk to me, or help me, or even to be on his guard not to like me ! I'll let that soak in, over night, and to-morrow I'll bring my cooking-school lessons to the front, and become useful as well as harmless !”

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Strong communed in this wise :

“I can't think, Julia, what's got into those two girls ! Ever since they came home two months ago, Phœbe has always been in the lead in company, and all the young men have hung around her like moths round a candle, and Margaret has taken the leavings, and not seemed to care for them either ; and here she is now, without eyes or ears for any one but that mustachioed young scatter-brain, and Phœbe treating them both, but particularly Dunckley, who for real worth could buy out all the young men she ever met, as if he had a pestilence ! Girls are past understanding !”

“That is,” interrupted Mrs. Strong, “*you* don't understand them, or at least Phœbe, and I think I do. She is rather your favorite, and you intend Mr. Dunckley shall marry her, and she knows it. Perhaps you haven't put things quite so baldly to yourself, and perhaps she may have only an uncomfortable instinct in the matter, that she hasn't taken the trouble to think out, but you've said enough things, since the girls came back, to make her feel that she was going to be thrown at his head ; and that's enough to make any girl, let alone a spirited creature like Phœbe, hate a man. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll take no notice of any of her queer ways, and leave things to their own course. If I am right in thinking she has guessed your mind, it has probably given her such a set-back that she'll never care for him, even if he ever should care for her ; but the only hope is to let her alone. But for my part, I'm in no hurry for the girls to care for any one. It would be a shame for them to leave

us soon again, after all these years of separation.”

“Why, of course, Julia,”—and the tone was rather an injured one—“of course I'm in no haste to be rid of the girls, and it is not just for you to make it appear that I am. But I know Dunckley, and I knew his father before him, and a nobler fellow doesn't breathe—and if the girls are ever to be taken from us (and it is wrong to begrudge them their own life) I only wish there were two of him to do the taking. But I see I've made a mess of it as usual, and I suppose, as you say, there's nothing to do now but to let things take their course.”

III.

The next day Phœbe carried out her threat of distinguishing herself in the culinary department, by mixing and cooking some particularly nice batter-cakes—insisting upon sending them from the fire hot, while the rest ate—each plateful being received by the company with mingled plaudits and protests ; Chung meanwhile regarding the whole matter as a personal insult, and looking very glum, as he carried the plates back and forth.

“So far, so good,” she said to herself, as her ear caught Richard Dunckley's voice, declaring them the best cakes he ever ate ; “so far, so good.” In saying which, she spoke, as we often do, more truly than she knew ; for it was only “so far” : as the week wore on, she began to feel that her prank was neither as amusing or as practicable as it had looked at first. It was easy enough to be downright unmannerly and dull, being supported by the consciousness of her ability to be otherwise, but the process of working from this by the imperceptible gradations that her plot proposed back to her natural self, though entirely easy from an artistic standpoint, presented practical difficulties that she found hard to face.

Her first realization of this came the evening of their third day in camp. The young men had been off on a two days' expedition in the mingled pursuit of game and scientific discovery, returning late in the evening, after everyone, Chung included, had gone to bed, except her father and herself. Phoebe had quietly kept up the fire in the little camp stove, and by the time the young men had attended to their horses, had a nice hot supper ready for them. Full of the whimsical part she was playing, she thought of nothing else (except to be amused at doing a kindness in spite of herself); but the genuine ring in the thanks of the young men and the hearty praise of her good old father put a new face on the matter and made her ill at ease.

"I never dreamed of being such a deceitful wretch," she thought, as she crawled into bed beside her sleeping sister and drew the covers under her chin. "I almost wish I'd never begun this nonsense! But I've got to put it through now; and he *was* awfully ungrateful to dear papa, anyway, and he *deserves* to be deceived!"

But in spite of this "whistling to keep her courage up," Phoebe realized that the relish had rather gone out of her joke. She had said the night before to Margaret that it would be "all sorts of fun to grow by degrees less and less stupid, and let Mr. Dunckley flatter himself that he was 'developing her mind'"; but somehow it didn't look so funny now, and altogether she felt as one might midway of a hill down which he has been rash enough to attempt to run—obliged to go ahead, but uncertain how or where he is to stop. "Putting it through now" meant putting it through for the next four weeks, and that meant—well, she hardly knew what of maneuver and double dealing, which, losing the impulse of her sudden freak, were both of them foreign to her nature; and to this would be added the somewhat humiliating consciousness of using wit, tact, and patience to win the liking, if

not the admiration, of a young man. But to go ahead seemed her best way out of the three-cornered dilemma in which she had involved herself. Of the other two alternatives, one was to continue the absurd behavior that had marked the few hours of her intercourse with the young men, without modification or amelioration; the other to make a sudden and ridiculously unexplainable change to her natural self—the first entailing a restraint that would quite spoil the month for her, besides inflicting a wound upon her vanity, which that by no means obscure trait in her character was not prepared to bear, and involving no end of embarrassment on her return to civilization; the second opening the way for divers speculations and theories to explain her recent conduct—temporary insanity being perhaps the most tenable.

When the plot had first been laid, she had plunged into its execution with but little forethought as to details, beyond the fun of the first evening. She had followed that up the first day, as we have seen, and had, beyond that, only the general idea of first recommending herself to the good graces of her victim by becoming useful, and after that, to slip back into her own bright self by skillful gradations; thus slowly obliterating his first unpleasant impression of her. But now came the necessity of reducing this "glittering generality" to details and practice; and as poor Phoebe looked squarely at it, it ceased to glitter, as we have seen—but as we have also seen, she refused to be dismayed, and determined to push ahead. With what success remains to be seen.

One morning about a week after the meditations and misgivings just recorded, Margaret and Phoebe were sitting on the bank of the glacial stream that flowed near their camp. The week had been spent by the party in excursions to points where the views or fishing were fine; and just now the young men and the boys were off with Cyrus on

the track of a deer, and Mr. and Mrs. Strong were sitting at their tent door, she with her crocheting, he reading to her. Phoebe had, a little at a time, relaxed the severity of her hairdressing, and it now lay in a soft, pretty knot at the back of her head. It had remained guiltless of crimps or curls, until this very day; but the morning before, Mr. Strong had declared at breakfast, that "if she'd make herself good-looking again," his lips should be forever sealed on the subject of frizzles—and Phoebe, inwardly delighted to be forced to break her promise, had before retiring resorted to the necessary mysteries of preparation, and today her forehead was shaded by the same soft, delicate curls that had added so much to her prettiness when we first met her. She and her sister had taken their sketch books with them, but after a few strokes their pencils had grown idle, and their tongues busy—some reference to their old drawing teacher had started them upon a stream of schoolgirl reminiscence, and from this, they had passed to matters nearer at hand, and they had just spoken of the expedition of the day before, in which Richard Dunckley had spent most of his time in geological work, while the rest fished. They had, by the way, rather avoided of late much mention of the young men—Phoebe from growing impatience and chagrin at her peculiar position; Margaret from reasons best known to her pretty little self. But just here, Margaret broke through the habit of the past few days.

"Well," she said, "you took a queer enough way to do it, but you're evidently succeeding."

"Do what?" exclaimed Phoebe impatiently. Phoebe was cross—she had felt cross for two or three days, but had managed not to show it; but now there was unmistakable petulance in her tone, and Meg's eyes lifted in quiet inquiry.

"Do what? Succeed in what?" repeated Phoebe.

"Why, I'd just been speaking of how Mr.

Dunckley selected you from the rest of us yesterday to show his specimens to, as if we were heathen and publicans so far as science was concerned, and I took it for granted you'd know what I meant."

"O," answered Phoebe, listlessly, following the new lead, "that was natural enough. I began several days ago asking him questions about something I didn't understand when we studied geology at school, and I've really been so interested in what he has told me of the methods of *real* study, after one gets through the schoolbook part, and begins to get things first hand, that I suppose he has seen it, and naturally asked me first."

"O, you wily creature!" laughed Meg. "So you really have been adding flattery to your other sins and deceptions! No wonder you've made him like you!"

"Who said I wanted him to like me?" snapped Phoebe, her face flushing angrily.

"Why, you yourself," retorted Margaret, in her turn becoming vexed. "You're the queerest girl I ever knew! You haven't had so much to say about it lately, to be sure, but you know you talked of nothing else the first few days we were in camp, and laid your plots and plans like a villain in a play; and now you're ready to snap my head off because I speak of it, too. What did you mean by all your talk and maneuvers, and declaring he should like you, if you're going to be so cross about it now he does?"

"He *don't* like me Margaret—he despises me and I'm glad he does!—that is, I never really meant—O Meg dear, let me be!" and to Margaret's amazement her utterance was checked with a sob, and she flung herself face down upon the grass.

Margaret stood helpless. What did this mean? What should she do? In all the years that they had shared every thought and feeling she had always leaned on Phoebe, who in any schoolgirl trial or petty grief had comforted and explained, or "faced the foe" in her stead. But Phoebe herself had heretofore always seemed entire mistress of

such simple situations as her nineteen years of life had placed her in; and her sister stood transfixed before the spectacle of this same Phœbe crushed under some mystery of chagrin or sorrow, which she could only guess at. Finally, not being able to think of anything to say, she was wise enough to say nothing; but she knelt on the grass beside her sister, stroked her hair gently, kissed it (there being no face to kiss) and then quietly retreated a few steps and sat down to await developments. About two minutes passed without a sound—then a smothered voice seemed to find its way out backward through Phœbe's hair.

"I can't stand it a minute longer! and from this on I'm going to be precisely myself whatever comes of it. Those men will despise me." Here the voice got tired of backing, and she turned her head a little to let it out the right way. "But I sha'n't despise myself as much as I have the last week! It was fun enough to make a fright and an idiot of myself, but the rest has been horrid, and I hate myself more every day—and now I don't care for consistency or anything else, I'm going to try to forget the whole miserable business. I only wish they'd go back home tomorrow and leave us to ourselves!"

With this pronunciamiento, Phœbe arose, refreshed, so to speak, by her cry, and having bathed her eyes, drew her sister to her feet, and they proceeded together back to camp—little guessing, either of them, how sadly easy Phœbe's threatened forsaking of her plots was to be made.

As they reached camp, the hunting party arrived from another direction, announcing the capture of the deer, and bringing two bags of venison; but minus the boys, who had been so berated for their bad sportsmanship by Cyrus, as they came along, that they had deserted the party a mile back for a swim in the stream. Dunckley hastened to relieve the anxiety which Mrs. Strong's face betrayed even before she spoke, while Mr.

Strong exclaimed, as he caught sight of the bags,

"Why didn't you bring the deer itself for us to see?"

"Jest what I wor a sayin'," grumbled old Cyrus, "but these 'ere young fellers hed some fancy idees about yer women folks gettin' kerniptions so's they wouldn't eat none of it, ef they seen the pretty little critter hull, so we made butcher's meat of it right whar we shot it, and the skin and horns is left to my cabin fer to be fixed up fer yer to keep."

No one but Calhoun saw the flitting little up-look of gratitude with which Margaret had lifted her eyes to him, but he did, and felt guilty that it was his friend instead of himself whose thoughtfulness had been rebuked.

"Who killed it?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Both of 'em, and nuther of 'em," answered Cyrus sententiously. "The five of 'em put enough lead under the poor little critter's carcass, to hev laid out a herd providin' it hed 'a' ben sent right, (and you'll hev to look out fer yer teeth while yer a eatin' of it) but ez it was I had to clip in and give the last lick myself. Ef I'd 'a' been a sw'arin' man, I could 'a' sworn a book full. I reckon either Dunckley or Calhoun could 'a' done the job up ship-shape, ef they'd 'a' hed a fair show, but them pesky youngsters o' yourn went clean outer the'r heads when we sighted the critter, and what with prancin' round like hens with ther heads off, and shootin' wild, made it an even chance whether the others was to shoot the deer er them!"

Calhoun was about to add some kind, modifying word to this rather savage attack upon the boys, when the whole group were startled by a piercing shriek from the direction of the spring, and with anxious faces ran to ascertain its cause—becoming aware as they did so, that Mrs. Strong was missing. The spring was but a few yards distant, although hidden in the little depression

of ground that formed a basin for it; the cause of the shriek was only too quickly revealed. Mrs. Strong had slipped from the group to get a drink, while Cyrus spoke, and while stooping to fill the cup, which was kept hanging on a bush at the water's edge, and bracing herself with her left hand as she did so, had been bitten in the wrist by a rattle-snake. She had essayed to rise as she screamed, but had, instead, sunk backward in a faint, and now lay huddled on the ground, the blood trickling from a slight cut on her cheek, and the venomous snake still beside her. Almost before the rest comprehended the situation, Dunckley had despatched the snake, and was helping Mr. Strong to lift his wife. They had proceeded but a few steps, however, in the direction of the tents, which were some rods distant, when stopped by Cyrus.

"Look a' here!" he exclaimed authoritatively, "yer ain't no time ter waste totin' of her—set her down right whar you be"—arresting Mr. Strong with one hand as he spoke, while with the other, he seized Phœbe's arm, and forced her into a sitting posture. "Thar!" he continued, "lay her head on the gal's knees" (dropping at the same time to his own, and putting his mouth to the wound, but continuing to spit out directions, along with blood and saliva); "and you"—addressing Dunckley—"fetch some brandy or whiskey, quicker'n greazed lightnin', an' you," nodding toward Mr. Strong, "tie yer handkerchief 'round her arm here, and twist a stick in it, an' t'other gal (blast her! whar is she?), whar 's t'other one?"—glancing hastily round, and down toward the spring, "Bah! she's keeled over! women mostly do, when they're wanted! onhitch her gown at the waist, will yer?" reaching out his long arm as he spoke to unbutton her shoes where they were tight at the ankle. Nothing more could now be done till Dunckley's return; but he was a swift runner, and was with them again in less than three min-

utes from the time he left them, bringing a flask of brandy, a pitcher, a teaspoon, and a small vial. He turned aside a second, to fill the pitcher at the spring, then spoke quickly and with decision, holding up the vial. "Mr. Strong, this spirits of ammonia will be more speedy and effective than the brandy; shall we try it?"

Before Mr. Strong could find voice, indeed while Dunckley still spoke, Cyrus's angry voice claimed attention:

"I say young man! this 'ere aint no time fer experimenting. That 'ere snake was a rattler, and a timber one inter the bargain: it's life er death!"

"It was *life* for me, when I was bitten last year," rejoined Dunckley; "please decide, Mr. Strong."

But the poor old gentleman was thoroughly unnerved, as (despite Cyrus's slur upon women) big men are quite apt to be; and between his faith in Dunckley as a student and Cyrus as a mountaineer, was at a loss, and failed to answer on the instant. Phœbe promptly assumed the helm—from the first, although very pale, she had been entirely self-possessed and on the alert to act; now she spoke with quiet decision:

"The ammonia, Mr. Dunckley. Can I help you?"

"Yes," said Dunckley. "Keep the time while I drop it—it must be given every two minutes." Phœbe took out her watch, and Dunckley prepared the first dose (twenty drops to a teaspoonful of water); while Cyrus, having ceased to suck the wound, grumbled something about "newfangled notions," and waited to see the result. As fast as each spoonful was prepared, Phœbe administered it (no easy task in Mrs. Strong's unconscious state); Dunckley in the meantime filling the few seconds between the preparing of the doses with other offices—first hastily anointing the wound with the ammonia, then dashing small quantities of water sharply in the patient's face, to bring her out of her faint. But she had been a

little stunned with the fall, and was slow to recover consciousness.

By this time, Margaret, who had indeed followed her poor mother's example, and fainted, but who had been restored by Calhoun's exertions, had appeared with him upon the scene, and stood helplessly wringing her pretty hands, while the tears streamed unheeded from her eyes.

"Dear Meg!" said Phœbe, as she caught sight of her, "don't grieve so. Mr. Dunckley says he was once bitten, and we're doing what was done for him. There, see! she is better already"; as Mrs. Strong's eyelids quivered. "Isn't she, Mr. Dunckley?"

"I hope so," he answered; "although this is only the coming out of the swoon, and has nothing to do with the bite. But I think that will hardly prove as serious as it might have done, thanks to our good friend Cyrus, who must have drawn most of the poison from the wound before it could enter the circulation." Then, addressing Mrs. Strong, who had now opened her eyes, and was looking in a dazed way at those about her, "We are giving you a little stimulant, madam"—passing the spoon to Phœbe as he spoke. "You remember you were bitten just now, and you fell in a faint, but I think you'll be all right soon."

"Yes, Julia," chimed in Mr. Strong, wiping the tears from his honest old eyes, "you'll be well soon"; while Cyrus grumbled under his breath to Calhoun, "Much stimulant! better feed her the old man's tears—they'd do her ez much good!"

Dunckley heard Cyrus's gruff undertone, and guessed its purport, but, in no wise daunted, continued the treatment.

"How is her pulse?" asked Mr. Strong, as Dunckley felt it.

"'Taint time fur it ter say nothin' yet," interrupted Cyrus. "'Fust come, fust sarved,' and the pison of the bite's bound ter work awhile, afore that tom-fool physick en hev a chance."

"That is so," answered Dunckley; "and we mustn't be frightened if she sinks again—but she'll soon rally."

The event proved the truth of these words, and before very long the corner was turned, the heart action became normal, and she was sufficiently restored to be removed to her tent, and to have the little cut on her face dressed.

That evening, when the young men were alone in their tent, the whole affair was reviewed. "That girl Phœbe is an interesting study," said Dunckley. "She behaved beautifully this afternoon."

"Well, you remember," said Calhoun, "that night a week ago when she got supper for us, and drove us to repentance for having voted her disagreeable—you remember I said her queer ways might be the result of bashfulness, and I'm quite sure of it now; haven't you noticed that she grows less wooden all the time?"

"Not a tenable theory, my dear fellow," said Dunckley, smiling; "for I never saw more perfect nerve and self-possession than she showed this afternoon."

"Which proves just nothing," retorted Calhoun. "A stronger emotion made her forget herself, that's all. I've watched her, and she's grown more human right along, as she grew more acquainted. Several times lately she's spoken quite like other folks. You may depend upon it I'm right."

"Well, you may be," said the other, dismissing the subject. "I've no theory of my own, so I'll accept yours."

IV.

The next few days were very quiet ones in camp. The young men took the boys with them on their expeditions, or made it pleasant for them in their tent, (for though these same boys were as good-hearted chaps as ever lived, they were no fit companions for an invalid); and Mr. Strong and his daughters devoted themselves by turns to

Mrs. Strong. After a few days, however, she was sufficiently recovered from the bite and the nervous shock attending it to enjoy having them all around her. And these were perhaps the pleasantest days of the month's camping. The reading aloud from the few magazines they had brought, the games and chats and story-telling, and above all, the singing in the evenings, while the long summer twilight melted into darkness; were in after years among the pleasantest of their mountain memories.

Some of us are wont to exaggerate an emotion while it lasts, but when from very intensity it has exhausted itself, or when it is suddenly swallowed out of sight by a stronger one, we look back at the tumult of wasted feeling with wonder that we could have worked up so much morbid chagrin or grief out of such small material. So Phœbe, looking back from these quiet, happy days to those just preceding them, almost wondered if she could be the same foolish Phœbe for whom a silly dilemma had assumed such tragic proportion. Anxiety for her mother and thankfulness for her recovery at first blotted out everything else, and now everything was so lovely and everybody understood everybody else so well, and in short the crucible of a common anxiety had melted things into such delightful shape, that the whole matter seemed shoved into an indefinite past.

In the meantime, the shuttle was darting nimbly back and forth in the loom of Fate, and the pattern of more than one life among those of this sketch was being shaped with surpassing rapidity. The uneventful days have often the most to show in the final record, for the most potent forces work fastest when our backs are turned.

It was late in the afternoon of the day before that appointed for climbing the mountain. It had originally been planned to make the ascent the last part of the third week of their stay; but it had been deferred a week till Mrs. Strong should be quite re-

covered. Phœbe and Calhoun had been deep in a game of chess (played with a pocket set which Calhoun had brought), and Margaret, who did not like chess, had been amusing herself braiding some little baskets out of a kind of tough grass that grew by the edge of the stream. As the game closed they fell to talking of the morrow's trip, which in turn led them to speak of the ride from the hotel to camp, and the views of the mountain that it afforded.

"They were all beautiful," said Calhoun, "and of course the nearer one gets to the mountain, until one gets too near to see it as a whole, the more impressive it is; but not one of the views on the way here can compare as a whole with one from the hill southwest of the hotel. Dunckley and I came upon it in the first walk we took, and during the week we were there we hardly let a day pass without going to enjoy it. We made a parting pilgrimage to the spot the afternoon before we left. I know no view anywhere that I consider its equal."

"Nor I," began Phœbe enthusiastically—then, blushing furiously, became suddenly silent.

Dunckley, who had been writing up his notes in his tent, came upon the ground while Calhoun was speaking, and noted Phœbe's exclamation; and the sudden embarrassment following it.

"I wonder, Miss Phœbe," said Calhoun, "If you know the point I refer to—you were at the hotel so short a time, and this is quite a distance, a mile at least."

Phœbe had by this time recovered her self-possession, and answered naturally enough, "I may be wrong, but I was riding in the direction you indicated, the afternoon we were there, and I was so much impressed by the view from a certain point, that I thought it might be the same."

Here they were called to supper, and the subject dropped. Dunckley, never talkative, was unusually quiet, and even a little *distract* during the meal, and at its close

strolled off by himself, instead of joining the merry party in front of Mrs. Strong's tent.

"I say, Dunckley," shouted Calhoun, as he disappeared, "you'll be back in time for a sing, won't you?"—adding in a lower tone, as the answer, "All right," was shouted back, "We'll be breaking camp so soon after we come from the mountain, that this may be our last nice evening."

Dunckley was as good as his word, and returned in less than an hour, bringing a bunch of the wonderful wild lilies that grow in midsummer near the foot of some of the mountains of the northwest Pacific Coast. Handing the flowers to Phœbe, he seated himself to await the close of a game of "twenty questions," at the end of which the singing began. It lasted nearly an hour, for the four young people were a well matched quartette, and their repertoire included not only a number of pretty German songs and snatches of light opera, but many of the dear old Scotch and English stand-bys. These last were Mr. Strong's special delight, and he generally whistled the air by snatches, while they sang—in which accompaniment he rarely failed to flat, but nobody minded it.

Dunckley, who seemed tonight to be possessed by a spirit of restlessness, rose as the singing ended.

"May I take Miss Phœbe for a little walk, if she is willing?" he said addressing Mrs. Strong, and offering his hand to draw Phœbe from the ground as he spoke.

Mrs. Strong smiled the assent that he had already assumed, and the two turned into the path leading to the stream. As they neared the spot where the two girls had been sitting the morning that Mrs. Strong had been bitten, Dunckley stopped.

"Please sit down a minute, Miss Phoebe," he said, "I want to talk with you." Phoebe obeyed, a little dazed, and he began. "I think I have found a two and two that make four," he said. "If I have got hold of a three by mistake, and am all out in my sum, you must tell me. I joined you be-

fore supper, you may remember, just as Calhoun was referring to the fine view southwest of the hotel. Your enthusiastic assent and immediate embarrassment both struck me; in a moment more you spoke of riding in that direction, and somehow in an instant a whole situation flashed before me. The horse tied near us where we sat to enjoy the view was your Sambo—I was sure of it as soon as I gave it a thought; and you were somewhere near, sketching, I suppose (you see I have noticed your habit of slipping off and sketching by yourself). So far, my thoughts ran smoothly; then suddenly my conscience woke, and with dismay I remembered what we, or rather I, had been saying as we reached the spot. And now, please to tell me—were you there, and did you hear me?"

Phœbe's cheeks were rosy red, and she found it hard to answer—as much from a sense of his position as from her own.

"I was there," she said; "but I caught the merest word or two as you passed." It was, however, quite evident from her manner that the "word or two" had been much to the point.

"I see I am annoying you," he said, "and I am sorry; but you must remember that I am the guilty one—you have nothing to regret—and I shall be much easier after I have made full confession of my sins, and gained absolution." Then, without flinching, he told the whole story, ending with, "and I don't wonder, Miss Phœbe, that you were angry and treated me as you did when we first met; for you must own"—this with a smile—"you *did* treat me very badly at first. But my only wonder is at the sweet temper that made you so soon forget my boorishness enough to let me share your kindness with Calhoun the night you cooked supper for us. And I am sure, too, that no word of my rudeness has ever pained your good father's ears. And now I want at once to crave your pardon and thank you."

Poor Phoebe! It was now her turn for

confession. With scarlet cheeks she began, almost before her companion ceased:

"O Mr. Dunckley, I am the one to beg pardon. I wasn't sweet-tempered or anything! I was just as horrid as ever I could be. You'll despise me, but I'm going to tell you every bit about it. I did hear you say something about not wanting us along, and I was ever so angry—I thought then it was for dear papa's sake, but I believe now, it was just my own hurt vanity. And when I've thought of it lately, and seen how hard you work while the rest of us play, I can see just how exasperating it was to have all your plans upset in the shape of a kindness; but I was angry then, and I went back to the hotel, and I made a plot—" here the tears came to her eyes, and she found it hard to go ahead, but she was not to be outdone, and pushed on bravely. As she told Margaret afterward, she never knew how she did it, but she told him the whole silly story, up to the morning that Mrs. Strong was hurt.

As she spoke, the wild rout of thoughts and feelings that had been driving Dunckley, he knew not whither, all the evening, defined themselves, and strengthened into a purpose; and as she ceased, and one or two tears dropped on the poor lily she was pulling to pieces in her lap, he looked at the pretty drooping head, with a light in his eyes that had never shone there before.

"Thank you," he said, gravely and gently. "I don't know which is most to be admired, the wit of your little plot, the womanliness that made you desert it, or the sweet candor with which you have confessed it. But I know which I value most. You could not have spoken as you have, if you did not have confidence in me; and Phœbe—I would rather have your confidence than that of any one living."

Phœbe still sat with her eyes cast down and her cheeks aflame; but as he uttered the last words she grew suddenly pale. What did he mean? Oh! she had to think so fast—and as she told her sister afterward,

she couldn't think at all, she was *feeling so fast*. As if answering her bewilderment, he continued:

"But grateful as I am for your confidence, I am not satisfied—I crave something more. Can you guess what?"

It seemed to Phœbe that he must hear her heart beat; but in the new tumult of emotions that was possessing her, she found no words—and still looking down at the lily, she saw his large brown hand approach her small white one, and close around it; she noticed, too, quite as if it belonged to some one else, that the little hand was not withdrawn; then she heard his voice again: "Phœbe," he said, "let me see your eyes, that I may know whether to tell you." She tried to lift them, but they fell instantly. She saw in that flash, however, a great deal in his eyes, whether he saw anything in hers or not. Perhaps her inability to let him look, told more than an hour's gaze. At all events, he must have been encouraged to continue, for the sunset glow had not quite died out in the west when Phœbe finished her confession, and the full moon was high in the heavens when they returned to camp. All but Mr. Strong had gone to bed. Dunckley drew Phœbe toward him: "May I have her, Mr. Strong?" he said.

The poor old gentleman was taken entirely off his guard, and stared at them both for a moment as if struck with catalepsy. "May I have Phœbe for my wife?" firmly repeated Dunckley, and the old man found his voice.

"May you have her? God bless you, Dunckley! there's no man on His earth I could so willingly give her to!" His voice broke however, as he turned to clasp his daughter in his arms. As for Phœbe, she cried outright, as she hung upon her kind old father's neck. Dunckley was afraid she was growing overwrought. "Take her to her mother," he said, and gently bidding her good-night he disappeared.

Arrived at his tent, he was received by

his friend with a torrent of banter; all of which was listened to, with his usual imperturbability, he meanwhile deciding whether or no to take his friend immediately into his confidence. His decision was in the affirmative; partly that the knowledge would be almost inevitable on the morrow, and partly that he knew his friend's sympathy with his new happiness would at heart be as true as if it were not concealed by a veil of fun.

"Calhoun," he said, "be good enough to stop this nonsense, and be rational for once. I've something to tell you." And he told him.

"My dear boy!" ejaculated Calhoun when he had ended, at the same time seizing his friend's hand with a hearty grip, "My dear boy, I give you joy—but really—for a fellow to 'go in all over' commend me, after this, to one who didn't intend to go in at all. I hope you don't intend to 'make love to both of them', as you suggested to me, for I have my own designs upon Miss Margaret—I have indeed, my dear fellow," he repeated, growing grave. "Do you suppose there is any chance for a rattlepate like me with the old gentleman? You must say a word for me, now you are in favor at court."

"I will indeed if you need it, old boy," responded Dunkley cordially; "but I'm quite sure you will need no help from me."

Calhoun's fun had quite spent itself by this time, and the two friends talked together, as only true-hearted young men can, till late into the night.

I shall attempt no account of the ascent of the mountain. For those who have never seen nor climbed a snow mountain, any description would be inadequate to give a true idea; and for those who have, it would seem still more so. Suffice it to say, it was made in safety, and thoroughly enjoyed by all; though, if the truth were told, Richard and Phœbe would have as truly trod the Delectable Mountains, during those two days,

if their steps had lain in the lowest valley that ever hid itself from the light. It was interesting to note how much less competent to "take care of herself" Phœbe had suddenly become, and how entirely Richard had forgotten his vow to "wash his hands of her."

The last day before breaking camp was a bright, still, never-to-be-forgotten Sunday—the anniversary of which has been, in a sort, held sacred by Richard and Phœbe in the years that have passed since. All through its sunny hours—all through its long twilight, and late into the evening, they walked or sat together in the wild mountain solitudes, comparing experiences and hopes, making those wonderful "forced marches" into the territory of each other's confidence, in which new-made lovers delight.

In the evening Cyrus came over to offer his help for the morning. The boys had gone to bed early, Calhoun and Margaret were strolling back and forth by the brookside, and Mr. and Mrs. Strong were alone.

"'T seems ter me," he said, grinning good-naturedly, and advancing with the slouching stride peculiar to him, "'t seems ter me thet them young folks is oncommon consid'rate of you and yer wife lately—I reckon mebbe they think yer hev somethin' ter say thet you don't want lis'ners to."

There was a good-natured laugh at this clumsy attempt at satire, and Mr. Strong proceeded to tell Cyrus of Phœbe's engagement. The announcement was received coolly.

"Mebbe yer wor lookin' fer me ter take on," he said, "but I knowed from the fust what was comin'. Ez soon ez ever I seen them two young fellers, I says to myself, 'Ef them young folks ain't paired off a'ready, they will be, afore the month's out, jest ez sure ez preachin'!"

Henrietta R. Eliot.

OUR CAMP IN THE CAÑON.

"You should go up into the mountains; that's the place for you." Everybody said it, but still we hesitated; for how could two "lone women," one an invalid, and the other "not very strong," go off by themselves into the wilderness of a strange country? How would they get food? It would be so lonesome! O, they never could do it!

But the little town in the valley grew hotter and hotter. It was one hundred and three in the shade, then one hundred and five, then one hundred and eight. They grew thin and weak. Something must be done. They were in this southern country for the Invalid's health. They must not go home yet. So they said "We will go up to the cañon and see what it is like."

The Doctor had a nephew camping out up there and had sent his two small boys to "vegetate" and be company for the young man. Now he was going to take his daughter to join them, and we went along too to see what it was like.

The wonder and the beauty of it charmed us. The Invalid in a burst of enthusiasm said she "would like to stay there forever." So the Housekeeper busied herself for the next week in preparations. She saw the man who made tent frames, and ordered a large one; she stitched yards of muslin sheeting together to cover the frame; she bought sugar and flour, potatoes and lemons, butter and eggs, canned fruits and meats. People told us we wanted bacon, but we did not believe it. We never had eaten it, and we knew we should not be hungry enough for that, even up in the mountains.

One morning at seven o'clock the trunk, three boxes and a basket, the tent and the hammock, with a table, two chairs, and a cot bed, which we had borrowed, were

loaded on a wagon, securely tied, for the road was rough. We climbed to the seat in front and were off for the cañon.

This cañon of San Antonio is a great cleft in the Sierra Madre range. We are told that seventeen years ago it was "as pretty a cañon as you'd find anywhere. A man could gallop his horse clear up to the saw-mill." Some mighty storm, perhaps a cloud-burst in the mountains, aided in its work of destruction by the felling of trees for the mill, has swept down the cañon, carrying in its flood rocks and trees from the mountain sides, making for itself a path, and leaving huge boulders and immense tree-trunks in its course.

The saw-mill is in ruins now—whether picturesque or not we did not learn, for it is nearly at the head of the cañon, too far away for a visit. The river is now but a small creek, probably from fifteen to twenty feet wide most of the way. It winds its way here and there and has to be forded nine times by all travelers coming up the cañon with teams. It is by no means a quiet stream—its voice is loud enough to drown human voices near its banks, and when one wakes in the night the roar seems like that of a storm of wind and rain. Great alders, willows, and live oaks grow beside it, apparently fighting for a foothold in the rocks, and liable at any time during the winter rains to be torn from their places and laid prostrate across the water.

Our camp was very near the end of the wagon road, five miles from the mouth of the cañon, where the high hills draw so near together that we seemed to be quite shut in by them, and the morning sun did not look down on us until two hours or more after he had shown himself to the dwellers on the

plains. Then he left us before five o'clock in the afternoon; but his light lingered long on the peaks, and it was one of the Invalid's pleasures to lie in the hammock and watch the sunset glow on a certain topmost ledge of reddish rock, which shone out long after all else was dark.

Our tent was pitched about a rod from the noisy little stream—the *treacherous* stream, the Housekeeper said it was, after a few weeks' experience in using it for a pantry. Some large tin cans, well weighted with stones and set in the edge of the water, served finely for a refrigerator, but there were some objections to that kind of a pantry. One evening a pail full of fresh crullers—"forty-five of them,"—the Housekeeper said mournfully—floated provokingly away when the stone for weight was not quite heavy enough. One of the boys found the cover, and several weeks later a battered and somewhat rusty pail was brought into camp; but the forty-five crullers made food for the fishes. Another time some of the fruit bought of "Vegetable John," who made us weekly visits for a while, went floating down stream in the night, when the water is higher than in the daytime—a fact we were slow to realize. Some beefsteak in a loosely covered vessel got well water-soaked and had to be served as stewed steak instead of broiled. But these were "trifles light as air."

Proudly we looked around our domain when we were "settled." The tent was used only for a sleeping room. The table stood outside, against its western wall, one-half of it holding books, writing materials, and work-box, making the parlor table; while the other half served for dining and kitchen table. Nearer the water, a box nailed between two alders made a cupboard, below which, on a pile of rocks and stones, artistically arranged by the Housekeeper, stood the oil stove. Various cooking and toilet utensils were hung on convenient branches or nails driven into the trees. In the cool evenings a camp fire gave the charm

that open fires always have, and drew a bright company around it. But the mountain air made us sleepy and we retired early, the Invalid to her cot in the tent, the Housekeeper to the hammock swung from two trees near the water's edge.

"How do you spend the time?"—"Isn't it dreadfully lonesome?" our town friends asked. Of course, people who depend upon the life and busy ways of town for all their interests did think it lonesome, and such people usually stayed but a few days; but most of us found much of interest in the place and the novelty of out-door life. The Housekeeper found that it took no small part of every day to prepare the food and wash the dishes for two. Then the washing and ironing—though we learned that much less of the latter is necessary than in "civilized" life—must be done once a week, for "Washee John" had not found his way into the cañon yet. There were papers and magazines to be read, and letters to be written. The mail came up twice a week from the town fifteen miles away. The Invalid went fern-hunting; and though it was late in the season for ferns, she was rewarded with some fine maiden-hair and a few specimens of other kinds, as well as wet feet, and many hurts and bruises in scrambling over the rocks.

Fishing was quite the fashion. The stream abounds in small trout which, fried to a brown crispness, make a good addition to the fare. The Invalid, feeling it her duty to go fishing as the rest did, borrowed a rod and line and went forth with the small boys. They dug the earthworms for bait, and a boy of larger growth whom she met, put one of the wriggling things on the hook for her, saying, as he pointed to a deep looking pool on the lower side of a big rock, "That's the kind of a place to get fish; I'm going farther up stream," and left her. The small boys went, too, and she sat patiently and obediently holding the rod over that pool and looking—everywhere else. By-and-by

she tried another place, and another, and finally, feeling a pull on the line, brought her wandering attention back in time to see that she had had a bite, but had *not* a fish. Then she went back to camp, the little ambition she had had completely destroyed. The Housekeeper was more successful and caught ten and fifteen trout at a time.

We exchanged visits with other camps, of which there were from twenty to thirty some of the time in the accessible parts of the cañon, and thus made some very pleasant acquaintances. Two classes of people, I may say, come to the cañon: residents of the towns, who take their summer's outing in this way, and invalids who hope for benefit from the mountain air. There is not game enough to tempt sportsmen, as in some of the neighboring cañons. In one camp we found five young men from "the States," as old residents here say, suffering with affections of the lungs; in another an elderly maiden from New England and a Kansas woman, each alone among strangers, seeking to get rid of a cough. A young physician with nervous prostration was here, the only one of the invalids not troubled with lungs or throat, and his gain in health was the most evident of any.

A Methodist preacher traveling with the G. A. R. excursion made a little side trip to the cañon one Saturday evening. The next morning the children brought the message to our camp of "preaching at McFindlay's camp, in fifteen minutes." As we were already wearing our cleanest gowns there was not much "dressing up" possible, though we had to wait a little while for the young man to give an extra brush to his boots. When we reached McFindlay's we found the congregation, thirty in number, seated on boards, boxes, and rocks, except the older women and the young mother with a baby, who had chairs. Campers generally do not indulge in many chairs, unless the men of the party are skillful enough to make some of rustic style, and

soap boxes seem to be popular seats. Rock seats are plenty, but even if quite comfortable at first, they become extremely hard after a while, and some of us heard with relief the preacher's remark that he would not "dilute" upon his subject. The hymns from Moody and Sankey were sung with a will. After the service the preacher shook hands all around, then came to our camp with the Universalist young man to help eat the big watermelon sent up from town the day before. We had no more preaching, but later in the season a Sunday School class, conducted by a white-haired Methodist sister, helped to make the first day of the week more like Sunday.

The more sturdy and ambitious ones think the season not complete unless they climb "Old Baldy," the highest peak in this part of the range. Few women undertake it, for it is a very rough, hard climb. The men generally make a three-days' trip of it, going the ten or twelve miles up the cañon the first day, staying over night at a mining camp at the foot of the mountain, making the ascent the second day, and returning to the camp at night; though some go to the summit the first day to have the pleasure of making a huge bonfire there at night and of seeing the sun rise the next morning. Those who went in August could not stay long, for they could get no water; but in July there was still snow enough to quench their thirst and give them a chance at snowballing, too. Old Baldy is snow-crowned for nine or ten months of the year.

There are several mines or tunnels in the hillsides where years ago somebody was digging for gold, and at intervals all the way up the cañon we saw the miners' cabins. Our first climb was to one of these tunnels, stopping to rest at the little log cabin below it on the hillside, then occupied by two campers—men who had traveled all over this country of the far West and whose talk reminded us of Bret Harte's tales. A stream of water had found its way into the tunnel,

making it too wet for exploration with comfort. It is hardy six feet in height, and the earth has caved in on the sides in several places; but the men took the candle and penetrated to the end, calling back with echoing voices that it was about fifty feet in length. Farther up the cañon is another mine, reached by a very steep trail, where the over-hanging rock is covered with moss and maiden-hair fern, kept always bright and luxuriant by hidden springs. This green wall is one of the prettiest sights and a favorite resort for good climbers. The cabin near it was a whitewashed shanty known as the White House, and in an especially favored spot for a camping ground. One Sunday a company of young roughs from the town, up in the cañon on a spree, recklessly set it on fire, and now nothing remains to show the place but some blackened logs and the dead branches of the sycamores above it.

Spring Hill is the most accessible point from which a view can be obtained of Old Baldy above, the cañon and valley below, and the hills and ocean away to the south. Half way to the summit is the spring that gives it the name, welling up from the earth in a bed of water cress. A company of sixteen made this climb one morning. They went up by the easiest trail, but even then the feebler ones, as they strove to get back the breath that seemed almost gone, were reminded of the remark of a girl who said, when asked about the view from one of the higher peaks. "O yes, we could see ever so far, but we were too tired to look at the view!" This girl belonged to a party of indefatigable young people who went for a climb nearly every day, starting early and coming back so late that we could only faintly see their forms as they came singing and shouting down the hills.

A report came to us from the Frying-pan Camp that the shriek of a puma, or mountain lion, had been heard at night, but in our rambles we saw no four-footed animal

more formidable than a gray squirrel. Rattlesnakes sometimes appear, and many harmless snakes of various kinds may be seen about the rocks. Lizards, too, come out of the crevices to sun themselves, and will grow quite tame if one will take the trouble to catch flies and other insects to feed them. Many of them are very pretty, striped and spotted in browns and reds, with patches of light blue on their throats. A longer, yellower, more snake-like kind sometimes appears, but these are more shy. The pretty little harmless things had an enemy in the white cat that a town friend sent up to amuse the Doctor's nephew after his cousins had gone home. She busied herself hunting lizards about the rocks much of the time, playing with one when it was caught as she would with a mouse. The young man petted her, caught fish for her, and seemed to find her presence a great pleasure.

Ants were numerous, especially about the live oak trees—as the Invalid learned to her sorrow on the day of her arrival in camp. Spreading her shawl under a tree, she lay down to rest; but soon, feeling some disturbing element about her head, started up to find her hair full of little brown ants. They found the way to the honey jar, but did not get into other food. Spiders were numerous. Even big, black tarantulas *might* be found. The last few weeks of our stay, there were gnats and flies in great numbers, and we occasionally saw a mosquito, though so small as to be hardly recognizable by one who has lived in New Jersey. Centipedes were not unknown.

To get acquainted with the birds no better place could be found than in the shade of a live oak tree. Sitting there in the morning we heard their chirps and *tseeps*—they do not sing at this season—with occasionally a sharper note as some bird discovered the intruder. They had not learned that a human being is to be feared and would come quite within arm's length, if we were very quiet.

There were little fly-catchers, of soft brown and ashy colors, wee humming-birds, and gay yellow finches, like canaries in shape and size, though of a deeper yellow hue and with round black caps on their heads. A sober-colored, ragged looking fellow, perched on a branch, suddenly darted through the air, a flash of brightest blue; a big owl stared at us from a rock one evening; wild pigeons fluttered in and out of the bushes.

It was too late in the summer for the glory of the wild flowers. We found only the dry stalks and seeds of many of the beauties that had been born to "waste their sweetness on the desert air" in February and March. Then if we could have been there, we should have seen the beautiful "shooting stars," or wild cyclamens, which rival their sisters, the cultivated cyclamens, in beauty and fragrance; several varieties of lupines; blue and white larkspur; "baby blue-eyes" (*nemophila*); various kinds of *mimulus*; Indian pinks (*castilleja*), and others quite as pretty. I must not overlook the forget-me-nots, very delicate white flowers, and a coarser kind, of a dull blue, growing rankly almost everywhere; or the orange-colored poppies, over which all the Eastern people "rave." For weeks these make brilliant patches of color in the valleys and on the hills, varying from pale yellow to deepest orange, the two sometimes shaded into each other in the same flower. Even as late as July we found a few very small, very pale ones in the cañon. It is the *eschscholtzia* of Eastern gardens, but a small clump or border of them in a garden gives but a faint idea of the effect of acres of the glowing orange color.

Still in August we found the red and yellow columbine, just as it grows on New England hillsides; gorgeous tiger lilies; big yellow primroses, like the ones we know in the East except that in true California fashion they grow much larger; the beautiful white clematis, climbing over the

trees, hanging in graceful festoons and ropes from the branches, and filling the air with sweetness. Later, indeed among the very last flowers that we found, were immortelles, golden rod, delicate, large pink asters and small purple ones, and some others of the composite family. On almost every hillside we saw the whitish stalks of the yucca, called here "Spanish dagger." Going near we found the ripening seed pods, but early in June we should have seen the flowers in their glory. The tapering flower-stalk, from ten to twenty feet high, bears many panicles of bell-shaped, greenish white blossoms. This flower-stalk is porous in texture, and sections of it make very convenient pincushions. The leaves, narrower than those of the Spanish bayonet proper, but tipped with sharp spines, have a saponaceous property, and are said to be used by the Mexicans instead of soap.

The cañon is a very dry place. Close to the stream as our camp was, the clothing, books, papers, etc., outdoors day and night, were never damp, and the earth a foot from the edge of the water seemed perfectly dry. The rocks were nearly all bare, but sometimes we found them with a growth of lichens. There were dried-up mosses and ferns in the crevices, making us wish we might have been there in the spring, when they were fresh and green; but there is no such luxuriant growth of moss as is found in similar places in New England.

We kept a "thermometer report" for a local paper, having our thermometer hung above the table in a convenient place for taking observations at meal times. Ninety-two degrees was the highest temperature we had, at noon, and forty-seven degrees was the lowest, at seven o'clock in the morning. These figures were exceptional, the usual range being from sixty to eighty. The coolest mornings we sat by a camp fire until the sunshine reached our camp, when fire was no longer necessary. On the warmest days our favorite seats were the shadiest rocks

very near the water. Four thousand feet above the ocean we thought the fogs that cover the valleys so much of the time would not reach us; but one morning at six o'clock the Housekeeper came into the tent singing "When the mists have cleared away," and we looked out upon a dense gray wall, shutting us in on every side from even the nearest hills. Three hours later nothing remained of it but a few curling cloud-wreaths on the mountain peaks. Several times the early risers looking down the cañon saw the fog-bank coming up, but only once more did it reach us during the ten weeks and a half of our stay. It was the rainy season over to the east of us in Arizona, and sometimes our beautiful blue sky was made more beautiful by gray and white banks of cloud that rose above the mountains and floated over the cañon, falling once in showers that astonished us—for the oldest inhabitant "never saw rain at this time of the year."

A big-eyed seven-year-old asked: "Are the mountains made of rocks?" Looking up at some of their bare and rugged sides we told him they must be. Even where the green growth is thickest, great trees grow apparently out of solid rock, "holding on for dear life." Not infrequently, rocks and trees have lost their hold and have come crashing down the mountain side together.

There are sycamores all through the cañon, growing most abundantly in the ravines, or little side cañons where the brooks come down to join the larger stream. Their white trunks, twisted in fantastic forms, and the weird mistletoe drooping from the boughs in great bunches, make them the strangest looking trees in the cañon. The mistletoe seems to prefer the sycamore, though it grows sometimes in the alders. Probably the live oak with its glossy dark green foliage and graceful shapes, is the prettiest tree. The California bay, or laurel, which may be called a tree from its size, though usually growing in

bushy form, is beautiful in color, and is a favorite because of its fragrance. The children gathered wild cherries from a shrub that bears shining, prickly leaves; but the fruit, of about the size and color of some cultivated cherries, is mostly stone and skin. The low growth of shrubs that covers the gentler slopes of the mountains—the chaparral—is made up of the grease-wood, mountain mahogany, buckthorn, cherry, manzanita, *herba santa*, or "mountain balm"—from which a medicine is prepared for pulmonary affections—and a few others, the names of which we did not learn. Poison oak grows luxuriantly in places, as some of the campers learned by painful experience, and is almost the only shrub that shows red leaves at the approach of autumn.

Some of the young men found amusement in making canes of various woods. The manzanita has a red bark, almost black when dry, and very pretty when varnished. It is a little the most choice for canes, because it is so difficult to procure a straight one. The Mexicans have a saying to the effect that it is harder to find a straight manzanita than a perfect woman. It is one of the prettiest shrubs on the mountain slopes, growing in rounded, compact, bushy form, and having numerous small, very light green leaves, contrasting well with the red bark. The mountain mahogany makes good, light-colored canes, the sapwood being nearly white, notwithstanding its name, and it takes a fine polish. Grease-wood is easily worked. The young physician carried away a large collection of canes, enough apparently to supply all his friends with souvenirs of the cañon. The amateur artists find pieces of rock of proper size and shape for paper-weights and paint on them "bits" of falls, trees, sky, rocks, hills, with perhaps a tent or two, to have something characteristic of the place. Excursions to the favored spots where the finest yucca for

pincushions grows are usually among the last ones taken by camping parties before they "break camp."

In September the place begins to have a lonesome look. Drearier than an empty house is a deserted camp, with its pile of smoke-blackened rocks and bit of rusty pipe that made the camp "stove," the cleared place where the tent stood, with perhaps a rustic chair or bed more or less dilapidated, the rubbish—including the old shoes, which gave out so surprisingly with the travel over the rocks, and "the ubiquitous tin can"—and the names carved on the smooth alders, telling of somebody's skill with the jack-knife.

By the last of the month everybody else had gone, so we must follow, though the Invalid wanted to stay till the fall rains came. Reluctantly she left the cañon, looking back longingly all the way down at the rollicking stream and the tall trees with the blue, blue sky above them, the rugged

mountain slopes, and the beautiful, dreadful rocks.

Outside, the hills that were so brown in July that they seemed completely dried up, were dryer and browner now. From the rocks of the cañon we came to the hills sloping down so gently that we hardly realized the descent, and covered with the desolate, forlorn-looking sage brush, cactus, and low, dusty weeds, with here and there a sunflower—the effect of the whole not unlike that of a Kansas prairie. The fruit of the prickly pear was ripe, and we saw some very large, brightly colored "pears." Another cactus, which grows in a more tree-like form, seems to be the home of some kind of bird, for nearly every plant had a rough nest in its branches. After a long four-hours' ride, just as the evening came on, and the wind grew chill, we came to the vineyards and orange groves of Pomona, to our friends and a warm supper.

Belle J. Bidwell.

FORTUNY'S PIPING SHEPHERD.

What youth is this that pipes so lustily,
 Singing of summer and the days of June,
 While all his flocks, shunning the heat of noon,
 Have sought the shade beneath some spreading tree?
 He pipes to crickets and the wandering bee,
 In fields untenanted, until the moon
 And night disturb his notes, alas too soon!
 And yet that song shall never cease: to me
 It still shall be a joy and a delight,
 Telling of rustic things: of shepherd's bells,
 And round of rural cares, with tales by night
 Of sheep that strayed in far-off, shadowy dells,—
 Of purpling grapes, and red lips stained with wine,
 And mirth and laughter of a youth divine.

G. Melville Upton.

THE ACEQUIA MADRE OF SANTIAGO.

I.

A moon just past its first quarter was shining on the Indian pueblo of Santiago, so that one side of the main street (it only boasted four) was in deep shadow, while on the other the mud-built houses were made almost beautiful by the silver light. The walls on the bright side were curiously barred with the slanting shadows cast by low, broad ladders, which led from story to story of the terrace-like buildings, and by the projecting ends of the beams which supported their flat roofs. Outside each house, clear away from the wall, stood a great clay oven, in shape exactly like a gigantic beehive as tall as a man. In the deepest shadow on the dark side of the street, between one of these ovens and the wall, something was crouching. The street was deserted, for the Indians, who practice the precept "early to bed and early to rise," had long ago lain down to sleep on their sheepskins. But if any one had gone up to the crouching something, he would have found a young Indian, with a striped blanket drawn completely over and around him, so as to conceal everything except the keen eyes that peered watchfully out of the folds. There was no one to disturb him, however, and the bright moon of New Mexican skies sank lower and lower in the west, and yet he remained there motionless, except when now and again the night air, growing colder, caused the blanket to be gathered more closely to the body it was protecting.

Just as the moon dipped behind the western hills, the figure sprang up and darted forward. The long, untiring watch was over at last. From a hole in the opposite wall, a good deal higher than a man's head

from the ground, a little hand and wrist were seen waving.

In a moment the boy—he was hardly more—was underneath. He threw back the blanket from his head, and it fell down to his waist, where it was supported by a belt, leaving his body and arms free. His answering hand crept up the cold, rough surface of the wall till at its utmost stretch he felt a smooth, warm skin rub against his finger tips, and instantly the two hands interlocked.

"Is that you, Felipe?" breathed a low voice from inside.

"Yes, my love, it is," came back a whisper as low from the Indian boy who had waited so long and so patiently for his sweetheart's signal.

"Why did you look so sad," he continued, "when you gave me the signal today? Is there anything new?"

"O Felipe, yes," she sighed. "I do not know how to tell you. My father spoke to me this morning and said it should be in three days. He has sent for the padre to come. In three days, Felipe! What shall we do? I shall die!"

The young Indian groaned under his breath. "In three days!" he said. "Ah that is too cruel. Is it really true?"

"O yes," came the whispered answer. "My father said he would beat me to death if I did not consent. I should not mind being beaten, Felipe, so much—it would be for you; but he would kill me, I believe. I am frightened."

Felipe felt the shiver that ran through the finger tips clasped in his. "Do not be so afraid, Josefa," he said, trying to keep up her courage. "Can you not tell the padre that you hate old Ignacio and that you will not marry him?"

"Yes, but," replied she, "he will say,

‘O nonsense, nonsense; girls are always afraid like that.’ You see, Felipe, it is through my father as cacique that the padre gets his dues. He’ll do what my father wants. He will not mind me.”

“There is only one thing for us to do,” said the boy, “we must run away together.”

“But where?” said she, “and how? They will catch us, and they will beat us, and they will marry me all the same to that ugly old Ignacio. I hate him. I will poison him.”

“They say Ignacio is going to give your father three cows,” said her lover. “Alas, I have no cows. If I only had cattle like him, the cacique would —”

“Hush,” said the girl. They listened a moment in silence. She could hear that some one in a further room had got up and was throwing a stick of wood on the fire. With a gentle pressure the finger tips were withdrawn from his, and the hand disappeared back through the hole. Felipe sank down into the crouching position he had been in till she came, drawing the blanket over him for concealment and warmth as before. For nearly half an hour he remained perfectly still. Then a slight rubbing on the inner side of the wall became audible, and presently looking up he saw not a hand only, but a whole arm reaching down to him from the opening. Up he sprang, and stretching himself on tiptoe against the wall he succeeded in bringing his lips up to the little hand, which he kissed silently again and again.

“It was my father,” said she. “He must be asleep again now; he lay down again quite soon. They put a new stone,” she continued, “in the hand-mill today, and I have got the old one to stand on. I can see you now if I take my hand in and put my head to the hole. But, Felipe, let us settle what to do.”

“I’ve been thinking,” said Felipe, “we must run; we must. Of course it is no use for us to go to our padre. He is on their

side, just as you say, so we will not go to him. We will try another padre, who has nothing to do with the pueblo and won’t care for your father. I’ll tell you. Let us go to Padre Trujillo at Ensenada. They say he is good and kind to his Indians. He will marry us. I have the money to pay his fee. When we are once married, my joy, we are safe. They cannot separate us when the padre has joined us forever. They cannot do anything to us then; our own padre would forbid it.”

“We should be safe then, indeed,” sighed Josefa. “O, if we could only manage it! What shall we do for a horse? the horse-herd is away in the sierra, and they will not bring it down till Sunday.”

“I could go to the herd,” said Felipe, “if my father would let me have his horse; but he would never give me leave, I know. The horse is thin, and he wants him to eat green grass. I could not go and get him without his knowing.”

“Ask the Americano,” suggested the girl. “He is your friend, and you work with him; he will lend you his.”

“I am afraid not,” returned Felipe sadly. “I don’t think he will. It seems a great thing to him to lend a horse, though he is good to us Indians. He is going to blast the rocks in the acequia for us tomorrow. But I will try; I will beg very hard. Don’t be afraid, dear heart, I will get one somehow, if you will really come—yes, if I have to take one of the Mexicans’ horses.”

“O no, not that!” cried she. “They will shoot you or hang you if you touch their horses. Don’t do it. I will not go if you take a horse of the Mexicans. I would rather go afoot.”

“No, dear heart, you couldn’t. It isn’t possible. It is ten leagues to Ensenada from here, and we must do it between moon-set and daylight, or they will catch us. Do not talk of going afoot. Trust me, I will get a horse. But will you really

come, Josefa *mia*? Do you really mean it? What other woman would be so brave?"

"I do mean it, indeed," she answered. "O how I wish we could be married here in our own church by the padre! but my father wouldn't hear of it. He won't even let me speak to you, you know, or let me go out without being watched."

"Yes, I wish we could," said the young Indian wistfully. "I spoke to my father to ask for you for me, but he only said, 'We are too poor. It is no use. We have only one horse and two cows. Ignacio has several horses and thirty cows.' As if that was a reason, when I want you so much!" he added indignantly. "If I had the whole world I would give it to Salvador, and he might be cacique of it all, if he would only let me have you." He drew himself up the wall again and kissed the little warm hand eagerly. "My sweetheart!" he exclaimed, "I shall die if I do not get you. O if I could only tear down this hateful wall! How can I talk to you properly when I cannot see you? May not I get in by the terrace roof? Let me try."

"Hush, Felipe," she said. "Don't be foolish, you silly boy. You would be sure to be heard, and then everything will be ruined. You must be patient." Here she gave his hand a little squeeze, which of course had just the contrary effect to her advice, for he kissed the fingers with redoubled ardor. Then he broke in.

"But if I can't get in without disturbing them, how will you be able to get out?"

"O, I can manage that," said the girl. "I will slip into the storeroom when they are asleep, as I always do, and from here I can get through the trap-door into the room above, and so out on to the terrace. There is an old ladder I can get up by."

The villages of the Pueblo Indians are built in terraces, each house-story standing back from the one below it like a flight of gigantic steps. From terrace to terrace people ascend by ladders, and many

of the lower rooms are without any door but a trap-door in the ceiling. The system is a relic of the times when their villages were castles for defence against their enemies, the marauding Navajoes and Apaches.

"How brave you are, Josefita *mia*," he cried. "Will you really dare to run away from them, and come with me? How sweet it will be! we shall be together for the first time—think of it. O, I will make you happy, I will indeed!"

"If they rob me of you, I shall die," said the girl in a low, sad voice. "One thing, Felipe, I promise you, I will not be Ignacio's wife. Never. You need not fear that."

"O my darling," he sighed, "how can I be content with that? I want you for my very own. In my eyes you are more beautiful than the saints in the church, and they are not more wise and good than you. Why are things made so hard for us?"

"I do not know," she said softly; "nobody seems to be so unhappy as we are. But we can comfort each other ever so much. My stepmother will make me work like a slave all tomorrow, I know, but I shall have the thought of you to comfort me."

"My sweetheart!" said he. "You have a thousand times more to bear than I have. But I will try to think for you. You must take some rest. I know how they treat you." He ground his teeth. "We must part now, but I will come tomorrow night. I will bring a horse if I can get one. If not, we have one day left still, and we will settle what to do."

"Till tomorrow night, then," said she.

"Tomorrow night at moon-set," said Felipe; and with many final pressures of hands, each one intended to be the very last, the lovers parted.

Silently the moccasined feet of the boy stole up the wide street, as he ran homeward under the clear starlight. He lifted the latch of his father's door and entered.

The fire was low, and he put on another stick of cedar wood, and lying down on the sheepskins spread upon the floor covered himself with his blanket and lay still. His father, old Athanacio, woke up when he came in, but said nothing to him; and soon sleep reigned again supreme in the Indian house. The Indians are early risers as well as light sleepers, and before daylight they were up and stirring. After their breakfast of bread and dried mutton, Athanacio said, "When you have taken care of the horses of the Americano, Felipe, you had better weed the wheat patch by the meadow. Tomas and I are going to the patch up by the orchard."

"I wanted," said Felipe somewhat timidly, "to go to the herd and get the horse."

"Bad luck take the boy!" snarled the old Indian. "What does he want with the horse? Does he think we keep a horse for him to wear him to a skeleton flying round the country on him? Let him be. Let him get fat on the green grass."

"I only wanted him to go with Don Estevan," said Felipe. "The Americano is going to the mountain to hunt as soon as the acequia is done, and he wanted me to go with him. If he kills a wild cow he will give me meat, fresh meat, father."

"Bad luck take the Americano, too," growled the old man, as crossly as ever. "Whose cows are they that he wants to kill? The wild cows in the mountain are the children of ours, though they have no brands. Why should he come and kill them?"

"The cacique gave him leave, father."

"Well, I suppose he says so," was the ungracious response. "But if he wants to take you, he can give you a beast to ride. He has two mules besides the mare, and they do nothing, and eat maize all the time. They ought to be fat."

"But if he kills a cow he will want them to carry the meat," said Felipe. "One mule can't carry it all."

"Very well then; you can ride one up and walk back," snapped the stern parent. "Want to ride the horse indeed! Lazy young rascal! Go afoot."

Felipe felt rebellious. He was getting to be a man now, and his father still wanted to treat him with as little consideration as a child. Instead of showing increasing respect to his tall son, the old man grew crosser and crosser every day. But Felipe had never rebelled against the parental yoke, though he had said to himself a hundred times that he would not stand it any longer; and now that he wanted to carry off Josefa and bring her back as his wife to her father's house, it was doubly important to keep on good terms with the old tyrant.

"There isn't much hope there," said Felipe to himself, as he left the house, "but I knew that before. Now for Don Estevan." It was no use to try to borrow from any of the other Indians, for every man of them had his horse out at the herd — except indeed the cacique himself — and the herd was a day's journey away. With an anxious heart the boy wended his way to the next street of the village, which was the one where the American lodged.

II.

The sun was just rising above the mesas or flat-topped hills that formed the eastern horizon of the view from the village, as Felipe knocked at the door in the row of mud-built houses. His knock was answered by a fierce growl from a dog, and a loud "Come in" in Spanish from a vigorous human voice. He opened the door, which was unlocked, and stepped cautiously inside. From the brown blankets of a bed that stood by the wall a brindled bull-dog was emerging, and apparently proposed to drive the intruder out.

"Dry up, Faro, will you?" said the same voice, in English, addressing the dog. "Can't you see it's only Felipe?"

The dog, who evidently had a general theory that all Indians would bear watching, lay down again sulkily on the bed, and Felipe advanced to the fireplace. The owner of the voice, a gray-haired man, was seated on a low stool, bending over the coals with his back to the door.

"Good morning, Don Estevan, how are you?" said Felipe in Spanish. The Indians spoke their own language among themselves, but most of the men could talk a fair amount of Spanish, in which tongue they communicated with the rest of the world.

Stephens, or Don Estevan, as the Indians called him, was busy cooking, and answered without looking round, "Good morning, Felipe. How goes it?" The American's Spanish accent was at least as bad as the Indian's; but they could understand each other perfectly, which was the main point.

Felipe, with his striped blanket gracefully draped round him, came and stood just behind his employer, but said nothing. On a rough table were a tin cup and tin plate and an iron-handled knife; a small coffee-pot was bubbling in the ashes on the hearth. Stephens held a frying pan in his left hand, and beside him on a tent-cloth on the floor lay a large, smooth boulder and a hammer, with which he had been pounding his tough dried meat before cooking it. He now stood up to his full height, and turning his face, flushed with the fire, to Felipe, pointed with the steel fork held in his right hand, to a great wooden chest against the wall at one side of the room. "Go and take an almud of maize and give it to the stock," said he. "Give the mare her extra allowance."

"Yes, Señor," said Felipe; and taking down three nosebags which hung on a peg in the wall, he filled them and went out to the corral in the outskirts of the village where the American kept his beasts.

The mare was a beautiful bay, of Cali-

fornia stock, and the mules were sturdy little pack-animals of Mexican breed. By the time they had eaten their corn, and the boy had returned to the house with the nosebags, his employer had finished his meal and was washing up the dishes. Felipe hung up the nosebags and stood by the fire, silent and thoughtful; it never occurred to him to offer to help in what he looked upon as women's work. Stephens took the wiping cloth and began to wipe up. Felipe at last screwed up his courage to ask for the mare he needed so badly.

"O Don Estevan!" he began, suddenly.

"Well, what is it?" said Stephens, sharply, rubbing away at his tin plate. It always irritated him to see any one else idle when he was busy. Felipe's heart sank. He felt he should fail if he asked now. Perhaps his master would be in a better humor later on.

"What shall I do with the beasts?" he said in his ordinary voice.

"Was that all you were going to say?" said Stephens, looking at him keenly. "What's the matter with you? What's up?"

"Nothing, Don Estevan — it's nothing," said Felipe. "Shall I put them into the meadow as usual?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Stephens. "I shall walk up the acequia to the rock I am going to blast. If I want them after, I'll come down."

"Very well, sir," said the boy; and taking the lariats he went back to the corral, caught the stock, and led them down the Indian road, through the unfenced fields of springing crops, towards the river.

At the lower end of the plough lands a steep bank of bare earth and clay dropped sharply to the green flat fifteen or twenty feet below, through which the river ran. The plough lands lay on a sort of natural terrace, and were all watered by numerous channels and runlets, which had their sources in the great *acequia madre*, or main ditch. This ditch was taken out of the

river some miles above, where it was dammed for the purpose, and was led along the side of the valley as high up as possible; the pueblo was built beside the ditch more than a league below the dam, nearly half a mile from the river in a direct line. The grassy flat through which the river flowed remained unploughed, because it was liable to be overflowed in flood-time. It was a verdant meadow, the common pasture ground of the milch cows of the village. These were herded here during the day by small boys, and at night were shut up in the corrals to keep them out of the unfenced crops. Felipe hobbled the three animals in the meadow and set to work weeding in the wheat land above, where he could keep an eye upon them.

Some time after Felipe's departure, Stephens went to his powder keg and measured out three charges of blasting powder. He was an old prospector, who spent his summers in the mountains searching for gold, and had passed several winters in the pueblo, where he rented a couple of rooms to lodge in from an Indian family.

He was a confirmed old bachelor and did his own cooking and sewing and mending; but he was well off for a man in his position, and though he preferred to live alone he generally treated himself to the luxury of an Indian boy to cut and bring his wood and attend to his horses. Felipe had acted in this capacity now for two winters, at a wage of \$5 a month; but his duties did not occupy half his time, and for the rest he was under his father's orders.

Stephens wrapped up the charges of powder and some fuse, and putting them into one pocket of his coat and some matches into the other, he started out to walk up alongside the acequia. There was no water in it today, as it had been cut off up above to facilitate the work of blasting. Here and there in the fields Indians were at work: some wielded their great, heavy hoes, with which they hacked away at the ground with

astonishing vigor; others were ploughing with pairs of oxen, which walked stiffly side by side, their heads lashed firmly by the thick horns to the yoke, as they dragged the curious old-fashioned wooden ploughs, just like those described by Virgil in the *Georgics* two thousand years ago. In the peach orchards near the village, women were at work, and little naked brown children stopped their play to stare at the white man as he passed.

After half an hour's walk he reached his destination, a rocky promontory that jutted out from the hills into the valley. The acequia ran round its base, and the Indians, in order to bring as much of the valley as possible under irrigation, had carried the line of the ditch as high as they could. They had carried it so high that where it rounded the rocks, a point projected into it and made it too narrow and too shallow to carry the amount of water that it was easily capable of containing both above and below. They had no saws to cut boards to make a flume for the ditch; and besides such a piece of engineering was quite beyond the range of their simple arts.

A little crowd of these peaceful and industrious red men, in character so unlike their wild cousins of the prairie and the sierra, were grouped round the point of rocks. As Stephens approached, he heard the click, click, of steel on stone; and as he came near, the crowd made way for him, and the cacique saluted him: "Good morning, Don Estevan. We have made the holes as you showed us yesterday. Come and see if they are right."

The old Californian went up and took the drill, which he had lent them, and tried the holes, handling the heavy bar easily, with a sort of masterly air. "Yes," he said, "they'll do."

Then he put in the powder and fuse, and tamped the charges. When all was ready, he turned round to the cacique. "Now Salvador," he called out, "make your people

stand clear. Let them go right away."

They did not need telling twice, and there was a general stampede, the bolder hiding close by, the most part running off to the distance of a rifle shot. The cacique gathered up the buckskin riata of his plump mustang, which stood there champing the Spanish ring bit till his jaws dropped flakes of foam, and retired to a safe distance. Stephens stood alone in the ditch and struck a match. It went out; he took off his broad felt hat, struck another match, and held it inside. This time the flame caught, and he applied it to the ends of the fuses, and retreated in a leisurely and dignified manner round the back of a big rock near by. He found two or three of the boldest Indians behind it, and pushing them back stood leaning against the rock. They squeezed up against him, their bright black eyes gleaming and their red fingers trembling with excitement. They had never seen a blast let off before.

Boom, boom, went the first two charges, and the echoes of the reports resounded through the foothills that bordered the valley. Several Indians started forward from their hiding places.

"Keep back there, will you!" shouted Stephens. "Keep 'em back, Salvador. Tito," he said familiarly to the Indian who was next him beside the rock, "if you go squeezing me like that, I'll pull your pigtail." Tito's long black hair was done up and rolled with yellow braid into a neat pigtail at the nape of his neck. The Pueblo Indian men all wear their hair this way, and are as proud of their queues as so many Chinamen.

Tito laughed and showed his gleaming teeth as he nudged the boy next to him at the American's joke. Boom, went the third charge. The old Californian looked up warily to see that no fragments were flying overhead, and then stepping from under cover waved his arm. At the signal the Indians poured from their hiding places and rushed eagerly down to the scene of action.

The blast was a great success. Some

tons of stone had been shattered and dislodged just where it was necessary, and it was plain to see that the ditch might now be made twice as big as before.

They swarmed in like ants, picking up the broken stone with their hands, and carrying it out to build up and strengthen the lower side of the embankment. This narrow place had been a hindrance and a trial to them from time immemorial. If they attempted to run their ditch more than half full of water, it brimmed over at this point and then broke down the bank. It had to be patched every year, sometimes several times in one year, and this entailed much extra work on the members of the village community, who were all bound by their laws to work on the ditch when necessary without pay. In fact, the repair of the ditch at the point of rocks was one of the stock grievances of the pueblo, every one thinking that he was set to do more than his share of the work. Besides, it naturally broke down when fullest, that is to say, when they needed it most for irrigation, and every one wanted water for his maize or his wheat crop. No wonder then they were first incredulous and then overjoyed when the old prospector who had visited them so often happened to hear of this and visited the spot, saw at once that it was a simple matter, and offered to lend them tools, to show them how to drill the necessary holes, and then to blast away the obnoxious rocks for them. These Indians were familiar with firearms and knew the force of gunpowder, but were ignorant of its use for blasting purposes; nor were their Mexican neighbors in this part of the country much more enlightened. Accordingly they accepted with joy Stephen's proffered assistance, having considerable faith in the reputed skill of the American; and they were beyond measure delighted to find his promise completely realized.

The cacique now came forward, holding his horse by the riata of plaited buckskin, and making a bow to the old prospector,

began an elaborate speech of thanks—saying how glad the Indians were to have Don Estevan stop in their pueblo, and how much they liked him, and how much they did n't like anybody else, and what a wonderful man he was, and many more compliments of the same sort, which Stephens had heard before.

"It's all right, Cacique," he interrupted. "It's all right. I'm very glad to be able to do anything for you, I'm sure. Now you see if you can make that ditch work. If you can't, you come and tell me, and I'll see what more I can do to fix it"; and without more ado he turned on his heel and walked off down to the river.

Arrived at the edge of the terrace on which the plough-lands lay, he looked down on the green expanse of meadow, through which the river ran, and feeding in it half a mile below he saw some stock that he knew must be his. "There they are," said he to himself. "I reckon I'll take Jinks and go down to San Remo and get my mail, and see if those Winchester cartridges that I sent for from Santa Fe came last night."

He clambered down the abrupt bank of red clay to the meadow, and followed down the line of the stream till he came to where his stock were eagerly cropping the fresh green grass.

"Now how am I going to catch him?" said he to himself. "Let's see where Felipe and the lariats are"; and looking round, he presently perceived some clothes on the river bank, and going to them found Felipe stripped to his waist cloth, splashing about in the middle of a deep pool.

"Hullo, Felipe," cried he playfully. "Trying to drown yourself there? You must go to the Rio Grande for that—there is n't water enough in the Santiago River."

Felipe heard him indistinctly, and came towards him, swimming in Indian style with an amazingly vigorous overhand stroke. Stephens picked up one of the lariats that were lying loose on the ground by the

clothes, and swinging the noose round his head, jestingly tried to lasso the lad. Missing him, he turned it off with, "I don't want you yet. I want the big mule. I'm going to catch him and go down to San Remo;" and suiting the action to the word, he coiled the lariat as he spoke, and turned and started for the beasts.

Felipe came out and stood on the bank to watch him. "What a good humor he's in now!" thought the boy. "I suppose he was lucky with the rock. Now is my time to ask him for the mare."

Stephens, holding the coil of rope behind him to conceal his intention from the mule he desired to catch, cautiously approached him. Jinks, the mule, however, was not to be deceived for a moment, and as his master came near, turned his heels to him and scuttled off. Horses and mules where they have frequently to wear hobbles become surprisingly active in them. They bound along for a short distance in an up-and-down rocking-horse gallop, so fast that even a man on horseback has to put his mount to its speed to catch them. Stephens on foot was distanced in a moment and gave it up, seeing that it was impossible for him to capture the truant single-handed.

Felipe flew to his side in a moment. "Let me try to catch him, Don Estevan," cried he eagerly. "Let me!" and taking the lariat from the not unwilling hands of the American, he started off, coiling it rapidly as he ran. Before bathing he had undone his pigtail, and his long, glossy black hair hung in thick, wavy masses down to his waist. Among the Indians the women cut their hair short—if it remained uncut the care of it would take too long and would keep them from their household duties; but the men, having more leisure, allow theirs to grow, and are very proud of its luxuriance and beauty. As Felipe ran, his streaming locks floated out behind him on the air like the mane of a wild horse, and gave to his figure a wonderfully picturesque effect; his

wet skin shone in the sun the color of red bronze.

The Pueblo Indians are fine runners; they have inherited fleetness of foot and endurance from their forefathers, and keep up the standard by games and races among themselves. Felipe, young though he was, had only two superiors in swiftness in the village. He darted like a young stag across the meadow after the fugitive mule, and chased him at full speed down to the river brink, and over the dry shingle banks of its very bed. The pebbles rattled and flew back in showers from the hoof prints of the mule. Round they wheeled, back into the meadow again; and here the Indian, putting on an astonishing burst of speed, fairly ran the quadruped down, lassoed him, and brought him to his master.

"Here he is, sir," said he modestly, handing Stephens the rope.

"Well done, Felipe," said Stephens. "You did that well. You do run like an antelope." He felt quite a glow of admiration for the athletic youth who stood panting before him resting his hand on the mule's back.

"Now's my time," thought Felipe, "what luck!—O Don Estevan," he began, and then stopped with downcast eyes.

"Well, what is it?" said Stephens kindly.

"O Don Estevan! If you would lend me your mare!" The murder was out now, and Felipe looked up at his employer beseechingly. "I would take such care of her!" he continued; "I would indeed."

"Lend her for what?" said Stephens, a little taken aback. "What do you want with her?"

"I want her to go to Ensenada tonight," said the boy.

"O, but Felipe, I'm going to the sierra tomorrow to hunt, you know. It is n't possible. But," he continued, touched a little by the boy's evident distress, "what do

you want to do there? Why don't you get your father's horse?"

"He's at the herd. My father doesn't let me," said Felipe despondently. Then he went on, "I thought perhaps you did n't go for a day or two. I will bring her back tomorrow in the night. And she shall not be tired—not a bit. O, do lend her to me! Please do!"

"I wonder what foolery he's up to now," said Stephens to himself, "I do hate to lend a horse anyhow—and to a durned Injun boy who'll jes' ride all the fat off her in no time.—Cheek I call it of him to ask it. But," he continued in a not unfriendly tone, "why do you want her? Is it flour you have to fetch?" Wheat flour was rather scarce this spring in the pueblo, and some of the Indians were buying it over on the Rio Grande.

"No, sir, it's not that. Only I want her," he added. "O please, Don Estevan, please," said he with an imploring face, "do lend the mare, or the mule, or anything to ride. O do!" and he threw all the entreaty he was capable of into his voice, till it trembled and almost broke into a sob.

"Why, what ails the boy?" said Stephens, surprised at his emotion. "If you want it so bad," he continued, "why don't you ask it from Tostado, or Miguel, or some of them? They'll let you have one. You know I never lend mine. If I did once, all the pueblo would be borrowing them every day. You know it yourself. You've always told me yourself that it would be like that." He was trying to harden his heart by going over his stock argument against lending. "You see I can't do it. I'm going off to the sierra tomorrow," and he turned away.

Felipe gave a heavy sigh and walked back to where he had left his clothes, with drooping head and flagging step, a figure how unlike the elastic form that had burst

full speed across the meadow five minutes before. "It's no use," said he to himself. "He doesn't care; he's a very hard man, is Don Estevan." He did up his glossy hair into its queue, put on his long buckskin leggings and his cotton shirt, worn outside in Indian fashion like a tunic and secured with a leather belt, bound his red handkerchief as a turban round his head — the universal Pueblo head-dress — and with a very heavy heart went back to his weeding.

III.

All day Felipe remained in the wheat patch. At noon he ate his lunch of bread and dried flesh down by the river instead of going back to the pueblo. At intervals during the day he came to the edge of the bank in order to see that the mare and the remaining mule were all right and not trying to get up the bank into the crops. He might have gone off to talk for a change to other Indians, who were working in their fields, but he did not care to. His heart was too sore; he wanted to be alone. He thought and he thought, but all to no purpose. He ended by saying to himself, "Well, there's one day more. I'll see Josefa tonight, and we'll talk it over."

A wild idea floated through his brain of taking one of Don Estevan's animals without his leave, but he knew it was wild. He believed Don Estevan would shoot any one that did so, and he did not mean to incur that penalty. The only rational scheme he could think of was to run off in the night to the sierra, find the horse herd next day, get his father's horse and start back with it, but instead of coming straight to the pueblo, to lie hid in the foothills of the sierra till night time, and then slip down and get Josefa to come. But he knew that on the morrow, when his father missed him, there would be a noise made and he might be followed, in which case his plan might miscarry, the more so that his disappearance

would cause a doubly sharp watch to be kept on Josefa. With melancholy eyes he watched the sun sink lower and lower in the west. Precious time was passing and he was doing nothing and could do nothing to bring his will to pass. He burned with desire to act, and he was helpless.

Before sunset he caught the mare and mule, and took them up to the pueblo in order to put them in the corral for the night. This was the time of day when Josefa was likely to be fetching water from the ditch, which had been empty all the morning on account of the blasting, and Felipe led them through the street on which her father's house faced, in the hope of meeting her.

And where had Josefa been all this time? She had been hard at work at home, under the vigilant eye of her stepmother. Grinding corn meal was the labor which she was set to do, a good steady task to give to a young person of rebellious disposition. The Indian hand-mill is a large, smooth stone, something like a flagstone, set sloping in a box on the floor. The grinding is always done by a woman, who kneels on the ground and bending over the mill, rubs the corn up and down with a smaller stone held in both her hands. Hard work it is indeed for back and arms, but the Pueblo women keep it up for hours. Their good health and fine physique are largely due to this vigorous exercise.

Josefa worked away over the mill till her back ached, while her stepmother, at the other end of the room, sat at a hand-loom, on which she was slowly weaving a gorgeous blanket of many colors, for the cacique's next official appearance. Josefa thought as she toiled at her work; and her mind reviewed over and over again different alternatives. From the bottom of her heart she hoped that Felipe would be successful in getting a horse from the American. If he didn't, she did not know what she should do. One thing only was certain in her mind. Have Ignacio she would not. They

might starve her, and they might beat her, but they should not force her to be his wife. What was the use of being a woman of Santiago if she mightn't have some say in the matter? Why should she be treated as a slave, as the savage Utes treated their women? "I don't care," she said to herself, and as she said it she stiffened her back, and rubbed away at the refractory corn harder than ever. "I won't. He's old, and he's ugly, and I hate him. I know he beat his first wife, he did. I won't have him."

She glowed with the heat of her scorn and indignation; but all the time a little unbelieving spirit in the recesses of her mind kept asking in a sort of undertone, "How will you like being beaten if you disobey? How will you like it? how will you like it?" And as she cooled off from her glow and thought of another side to the picture, an intercepted flight, rough seizure, angry words, and furious blows, she quaked. She had not been beaten since she was a child, and not much then, for the Pueblo Indians are good to their little ones; but she knew that her father was within his rights in giving her to whom he chose, and that those who broke the laws of the community were liable to the lash. She had never seen it done severely. All she had seen was two or three cuts with a whip, administered publicly in the street after a severe scolding by the marshal of the village, to some mis-demeanant who had let his ass trespass among the standing corn, or who had otherwise broken some of their simple rules; but she knew with what severity, in private, serious offenses were treated, and in the depths of her brave little heart she quaked.

But the quaking fit passed off, too, as the indignant glow had done; perhaps the hard work helped her through. "They can't do more than kill me," said she to herself. "I can stand it. But have old Ignacio I won't."

Then she thought of Felipe. She had not much fear for him. His own father certainly wouldn't beat him. For one thing he couldn't, for the son was the stronger, and as for Ignacio, she fairly laughed to herself at the idea of the ugly old fellow attacking Felipe. "Why, Felipe would put him on the ground in a moment, and keep him there, too, as long as he wanted," she thought, and felt a grim satisfaction at the idea. The only danger she feared for him was lest he should get furious and use his knife, and kill Ignacio, and be hanged for it. But Felipe had promised her never, never to do such a thing, and he would keep his word. Such a thing had not happened in the pueblo for forty years—not since old Fernando was a youth, when he had quarreled in a fit of jealousy with another Indian and stabbed him, and had been arrested, and afterwards pardoned.

Towards evening it was reported that the ditch was running again, and Josefa and her stepsisters went out to draw water. With the great earthen jars on their heads, they filed out one after another, and marched off to the waterside. Here they lowered their burdens to the ground, and slowly filled them by dipping up cupfuls of water with their gourds. There were several other women at the waterside doing the same thing, and there was much animated talk about the blasting of the acequia—for they had heard the explosions quite distinctly at the village—and about the improvement of the ditch, which was fuller now than it had ever been before.

Then some of the younger girls took to playing and splashing each other, and one said something sly to Josefa about Ignacio. She flushed up and was on the point of flying into a rage, but calmed herself in a moment, returned a laughing retort, and joined in the fun and the splashing. Her stepsisters were surprised, for they well knew her feelings on the subject of the intended

marriage; but they supposed that perhaps she was growing more reconciled to the idea of it.

At last the welcome interval of fun and gossip came to an end. One by one the jars, now full and very heavy, were carefully elevated on the heads of their owners, the party broke up, and the women returned to their respective homes. Josefa was hoping for the appearance of the figure she desired to see, and lingered as long as possible; but when the rest of the party had assumed their burdens she could delay no longer, and taking up hers, moved after them the last of the file.

As they re-entered the village she saw with joy that her maneuver had succeeded. Felipe was strolling very slowly, and apparently quite unconcerned, up the street, leading the mare and mule towards the corrals.

They dared not speak, but they had devised a little code of signals of their own. A shake of the head conveyed to her, "I have failed"; a crook of the forefinger, "I am coming tonight." An answering crook from her said to him, "I will meet you"; and they passed on their ways, no one but themselves the wiser for the little exchange of messages that had taken place. But Josefa's heart sank lower still as she crossed the threshold and thought that one of the precious three days was already gone, and no means of escape was yet provided.

At sunset her father returned. The acequia round the point had been properly embanked on its lower side, and the stone dislodged by the blasts cleaned out of its channel. He was in high good humor at the success of the work, which would render memorable his term of office. He brought his saddle indoors and, taking down a key from a sort of shelf of wicker-work, which was slung by cords from the roof beams, he took his horse to the stable. He did not keep him at the corrals, where the prospector kept his mare and mules,

but was the proud possessor of a mud-built stable, with a lock on the door.

His coming set Josefa thinking again. "Our great difficulty," said she to herself, "is a horse. Why not take my father's? If I could only get the key, we could manage it. I could not indeed get down the saddle and take it out of the house without making a noise, but Felipe must find a saddle. And if I can get the key, and we take my father's horse, he will have nothing to pursue us on, which is double reason for taking it."

Filled with this idea, she got some more corn and began to grind again, so that when her stepmother went into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal she was left alone in the outer room. Her father came back from the stable and replaced the key on the shelf, and then went out again without speaking to her. Now was her chance. She darted silently across the room, seized the key, and flew back to her work so quickly that no one in the next room could have suspected what she had done.

She was so bright and cheerful that evening that her family thought she must have ceased her opposition and become reconciled to the match. "Ah," said her stepmother, "if Ignacio only gives you work enough, and doesn't spoil you, he'll have a docile wife as any in the pueblo."

Josefa laughed aloud. "He will have a docile one when he gets me!" she said. But she laughed to think how blank they would look at daybreak next morning when they found her flown.

After supper the cacique and the chiefs went in a body to call upon Stephens. They entered the room and seated themselves against the wall on the ground, sitting on sheepskins or on mats, which they had brought with them. Stephens passed round the tobacco bag and some corn husks cut square for cigarette papers. Presently old Tostado began to speak.

"We are very grateful and we give you

thanks, Don Estevan," said he, "for the work that you have done for us today. Ever since the year of the great eclipse of the sun [1818?] which is the most ancient thing the oldest man of us can remember, the point of rocks has been that which has given trouble to us all, and our fathers told us it was so when they were little boys. We have had to be always mending it, and then just when we had most need of water it always broke. Then you came among us to stay. You know that we like to live apart from the rest of the world. We do not like to have strangers come here to live. Only we allow Don Hippolito the trader, because he is sent by the government to be trader. We give him a house and we allow him to stay, but when the feasts come then we shut him up with his family and do not let them come out to see. The rest of the world we do not allow to live in our village or on our land at all. They may live at San Remo, and they may live at Rio Feliz, and at other places in the world, where they belong, but here, No. It is not our custom. We do not want it. See how in Abiquiuu the Indians let the Mexicans come in, and now they are a sort of mixed people and not proper Indians at all. But we are the Indians of Santiago, and we wish to remain the same. But you came among us, and we let you stay a while, and you lived quietly and did not interfere with any one, and we saw that you were good. Then we gave you leave to stop, and to go and hunt in the mountain the wild cattle, which are the children of the cattle of the Indians. And in the winters you have abode with us, and in the summers you have gone far away, following your business. Now we say this: You have done a thing today that we are glad of, and our children will be glad of, and their children, too, forever. Now we say this: You live alone, and life alone is very lonesome. It is good that you should give up the life of wandering so far and being so lonesome. It is good that you

should live here with us, and we will build you a house, and we will give you a wife, a young one and a good one, whichever one you please among the girls, and we will assign you pieces of land of the village, and you shall have it to cultivate the same as we do. If you do not want to work with the plough and the hoe yourself, you have money and you can hire others to work. And you shall live here safe and at ease, and if we want to do more to the ditch, or to keep the smallpox away, you shall do it, because you are wise and know the arts of the Americans. We have talked it over, and that is what we think." And he closed his oration and folded his blanket about him, not without dignity.

Stephens was sitting on the side of his bed, leaning forward and looking down, with his pipe in his mouth, when Tostado began his speech. As it proceeded, he stopped smoking, and still sat looking thoughtfully on the ground, holding his pipe in his hand, and a curious smile came over his features. "Fancy old Jack Stephens turned into a squaw man!" said he to himself. "Fancy what the boys in 'Frisco, what old Sladen, and Jones, and Jim Phillips would say if they could only hear this oration going on. No," he continued to himself, "I've always said I'd be durned if I'd ever go outside my own color, and I never will." His thoughts drifted away to the far past, when he was a young man in the midst of that wonderful rush to the El Dorado of this century, the California gold fields. He thought of his hopes, his failures, and his struggles; how he had always intended "when he had made his pile," to go back East and marry a nice girl of his own race, and settle down comfortably. When he had made his pile! The will-o'-the-wisp that has led many a man such a weary dance through the sloughs of life. He had to admit to himself that he had lowered his figure. He had set it at first at a million, a brown-stone front, a coachman

with a bug on his hat, and a high-toned outfit generally. It had come down step by step in the thirty years, till it now stood at ten thousand dollars, just enough to buy a nice little place back East, and stock it and have something left on hand; but alas! he was not half-way yet even to that goal — and now there was offered him a mud home, an Indian squaw, and a corn patch. “Not yet, I reckon,” said he to himself, with a grimmer smile than ever. “I’ve not come to that quite yet. Not but what these Indians are the honestest and most virtuous folks to live among that ever I knew. But I can’t quite go turning squaw man yet.” The men who marry Indian women, “squaw men,” as they are called, are looked upon with contempt and dislike all over the West.

“Much obliged to you, Tostado,” said he, looking up when the Indian’s speech was finished. “But I don’t want to settle down just yet. No, thank you. I have business to see after far away, beyond the country of the Navajoes. Not that I don’t like you here. I consider you as my friends.

You know that. Perhaps some other day I may think about settling down, but now I have other business. But I am much obliged to you, all the same.”

“No,” said the Indian: “it is we who are obliged to you for what you have done for us. It is a great thing, and we are grateful to you for it. There is nothing we would not do for you.” And then he went on to praise and compliment Stephens, and the Americans generally; for he was no mean proficient in the art of oratory, and enjoyed doing what he knew he could do well, and what his people admired him for.

Poor Stephens could not escape from the flow of language by quietly walking off, as he had done in the morning; and though he wanted badly to get free to finish reading his San Francisco weekly paper, he could not be so discourteous as to cut the speech short abruptly.

But all things come to an end at last, and finally, the chiefs, having made speeches to their heart’s content, took their leave, folded their blankets around them, and filed off into the moonlight.

R. B. Townshend.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I was a hunter in my youth, and knew
 Each bird and beast that haunts the forest tall,
 Or wings the air. Hard by the waterfall,
 Over the plain, and up the mountain blue,
 My twanging bow was heard, my arrows flew.
 My bowstring now is rent, my arrows all,
 Like spears that from the withered pine cones fall,
 Have from my shrunken quiver fallen too.
 Yet sometimes o’er me steals the olden mood;
 And, wandering in the forest deep and dark,
 I greet each old familiar tree, and mark
 Each spot whereon the lovely quarry stood,—
 And faintly through my withering veins once more
 Leaps the triumphant thrill I knew of yore.

I shot an arrow through the wood one day
In idle sport, and following where it led,
I found a doe that I had raised and fed,
Stricken, and bleeding fast her life away.
Her tender fawn transfixed beside her lay—
One random shaft two happy lives had sped.
The dry leaves rustled to my startled tread
And filled my fluttering heart with strange dismay—
For gazing in those failing eyes, my soul
Saw there another soul, its very twin,
Unseen for years but bowered deep within
The heart's alcove, oh ! lost beyond control.—
Those murdered eyes still gaze as from a glass
Framed in with bloody leaves and trampled grass.

E. L. Huggins.

CHRONICLES OF CAMP WRIGHT.—II.

In consequence of several severe reports made at different times by different persons, J. Ross Browne, then connected in an official capacity with the Indian Bureau, was ordered to make a thorough inspection of the Indian reservations located in California, and his report thereon resulted in a complete change of administration in the department of Indian affairs for the State.

For some time after this, it would seem, from the report of Lieutenant Dillon quoted in a previous chapter, that matters ameliorated sensibly on the Nome-Cult farm, only to return very soon, however, as the succeeding pages will show, to a state of management fully as bad as before, if not worse.

In the latter part of 1862, in view of the many complaints made to the United States military authorities in California, by the Indian Department, against the white settlers of Round Valley, Captain Douglas, with a company of the Second California Volunteer Infantry, occupied the valley on the 11th December, 1862, and at once placed it under martial law.

The Indian Department charged the settlers with killing Indians on the reservation, running them out of the valley, destroying the Government fences, and turning their cattle and hogs into the fields and destroying the crops, and other Government property. They were also characterized as being a set of lawless men, and it was charged that all, or nearly all, were disloyal to the Government of the United States.

Immediately upon his arrival, Captain Douglas convened a court of inquiry to investigate these charges, before which all the employés of the Indian Department, and nearly all the white settlers in the valley, were ordered to appear and testify. The testimony was published at the time, and it is needless to encumber these pages with a repetition. The following report of Captain Douglas in transmitting the proceedings of the court to General Wright, commanding the Department of California, sufficiently summarizes the result :

“The General Commanding will see by

the testimony given under oath by the employés on the reservation, that they entirely fail to sustain or prove any of the charges made by them against the settlers. They swear positively that they never saw any Indians killed on the reservation, and never heard any of the settlers threaten to kill the Indians if they did not leave the reservation, and the valley.

"It is shown that the supervisor parted with the four or five hundred Indians, who left the valley last October, in a very cordial manner. It is now certain that these Indians did not leave through fear of the settlers or on account of any threats made by them. But they did leave to prevent starvation in the winter season, which they knew would overtake them if they remained on the reservation, where there was nothing for them to eat. They knew, and said, that they would be compelled to kill cattle if they remained, or starve, and they knew also, that if they did kill the settlers' stock, that the settlers would kill them. So that nothing but death awaited the poor Indian if he remained on the reservation. No matter which way he turned, a cruel death stared him in the face. Now the question is, 'Which of the two parties is to blame for this wild and disorderly state of affairs—the Indian authorities or the settlers?'

"Without question, the superintendent of Indian affairs and his supervisor are the parties guilty of the whole trouble, for through their misrepresentations they have caused it all. The interests of the Government and of the Indians have been grossly and shamefully neglected in Round Valley. The entire reservation is in a most ruinous condition through neglect. There is no fencing on the reservation that will prevent stock from breaking in anywhere they try, nothing hardly to protect the crops put in to feed the Indians from the depredations of large herds of stock grazing in the valley, belonging to the settlers and to the Government.

"The supervisor testifies, on oath, that he reported to the superintendent that the settlers were destroying the fences, and at the same time states positively that he never saw any one do it, and that he does not know if any one ever did it. There was no need of any one taking so much trouble, as any stock could easily get over, or through, the fencing. A great portion of the field is, and was, without any fences at all, and the supervisor stated under oath that if farming on private account he would have hated to put in a crop protected by such fences. Yet he seems to consider a Government crop well enough protected by such. The supervisor's two sons, employés on the reservation, swear that if farming on private account, they would not have trusted their crop to the protection of such fences as there are on the reservation; another employé, an old farmer, testifies to the same thing, and further states 'that it is the worst managed place he ever saw,' and from my own observations I know that that is the truth. As per example: The supervisor does not know the number of Indians on the reservation, does not know the amount of provisions, if any, thereon, nor does he know the number of horses, cattle or hogs, belonging to the reservation.

* * * * *

"Even had the supervisor saved all the crop put in last year, there would not have been enough to feed one-third of the Indians then on the reservation. The greater portion of the crop was put in a field full of weeds that had not been ploughed for two years or more. It could scarcely be expected that seed cast on such ground would yield a good crop, and even this poor crop, if it can be called a crop, was lost by carelessness and the utter worthlessness of the fences.

"Some twenty-three Indians were killed last August by about twenty or more of the settlers. These Indians were killed on the reservation within a mile of the supervisor's house and about a hundred yards from his

son's house. Yet neither the supervisor or his son could tell the names of any of the party that killed the Indians at their very doors. The Indians were Wylackies, a wild and hostile tribe. The supervisor's two sons were told that the Indians were to be killed that very night, and one of his sons swears that he told his father of it the same night. Yet none of them made any efforts to prevent the killing. The testimony shows that one of the supervisor's sons loaned his revolver to one of the settlers engaged in this massacre, knowing what use the settler intended to make of it, and another son took his wife and family away from the upper station to his father's house, as he swears himself, to prevent his wife from being frightened during the affray that he knew was to take place between the settlers and the Indians. This same son further testifies that all the whites on the reservation and in the valley, together with the Yukas and other Indians, were in fear of the Wylackies.

"From all the testimony taken in this matter, I am convinced that the settlers killed these Indians in self-defense. I would not say so much about these Indians but that it has been reported that they were a peaceful tribe living on the reservation. But as the whole testimony on the subject is now before the department commander he is the proper officer to judge, whether or no the Indians were killed by the settlers in self defence."

This report would seem to dispose effectually of the majority of the charges made by the Indian Department against the settlers of the valley. In it Captain Douglas distinctly and explicitly states that the Wylackies were a wild and hostile tribe, and that the members of the tribe who lost their lives in the massacre of August 1862 were killed by the settlers in self-defense. Yet in an equally distinct and explicit manner this officer in an official letter addressed to the department commander two years afterward, and referring to one of the settlers engaged

in the massacre, says, "This man was wounded in murdering peaceable Indians on the Round Valley Indian Reservation in August 1862." It appears that with time, Captain Douglas materially changed his first opinion on the subject.

Under the circumstances I will follow the method of his report, and place before the reader as I go on the different sides of the question, and leave him to draw his own conclusions.

In regard to the charge of disloyalty to the Government of the United States preferred against the settlers, it may be said that as everywhere else at that time, political opinion was very much divided among them. Whatever personal opinions they may have held, however, Captain Douglas, a few days after his arrival in the valley, reported to the department commander that he had seen nearly all the settlers therein, and that they appeared to be peaceful and law-abiding men, and that they had told him that they were entirely willing to live under any laws that the Government might be pleased to set over them. He added that doubtless there were some disloyal men among them, but that they remained very quiet; and they do not appear to have committed any overt acts thereafter; for, although several arrests were made in the course of time for different reasons connected with the Indians, I am unable, after a careful search among the records of those times, to find more than two made on political grounds.

The first of these was made early in 1863, under the following circumstances: One of the settlers, being present at a horse race, took off his hat and swung it above his head, hurrahing with all his might for "Stonewall Jackson." He was arrested for uttering treasonable sentiments against the United States. He thereupon explained that his horse was named Stonewall Jackson, and that as the horse won the race he thought he had a right to hurrah for him. Captain Douglas thought differently, however, and

the man, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, was placed under fifteen hundred dollar bonds not to hurrah for Stonewall Jackson again.

The other arrest was made in April, 1865, where a man was arrested for rejoicing over the assassination of President Lincoln, and placed in close confinement at Camp Wright.

In the several conflicts between Captain Douglas and the Indians, during his administration of military matters, the settlers appear to have co-operated cordially with him in preserving peace and order in the valley, often turning out with the troops in their scouts or in pursuit of offending Indians.

The bad management of Indian affairs on the Nome-Cult farm, however, placed as many difficulties in his way and occasioned him as much trouble as it had in former years to his military predecessors, and his efforts to see justice done the deserving Indians met with the same obstacles, and embroiled him more than once with the authorities of the Indian Department. In his kind treatment of the Indians where they deserved it, and in his severity to the worthless among both the whites and the Indians, he was emphatically the right man in the right place.

In order to show that his duties were somewhat complicated in their nature, and how difficult it was for him to steer safely between the Charybdis and Scylla of the civil and military authorities, with the Indian Department as an additional obstacle, I relate the following episode:

In July, 1863, the reservation authorities reported to him officially that a white man had kidnapped a squaw from the reservation and forcibly detained her, refusing to deliver her into the custody of either the supervisor or his employés. They further reported that this man was in the habit of kidnapping Indian children from the reservation and selling them outside of the valley, and, in addition, that he was the cause of much trouble by selling liquor to the whites as

well as to the Indians on the reservation.

The report concluded with the request that the man be arrested by the military authorities. Captain Douglas made the arrest; and as the man still refused to give up the woman, he was placed in confinement in the post guard-house, where he remained for two days. In the meantime, the woman gave herself into the custody of the supervisor; and the kidnapper was released with orders to leave the valley within twenty-four hours, not to return to it while Captain Douglas remained in command.

The order was obeyed. But some time afterward the man took out a writ for false imprisonment against the Captain; and the sheriff of the county presented himself at Camp Wright to arrest him. Captain Douglas refused to allow himself to be arrested, stating, somewhat naïvely, that although the thirty-third Article of War made it his duty to surrender any one under him to the civil authorities on proper application, he failed to discover any authority in that article compelling him to surrender *himself*.

The man, through his attorneys, then brought suit before the district court of the Seventh Judicial District of California, claiming damages to the extent of three thousand dollars; and the case came up for trial in the December term of 1863. It was continued until the following March term, and finally, on the 21st November, 1864, judgment by default to the amount and costs was rendered against Captain Douglas.

In reporting the matter to his military superiors, the Captain stated that as he was the only officer at the post at the time, it was impossible for him to attend court and defend his case in person, and that he could not appear before it by his attorney, as all the attorneys in the county had been retained and employed against him. He requested that the opinion of the United States Attorney be asked as to whether the case could be appealed, or a new trial demanded; and concluded by saying that it

was but fair that the Government should help him in the case, as he had been guided in all his actions by the instructions from his military superiors, and that, furthermore, his action in arresting and ejecting the man had been approved by the department commander.

I regret that after a careful search among the records of the case I am unable to ascertain whether Captain Douglas ever paid the fine—but I will say for the information of the reader that had I been in his place, and the charges against the man fully proved and sustained, the offender, in the absence of any civil court to which his case could have been referred, would have had ample cause to congratulate himself had he escaped out of my hands as easily as he did out of those of Captain Douglas.

The difficult position of the military commander in Round Valley when compelled to come in contact with the civil authorities has been instanced in the episode just related. His relations with the Indian Department were no less difficult. Some time during the month of December, 1863, a certain number of Indians were transferred from Chico to the Nome-Cult Indian Reservation, and circumstances compelled Captain Douglas to take an active part in the matter, as evidenced in the following order from Captain Douglas to a settler of the valley:

“Your services are accepted to assist in taking care of the sick Indians on the reservation, and to aid and to take the whole charge of the party going from here to succor the suffering Indians left on the trail and scattered all the way from Chico to the valley. As these Indians are suffering from the want of care and medical treatment, and also for lack of food, medicines and supplies will be sent with you from this post. You are directed to procure all the mules on the Government reservation, and at the disposal of the quartermaster at this post, to aid in transporting the sick Indians on

the trail to the reservation. You will also take with you, from the reservation, sufficient provisions for these Indians, and you will, until the arrival of the superintendent, attend to the sick Indians thereon as well as those now on the trail.

“The employés on the reservation will give you all the aid in their power, (from the supervisor down,) and if they refuse to do so properly, you will report the fact to these headquarters.

“The object in view is the proper care and treatment of the sick Indians, the shameful neglect of which has brought the Government of the United States into disrepute, at the same time injuring the interests of said Government.

“The known interest you have taken in the true welfare of the Government, as well as of the Indians, and the firm confidence the Indians repose in you, have induced me to place you in charge of this business.

“You are not expected to take charge of any property other than that necessary to carry out the object in view.”

The supervisor of the reservation protested in writing against this assumption of power, as infringing upon his own rights; and Captain Douglas answered curtly that he had been compelled to take the step by the supervisor's “gross neglect of duty.” He made a report to the same effect to General Wright, the department commander; and in the meantime the supervisor likewise reported the matter to his official superior, the superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern District of California. The superintendent at once addressed a communication to Captain Douglas, and an angry correspondence followed—if the tenor of the superintendent's letters, which are not at hand, may be judged from the Captain's answers; which end as follows: “And let me here assure you, sir, that whenever it becomes a public necessity for me to act to preserve the dignity and subserve the inter-

ests of the Government of the United States, I shall, there and then, issue such orders as in my judgment the case may require, subject only to the approval of the department commander, and these orders shall be obeyed, your instructions to the contrary notwithstanding."

It is only just to add, after mentioning this incident as an illustration of the difficulties in the way of Captain Douglas, that the gentleman so severely criticised in the foregoing communications, as the supervisor, was personally known to me as one of the most respectable inhabitants of Round Valley.

Captain Douglas was as prompt and severe in chastising refractory Indians, when the necessities of the case demanded it, as he was charitable to the deserving among them. On the 7th April, 1863, George Bowers, a settler of William's Valley, adjoining Round Valley, was murdered by Indians. As soon as the facts in the case were reported to Captain Douglas, he started in pursuit of the murderers with a detachment of fifteen enlisted men, together with several settlers of Round Valley. In order to conceal his movements from the Indians, he made a forced march into the mountains during the night. He came upon their trail at daylight, and following the retreating Indians, in the midst of a severe snow storm, came towards dark, upon an Indian brave and his squaw, who had fallen behind the main party, and whom he captured. The storm increasing instead of abating, he halted for the night under the shelter of a grove of large trees; and resuming the pursuit at daybreak next morning, came two hours afterwards upon a small camp of part of the Indians, who had been unable to keep up with the rest of the band. They refused to surrender and prepared to fight, were fired upon, and the entire party consisting of six braves, was killed at the first fire. Two old women, who were in hiding near by, were taken

prisoners, and afterwards handed to the reservation authorities. As the severity of the weather still continued, the party then returned to the camp. The real murderer, although he was abetted by those who were killed in the pursuit, was afterwards ascertained to have been Hope-no-clan, a Yuka Indian. He was arrested by the reservation employes and hanged at Camp Wright on the 7th December, 1864. He confessed the deed; and being asked the reasons, answered: "Bowers would kill me and I thought it was best to kill Bowers first, which I did by cutting his head in three pieces with an axe."

On the 19th July, 1863, S. S. Davis, a settler of the valley, reported to Captain Douglas that his barn had been set on fire by the chief of the Yukas, and the building consumed, with a storage of hay amounting in value to one thousand dollars. Mr. Davis, together with other settlers, further reported their belief that this was only the beginning of outrages of a more serious nature; and an investigation revealed the existence of a preconcerted and well-matured plot on the part of the Yuka tribe to kill the whites, burn their property, and then retreat to the mountain fastnesses and await events. The valley Indians were to be aided by the mountain bands of roving Indians, who were to take the initiative by slaughtering the herders and sheep ranchers scattered in the mountains in pursuit of their vocation, and then to unite with those in the valley, and at once begin the work of general slaughter.

The plot having been fully proved, Captain Douglas directed Lieutenant Coffman, to take four soldiers, and as many settlers as could be induced to accompany him, and to proceed at once into the mountains and warn the scattered whites of their danger, with instructions to gather in the valley, to organize the means of a general defense. On his arrival at the first sheep ranch, twenty miles from the valley, the Lieutenant was

told that the whites had already taken flight from the other ranches in the vicinity, and that the inhabitants of the one he had reached were in hourly expectation of an attack; and in fact, in less than half an hour, five Indians, well armed, were observed approaching the house in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to their intentions regarding its inhabitants. Discovering the troops, however, they tried to escape; but they were fired upon and four of their number killed outright. The other, taking advantage of a neighboring ravine, escaped. Upon an examination of the bodies of the dead, two were recognized as the perpetrators of five murders committed during the preceding six years.

In the meantime, Captain Douglas, with the aid of the settlers, had succeeded in arresting in the valley five of the principal leaders in the conspiracy, and their guilt, upon the testimony of both whites and Indians, being established to his satisfaction, they were hanged at the post, July 21st, 1863, in presence of all the Indians in the valley. These five, together with the four killed by Lieutenant Coffman's party, and the principal chief of the tribe, who was killed with another Indian in an attempt against the life of Davis, the evening before, make a total of eleven of the conspirators, who lost their lives in this plot against the whites. This was the last attempt at a general outbreak in the history of Round Valley. From that time quiet and order have reigned in the valley and there are no more scenes of war and bloodshed to record, although Round Valley remained under military occupation for more than ten years thereafter.

The necessities of the service demanded the re-inforcement of the force already under Captain Douglas's orders, and for some months in the later part of the year 1864 and the beginning of 1865, a troop of the First Battalion Native Cavalry California Volunteers formed part of the garrison of Camp Wright. Captain Douglas was

relieved from duty early in 1866, and in April of the same year his company was relieved by a company of the Ninth United States Infantry, under Captain Jordan, who in his turn was relieved by a company of the Twelfth United States Infantry in May 1869, and Major Woodruff, its captain, held the permanent command of the post until the suspension of Camp Wright. The relations between the War and Indian Departments, as represented by the military authorities of Camp Wright, and the Indian agents, were during these later years most amicable.

Before turning from this branch of my subject, I will quote two official reports, to illustrate the great change for the better wrought in a decade. The first of these reports is dated in January, 1860 — the second in June, 1869.

"During the past year Major Johnson and Lieutenant Dillon have informed the general commanding the department of California of many outrages inflicted on the Indians by white men, and of many annoyances to which the reservation authorities have been subjected through the persistent hostility of the settlers. Murders, rapes, abductions, and many crimes of less degree have been reported; but I have no recollection of their reporting a single case where the agent, superintendent, or other officer of the Indian Department, made any efforts to invite the protection of the State laws for themselves, the public property, or the Indians in their charge, nor am I aware that such efforts have ever been made.

* * * * *

"As the law gives us no authority to punish, and as the Indian Department will not avail itself of the laws, there is no influence to check depredations of the kind described, except the fear of the individual, who might, possibly, be confined a few hours in the guard-house, even at the risk, on the part of the officer, of a prosecution for false imprisonment. On this reservation

a military officer is regarded by the Indian employés as a spy on their actions. If I have considered it my special duty to report inefficiency and utter neglect of duty on the part of officers of another department of the Government, I have had ample grounds on which to base such reports.

* * * * *

"If there were no employés of the Indian Department at Round Valley, I have no doubt that Lieutenant Dillon could control the reservation and the Indians without the least difficulty, and much to their advantage.

"On the Mendocino Reservation, the officers and employés dread only the presence of Indians and army officers. Of the Indians sent by General Kibbe from Humboldt, not a dozen now remain. The greatest disgust has been apparent whenever a new lot of Indians arrived."

The second report is as follows:

"All the squatters and residents of Round Valley were notified by an agent of the Government in 1860 that the entire valley was reserved from public sale by the United States for Indian purposes. They were again notified of the fact by the commander of Camp Wright in November, 1866; but there appears to be a flaw in the claim of the United States, and the settlers remain.

"The valley contains some twenty-five thousand acres of as fine land as can be found in the State, and is better adapted, by location, soil, and extent, for an Indian reservation than any place I have ever seen in this, or any other State or Territory. It is entirely surrounded by high mountains, and, on three sides, by Eel River. Thousands of Indians can be maintained in peace and plenty on it, if the white settlers were removed. Whites and Indians will not live so near each other in peace, without a strong military force, and the sooner the whites are removed the better for both parties. All the white residents, except a few, are only squatters, and will average about one hundred and fifty families. Some half

a dozen have acquired some title from the State by claiming their lands as swamp lands, and one holds a title from the United States. There are only three tracts of land that may properly be called swamp lands, averaging now in all about two hundred and fifty acres. There are, at present, about eleven hundred Indians on the reservation, who are well disposed, if the white residents will not mix with them; they are industrious, and are well taken care of by their agent, who seems to take a great interest in their welfare. But he, like myself, has much to contend with from rum sellers, who will sell whisky to both soldiers and Indians, and the county courts will not stop the practice, the judges deciding that there is some flaw in the act or acts of Congress making this a reservation, either Indian or military, and they will not take the testimony of Indians against any white men.

"The reservation has hundreds of acres under cultivation. The fields are well fenced in, and the Indians raise more than is amply sufficient for their support (and from my own knowledge they are well fed). They can, in fact, fully supply this post with all the flour, beef, bacon, barley, hay, and straw required. Under the judicious management existing at present, the agent could, had he a market near at hand, make the reservation not only self-supporting, but turn into the public treasury fully ten thousand dollars per annum.

"I request authority to close all the whisky shops in the valley, and also that the necessary steps be taken to correct the supposed flaws, or errors, in the act of Congress making this valley a reservation, which, if done, will be sufficient authority to prevent the illicit trade.

"Indians are coming in every year, to live on the reservation, and something should be done for their security, as white men frequently steal them, and make peons of them.

"Until the reservation question—not only Indian but military—is settled defin-

tively, I request full instructions to enable me to perform my duty justly and properly under the circumstances.”¹

Thus far the history of Round Valley has been traced from the standpoint of the army officers there stationed, as expressed in their official reports. These officers, in their endeavors to obey the higher dictates of humanity towards the Indian, were liable to overlook and under-estimate the difficulties under which the white settler labored, and the interests which he had at stake. Assuming, as a premise, that the

¹In 1873, by an act of the 3d of March of that year, the boundaries of the reservation were changed, and the northern portion of the valley turned open to settlement, leaving only five or six thousand acres of it within the reservation. The reservation was compensated. . . . by enlarging its boundaries on the north, and included a large tract of grazing country in all, with a small balance of the valley land still remaining, in a reservation amounting to 102,000 or 103,000 acres. . . . At the time of this change. . . . there were about 1,000 Indians upon the reservation. . . . The committee found upon the reservation between five and six hundred Indians only. One or two hundred Indians belonging to the reservation were out temporarily at work in the hop-fields of the adjacent districts, but several hundred of the Indians had, within a few years, abandoned the reservation and taken up their residence at some distance from the reservation, upon land they had obtained by purchase, and were taking care of themselves.

The committee found the greater part of the reservation in the possession of white men, and occupied by them mostly with herds of sheep, their occupancy marked, that of each man, with well-defined limits consisting of fences and natural boundaries. . . . This exclusive occupation of 97,500 acres of this entire reservation by these white men. . . . has been without compensation, and has continued nearly the entire time since the reservation was marked by its present limits by the act of March 3, 1873. . . . The effect upon the prosperity of these Indians upon this reservation, of this exclusive occupation of almost their entire reservation by white people without compensation to them, has been very marked.

The committee found the Indians confined in the use of their reservation to very narrow limits—about 3,000 acres of valley land, and about 1,000 or 2,000 acres of the upland, together with such use of the upland occupied by the white men as could be obtained by the stealthy and occasional occupation of it by the agency herd. The agency had at one time a herd of nearly 1000 cattle, but this had been reduced from year to year, and crowded down upon narrow limits by the occupation of their grazing grounds by others, until the and left for the Indians supported with difficulty, at the time the committee were at the agency, about 400 head of cattle, and those in so scanty a manner that they were killed for beef before they were full grown and fattened, and furnished food for the Indians of an inferior quality. The agent, not being able to supply beef enough from his small herd, has been obliged to purchase from 50, 000 to 60,000 pounds of beef each year. This beef had utterly been purchased of the very men who were enjoying the exclusive use of almost the entire reservation, as has been stated. The cattle were fattened free of all charge upon the lands of the reservation, and then sold to the agent to support the Indians.

It was estimated by good judges that this reservation before the reduction, when it contained 25,000 acres of the valley, would, if properly managed, have been able to support all the Indians in California without charge to the Government; and the evidence satisfied the committee that the limits of the present reservation embrace and productive and well calculated for the production of everything necessary for the support of many more Indians than are now to be found in the State of California; yet. . . . the Government has been obliged to pay. . . . for

settler had a right to invade and appropriate, “*par le droit du plus fort*,” the country and home of the Indians, (in doing which he only follows in the footsteps of our forefathers, over every foot of the present territory of the United States,) I propose now to glance over the same history of race conflict from the settler’s point of view—in other words to put myself in his place. Let it be well understood that I speak of the settler only, and not of that refuse of society that generally infests for a certain time all settlements in their early days.

the support of the few Indians upon the reservation an average of \$20,165 a year. . . . In the meantime the agency buildings have rapidly deteriorated, and are now in a condition of decay and dilapidation.

* * * * *

Feeble attempts, at different times, have been made to recover portions of this reservation from the possession of white men. Several suits were commenced in the United States court at San Francisco for the possession, from different parties, of about 1,000 acres, more or less, of the reservation. . . . Judgment was rendered against the United States in these suits. . . . some time since, and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court at Washington. This appeal was dismissed during the last session of the Supreme Court, for what reason, and whether with the knowledge and concurrence of the Interior Department, it is not known; nor were the committee able to determine with any definiteness, how large a portion of the reservation was affected by the adverse judgment which necessarily followed a dismissal of this appeal.

The act of March 3, 1873, provided for the appointment of three commissioners who should, among other things, make an appraisal of all improvements of white persons who were at that time located upon the lands included within the present limits of the reservation, and it was further provided that out of the proceeds of the land thrown open by that act to settlement these improvements should be paid. And all settlers residing upon such new reservation “Shall be required to remove therefrom as soon as they shall be paid for or tendered the amount of the appraised value of their improvements.”

* * * * *

The nine individuals and firms who now occupy some 95,000 acres, more or less, of this reservation, base their right of occupancy upon the claim that they were there themselves, or have become purchasers of the rights of individual settlers, whose improvements had been appraised by this commission, but who had not received compensation for such improvements; and they claim that by provision of this statute these settlers were not required to remove from this reservation until they had been paid or tendered the amount of the appraised value of their improvements.

* * * * *

The present condition of things ought not longer to continue. If these occupants have any claim upon the Government growing out of the failure on its part to comply with the statute of 1873, it is quite time that the matter was considered and every claim of that kind satisfied.

* * * * *

These Indians are now so far advanced that a little care and the proper disposition of them upon a portion of this land will result in making them not only self-supporting, but in time useful members of the community in which they live, while the funds derived from the sale of that portion of their reservation not needed for their support can be devoted to their civilization and education, and to that of other Indians in that vicinity, resulting in permanent good to the race. A longer continuance of the existing state of things will, on the other hand, result in a relapse of the Indians into barbarism, and a waste of a vast amount of Government property.

[Report of the United States Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, submitted by Senator Dawes, February 27, 1885.]

When the first settlers came into the valley, they drove before them large herds of stock, in which were invested all their available means, and upon this stock, and the probable increase from it, depended their present livelihood and their reasonable hopes of achieving a competence in due course of time.

That the Indians of Round Valley and of the smaller valleys and mountains in its vicinity, especially the Yukas, were inoffensive, and in one sense happy, before the arrival of the whites, and that they did not at first molest these in the establishment of a settlement, there does not exist the shadow of a doubt. It is equally true, however, that, either because of the bad example of some of the whites, or because the Indians found it easier to supply their wants by killing stock than by hunting game in the mountains, animals began very soon thereafter to be missed, at first a few, and afterwards large numbers.

As each settler raised his little log house in the middle of his claim, there congregated around it by degrees a certain number of the most docile and friendly among the Indians, who preferred the half civilization of the whites to the barbarism of their brethren, and who, in exchange for small favors in the shape of food and cast-off clothing, took upon themselves many of the menial duties of servants, acting, we may say, in the capacity of feudal retainers of the inhabitants of the house around which clustered their lodges, or in the vicinity of which they had located their rancherias. These Indians, however, were not to be altogether trusted; many of them came and went as they pleased, and it may be readily inferred that their contact with those who roamed in the mountains tended to increase, rather than diminish, whatever dissatisfaction they may have had against the whites in the intercourse between them. And it must be acknowledged, that unhappily there existed, even at that early

date, ample cause for dissatisfaction on the part of the Yukas towards the whites.

The Yukas had, in the beginning of the settlement, looked upon the whites as superior beings; and the belief was to a great extent due to the fire-arms in their hands. But as time went on the Indians began to venture upon small thefts; and seeing that these passed off with impunity at first, they became bolder in their depredations, until it became an imperative necessity on the part of the whites to use strong measures to protect their stock, and, eventually, themselves. But meanwhile, as the Indians had themselves learned how to use fire-arms; and after the one or two cases in which whites were killed had shown them that whites could be killed as well as Indians, they began seriously to contemplate the idea of repossessing themselves not only of the valley but of all the surrounding country. Then begin the sanguinary conflicts, of which the history of Round Valley is so full, culminating at last in the war of extermination waged by the exasperated whites against the Indians, against which the officers of the regular army were so often compelled to protest in the behalf of common humanity.

Next to the Yukas, the most prominent tribe in the history of the valley are the Wylackies, who claimed the territory beyond the North Fork of Eel River, and as far south as Summit Valley. Unlike the Yukas, they were warlike, and they stand foremost in all the depredations against the whites—although their hostility was not confined to whites alone, for they were likewise dreaded as “bad Indians” by the more peaceful Yukas. Some of these Wylackies, as has been said in the previous chapter, succeeded in different ways in obtaining rifles, and having become proficient in their use, formed themselves into a band for the express purpose of committing depredations. As soon as a Wylackie was successful in procuring a rifle, he was admitted into the band; until, with time, it grew in strength to up-

ward of thirty or forty desperate Indians, who afterwards became known among the whites as the "Gun Indians," and to whom may be charged the majority of murders committed, not only in the vicinity of Round Valley but also of Long and other valleys—although the proximity of the first made it more liable to be oftener visited by them. The entire tribe, however, were concerned in the following depredations upon Round Valley and its immediate vicinity.

The valley at one point advances into the foothills, making a smaller valley about one mile in length and half a mile in width—properly speaking, only a prolongation of the main valley. This gap was a favorite roaming place for the stock, the close proximity of the foothills on every side but one sheltering it in winter from the cold northeast and northwest winds, and numerous oaks and other trees affording ample shade in summer. The Wylackies were well aware of this, and in their forays upon the stock they usually availed themselves of the natural advantages offered by this gap for a general stampede of the stock in it at the time.

Their plan of operation was to line the tops of the foothills all the way down to its opening on the main valley, and remain concealed until the time came for them to act. The stock, smelling them, would soon begin to evince signs of disquietude and anxiety, and look about for a way to escape. The Indians at the lower end, near the main valley, would then gradually show themselves, and by whistling, gesticulating, and shaking sticks, to which were attached pieces of hides and old clothes, would stampede the stock and drive it in the direction they wanted—that is, the upper part of the gap towards the mountains—each Indian showing himself as the stock ran past him; and once out of the gap and the neighborhood of the main valley, the work of slaughter began.

The whole thing was done systematically.

A few animals in the rear of the stampeded herd would be killed, skinned, cut up, and packed at once to their camp, and the meat hung in the sun to dry. This took but a few moments, and the same process was repeated over and over again, until often the whole herd was used up. The dry meat would last for some time; and when the last piece was gone, the Indians would assemble at some preconceived point in the vicinity of the valley, and plan another raid, when the same thing would be done over again. They nearly always used this gap as a *cul-de-sac* to entrap and destroy the stock.

One of the most destructive among the many raids of this kind was made in the spring of 1859, and was the cause of the occurrence mentioned in the previous chapter by Major Johnson in one of his reports, in which some two hundred and forty Indians lost their lives. In this raid the Indians destroyed, comparatively speaking, an immense amount of stock, among which were many valuable horses—one of these, a stallion, was estimated at being worth considerably over one thousand dollars. The plan had been so thoroughly matured and so well carried out as to leave no doubt but that some renegade white man had conceived and directed it—in fact, the man was seen, mounted on a stolen mule; and although he escaped during the subsequent fight, and nothing was ever heard of him afterwards, he is supposed to have been a Spaniard and an outlaw.

Exasperated beyond measure, several of the settlers, who had been the largest losers in this destructive foray, met together and determined that they would inflict such severe retaliation upon the marauding Wylackies that they would be likely to abstain, at least for a time, from depredations that bade fair, unless arrested, to annihilate the stock in the valley and compel the settlers to seek some other home. These settlers were only nine in number, but they procured the services of a few Yukas and Pitt Rivers, and

of about fifty Con-Cows on the Nome-Cult farm; who were bitter enemies of the Wylackies and asked for nothing better than to be led against them. The whites were armed with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives, while the Indians had their bows and arrows; and the plan of action having been fully considered and explained to the Indians, so as to act in concert, they started in pursuit of the marauders.

They found their camp located on the bank of Hull's Creek, at a place called Horse Cañon. The raid had been so successful that all the trees in the neighborhood of the camp were covered with the meat of the stolen stock hanging in the sun to dry, and the Wylackies were in full rejoicing over their good fortune. The attacking party, concealing their movements from the unsuspecting Wylackies, advanced cautiously until within a short distance of the camp, and then halted and formed into a semicircle. The Yukas and the Con-Cows, having stripped stark naked, tied a strip of white cotton around their foreheads so as to be recognized by the whites among the other Indians; and painting themselves with their war paint, began a sort of silent war dance, which soon worked them into a frenzy that boded no good to the Wylackies. Then the signal to advance was given, and with a rush they were upon the camp.

The surprise was complete, and the Wylackies were shot down in all directions; until, after a faint show of resistance, those who were left alive escaped by flight, leaving some two hundred and forty of their number dead upon the field. The loss on the other side was four Con-Cows slightly wounded, and one white man named Abbott severely wounded by an arrow in the breast.

Severe as the lesson had been, its effect was not permanent; for after remaining quiet for some time, the Wylackies again began their depredations, although on a smaller scale than before. It may not be considered

out of place to tell the following story in connection with the fight of Horse Cañon:

When an Indian is wounded by an arrow, his first act is to seize it, and with a quick pull, tear it out of the wound, as the longer the arrow remains therein the more difficult and painful is the operation of extraction. The wounded white man, Abbott, neglected this precaution, and when he tried to pull it out afterwards, the arrow broke, leaving the head in the wound. Some days after the fight, Abbott being in great pain, he and his friends were visited by a party of Con-Cows, who told them that the great Medicine Squaw of the tribe was coming, and that she would pull the arrow out of his breast without causing him any pain.

In a few moments she appeared, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of her high position among the Con-Cows, and escorted by a large retinue of friends and satellites. Advancing with slow steps and dignified countenance, she halted opposite Abbott, and with an imperious gesture ordered him to rise, open the bosom of his shirt, and expose the wound—all of which he did, affected and impressed, in spite of himself, by her earnestness and dignity.

Looking with a deep and searching glance at the wound, she began in a slow recitative an incantation addressed to some invisible being, accompanied by an equally slow chant on the part of her companions. When this had continued for some time, and the spirit was apparently conciliated by these preliminary steps, she slowly extended her arm toward the wound as if grasping an invisible arrow, and as quickly withdrew her arm, as if her effort to pull the arrow out of the wound had been ineffectual. The chant grew stronger; and slowly, and with a firmer purpose, the arm was again extended and withdrawn—this time with a stronger effort, as if the arrow was deeply imbedded in the flesh. Again and again was

the act repeated, her face becoming sterner and grander in her unflinching purpose to overcome all resistance.

As her efforts increased, so did the chant of her companions, gradually swelling into a deafening din; until with brows knit and her resolute will shining out of her eyes, she gave a mighty pull—and the chant was one of triumph and exultation and the bystanders pressing around her beheld, bloody and with shreds of torn flesh still adhering to it, the arrow head in her open hand!

Glancing with ineffable superiority over the whites, as well as over the Indians around her, she slightly tossed her head, as if such an operation was by no means a wonderful one for her to perform; and turning about she retraced, with slow and majestic steps, her way back to her lodge, amid the applause of her awe-struck companions.

To say that the whites were astonished would hardly express their feelings; but the most astonished of all was Abbott, who remained standing, looking open-mouthed at her retreating form—for he still felt the arrow head in his breast, where it remained at last advices, despite the efforts of some of the best physicians in San Francisco, who have at last told him that any attempt to cut it out, at this late day, would endanger his life.

In the opening upon the main valley of the gap before mentioned, stood in those days (and still stood at the time of my visit) two houses, about a quarter of a mile apart, in which lived alone two white men, whose solitary lives must have been a continual succession of dangers and narrow escapes. Some stray herder would stop with them for some weeks at a time in the summer season, but in the winter they were usually alone, without any other companionship than a short visit at times between them. The exposed situation of their houses, their proximity to the favorite roaming place of the stock, and for that reason the chief

scene of Indian depredations, more than aggravated the dangers of a life sufficiently replete with such already.

Often at night, warned by the barking or the howling of their dogs, they would take their rifles and go out in the dark, hiding stealthily behind trees, watching over their stock until the approach of daylight, then go back and snatch a few hours of much needed repose; and more than once, fearing that some evil-disposed Indian might set their houses on fire, and burn them alive therein, they would steal after dark into the surrounding shrubbery, and sleep away the night with their trusty rifles near at hand, and already cocked in the event of an emergency.

Like all the other settlers they had a small retinue of dependent Yukas camped near them; but, as I have already said, these were not always to be trusted.

The vigor of these two men in protecting not only their own stock, but that of the other settlers, had made them more than one secret enemy among the Indians, and they had been repeatedly warned by some of their red friends, that their lives had been threatened by "bad Indians"; especially by two desperate Yukas, whose reputation among their own tribe was not of the best. These dark rumors had given them great anxiety, for like all the other settlers they were well aware that threats of that nature made by the Indians, were like those of the old Italian vendetta—the fiat went forth, no one knew whence or how, but in time there was always a victim.

The two Yukas who had been the most persistent in their threats against them did not live with the other Indians; when not engaged in committing depredations, they always remained in hiding, watching for opportunities; and the other Indians, from clan feeling, were not willing to give the whites any information as to their whereabouts. After long and repeated consultations on the subject, the two white men determined to protect themselves at all haz-

ards, and no matter by what means; and having discovered that these two bad Yukas had a bitter enemy in their own tribe, they took him aside one day and after much entreating, finally prevailed on him to accept a money bribe to help them discover the whereabouts of the others, pledging themselves that his agency in the matter should always remain a secret to the other Indians.

Sitting by his lonely fireside, one dark, stormy winter night, thinking of his solitary life and the many dangers besetting it on every side, one of these men heard a slight scratching upon the door; and when he cautiously opened it, the Indian spy came in, and shaking the rain drops from his matted hair sat down by the fire without uttering a word—at the same time casting a quick, suspicious, though half-veiled glance over the room.

Thoroughly accustomed to Indian ways, the white man knew that the Indian had something to say, and that when he should see fit to impart his tidings, they would be explicit and worth hearing; so taking his seat at the other end of the small fire-place he waited silently and with patience. An hour passed slowly away, and the Indian remained as impassive as ever, gazing gloomily into the fast dying embers; and as silently, almost as gloomily, the white man gazed on him.

The scene in that lonely log house, on that cold, stormy winter night, must have been peculiarly impressive, almost awe-inspiring — outside the darkness of the night; inside a white man and an Indian, sitting at each end of an expiring log fire, each wrapped in thoughts as gloomy as the scene; a fitful fugitive flame lighting once in a while the different emotions reflected upon their faces, or intercepting a furtive, suspicious glance between them; the monotonous, dreary sound of the rain falling upon the roof, its resonance increased by the stillness within; the roar of the moun-

tain torrent, deadened by the distance, and the echo, perhaps, of a falling tree startling the ear in the lulls of the storm; with, ever and anon, a sudden gust of wind issuing from the mountain gorges, dashing against the house and shaking it to its very foundations. And through it all, impassive and motionless as if his spirit had left its mortal frame, except for the gleam in his eyes, the Indian remained, listening to the voices of the storm.

More than once the white man, oppressed in spite of himself, had half opened his lips to frame a question, and as often refrained, fearing to retard the words he wished to hear. At last, the Indian, slightly shivering as if with cold, turned his eyes full upon him, and said slowly, and almost reluctantly, "Pate-num [I've found them]."

That was all; but it was enough. The white man rose from his chair, tightening the belt of his revolver around him, took down his rifle, and started for the door, with the Indian following in his steps.

The storm outside had by this time rolled away in fitful gusts, and the moon was trying to pierce through the clouds, which were passing still, thick and fast, before its disc, though the sky was fast clearing away for a time, and the night air had turned bitter cold.

Near the other house they were met by the other white man, who had been awakened by the barking of his dogs. After a short consultation, they left their rifles in the house so as not to impede their movements; and armed each with a revolver and a bowie-knife, they followed the Indian for about a mile, until they came to a thick copse of laurel and manzanita. Cautiously crawling therein upon their hands and knees, they soon saw at some distance before them the sheltered light of a small, half-extinguished fire, burning in the hollow of an old tree, and gleaming at intervals through the thick brush and evergreens. The Indian, who all this time had led them on their way, pointed silently with

his finger toward it, and as silently turned back and left them to themselves.

Warily crawling on all fours to within a short distance of the fire, they perceived two dark forms extended at full length, sleeping soundly under the shelter of a fallen tree, and recognized them as the two Yukas.

With a bound, as swift and as sure as that of a wild beast, the white men sprang upon them, each seizing an Indian by his long matted hair, and holding a full-cocked revolver at his head with the other hand. The Indians were strong and stalwart, but the white men were equally so and had the advantage of the arms, and of the surprise. In a short time, the Indians, with their hands tied behind them, were on their way toward the nearest house, the white men following close upon their heels with half-cocked revolvers in one hand, and their unsheathed bowies in the other.

The Yukas were taken into an old, dilapidated barn near the house, and halters placed around their necks, each with one end tied securely to a convenient beam projecting from the loft where they stood into empty space beneath. The night was bitterly cold, and the Indians, only half clad and wet through besides, were shivering dismally—waiting, however, to all appearances, calm, and without a word; until, the preparations being completed, the stronger of the two, turning his eyes full upon the whites, asked clearly and coolly,

“Are you going to hang us?”

“We are.”

“Then make haste, for the night is cold.”

And advancing upon the projecting beam until he came to the end, he sprang off, and remained suspended at the end of the rope, lifeless, with a broken neck.

The other had been ill for some time before, and his strength of mind and contempt of death had weakened with his bodily strength, and he begged for his life; but in vain—the white men knew that,

should they spare him, the time would come for his vengeance and that a bullet or an arrow sped by an unseen enemy would reach them some day. They were determined not to allow any idea of generosity or of mercy to interfere with their severity, and they bade him prepare to meet his fate. In a few moments two lifeless bodies were hanging from the same beam, and the white men were alone in the old barn with them.

The storm had by this time returned with increased violence, and the rain was falling in streams through the old worn-out roof, while the wind shrieked dismally through the interstices between the logs, swaying the bodies to and fro, with a mournful creak from the ropes fraying upon the beam. Shivering with cold, as well as with something like superstitious dread, the white men threw themselves upon the hay and rested for a while; then one rose and with a spade began to dig a grave, while the other cut down the dead Indians and dragged them toward it. When it was deep enough they were thrown in, the grave leveled with the floor of the barn, and some loose hay scattered over it to hide the place from the other Indians; and silent and shivering the white men returned to their solitary houses to continue their equally solitary lives as before.

But for weeks afterwards, although the secret has been kept to this day, the other Indians were seen uneasily skulking around and near the old barn as if searching for those whom they could not find, and whose bones were lying in a hidden grave.

It may be well to say, if this episode of early days is considered too improbable, that it was related to the writer by one of the actors in that dismal night scene—who kindly offered to exhume the decaying bones as proof, from under the few half-rotten logs that still marked the site of the old barn; which offer I declined, preferring to trust in his veracity.

In the fall of 1861, the Indian depreda-

tions became so great that it became a mooted question whether the settlers would not be compelled to abandon the valley altogether, and seek some other home, in a less desirable but safer locality. A large number of Indians had been collected, by this time, on the reservation, and the supplies raised, or provided for their support and sustenance, were entirely inadequate to the demand or the necessity. Winter was approaching, when the unfordable streams, surrounding the valley, would isolate it from the rest of the world until spring, and the starving Indians would be actually forced by the circumstances to commit depredations on a scale so large that the settlers would be compelled to put forth every effort, and use every means short of extermination to protect themselves and their property.

In addition to all these actual and probable evils the Government added more fuel to the long-established animosity of the settlers against the Indians, as the first cause of preventing the whites from acquiring permanent homes, by the dilatory and undecided policy adopted in regard to the declaration of reserving the entire valley for Indian purposes. To this day, in fact, the vexed question of titles remains unsolved.

The Indians themselves were so firmly convinced of the fate that awaited them if they remained on the reservation during the winter that they made up their minds to act for themselves in this emergency; and one morning some five hundred of them, under Tome-ya-nem, the chief of the Con-Cow tribe, packed up what little valuables they possessed, and bidding farewell to the supervisor, started for their old home in the Sacramento Valley, assigning as a reason for leaving the reservation, that they knew that if they remained thereon during the coming winter, they would be forced to kill stock to keep themselves from starving, and the settlers would surely kill them for killing the stock.

Their conduct, under the circumstances,

was praiseworthy; no blame could be attached to them for taking the only step in their power to save themselves from a fate, inevitable if they remained. In their hegira they were aided by many of the settlers, especially by those of the Sacramento Valley, who killed beeves to feed them, and helped them in various other ways.

The departure of these Indians, however, did not altogether prevent the stock from being made away with. The best Indians had gone, while many who were worse remained; so one morning some twenty of the settlers went to the reservation and demanded that all the bows and arrows, and other arms, in the hands of the Indians be delivered up to them; this was done in the presence of the supervisor, who stipulated that these arms might be secured, but not destroyed — which the settlers agreed to. It is said that on this occasion several Indians, who were refractory, were killed, and that the settlers killed them only after ascertaining beyond doubt that they had been leaders in many of the late depredations.

The Wylackies who roved in the mountains, north of the valley, were looked upon, with truth, as very predatory Indians; and they acted, at this time, as if they had altogether forgotten the terrible vengeance inflicted some years before at Horse Cañon. In the early summer of 1862, during the months of June, July, and the beginning of August, they became bolder and bolder in their raids upon the stock, coming openly in small armed parties into the very midst of the settlers. These small parties were composed of strong, stalwart men, well armed with bows and arrows, and it was noticed that they had all the appearance of war parties, having left the women and children behind them in the mountains. They came ostensibly either to remain on the reservation, or to see some friends thereon, and they established a separate camp on the banks of Mill Creek, at a place known as the "upper station" or "reservation"; and

toward the end of July this party was supposed to average already about eighty, the majority of whom were warriors; a few women and children, however, had joined them by this time, although the actions and manner of these tended to foster the belief that their stay with the band was only temporary.

It was so evident that these Wylackies had gathered in the valley with bad intentions, that the supervisor of the reservation invited the attention of the settlers to the fact; and the whites became convinced that some steps had to be taken, and very soon too, to protect themselves from whatever designs the Wylackies might have regarding them. Accordingly, some twenty of the settlers, well armed with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives, assembled in the first week in August at the house of one of their number; and having organized a meeting it was determined therein to attack the Wylackies that night, and to treat them so severely that never again would they undertake to molest the whites either openly or secretly thereafter.

All the preparations being completed, the whites advanced upon the camp, an hour or so before daylight, with the intention of surprising the enemy and inflicting as much loss as possible, with as little cost to themselves. Their intentions in that respect, however, were frustrated by a brave and his squaw, who happened to be skulking about, or near the camp, and who immediately gave the alarm.

The whites, by this time, had formed into a semicircle of attack, and they opened fire at once upon the camp, receiving a reply in the shape of a shower of arrows; and this defence continued in a desultory manner for some time; but the Indians were too unprepared, despite the hasty warning, successfully to resist the whites, and they began a retreat, which soon degenerated into a rout, from which they never recovered — for it is stated that none of those who succeeded in making their es-

cape were ever seen afterward, either in the valley or in its vicinity; and this was the last time the whites were called upon to use high-handed measures to protect themselves from the depredations of this particular tribe. Some twenty-three Indians, among whom were one or two women, were found dead on the spot at daylight; but it is more than probable that many more were killed in the retreat and rout, who were never accounted for, besides many who were severely wounded and afterwards died in the mountains.

The settlers lost one man, named Shade Lamb, killed by an arrow through the head, one, Montague, was wounded in the thigh, near the femoral artery by another arrow, but recovered from the wound and was still living in the valley when I was there.

The treatment was severe; but had the "punishment," or whatever it may be called, been delayed, it is probable that dire consequences would have fallen upon the settlers. The reader, however, as I remarked quoting the report of Captain Douglas on the subject, can draw his own conclusions from the facts before him.

It may be well to say a few words here not in excuse of the deeds perpetrated by many of the whites against the Indians, but rather in explanation of them. I cannot use a better illustration than a short anecdote related by Mr. Nordhoff, in his "Northern California," in regard to a miner whom he met in his travels:

"The country was then full of Indians, and it was very strange, indeed, to hear this miner — a thoroughly kind-hearted man he was, and now the father of a family of children — tell with the utmost unconcern, and as a matter of course, how they went to shoot down these Indians, who waylaid them at favoring spots on the river and tried to pick them off with arrows.

"I remember hearing a little boy ask a famous general once how many men he had killed in the course of his wars, and being

disappointed when he heard that the general as far as he knew had never killed anybody. I suppose a soldier in battle but rarely knows that he has actually shot a man, but one of these old Indian fighters sits down after dinner, over a pipe, and relates to you with quite horrifying coolness every detail of the death which his rifle and his sure eye dealt to an Indian; and when this one, stroking meanwhile the head of a little boy, who was standing at his knees, described to me how he lay on the grass and took aim at a tall chief, who was, in the moonlight, trying to steal a boat from a party of gold-seekers, and how, at the crack of his rifle, the Indian fell his whole length in the boat and never stirred again, I confess I was dumb with amazement. The tragedy had not even the dignity of an event in this man's life. He shot Indians as he ate his dinner, plainly as a mere matter of course; nor was he a brute, but a kindly, honest, good fellow, not in the least blood-thirsty."

One of these very Indian fighters is now sitting before me. I have been acquainted with him for years, and I know him to be a good, kind-hearted man, and the idol of the little curly heads who cluster at his knees. He does not look at all as I imagined a murderer would look; he is dignified as well as good hearted — in fact there is nothing different in his appearance and manner from those of any other well-meaning citizen. And yet he has just been telling me, with a slight, satisfied smile playing over his lips as he spoke, how he once hanged an Indian and again how he cut the throat of another.

I am not at all afraid of him, though I must acknowledge that he makes me shud-

der; but as we think over the matter I wonder all the same — and yet in the South, and over the sea, I have looked upon some strange, sad scenes, in which blood was not wanting. Am I disgusted when he tells me how he once cut a steak with his bowie-knife out of an old Indian? Yes — but there he stands before me, and I must say that he does not at all look like a butcher. The force of circumstances, reader, that is all: perhaps neither you nor I would have gone to that length; but it is possible that under the same circumstances, so deadening to all good and kind and human feelings, we would have acted, probably with some modifications, with the same disregard of life as those early settlers did.

In regard to such men as Bland, McDonald, and others who paid with their lives for their atrocities toward the Indians, it is at least to be said that, had the officers who so frequently were compelled to protest against their cold-blooded murders, been engaged in actual warfare, with the Indian as a common enemy, it is more than likely that the knowledge of Indian strategy, the reckless daring, and the indifference to life of these troublesome desperadoes would have proved — under the proper restraint imposed by the strict condition of military service in time of war — of inestimable value. And it is even possible, nay, probable, that had they lived to this day, the refining influences of society as it grew settled, and the influences of church, and school, and regular industry gradually pervaded all its ranks; especially the influence, so wanting in their surroundings at that day, of women of their own race — would have made them decent citizens.

A. G. Tassin.

CHATA AND CHINITA.

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

XXXVI.

The departure of Ashley Ward from Tres Hermanos was not so entirely disregarded as he had supposed. It was not Carlota only who left her chamber at daybreak; scarcely had she disappeared in the gloom of Doña Isabel's apartments on her way to the favorite balcony, when her father stepped out upon the corridor, starting as his eyes fell upon his mother, who, seemingly with the spirit of unrest that pervaded the household, at the same moment emerged from her room. With a muttered salutation each abandoned the original intention of exchanging a farewell word with the departing guest; and arresting their steps at the balustrade, they leaned over and listened intently to the sounds of the early exit. The light was still so uncertain, that though Don Rafael noticed he did not wonder at the grey tinge upon his mother's face; it seemed only in harmony with the prevailing darkness.

The rains of the past season had been insufficient, and a murky though almost impalpable mist, felt rather than seen, brooded over the silent landscape. It was scarcely oppressive enough to affect the young men who rode forth stirring the sluggish air, nor the eager horses lifting their heads to fill their lungs with the breath of morning, and expelling it again with a force that agitated the stillness with a sound like a blow upon water; yet it weighed inexpressibly both upon the body and mind of Don Rafael. As he had come there with a certainty in his mind that he should meet his mother, he had purposed to question her as to the actual occurrences of the day before,

for the connection of Chata with the return of Ashley Ward remained entirely unexplained. That his mother was satisfied that it was not a mere vulgar *rendezvous* into which the young girl had been tempted, he was assured by her manner towards them both; indeed it appeared she had scarcely noticed an incident which in that place, and at the age of Chata was sufficient to array against her the suspicions of the most trusting and generous of matrons. Yet he could imagine no possible inducement but the voice of a lover that could have called her forth alone from the *casa grande*—for that Chata had gone alone, he knew as well as his keen-eyed daughter Carlota.

The last grey figure had long since disappeared from the outer court, into which they looked as into a distant and narrow vista; the clank of the horses' hoofs upon the paving had changed to the thud upon the roadway, then ceased altogether to be heard; and Don Rafael turning his eyes upon his mother's face, had opened his lips to question her,—when with a thrill of surprise, which became terror even before the momentary utterance was repeated, he heard her laugh, that strange, unmirthful, hollow laugh that indicates a mind diseased, while she said whisperingly:

"He is gone. Yes! yes! I unbarred the door, and Pedro picked the lock so cleverly and noiselessly that the very watchman asleep across the threshold did not hear him. Ah, I knew he would be quiet enough by daylight, but Leon was awake, wide awake. For all your tears, Isabel, he would not have gone but for me; he swore he would kill Don Gregorio for the blow he gave him. Why did you say you loved at last as a wo-

man should the husband who was his foe to death, and that you sent him freedom that he might seek a death more worthy of his villainy than by the sword of an outraged father, or the executioner's bullet? They were bitter words, and you knew they were false, for even with your child lying dead through his persecution, you loved him still. And when he would not stir because of your taunts, but swore he would meet his fate and shame the callous heart whose love had been as weak as her sacrifice was forced and incomplete, what was there for you to do but to throw yourself on your knees before him and entreat him for his mother's sake to be gone. Even then he would have stayed but for me. 'What,' I cried, 'to shame your sister you will give another victory to the husband of Dolores?'

"Ah, it is not tears would conquer such a man! In a moment he had sprung to his feet; he had thrust Isabel aside, and me too—yes, that was nothing; Pedro held his horse, but he glared at him as he sprang into the saddle. 'But for you, I should have given the last blow at midnight,' he cried, 'it shall be thine some day—when thy master's has been given!' and with that he was gone. Yes, he is gone. Not a sound of the horse as he gallops! Gone, and none too soon! the morning is come"—and she uttered again that sound called a laugh.

"Mother, what hast thou?" cried Don Rafael, clasping her arm, and noticing for the first time the deep hollows beneath her brilliant eyes, and the wide circles that made more appalling their unnatural glare. "Mother thou art dreaming! thy hand burns, and thy temples. Maria Sanctisima! dost thou not know me?"

"Know thee?—yes: why thou art Rafael," she answered, letting her eyes drop for a moment on his scared and anxious face. "Why should I not know thee? had ever woman a better son? Yes, yes, he is safe; let Don Gregorio wake when he will,

Leon is away. Ah, at the last he was not so cruel, eh Isabel? Why should you moan and wring your hands because he vowed never again but by his death should his name shame you? Ah! Ah! Ah! well, they say he died, shot and hanged to a tree as a miscreant should be. Do you believe it, Isabel? yet why not? *Dios de mi alma*, is it only the son of Pepé Valle that can be pitiless? only—" so she muttered on, in a low monotonous voice, pacing the corridor with an uncertain step, varying from the halting motion of one about to fall, to the impetuous haste with which she fancied herself urging again the unwilling flight of the sullen and revengeful boy, whom she too, with the perversity of woman's heart, had loved as sincerely as she had condemned.

Don Rafael followed her in a perturbation of surprise and terror, which drove from his mind all other thoughts save those that his remembrance of other plague-stricken seasons forced upon his mind. Fever was in the air, and his mother was the first victim! The rainy season, which in most years cleared the black *arroyos* and the village itself of the accumulations of nine dry and almost torrid months, had failed to do its accustomed work. No rushing torrents had cleared the water courses, but instead of the friend of humanity water had become its enemy, by mingling with the foul elements that had gathered during the long period of drouth and that exhaled the subtle miasma which even the pure air of that elevated region was powerless to render innocuous. Don Rafael absolutely wrung his hands before the evil he foresaw, which neither experience or intelligence had led him to combat with any sanitary precautions. That the fever should from time to time decimate the *hacienda* appeared to his mind one of the inevitable calamities of life, no more to be avoided than the spring floods or the blasting lightning or the outburst of volcanic fires. But had all these forces combined assailed him at once, his con-

sternation could not have been greater than to witness in his mother the delirium which testified to the dreaded typhoid. As has been intimated, his love for his mother was of no common order; without being weak in judgment or irresolute in character, he had been accustomed to share with her his every thought, and their sentiments and aims were ever in such perfect accord that a dissentient word had never arisen between them.

As he followed her in her erratic and excited movements, scarcely conscious of what he did, or of anything except that with each moment her talk grew more distracted, while her thoughts were persistently fixed upon the events, and woes, and passions of by-gone years, a door at the end of the corridor was timidly pushed open, and Chata's face peeped anxiously out. Had Don Rafael's thoughts been free, he would have wondered that she was fully dressed at such an early hour, but he did not even heed the explanation she hurriedly gave as she advanced to meet him.

"I would not have left her alone, but she forbade me to come," she said. "Oh! I could not sleep. I thought the morning would never come. I went to her with the first light, but she would not hear me. She bade me leave her, and I thought it was because she was angry, but it was this! O *Padre mio*, is it a sickness? See, she does not know me? *Mama grande*, it is I; it is your Chata!"

"*Calla!*" exclaimed Don Rafael, the more sharply because of his extreme alarm. "Fly, Chata! fly to thy mother, thy sister! Call old Selsa, anyone who has sense, and knows what remedies to bring. Why do you stare? do you think she is mad? It is the fever. It is not for nothing that the rains have been delayed so long. *Por Dios*, as I rode by the ditches last week they were black as pitch, and foul as a vulture's quarry. Run—I will lead her to her room. Ay, ay, mother, thou art strong, and not so

old yet"—and with the tenderness of a child and the devotion of a lover the son guided the steps of the delirious yet gentle woman, who, half conscious of her state, half resentful of care, suffered herself to be led into the chamber she had quitted in apparent health but a brief quarter of an hour before.

Apparent health, although she had passed an utterly sleepless night, strangely excited by the events of the day, yet unable to fix her mind upon them. Chata, upon her return to the hacienda, had sought her chamber; and in the press of other thoughts Doña Feliz had failed to question her upon the strange escapade, which the whole character and bearing of the young girl combined to render utterly inexplicable—for she had no data by which to connect it with the appearance of Ramirez at the cemetery, and she absolved Ashléy Ward from any pre-arrangement with the young girl as completely as though they had been found a thousand miles asunder. As was natural, suspicions of some precocious love, of which some one of the many volatile and dashing youth that had lately gathered at the hacienda, was the object, haunted the mind of Doña Feliz; but she rejected them with disdain, promising herself upon the early morning to demand the truth, not doubting she should learn it. Even while awake to the importance of the incident, and inwardly debating it, she was conscious that the remembrance of it, as well as of Ashley, and his strange participation in the life drama in which she had enacted so forced and painful a part, constantly strove to elude her, and were recalled with an effort that with every hour grew greater and less effective; while all the events and actors of long ago passed in endless review before her—Doña Isabel in her matronly girlhood, soothing and bribing with tender words and lavish gifts, her wilful half-brother; Don Gregorio; the dying Norberto; the scowling and furious *plajiarío*; Herlinda; John Ashley. The pale proces-

sion, spectral yet real, voiceless, yet each repeating with irresistible eloquence the tale of his love, his guilt, or anguish, passed before her, thrusting aside, as often as they reappeared, the forms of those who at a new and critical point, had appeared upon the scene.

As the night passed, she was perfectly aware of this tantalizing inability to command her thoughts, and as again and again she set herself to follow the probable course and effect of Ashley Ward's intervention in the fate of the man who to her seemed gifted with demoniacal powers for evil, and an absolute invulnerability to human vengeance, or as she began in mind to question Chata, the persons both of the young man and the girl seemed to fade from before her, and the voices that should have replied were those which had been familiar years before—oftenest that of Herlinda in wild repetition of her unhappy love, and agonized entreaties for the babe she was but to embrace, and forever relinquish. Through it all she had retained the thought of Ashley's departure; and with some vague thought that the sight of him would calm her fevered brain, she instinctively strove to accomplish the resolve with which she had begun the night; and thus her last conscious act before the actual delirium of the fever seized her, had been to look, with the half fearful gaze of one who invokes yet dreads the vengeance of heaven, upon him who seemed to her morbid and superstitious mind fraught with a mission to avenge and right the innocent—the living and the dead.

Don Rafael, in consternation, had recognized at once the serious character of his mother's illness. As he called aloud for help, and Chata, with white and affrighted face, hastened to obey his commands, Carlota, in some confusion, appeared from the further corridor. Too much confused and alarmed to wonder at seeing her dressed and abroad at such an hour, her father exclaimed in impatience at the voluble re-

proaches of Doña Rita, who, pushing her from the side of Doña Feliz, bade her cease from such tempting of Providence, affirming that for her own sins she must have been burdened with such a plague, and yet praying her in the name of *el Santo Niño* to fly from infection, lest she should break her heart by her premature decease. To all of which Carlota submitted with a sobbing declaration that she was already faint and ill, whereupon Doña Rita hastily retreated to her own room, dragging Carlota with her; and in spite of his hurriedly formed resolution to the contrary, Don Rafael was forced to confide his mother to the care of Chata, and of the servants, who, subservient to her slightest wish, were absolutely useless without the guiding presence of a superior.

This was the first indication of the reign of an epidemic that with terrible force and rapidity in the three or four succeeding days, declared itself with the deadly vigor of the year of "the great sickness," as the visitation that had destroyed Mademoiselle La Croix and scores of others, was called. With unspeakable remorse Chata attributed to the unwonted exertion and emotion of Doña Feliz, in her visit to the *hacienda de beneficio*, this sudden and violent illness; and in her absorption in the new duties and anxieties which in the defection of Doña Rita and Carlota, she was called upon to bear almost alone (for Don Rafael was helpless before the peril of his mother) she for a time ceased to think of the secret trials and dangers of her own existence—save to cry bitterly to herself that had she never been told that Doña Rita was not her mother, the difference in her bearing at that crisis towards Carlota and herself would have betrayed the truth. "Even Don Rafael," she thought, "though he loves me, is content that I and not Carlota, should risk the danger of the infected atmosphere."

But in truth the alarmed and harassed

man was capable of but little reflection or discrimination of the actions of those about him. He gave no heed to the selfishness of his wife or Carlota, while he found Chata ever at Doña Feliz's side, tireless, calm, un murmuring, ministering with a rare ability, which even natural tact and long experience seldom combine to produce in such perfection, to the needs and comfort of the ever delirious patient. He grew speedily to have a perfect trust and faith in this ministering child; and though once, when for a little while his mother was silent, and the servants had fallen asleep, he opened his lips to question her, there was something in the imploring yet innocent gaze of those clear grey eyes, before which he shrank, as Ashley Ward had done, powerless to utter a word that should indicate distrust.

"Perhaps my mother knows—yes, doubtless she knew," he said to himself, with a faint attempt to justify his silence, "*Caramba!* a man must have a black heart himself who could doubt the whiteness of so pure a soul!"

Almost hourly his perturbation of mind was increased by the report of some fresh name upon the list of the sick. With a faith in the decoctions of herbs and roots used by the *curanderos* as profound as their own, and a superstitious respect for the alleged virtues of blessed relics, and candles, and even for amulets of less sacred renown, he went from hut to hut, endeavoring to propitiate the favor of Heaven by charitable deeds; thus perhaps gaining a more personal affection than the mere clannish regard, which he in a measure shared with the actual proprietors of the vast estate, but which was not strong enough to insure him against the wit or malice of the dependent yet utterly indifferent and irresponsible host he attempted to govern. A doctor had been sent for and also a priest, but neither appeared—the priest perhaps because the last one, who had but lately left there, had

given accounts of Doña Isabel's proceedings little likely to be acceptable to the Church. This added to the perplexities of Don Rafael.

In the midst of them he was one day accosted by Tomas, the husband of Florencia, who in tones of genuine distress, which for the time gave pathos to his usual drunken whine, bewailed the sickness of his wife, and related how, spurning his care, she called vainly upon her uncle Pedro (not a day's luck had they had since he had left them), and upon the Señorita Chinita (praying his grace's pardon for mentioning one whom the Señora Doña Isabel herself had chosen to be a lady) to come and give her a cup of cold water—as if he himself had not spilled over her an olla of *pulque de miel* in the vain effort to pour a draught down her parched throat. It was plain to see that the woman was doomed, and that it was for her the spectral candles had been lighted.

"The corpse candles!" echoed Don Rafael, for he well knew the popular superstition at Tres Hermanos, that when the burial lights were to burn in the *casa grande*, their spectral counterfeits were first seen in the ancient dwelling where the spirits of the early possessors of the hacienda still guarded treasures, which awaited some daring and fortunate claimant in a descendant who should combine their faith with a tenacity of purpose and an untiring energy worthy the riches that had eluded their own weak and inconstant efforts. Had indeed the conclave of shades gathered to welcome another unsuccessful toiler among them? Don Rafael shuddered and crossed himself, and wondered there were no news of Doña Isabel. He gave Tomas a *peseta*, and told him that it was not for Florencia, or even for his own mother, that the corpse lights of the Garcias should burn blue, and sent him away comforted.

An hour later, through the medium of mescal, Tomas had so far strengthened his courage that he forgot the corpse lights altogether, until he saw them again at midnight

glimmering in the distance, not only behind the hacienda walls, but fitfully in the darkness of the middle distance. He crossed himself, as he fancied he caught at intervals glimpses of spectral bearers. His comrade on the watch jested at the fears that transformed the soft brilliancy of the large and brilliant firefly into the light of ghostly candles; and Tomas was content to yield to the soporific charm of the mescal, rather than contest the matter with his drowsy comrade; who with a regularity which custom made invariable, at certain intervals emitted the shrill whistle that proclaimed that the sleepers of Tres Hermanos were safe beneath his vigilant care.

Suddenly, just at dawn, the man straightened himself against the rampart against which he had been leaning, gazed over the landscape, and uttered a faint gasp of consternation and amaze. The sandy line between the hacienda gates and the village had become a living one. Whence had the figures stolen? There they stood motionless, horse and man. The watchman stooped and shook his unconscious comrade. "*Madre de Dios!*" he cried; "your corpse lights were in the hands of living men. They are here! they are here! Ah, they are knocking upon the doors, that fool Felipe is turning the key in the lock! Up! Up!" At the same moment his whistle sounded shrilly, and the crack of his rifle upon the air woke the slumbering tenants of the assaulted house.

Too late! the unwary *portero* was surprised, the heavy doors were forced open, the courts in an instant were full of armed men, and Don Rafael, half dressed, staggering from his scarce tried slumbers, was seized by a half dozen soldiers, while a voice he well knew, and knew to be that of a man who was inflexible in act, as unscrupulous in purpose, exclaimed:

"How now, Don Rafael? Doña Isabel Garcia has at last showed her true colors. It is for Gonzales and the *puros* the men and

treasure of Tres Hermanos have been accumulating! What, nothing for her Mother the Church? Ah, it is the old story—nothing for those of her own household!"

The unwelcome intruder glanced around him with the air of one familiar with, yet inimical to, his surroundings; he laughed as he dropped the point of his sword upon the brick pave, and his spurred heel rang upon the stone step. Yet a close observer might have noticed a false note in the light and scornful tone, as though some poignant memory troubled his present purpose; and it was with a half evasive, though still a threatening, glance that he lifted his eyes to encounter those of the Administrador, who stood a disordered and helpless but resolute prisoner upon the steps above him.

At the sound of voices and the tramp of men, Chata had run hastily out from the room of Doña Feliz, whose illness had approached a crisis. The press of men prevented her from reaching Don Rafael, who imperatively signed to her to retreat. Still she would have dared much to reach him; but catching a glimpse of the triumphant countenance of the man at the foot of the stairs, she drew back, covered her face with her hands and fled precipitately, in fear for herself perhaps, but rather with an instinctive feeling that her presence endangered rather than helped her foster-father. That the General José Ramirez had entered Tres Hermanos in a mood to seize any pretext to assume towards it and its people the rôle of an injured and desperate man, was to be seen at a glance. The very soldiers had already divined as much, and were leading their horses and mules to drink at the fountain, and invading the arbor and lower rooms; the sound of their jests and laughter was mingling with the crash of the great flower pots, carelessly pushed from their stands, and the sharp crack of jars of the quaint black and gilded ware of Guadalajara, which ornamented the corridors.

Chata re-entered the room of the sick

woman, with pallid face and lips, and eyes expanded with a terror such as the mere sight of the imminent destruction of material things alone could not have occasioned. Terrible had been the tales she had heard of houses laid waste and property destroyed; yet even when the horrors seemed about to be repeated around her, she felt that she could have endured them bravely as among the chances of war. But this invasion brought to her an intensely dreaded and peculiar danger. She passed the group of alarmed and excited women who gathered at the bedside, uttering exclamations of terror; and kneeling at the head of the bed, she clasped in her own the hand of the unconscious Doña Feliz.

"*Mama grande! Mama grande!*" she murmured in a low voice, yet full of agony. "Surely he will not tear me from thee! Oh! rather may I die with thee!"

"Oh! *Por Dios!*" cried the voice of Doña Rita in her ear, "*Por Dios*, Chata! rise and fly to him; it is thou only who canst save us. What did I tell thee in El Toro? Doña Isabel has ruined us! but for her foolhardiness in sending aid to Gonzales all might have been well; but that has brought his wrath upon Rafael!" She turned towards her prostrate mother-in-law, with something very like fury, clenching her hand and crying, "Ah! ah! your clever deception will not seem so happy a one when you wake to find it has killed your son. That is what you deserve! Do you think I would for all the favor promised me have played mother to the brat of Leon Valle?"

The women ceased their cries to listen to this frantic outburst, which though but Greek to them, had a sound of mystery, which for the moment deadened their ears to the increasing tumult without. "Leon Valle!" said one in an awe-struck voice "that was the Señora's wicked brother."

"Leon Valle!" echoed Chata, a new light dawning upon her. "Maria Sanctisima, can it be!"

"What more natural?" cried Doña Rita testily. "Was he ever weary of extorting some proof of Doña Isabel's devotion? but *Dios mio*, there was to be an end of her infatuation! Had he not killed her child? What better chance for vengeance was she to find than to conceal—destroy—every trace of his, when with devilish mockery he thrust it upon her. *Vaya*, he might have known, it was like thrusting the lamb into the jaws of the wolf. On my faith, girl, it maddens me to see you standing there motionless, when it is as if the legions of Satan were loose—Go! go! I say, to soothe him. Entreat him to restrain his troops. The house will be sacked. Who knows what horrors may follow!"

"I will not go to him," said Chata slowly, a red spot burning upon either cheek, her eyes dark with horror. "If he is indeed the man you say, will he not defend the home of his sister? If I am his child will he not claim me? If he does, I must submit; but go to him—No. To save the hacienda—what has Doña Isabel done for me? To save my life—no!"

XXXVII.

In the few moments during which this scene had passed, the Administrador, at a sign from the General, had been half forced—though he made no attempt at resistance—to the lower corridor. Hence he followed his captor to a dining room, where a servant, with terrified alacrity, was already bringing in cups of chocolate for the *desayuno*, while a woman with a tray of *pan de piezas* in her hands dropped it incontinently at sight of the dreaded Ramirez.

He laughed, throwing himself into a chair, and looking around him with the furtive glance with which men involuntarily regard places or persons connected with memories distasteful or horrifying. There was an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe at one end of the apartment, with a small lamp

burning before it. He crossed himself, and muttered an *Ave* as he looked at it; then pointed to a second chair and the cups of chocolate.

"It is early, Don Rafael," he said lightly, "but I have a soldier's appetite, which the fresh air has sharpened—and you know the saying that a stomach at rest makes an active brain; so accompany me, I entreat, in breaking the morning fast, and then let us to business." And with a show of indifference, which imposed far better upon his followers, who made an interested throng around the door, than upon Don Rafael, he tasted the chocolate he had drawn to his side.

The Administrador remained standing, though the two soldiers, who had each held an arm, released their grasp and stepped back. Disconcerted by the thought that in his dishabille he could scarcely present a dignified figure, he still maintained his composure sufficiently to refuse the proffered refreshment with the air of a man who questions the right of another to play the part of host—assuming, in fact, towards the intruder, rather the attitude of personal than of political hostility.

Ramirez divined this, and his face darkened. "You know me, Don Rafael," he said in a low tone, "and that I am a man to take no denials."

"Yes," answered the Administrador shortly, "I know you. The saints must have blinded me, that I was so easily deceived upon your last visit; but you had always the power to mask your face at will."

"Bah! every man has a dozen countenances at his command, if he but know how to summon them," replied Ramirez carelessly, "and a touch of art to fix their coloring, and twist the eyebrows or moustache. Why, even your mother was deceived. Where is she now? Ah! that woman was like Isabel herself—I swear she could have killed me, even when she seemed to love me most. It is the way of

women, like serpents, to twine and sting at the same moment."

"My mother is dying," said Don Rafael, lifting his eyes for a moment upon the face of the image of Mary. "But living or dying, it is not for a man to hear another speak lightly of his mother. But this is nothing to the purpose."

"Nothing," replied the other accepting the rebuke; "and I have no time to lose." He seemed to forget the chocolate, pushing the cup from him, and turning as if to rise from the chair. "*Anda*, Rafael: what money did Isabel leave with you? Not half her resources went in that mad freak of raising a troop for Gonzales."

Perhaps Don Rafael had expected the question, for his countenance remained imperturbable. "There are horses, and cattle, and corn—and men—still," he answered. "The administrador of Tres Hermanos can do nothing to defend them; but the money—by Heaven and the Holy Virgin, its hiding place is known only to him, and he will die before you shall have another dollar to add to those which have cost so much blood and so many tears."

Ramirez's eyes flashed; yet the look of astonishment which he threw upon the small, half-clothed man, was as full of admiration, as though he had been a king clad in royal robes. But even a king would not have thwarted him with impunity.

"You know me," he reiterated in the same intonation with which he had before spoken the words, allowing a long, dark, intimidating gaze to rest upon the face of Don Rafael.

"Yes, I know you," was the answer as before. "Yes, I know you; and it is for that reason I have said that never a dollar belonging to the woman you have so foully wronged shall pass into your hands. Thank Heaven that she is not here to be tempted; thank God that while the identity of Ramirez with the bane and curse of the house of Garcia has been shaping itself in my mind,

no hint of the truth has been in hers."

"I do not believe it!" cried Ramirez violently. "She hates me! for the sake of that puling boy and her dotard husband she hates me still! 'The bane of the house of Garcia,' said you. Why, what man among them has a name beyond his own door stone but me? And the women—Ah! ah! God help the fame of the women of the house of Garcia had it not been for me!"

Don Rafael glanced around him warningly—the room was full of strange faces, beginning to light with wondering curiosity at this strange conversation, so different in substance from that usual between the guerilla and his victims. This was no place in which to talk of women; yet Don Rafael himself desired to avoid a private interview with this man, while Ramirez on his part assumed an ostentatious air of having nothing to conceal—nothing that he might be ashamed his followers should learn. He knew, in fact, that at that crisis, surrounded as he was by the most unscrupulous and desperate characters, the prestige of his mad career might be advantageously heightened, rather than diminished, if he would keep his ascendancy. Don Rafael read his thought, and lest in very hardihood his opponent should be led to accusations or revelations it would be impossible for him to leave unanswered, he began one of those long and desultory conversations that, while apparently frank and unstudied, are triumphs in the art of avoiding or concealing the real subject at issue.

Ramirez, well as he knew the tricks of the genuine *ranchero*, whether of the higher or lower grade, was himself for a time deceived—though, with far less than his usual astuteness, he allowed himself to lapse into occasional denunciations, and to make demands of the Administrador that increased the curiosity and interest of his listeners. These did not in any degree shake the constancy of Don Rafael, who, with the thought that the crisis of his life was approaching,

crossed his arms upon his breast and fortified his courage with the remembrance of the vows by which he had pledged himself, and the less heroic satisfaction that he promised himself in thwarting the plans of a man whose will had been as triumphant as it had been insatiable.

Meanwhile, the tumult in the house increased. A wild rumor had spread that the General José Ramirez was by right the master of the place and all it contained. Some said he was the lover, others the brother, of Doña Isabel. At last even the name by which he had ruled there began to be shouted, though the sound of it was less popular than that by which he had won his way to later fame. Still it gave a certain authority for license where there had been before a show of restraint; and a speedy assault was made upon the store-rooms and granaries, and even upon the inner chambers and courts, which contained nothing but furniture and ornaments, useless to soldiers on the march, or even as booty for their wives and followers.

Ramirez listened to the tumult without attempting to interfere. Evidently his object was to break the resolution of Gomez by an exhibition of the destructive and unscrupulous character of his followers. But Don Rafael never winced except once when the cry of a woman pierced the apartment.

Ramirez heard it also. "Ah, it came from the kitchens, from some *galopina*!" he commented after a moment. "Now, Don Rafael, you see and hear for yourself what a crew of devils I have with me—just the riff-raff of the mountains whom that cursed Pedro had failed to wile away from me. *Caramba!* never was surprise greater. It would not have happened but that like a fool I lingered near El Toro waiting for a chance to pounce upon Gonzales. Never let a private vengeance sway the judgment," he added sententiously. "*Mille diablos*, it seems as if the hacienda were tumbling about our ears! Yet at a word I can stop it. Where is the money."

"If the din never ceases till I reveal that," answered Don Rafael doggedly, "you will never have your revenge on Gonzales, for what I have sworn I have sworn. The flocks and herds I can't defend; but what are a few hundred beeves or horses? But the money—no, by God! if Doña Isabel herself should command it, I would not that another coin should touch your bloody hand."

Ramirez started up with an oath. Involuntarily he glanced at his hand. It would not have surprised him to have seen it literally red—and, strangely enough, the blood gushing from the fatal wound he had dealt the American, just from the arms of Herlinda, rather than that of his nephew or Don Gregorio, was that which presented itself to his mind. He walked the room in a new and undefinable excitement. The sight of Don Rafael, to whom the destruction of the property that was precious as his life, seemed as nothing to the pleasure of baffling his enemy of the money he believed absolutely necessary to his success in leading troops to encounter the well re-enforced and well equipped Gonzalez, revealed to him the hatred and horror in which he was held. Doubtless that of the servant was but a mere reflection of that of Doña Isabel.

Well, let them hate him with reason; let the wild mountaineers take their own sport unchecked. He heard one of the *dependientes* flying, rather than running, through the corridor, exclaim that Don Rafael must come, or there would be a famine in the place before the next harvest; that the great storehouses of maize had been forced open, and the contents scattered throughout the village for horses and men to tread under their feet; and that the very oxen and sheep were reveling in the abundance, liable to destroy themselves by very excess, even if the soldiers should fail to drive them before them.

Ramirez and the Administrador glanced at each other. They had not spoken for

many minutes, each feeling the other implacable, yet each perhaps believing that the wanton destruction would appeal to the other's weaker or better nature. Ramirez grew crimson, almost black, with inward rage—rage as great with those who were wreaking destruction on his sister's house as with this insignificant yet determined man who withstood it. Don Rafael was white as death, his lips blue, his eyes strained—again the cry of a woman sounded on the air; it came from above. He started towards the door. A dozen hands seized him. Ramirez turned upon him with his drawn sword. "Where is my daughter?" he demanded in a voice of fury. "I will find a way to force the gold from you, but first my daughter—where is she?"

"Your daughter?" echoed Don Rafael in a tone of such absolute amazement that even Ramirez was for a second distracted from his fury.

"Yes, my daughter! She whom you have aided Isabel to hide from me all these years. Faith, it was a pretty trick—an eye for an eye, with a vengeance. But after all it was a petty plot, and soon fathomed. You were less jealous of flesh and blood than of this cursed gold, and gave me the first inkling of her whereabouts yourself."

"I?" exclaimed the Administrador, "I? What know I of a child of yours?"

"Ah, that is what you must satisfy me of. Where is she, the Chata—whom you nodded and hinted about so mysteriously in your cups so many years ago?"

Don Rafael—if it were possible—turned a shade whiter than before; his form seemed to shrink, his heart sank with guilty shame and absolute terror. How well he remembered those few words, which—though so indirect and apparently unimportant—he had thought of with remorse a thousand times. And to what a terrible, though utterly unforeseen, conclusion they had led this man! He lifted his hands above his head.

"By the Blessed Mother I swear," he

said, "that I know not what you mean; I know nothing of a child of yours!"

Ramirez looked at him contemptuously. "You will tell me next that the child your wife denies is yours," he said.

In effect it had been upon the lips of Don Rafael to claim Chata as his daughter, as he had done a thousand times before. Was she not his before all the world? had she not been from the very moment the eyes of his wife had rested upon her? But she had betrayed them—Rita! He hesitated and Ramirez seized the advantage.

"You dare not!" he exclaimed. "Your wife has confessed all—it will never do to trust a woman with a secret in company of a man who cares to learn it, though very perversity might keep her silent with a world of women." The sight of the discomfiture of Don Rafael had restored to him some portion of good nature. "The screeching has ceased," he said. "Yet I am a fond father. I would assure myself of her safety. Where is the girl? I must and will see her, if but to tell her why I played her false last week. Where is my daughter?"

Don Rafael's face, which throughout this interview had retained its pallor, crimsoned with excess of agitation. The mystery of Chata's visit to the hacienda was revealed. Had she met this man? did she know—did she believe? He remembered her changed aspect, her silence, her tears. Ramirez stood watching him with impatience, yet triumph. The crimson flush convicted him. Don Rafael strove in vain to steady the glance of his suffused and burning eyes, to still the throbbing of his temples, while he sought to command the most impressive and convincing words in which to answer and forever silence this mad assumption. But none presented themselves. The group around listened breathlessly, more excited than Ramirez himself. They looked silently from face to face of the two men who were engaged in this singular dispute. Inside the room one might have heard a feather float

through the air, so deep was the silence; and at last, in despair of imposing words, the Administrador uttered the simple denial: "She is not your child."

Most of the men drew back for the moment convinced. Not so Ramirez. "It is false!" he cried. "I have your own maudlin hint, and your wife's positive confession that she is neither hers nor yours."

Don Rafael grew pale again. There was that in his face which would have augured ill to Doña Rita had she seen it; but he said with an effort, "I will not give her the lie. The child is neither mine nor hers!"

"Then whose—whose but mine?"

Don Rafael paused a moment as before. In an instant he had recalled the circumstances that had attended the adoption of the child. Rita had been young, placable, easily pleased with a gift—the fewer confidants the better—it was ever the duty of a Mexican wife to obey unquestioningly—she had been obedient then—it had not been necessary she should know more than it had been wise to tell. Don Rafael drew a deep breath of relief. Ramirez and the group around him watched him narrowly.

"Pues!" queried Ramirez at last, "whose daughter is she if not mine?"

"I will not say," answered Don Rafael; but I do swear she is not yours—stay," he added, struck with an idea. "What reason have you for thinking she is yours?"

"Reason!" he echoed scornfully, "because fourteen years ago—perhaps you have reason here to remember well that year—I sent my child here, to Doña Isabel—it was a whim of mine that she should have tender nurture and decent training. I was a fool to trust a woman's love. Of course Isabel remembered her own bantling. I had even some foolish thought that the little one might console her—most women have hearts for baby wants and fancies that sicken men. Of course for her it was a chance for revenge too good to be lost. I have been in two minds ever since I knew

of it whether to be angry or pleased with you for aiding her purpose. But let it pass; yield the child and the money quietly and"—he looked over his shoulder with an impatient frown—"that infernal tumult and destruction shall cease. If not—"

"I will not yield the girl nor the money," replied Don Rafael. "They are neither of them mine nor yours, but I have possession of both—and will keep them.—Surely Rita has both girls in the secret recess, as we have always planned in such a case as this," he thought, with a qualm at the remembrance of his wife's treason, as revealed by Ramírez. "Surely at such a time she will protect a young damsel, even though she be not her own child."

Ramírez looked at him with a lowering brow, repeating again, "If not mine, whose child is she? By Heaven, I know she is mine! There could not be on all the earth a creature in whom Doña Isabel, or Feliz, or yourself, could have so deep an interest as to trouble yourself for life with his child. It is incredible, impossible. Unless—" He looked around him, clinched his hands, advanced to Don Rafael, and gazed searchingly into his face.

Don Rafael never flinched. Ramírez burst into a laugh. "I would have killed you had you dared even to have looked askance," he said. "*Caramba!* a woman of the Garcias might be a fool or a devil, but if one should ever kill a man because of one of them, it would be for his daring—not because of his triumph."

Did these words indicate a tardy repentance, a conviction that Herlinda had been indiscreet but innocent? Don Rafael had no time to discuss the question with himself; but he had such new insight into the mind of Ramírez that he was warned from giving any fresh cause of offense. Had he had no previous reasons, it would have been a sufficient one for him to keep inviolate the secret which he had sworn to preserve to his life's end. In his present hu-

mor, the man with whom he had to deal would in his baffled and vengeful rage have spared neither the name or fame of even his own mother, had occasion offered to tempt him to blacken it. Don Rafael believed the women of his household as well as the money safe in the hiding places he had constructed for them—the first known to Doña Feliz and Doña Rita, the second to himself alone. To any fate that might befall himself he looked with stoical courage if not indifference. Leaning against the wall, he crossed his arms defiantly and awaited events.

XXXVIII.

At high noon a terrible and heartrending wail of anguish sounded through the house, penetrating with dismal insistence through the clamor of the soldiery and the thousand indescribable noises of the animals, which had been hastily collected, and which added the element of mere brute bewilderment to the scarcely more reasonably restrained terror of the people.

Ramírez had recognized the obstinate defiance of the Administrador. More than once before he had dealt with others as tenacious of the interests of those they served. He had no time to lose in vain persuasions, and had himself conducted the search throughout the vast building, of which he believed he knew every nook and corner. But he had to his amazement and chagrin, found neither treasure, nor of the family of the Administrador any member but the apparently dying Doña Feliz. After a fruitless endeavor to recall her to consciousness, he left her with a curse, and returning to her son, assaulted him with menaces, alternated with fair promises—the one as little regarded as the other.

Upon one subject only would Don Rafael permit himself to speak; and to that Ramírez, in his rage, refused to listen. The suggestion that his daughter, if indeed he

had a reason to seek one there, might prove to be Chinita, the foster-daughter of Pedro Sanchez, he received with utter contempt. He remembered her well—an imp as black as Pedro himself—black as he must be now, scorching in Hades; that little demon was none of his, while Chata had the very face of his mother, the face of an angel. Ah! Ah! that was indeed a daring jest that Isabel should strive to palm off upon him the brat of her door-keeper! By the way, like the witch she was, she had stopped him and thrust into his hand an amulet—he drew it from his pocket, and cast it from him. By the way, now Pedro was dead, if Rafael still believed her worth a thought, he had better see in such a day as this she had some other protector. She must be nearly a woman now!

He fell into greater rage when he learned that Doña Isabel had taken charge of her. He swore that it was in mockery of himself; and soon perceiving that every word he uttered was construed as an attempt to deceive, and fearing that at some time it might bring evil upon the girl to whom, whether she were the daughter of Ramirez or no, he certainly desired no harm, Don Rafael became utterly silent, in his heart commending the prudence of Rita in following this time with exactness his instructions, and condoning the treason of which by the assurances of Ramirez he had been forced to believe her guilty.

In truth, although at first the alarmed, and not too scrupulous woman had urged Chata to secure the safety of herself and child by claiming the protection of Ramirez, as time passed and he made no movement towards such recognition she began to distrust the effect it might produce upon the renowned guerilla. He and his soldiers were there for plunder and rapine, not paternal sentiment. As the cries of the women-servants and villagers reached her, the resolution to seek safety in concealment seized her. Though still far from wishing to con-

ceal Chata from Ramirez, to whom the accidental sight of her might recall some sense of mercy or tenderness, she feared both him and her husband too greatly to dare leave her to the chance of insult from the licentious soldiery. But Chata absolutely refused to leave Doña Feliz, from whose side even the servants had fled; and it was her scream that had penetrated to the rooms below, when, by the friendly force of Don Alonzo, she was immured with Doña Rita and Carlota in the secret recess, which Don Rafael had constructed with a vague apprehension of such an emergency.

It chanced that this recess, which was in the immensely thick outer wall of the *casa grande*, was dimly lighted and ventilated by a loop-hole so small as to be barely visible from without; but which opened funnel-like towards the inside of the apartment. Through this loop-hole, the three women, whose voices were quite inaudible to those either within or without the building, heard confusedly the village cries, and caught uncertain glimpses of the space outside the hacienda gates. After what seemed hours of incarceration, during which Carlota had fretted and slept, and Doña Rita had alternately chided and lamented, while Chata entreated to be released that she might return to the side of Doña Feliz, they saw with anxious surprise a crowd gathering upon the sandy slope; not of the soldiery alone but the people of the hacienda—clerks, workmen, women wringing their hands and uttering sharp cries of terror and entreaty, which ended in that deep wail, which seemed to signify some agonizing catastrophe.

Doña Rita was the first to divine what was happening. “Maria Purisima!” she cried. “Is it possible Rafael is as mad as the administrador of Los Chalcos—that he has refused some demand? Does he not remember how Ramirez caused him to be hanged without mercy! O my husband, my husband! Oh! has he no thought for me, for his child, that for Doña Isabel he will

sacrifice his life? How will she thank him? who ever thinks twice of the foolhardy obstinacy of an administrador!"

Chata sprang to her feet. "Give me the key," she cried. "Let me go. Now if Ramirez is my father, he shall prove it—would he deny his daughter the life of her foster father? Give me the key."

"No! no!" screamed Doña Rita, "the place is full of ruffians. Ramirez himself is a tiger! I—" but Chata had wrenched the key from her numbed and shaking hands, and thrusting it in the lock had turned the grating wards.

When she rushed into the corridors, they were empty—there was a sight to behold elsewhere. On she flew, not noticing that Doña Rita and Carlota followed, and that their shrieks rose with hers, as in a minute or less they reached the outer court, and strove to penetrate the throng that filled it and extended to the village beyond.

Within the high arch of the doorway, clear against the deep blue of the mid-day sky, swayed the figure of a man—of Rafael Gomez. Below, sword in hand, stood Ramirez, and two panting laborers, who that instant had accomplished his decree. Around them were gathered scores of armed men, evil-eyed, with the ferocity of brutes in their faces; and Ramirez stood pre-eminent, a very demon.

The crowd parted like water before the shrieks of the three women. In a moment Chata reached the side of Ramirez, and grasped his sword. "Spare him! spare him!" she demanded, rather than entreated. "If I am your daughter, cut the riata! spare him and do as you like with me. Else I swear I will die with him rather than be known as your child!"

The women were on their knees—not Doña Rita and Carlota alone, but all those of the village. Sobs and entreaties filled the air. Ramirez threw a glance of triumphant admiration upon Chata and put one arm around her, while he raised the other,

pointing with a nod to the swaying figure.

A man sprang to cut the riata and the Administrador fell into the dozen arms stretched out to receive him. Chata saw with infinite joy that he was not dead. He threw up his arms, gasped, opened wide staring eyes. A moment later, she was hurried away; half-fainting though she was, she was glad to escape that embrace from which she dared not shrink.

"Ah, Don Rafael, you are conquered—I have the girl. And now where is the gold!" she heard Ramirez exclaim, and saw the gesture of defiance with which the scarce conscious victim answered this demand.

An hour later, she was riding by the side of the baffled Ramirez. She knew not whether her foster-father was living or dead, and dared not ask; but stifling her sobs, looked back through the mist of tears upon the desolated hacienda. It was incredible even to her horrified and longing gaze, the terrible devastation that had been worked in a few short hours. Seemingly to complete its ruin, a thunder cloud, which had been lurking over the valley, discharged its contents over the devoted house. Upon the hills the sun shone; Chata was safe from the fury of the storm. And yet she felt as though the very wrath of heaven had burst over her.

"*Caramba*, Chatita! thou wilt make a soldier's daughter yet!" Ramirez was exclaiming. "By my faith, I am proud of thee!" In spite of the unattained gold, he pressed on in rare good humor. His fury, like the storm, was quickly expended. "And by Nuestra Señora de la Piedad, I am glad that you came in time to save that obstinate fool, Don Rafael. He has served me a good turn in aiding Isabel to put what she meant for a shabby trick upon me. *Caramba!* it was clever of her. I should never have discovered it but for a slip of the tongue on Rafael's part, which no one else would have noticed, and thy wonderful like-

ness to my mother—the angels give her good rest.”

Chata could not be grateful for this favor of nature; it seemed to her indeed the bitterest spite that could have been wreaked upon her. She turned her eyes upon the face of Ramirez with a questioning glance, which startled him: those gray eyes, limpid and clear as they were, were far different from the large, languorous, black ones of his mother—yet not unfamiliar. Where had he seen such before? The inquiry was not worth a special effort of memory. Enough that the eyes were beautiful. The very softness and appeal in their expression held a peculiar charm for this fierce, hard spirit. He had begun a denunciation of the revenge practiced against him by his sister, but he abruptly paused. What if this young creature knew nothing of those wild deeds of bygone years? why shock her tender and immature mind by the recital of such episodes as she would view but at their darkest? For the first time in his life he felt the impossibility of impressing his hearer with the daring rather than the villainy of his deeds, and rode beside her in silence, furtively watching her face, which, with wonderful control, indicating a latent strength of character, she suffered to reveal none of the horror or fear with which he inspired her, but only the natural grief with which she had been separated from the home of her childhood.

Indeed, the thought of Doña Feliz was the dominant one in her mind, and prevented any serious grief or alarm as to her own situation. The question of her safety or future position troubled her little. It was the fact of her separation from the beloved and stricken friend, who was so dependent upon her care, and her absolute horror of the murderer of the American—for as such Ramirez ever figured in her thoughts—which rendered it so difficult a task for her to retain her self-possession and answer with calmness the few questions or

remarks that were from time to time addressed to her.

She soon perceived that as the day wore on, and she began to exhibit signs of fatigue from the hurried march and the heat, that her presence caused far more anxiety than triumph to her captor. “The old folly!” he muttered from time to time: “to act without counting the cost. I doubt whether there is a decent woman among this drove of camp followers. If I had but thought to bring one from the hacienda! In fact, it was a fool’s act to bring the child at all, with such work before me as I have!”

Chata caught these broken sentences with a wild hope that he might decree her return to Tres Hermanos. Willingly would she have risked going alone, on foot if necessary. But the sun set, the shades of evening closed in, and the hurried march was still pursued: until, when she was ready to faint with fatigue, the General ordered a halt, and lifting her from the saddle, placed her upon a pile of *frazadas*; while a half dozen men set to work with practiced hands to build a little hut or tent of mesquite and manzanita boughs, to shelter her from the night air.

As she sat near the tent fire, endeavoring to eat the food, of which she stood in much need, but for which she could not force an appetite, she found herself the centre of a wild horde of perhaps nearly five hundred persons, of whom a fifth were women and children, who were busy at the fires preparing the evening meal, while the men were staking the horses, or patrolling the circle of the camp, keeping within bounds the hard-driven and panting cattle and sheep, whose distressing lowing and bleating at intervals filled the air. Apparently, there was an entire lack of discipline, the unreasoning enthusiasm of the moment and the personal magnetism of the renowned leader serving to hold the unruly elements subservient to the necessities of the occasion, and obedient to his slightest mandate. The majority of the troops were of the most wild and even

savage appearance; for, as their leader had said, they were the riff-raff, the scourings, of the mountain villages and remote *ranchitos*. She was not unaccustomed to the sight of such individuals, but *en masse* the impression they made upon her was of concentrated evil. The trace of gentler feeling that each face might have revealed on scrutiny was lost in the prevailing ferocity of expression and accoutrement. The clash of arms, the jingle of spurs, the hoarse voices, made her shudder no less than the sullen faces, the gleaming eyes, and the sinewy and powerful frames.

Strangely enough, as her eyes followed Ramirez, a sense of his complete harmony with his surroundings seemed in her mind to condone the wild deeds of which he had figured as the hero. She realized for the first time the fascination that unlimited power over such elements must exercise over a mind given to daring and uncontrolled by any moral principle. She thought of Chinita, and how she would have exulted in such an adventure as this. As she gazed into the fire the very face of the girl seemed to rise before her, beautiful, passionate, yet with that capacity of endurance, which in a man might become cruelty, that capricious changeableness, which one moment dissolved in tears, the next shone in a smile. So real was the vision that she started, and found herself gazing affrightedly into the face of Ramirez, who was regarding her with the expression of mingled affection, triumph, and vexation, which had not left his countenance since he had set her upon Doña Rita's favorite horse at the door of the hacienda.

"I have a notable project in my mind for you," he said abruptly. "You know that I am the Governor of G——."

"Yes," she said timidly; "but I thought ——" she hesitated, fearing to offend.

"Ah, you thought I was beaten and barred out. They will find I am neither one nor the other. The gate is shut, but not bolted, and it will be hard if I find not a way to

creep in. It is impossible for me to keep you with me on the march. You must be with some woman."

"O! I would rather be with you. Indeed I will give no trouble! I will be brave!" she exclaimed, instinctively shrinking from the thought of contact with such women as she saw around her.

He smiled with gratification, his egotistic nature flattered by the thought that he was gaining her confidence; but his face darkened as she added with hesitation, "I had hoped—I thought perhaps you were taking me to my mother."

"It is not of your mother I was thinking," he said ambiguously, "when I spoke of G——; but of my niece, Carmen de Velasquez. She knows that the General Ramirez once sent an escort with her mother to Tres Hermanos, and levied upon her husband for a loan of ten thousand dollars, when he might have had five times as much—for the *viejo* she has married is rich, and does honor to the financial acumen of the fair Carmen; and we will see whether she has a just appreciation of the favors I am supposed to have rendered her. There, go to your tent, and sleep in peace; in three days you shall be safe within the house of Velasquez in G——."

It cannot be said that Chata slept in peace; yet the prospect was reassuring, and enabled her to bear with resignation the fatigues and excitements of the following days, and the loneliness and terrors of the nights. The General slept before the opening of her tent. Upon the fourth night he awoke her, and handed her a torn and shabby reboso and a skirt of bayeta, with instructions to put them on. She did so with some repugnance, though the clothing she left was not better; and at a word stepped out into the starlight. The young Captain Alva preceded her in silence outside the limits of the camp, where two horses were in waiting, held by a man whom at the first startled glance she failed to

recognize. It would have horrified her beyond control had she known that in his size and air and dress he was the image of the ranchero who had entered Tres Hermanos on the night of the murder, years before. She uttered a cry of relief as he greeted her.

"Ah, is it not a perfect disguise?" he said. "Why I might go into El Toro itself with impunity! Mount, child, and keep close at my side!"

In a minute or less, with the assistance of Alva, she was ready for the start—her courage rising with the sense of mystery and daring, under which Ramirez seemed to glow and expand. He paused to give his last commands to Alva, of which she heard only the concluding words: "Reyes should be here by daylight. Keep him at all hazards, for he must sound Ruiz before another day passes. *Caramba!* I cannot believe that fellow has failed me; but whether or no, the end will be the same—except that I swear were he twice my godson he shall not escape my vengeance."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, waved his hand, struck the spurs into his horse, and led the way at a swift canter. Chata until within the last few days had never ridden on horseback; but she was singularly free from fear or awkwardness, and with ease, though in silence, kept at his side.

"Chata," he once said abruptly, turning his dark and piercing eyes upon her, "I am risking much for your sake. Remember that you are my daughter. Be faithful to me, obey my bidding, and I will cherish you as the apple of my eye. It may depend upon you whether the troops of Doña Isabel follow my lead or that of Gonzales. You will know my meaning later; but I swear to you, as I have done by Ruiz, my vengeance shall rest upon whomsoever balks me—yes if it is even you, the new-found daughter whom I love."

Chata trembled. Though his words were an enigma, they indicated that her rôle was not to be utterly a passive one. He awaited

no answer, and Chata did not attempt to make one. They rode on at ever-increasing speed as the night advanced. Just at day-break they reached a hut, which was placed at the mouth of a cañon. There they left their horses, and an old woman appeared with a crate of turkeys in each hand, one of which she gave to the disguised chieftain, the other to the wondering Chata.

An hour later they were in the streets of G——, and before they had broken their fast Chata sat overcome with fatigue and dismay upon the stone stairs that led to the corridor of a palatial residence. The ranchero, as the servants supposed him, had gone to speak with the lady of the mansion. It was a long time before he re-appeared; and when he did a beautiful woman preceded him. She was very pale, and there was in her eyes an incredulous and startled expression, which changed to pity as her gaze fell upon Chata—who, looking up, thought of the pale and lovely face she had seen but once, and knew she must be in the presence of Carmen, the sister of the nun of El Toro.

Ramirez whispered a word in her ear, it might be of warning or of farewell; but her senses failed her—she neither saw nor heard more.

"Go, go!" cried the mistress of the house. "For God's sake go, before there is any one to wonder. Whether your tale be true or false, she has the face of a Garcia, and a loveliness and sweetness of her own. I will guard her as though she were my own. Go, go! and the saints grant you a safe passage. I will not betray your confidence. Ah she has fainted! I will manage that; it shall be my pretext for charity."

Ramirez kissed the hand of the unconscious girl, and turned away. For once he had executed an act of extreme self-denial, yet amid it all his crafty mind foresaw how he might use it to his advantage.

His exit from the city was readily effected, but he did not proceed many miles unrecognized after mounting his horse at the hut

where he had left it. The man who spoke his name unhesitatingly, though in a cautious voice, was Reyes.

He gave him unwelcome tidings. Gonzales had joined forces with those of Tres Hermanos. He had risked the attack and occupation of El Toro, and it was conjectured would attempt the march to the Capital itself, round which the audacious Juarez was from his stronghold in Vera Cruz, directing the concentration of the Liberal forces.

Ramirez ground his teeth in rage. "I have been delayed and hampered by that girl," he cried. "Could I but have gone straight to Ruiz, he would not have dared defy me. As it is—"

"As it is," interrupted Reyes, "all is not yet lost. I have still to see Ruiz—he is not my son if it is impossible to convince him upon which *comal* the tortilla is best toasted."

The conference of the two men lasted but a few moments. They had been so accustomed in their long intercourse to treat of subjects of which one was as well informed as the other, and upon the course to be taken at the present time they were so well agreed, that they parted with no attempt at explanation, but simply after a few words of instruction had been given by Ramirez to the other.

"Tell him," he said finally, "I am ready to fulfill my word; and if he be anxious to see her, let him risk as much for love as I have done. She is at the house of Doña

Carmen Velasquez in G——; and tell him as surely as he is my godson and your son he shall be shot as a traitor if he fails me in this affair. *Hasta luego*, good news or bad news, my blood is up for a desperate venture now. It cannot be that after all these years luck is turning against me at last."

"It did that years ago when you stabbed the American," thought Reyes as they parted; "it was that that weighted the scale. That accursed gringo who is here to avenge him has upset all our plans for misleading Gonzales. With both together Ramirez has fearful odds against him, which even with the help of Ruiz and his men, he may find it hard to combat. But how in heaven's name has the general his daughter with him? *Caramba!* I have often wondered how he would relish that drunken freak of mine! Faith, I did not care to try his temper to-night by many questions. Well, who would have thought he would have kept in the same mind for so many years! To think of his striving to give her the family training at this late date! Ah, ah, ah! it is more likely to mar than to make her. If Fernando is of my mind he would wait in such a matter for no pruning and training, but pluck the flower while it is within his reach, thorns and all."

With which poetic simile, Tio Reyes rode on well pleased on his errand to the young Ruiz, while Ramirez, proceeding rapidly in the opposite direction, regained within the hour his enthusiastic but disorderly horde.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

The ascent of a lofty snow-clad mountain is one of the few things that the present zeal for invention and improvement can never make easy or commonplace. It is an undertaking that successfully accomplished, forms an experience of a lifetime.

It was my fortune to spend nearly a year at the little hamlet of Mount Shasta, near the newly founded railroad town of Montague, in the extreme north of California, and almost under the shadow of one of the grandest mountains of North America. Up the broad valley of the Shasta River, twenty-five miles distant, but in full view, rose the rugged slopes of "Shasta Butte," which reared its symmetrical form nearly 7,000 feet above the level of perpetual snow.

Mount Shasta is something more impressive than the highest peak in a range. It is an isolated cone, whose volcanic mass seems to have been thrown up from the plain between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Ranges since the formation of those huge wrinkles on the earth's crust. The height alone—over 14,000 feet—would impart grandeur to any mountain, but its isolated position and symmetrical form make Shasta magnificent. There seems to be an individuality, a self-sufficiency, about the mountain that compels one to regard it as the sovereign of the whole landscape.

To the northwest, the country stretches away from its base in a plain, dotted only with small hills; and for a long distance from the mountain, it is composed of lava rock, left by ancient overflows, broken and covered with sand. It supports a scanty growth of junipers. Further on, this plain extends into the beautiful and fertile valley of the Shasta River. On the three other sides huge ranges, offshoots of the broken

Coast Range and Sierra Nevada, approach, but seem to pause ere they enter the royal presence.

To one accustomed only to a level landscape, Mount Shasta's omnipresence is almost startling. Wherever he may go, or whatever he may do or think, if he chance to look, he will often be surprised to see its snowy head, high and clear-cut against the blue sky, looking down upon him over some hill or mountain range with a cold scrutiny, which would almost read his thoughts. No wonder the ancients placed the home of the all-seeing gods on a mountain top!

We had long looked forward to an opportunity for scaling the glittering summit, and had been once disappointed after camping three days around its base, waiting for the clouds to leave the mountain clear. Therefore, it was with pleasant anticipations that we saw the sixth of July give promise of a few clear days.

As we were some thirty-five miles from Sisson's, the point at the southwest base of the mountain whence the ascent begins, we planned to start in the afternoon, and went prepared for camping. The party consisted of two of my college mates, a gentleman of the vicinity, and myself. Each was provided with a strong saddle horse, and two of us hitched our horses to a spring wagon for greater convenience in transporting our commissariat.

Our route that afternoon lay out from Little Shasta Valley south, across the barren region of junipers, and past the Big Springs, where in the midst of porous lava rock, and sand, and stunted junipers, is a little lake of pure, cold water, about a quarter of a mile long. It is supplied by innumerable springs—or rather one huge spring, which boils up all over the sandy bottom, and overflows at

the western end in a stream unvarying with the seasons, and sufficient of itself to form a respectable river.

After traveling somewhat more than twenty miles, we stopped that night on one of the ranches at the western base of the mountain. After providing for our horses, we found a place for our camp on a grassy spot — kept green by a stream of clear, cold water, which comes flowing down from the ever melting snow — where the object of our aspiration looked down on us all night over the tree-tops.

After supper was disposed of, and we had laughed at the usual camp stories, our blankets were spread under some huge pine trees; and after various negotiations with the mosquitoes, we fell asleep congratulating ourselves that on the following night we should camp above the mosquito-bearing strata.

We were joined early next morning by two more men, from Little Shasta, and rode on to Sisson's, where we arrived some time before noon. The road lay through the pine woods, and our whole caravan was halted in one place by the sound of a rattlesnake among the manzanita bushes at the roadside. The old enmity, inherited from Eve, soon gave me his rattles as a souvenir of the journey.

At Sisson's we learned that a party had started up the mountain the day before; and with the aid of a powerful glass we were able to see them — mere specks, toiling along the upper slopes, twelve miles distant by direct line.

Having obtained a few additional blankets we packed our necessities, and started soon after noon upon the trail up the mountain. As one of our party had made the ascent before, we were able to dispense with the luxury of a guide, which, indeed, is hardly necessary to any one who has had a little judicious directing, for once having found the right trail it is almost impossible to lose it.

Our journey that afternoon was a distance

of twelve miles up through the timber to the last scattering clumps of pines, where we were to camp. The first two or three miles of the way were not very steep, and led through thin woods, with an undergrowth of manzanita, bonita, and other less common varieties of brush; but it soon began to be more steep and rocky, until in places we would dismount and lead our horses up some rough, steep place, or across a cañon among the jagged rocks. The way was now more heavily timbered. In places, the trees stood very thick, and we often found the trail turned aside from its course to go around a mossy old trunk, which some recent storm had felled and consigned to decay. As we followed up the windings of the trail, we could only occasionally catch glimpses of the valley below, sinking farther and farther from us; or of the sharply outlined summit, which seemed to maintain its distance unchanged.

About half-way up to the camping place we stopped at a little spring, the last water on the trail until the snow is reached. It bubbles up at the base of a huge pine tree, and tells the story of its origin by its coldness.

The trail now became still more steep, and in many places a long pull and a strong pull is required to get up. At one point it passes near a precipice, from the top of which one gets a magnificent view of the cañon and slopes, beyond which is the little Black Butte, or Cinder Cone, and the valley with its green carpet of forest stretching on to the base of the huge Eddy Mountains in the southwest.

Far up in the timber we met the party of ladies and gentlemen who had tried the ascent that morning—but without complete success, for they had been caught in a storm.

The timber began to get smaller and not so thick, and just after a long, hard climb, we came out into an open area of considerable extent, comparatively level, but crossed

by huge gutters, or gullies, and overgrown by stunted vegetation. Beyond this is timber again; but it is the last, and is low, scraggy, and scattered in clumps.

It was with a sense of relief, and not altogether without fatigue, that we dismounted just before sundown at the camping place; for twelve miles of rough trail presents some difficulty when the latter end of it is so much higher than the other. As it was late when we dismounted we had no time to lose in preparing for the night. When a suitable place had been found for the horses, a delegation was started out to find water for the animals and for cooking, while the rest of us gathered wood, started a fire, and prepared for the evening meal. About a quarter of a mile away a spring was found, which pours out of the mountain side, and runs down a little way, only to disappear again into the sand and rocks, and we soon had our delicious coffee and cracked-wheat simmering over a cheerful fire.

The sun had just sunk behind the western mountains. It had been a warm day in the valley and up the slopes, but the air up here already began to feel chilly, and the shades of night were beginning to gather in the valleys below, while above, the snow fields were just taking their last warmth of color from the sunset glow.

After supper we made our beds by placing stones in the form of a square for a bedstead, and filling in with twigs from the trees. On these our blankets were spread, making a comfortable bed, in our large, well ventilated bed chamber, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The world is spread out below us; the stars swing in the clear blue above, seeming nearer than ever before as they pass the snowy summit; and the white tops of other peaks, clear outlined against the evening sky, look at us across the darkening depths around. What a place for noble thoughts

and contemplation! If grandeur can inspire, who could here escape inspiration?

But, alas for noble mental moods and our predictions of the previous evening! The musical moan of the forest below came to our ears mingled with the "B sharp" hum of the mosquito. Not the pampered son of the luxurious lowlands, but a hardy race of mountaineers, accustomed to carrying their point in spite of a strong wind and an almost freezing atmosphere. Their bold familiarity and perseverance were something wholly unknown to us; indeed, we were induced to lie awake nearly all night to observe their habits and express our surprise. If the mosquitoes of ancient Asia flourished in proportion to the altitude as they do here, it is easy to infer what means was used for the confusion of tongues at Babel.

Next morning we were awakened at the first gleam by the whoop of the experienced member who had made the ascent before, and were soon at our hasty breakfast. We pocketed a lunch, and chose each an alpenstock from among the poles that former tourists had left strewn around the camp—poles that only lacked an Alpine brand to show their previous experience—and about five o'clock were ready to begin the ascent.

We were soon on the snow, which stretches down like great white rivers between huge ridges of rock, and which was quite hard in the crisp morning air. By the warning advice of the experienced member, we started at what seemed a ridiculously deliberate pace, but one that is found to be absolutely necessary to success in reaching the summit of the six miles of steep snow and rock pile which lie, or rather lean up, before one.

The morning was clear; but soon a mist began to form in the atmosphere below us and come rolling up and stretching in light clouds around the mountain. But the sun soon presented itself to dispel the fog and to dazzle our eyes and burn our faces by its

gleam upon the snow. One of us had found veil enough at the camp for two faces; but as we had neglected to provide ourselves with the usual veil or coating of tallow, the rest of us were obliged to suffer.

At the beginning of our walk we noticed a hardy species of phlox blooming beside the snow wherever a little earth had lodged among the rocks; but we were soon above these, and everything looked as unworn and sharp as if fresh from the convulsions that shaped it. One might almost think that Nature, on seeing the roughness of her work, had become discouraged and left it without making any arrangements for its future decoration. But we were occasionally reminded that she was still at hand, and working busily at the slow leveling processes by which so much of the globe has been made habitable, as a rock, loosened from some high cliff, and starting others in its course, went thundering down. We took the suggestion, and started rocks down the snow, to watch their leaps increase until they disappeared in eager haste to visit places they had so long looked down upon.

The sun had now become quite warm, and we toiled on slowly, pausing frequently to rest, or to drink of the water that occasionally in its downward course came in sight among the rocks at the edge of the snow; until we reached the "Red Bank"—a great cliff of reddish yellow lava, which crops out on the side of the mountain, nearly two thousand feet below the summit. Our hardest climbing was now done, and we stopped to eat our lunch in the shelter of the rock; for we seemed now to have entered a region of high winds, and it blew a gale.

The rest of the way our route was along a great backbone of the mountain, which extends southward from the summit. On our left broad and gradually sloping fields of snow extended west toward the crater; while on our right the descent was abrupt, and huge glacial cracks gaped open in the

snow. We were now so fatigued that we found it impossible long to sustain the exertion necessary for making progress or keeping warm in the full sweep of the chilly blast; so we would push on until we came to some place more sheltered than the rest, then putting our benumbed hands in our pockets, we would lie flat and close together on the rocks a few moments, and then up and on to another shelter.

The summit of the mountain is divided into two peaks. The eastern one is the higher; and in the notch between the two, not more than two or three hundred feet below the highest point, is a hot sulphur spring. The water sinks among the loose rocks as fast as it comes out, so there is nothing but a few puddles of dirty-looking hot water to be seen; but these are kept bubbling by sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is emitted in such volume as, even in the gale, powerfully to suggest a chemical laboratory.

Some years ago the Government erected an iron tower, about three feet in diameter and twelve feet high, on the highest point of the peak; and on the paint of this, as well as in a record book kept there, it has become the custom of the select few that are able to visit it to inscribe their names. This tower marked the goal of our endeavors; and giving our hats an extra tie, (for we had found it necessary to tie them on some hours before,) we started from the spring in a body for our last climb.

As we scrambled up the last crag the experienced member, being ahead, rushed up, and throwing his arms around the tower, volunteered a second performance of the whoop that had awakened us that morning. Perhaps the extreme faecal action loosened his hat-string; for a sudden gust up the mountain side secured his hat, and it was seen to rise several hundred feet and start off for the northern part of the State of Nevada. He was obliged to make the descent with his red bandana tied over

his head, looking like a Saracen with fierce red turban.

The wind and cold were so severe that our stay on the summit was shorter than one could wish; however, one hour is about as good as two for a scene to which weeks could not do justice. Northern California and part of Oregon lay spread out like a great birds-eye map. To the southeast, seventy-five miles away, the snows of Lassen's Peak seemed quite near, and far beyond it are visible the white tops of other peaks in the great Sierra; while at an equal distance north the beautiful symmetry of Mount Pitt in Oregon shows white above the Cascades, which stretch ridge after ridge for leagues beyond. It seems but a little distance south to where the mountains stop and the Sacramento Valley broadens about Redding, and disappears far away in the smoky atmosphere of the lowlands. Beyond the rugged and broken ranges toward the coast the air is cloudy, and we are unable to see the Pacific. The valleys at our feet are so smoky that the lower part of our view is much limited; but we can discern the hills in the Shasta Valley as ant hills in a distant meadow, while the surrounding and formerly respected mountains seem only low and flat diminutives of their former selves.

The view of Mount Shasta itself is grand beyond description. West of us, more than half a mile lower, and two or three miles distant, is the great crater of the mountain. More than half of the great rim is yet intact—what is left of a huge bowl a mile in diameter, whose side seems to have been burst out by its molten contents. In other directions, from the summit, great serrated ridges of rock stretch down into the forest; while between them ever narrowing areas of snow extend for miles to meet the trees, like guards to keep the green from infringing on its white domain. From our great height the lower part of the snow, steep though it really is, looks nearly level, as do the wooded slopes and valleys beyond; and a passing

cloud looks in the sunshine like a white sheet spread on the dark green carpet of pines.

Though pleasant enough below, our day had not proved to be one of the best for the ascent, the atmosphere being too smoky below and too fiercely mobile above. Indeed, even in the climate of California, there are few days in the year that are in all respects excellent for the purpose of climbing Mount Shasta, and we may consider our ascent very successful, as we were all able to reach the summit.

We gathered a few "specimens," duly recorded our visit in the archives of the mountain, and before beginning the descent, stopped to rest at the hot spring in a small inclosure of loose stone wall, built by surveyors who had spent part of the previous summer on and around the mountain. Our downward progress was not so much a walk as an endeavor to keep from running, and though we had occupied over six hours in reaching the summit we were hardly one-third as long in returning to camp.

The most enjoyable part of our journey began at the Red Bank, for here begins "the slide." Each ties a piece of coarse sackcloth to himself, sits down on it, places his pole under his left arm, with the rear end of it thrust into the snow to serve as a brake, and goes tobogganing down. This is indeed rare sport, and exciting enough to satisfy the most blasé. The snow had been so much softened that day by the July sun that we were unable to coast successfully much more than a mile. When the snow is hard, it is said, one can coast about three miles at a speed only limited by his own prudence.

Soon we were running down the last slopes of snow, and as we neared the camp heard the welcoming neigh of our horses. We soon disposed of a hasty lunch, and having packed our impedimenta, mounted our impatient horses for the long ride down through the timber.

When we reached the hotel our turbaned

comrade hastily made an excursion to a neighboring shop, but the best he could find in the way of a hat was a boy's hat of plaited rushes and much too small for him, which was an improvement on the bandana hardly more than in name, and looked severely overworked in trying to cover his dignified head.

We retired to the sleep of weary innocence that night, feeling that one need not go to Europe to find Alps worthy of his endeavors. If the scenery does lack the peasants' huts picturesquely stuck in every available place, and the peasants themselves with their queer dress and manners, it seems all the nearer to the hand of nature for that,

F. C. Freeman.

IN THE PARK.

Sitting within a grassy, tree-girt park,
I heard a mocking bird whose glad songs mark
The hours from radiant dawn till purple dark.

The air was sweet with fragrance, blossom-born;
Nature was joyous as the east at morn,
And blushed from peach tree bough and leafy thorn.

Like tall, slim maidens in an emerald wood,
Amid the grasses stately tulips stood,
With here a damask, there an amber hood.

A fountain plashed and murmured low near by,
Athwart whose jets shone rays as bright of dye
As those that span a lightning-sundered sky.

Light-footed children danced in shade and sun,
Lithe-limbed as fawns that through dim coverts run
At crimson dawning when the night is done.

It was a pleasant spot to dream away
The hours that hasted toward the dusk of day,
To dream of seasons gone,—where, none may say.

There came a vision to my drowsy brain;
I thought my buoyant footsteps trod again
A boundless waste of Arizonian plain.

I saw pine-crested mountains grandly rise
To clasp the quivering blue of cloudless skies,
As if ambitious of some high emprise.

I heard the tinkling of a burro's bell
 Sound through the gulches, green with chapparal,
 Far borne on winds that softly rose and fell.

Along the plaza of a Mexic town
 I wandered 'twixt bare walls sun-lit and brown,
 A modern cavalier without renown.

The strange scene vanished: soft the fountain played,
 The children frolicked in the sun and shade;
 A willow bowed its head as though it prayed.

Amid the beauties of that tranquil day,
 What subtle hint was given, who shall say,
 Of flights unburdened by this cloak of clay?

*Clinton Scollard.**

SCHURZ'S LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.¹

This is the first of the series of "American Statesmen" to which two volumes have been devoted, and it is pleasant to grant that it is a biography from which almost nothing could be taken without marring its completeness. The publishers were fortunate in being able to find so thoroughly well qualified a writer for the book. The biography of Henry Clay will not again have to be written. It is rare that any statesman's career has been so carefully and intelligently studied, so fairly judged, and so concisely and admirably written.

Mr. Clay's life from the age of twenty-six for almost fifty years was passed in the public service. His signal abilities placed him almost from the beginning among the leaders in politics and statesmanship. Almost every question of national interest and national legislation felt his influence; for he was almost the ablest advocate, or ablest opponent, of every great public

measure from the beginning of the century to the close of his career, in 1852. To study his life is to study the political history of this country during the period of his mature years. To no one could the theme be more interesting than to Mr. Schurz; to no one could it have been confided with equal certainty of its excellent accomplishment. So many years of political life had to be traversed, the discussion of so many public questions to be examined, so many speeches to be read and analyzed, and their core extracted; the parts that so many other public men played had to be viewed and their influence determined, that it is a literary wonder that these two volumes can and do contain all that is essential to a full knowledge of the political life of Mr. Clay, and of the political history of the country during that life. The quality of intelligent concentration, of concise statement, of successful brevity, crowns the industry of the author. Mr. Schurz has apparently shirked in no respect, but has studied a multitude of de-

¹ Life of Henry Clay. By Carl Schurz. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1887. For Sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

tails of which we have only the admirable summary.

Not the least interesting pages of the volume are those devoted to the contemporaries of Mr. Clay. The love of fairness is plainly a marked characteristic of the mind of the author; and we feel justified in saying that almost without exception, the judgments that he has passed upon the acts and characters of statesmen contemporary with Mr. Clay are impartial and just — notably those of John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, Albert Gallatin, John Tyler, Martin Van Buren, and Daniel Webster. The diary of John Quincy Adams was a fortunate source of accurate information, and the reader must be grateful for the confidence which gives him so many liberal quotations therefrom.

Henry Clay was one of the statesmen of whom the State of Virginia was the mother, for he was born in Hanover County in that State, April 12, 1777. His father, John Clay, was a Baptist clergyman, held in great esteem and "remarkable for his fine voice and delivery." He died when the son was but four years old, leaving his widow with seven children and but a very small estate to support them. What schooling Henry Clay had, was completed at the age of fourteen, when his stepfather placed him in a retail store, where he "devoted himself for about a year with laudable diligence and fidelity to the duty of drawing molasses and measuring tape, giving his leisure hours to the reading of such books as happened to fall into his hands." Then he found a place in the office of Peter Tinsley, clerk of the High Court of Chancery, where he attracted the attention of George Wythe, the chancellor, who often had occasion to visit that office, and "selected him from among the employés there to act as an amanuensis in writing out and recording the decisions of the court. The chancellor, whose friendly feeling for the bright youth grew warmer as their relations became more confidential,

began to direct his reading, at first turning him to grammatical studies, and then gradually opening to him a wide range of legal and historical literature." Clay was fortunate in this early friendship with "one of the most honorably distinguished men" of his time, in whose office Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall had preceded him as students at law. A few books read under the direction of Chancellor Wythe, and a "short year which he spent as a law student in the office of Attorney-General Brooke, and that can scarcely have gone far beyond the elementary principles of law, and the ordinary routine of practice in court," and he had most of his equipment for his start in life.

At the age of twenty he emigrated to Kentucky, and within two years he made his entry into the sphere of politics, in which he was destined almost continuously to remain to the close of his career. His first public avowals were in favor of an amendment to the constitution of the State of Kentucky in favor of emancipation of slaves; later in opposition to "the alien and sedition laws, that tremendous blunder of the Federalists in the last days of their power." In 1803 he was elected to a seat in the legislature of his State. In 1806, before he had attained the age of eligibility to the United States Senate, he was appointed to represent Kentucky in that body, in the place of General Adair, who had resigned, for a single session. Thereafter he had scarcely returned home when he was sent to the State legislature, and was elected speaker of the assembly. In the winter of 1809-10 he was again sent to the United States Senate to fill an unexpired term of two years, Mr. Buckner Thurston having resigned his seat. Upon the expiration of his term in the Senate he was elected to the national House of Representatives, and took his seat November 4th, 1811. No sooner had he appeared in the House than he was elected speaker by a very large majority.

Clay was a leader by nature, and that pre-eminence which was his at the outset of his career was continuously maintained to its close. Nature had bestowed upon him many of her best gifts, and these best used drew to him the admiration as well as affection of multitudes of men. Mr. Schurz's portrayal of him as a young man is worth quoting:—

“A tall stature; not a handsome face, but a pleasing, winning expression; a voice of which some of his contemporaries say that it was the finest musical instrument they ever heard; an eloquence always melodious, and in turn majestic, fierce, playful, insinuating, irresistibly appealing to all the feelings of human nature, aided by a gesticulation at the same time natural, vivid, large, and powerful; a certain magnificent grandeur of bearing in public action, and an easy familiarity, a never-failing natural courtesy in private, which, even in his intercourse with the lowliest, had nothing of haughty condescension in it; a noble, generous heart, making him always ready to volunteer his professional services to poor widows and orphans who needed aid, and slaves whom he thought entitled to their freedom, to free negroes who were in danger of being illegally returned to bondage, and to persons who were persecuted by the powerful and lawless, in saving whom he sometimes endangered his own safety; a cheery, sympathetic nature, withal, of exuberant vitality, gay, spirited, always ready to enjoy, and always glad to see others enjoy themselves,—his very faults being those of what was considered good fellowship in his Kentuckian surroundings; a superior person, appearing indeed immensely superior at times, but making his neighbors feel that he was one of them. Such a man was born to be popular. . . . It is an important fact that his popularity at home, among his neighbors, indeed in the whole State, constantly grew stronger as he grew older, and that the people of Kentucky clung to him with unbounded affection.”

The qualities that most win popular applause seem never to be exhibited by men of the greatest minds—not that they are outside their achievement, but they are allied to natures that for the sake of ambition bend deferentially to popular will, as if the multitude might be in wisdom on a level with, or superior to, the best reaches of the best minds. The supremest intellects experience an irritable impatience with the demand of the masses for mere courtesies and pleasing words, in preference to difficult truths. Daniel Webster never attained the popularity of Henry Clay, because he never offered such sacrifices to the Graces; and yet in the larger accomplishments of education, and in breadth and greatness of intellect, he was to every intelligent apprehension greatly his superior. Mr. Clay's natural abilities were brilliant, but he never attained to the front rank of the great lawyers of the country. “His studies,” says Mr. Schurz, “were never wide and profound. . . . It is not improbable that his remarkable gift of speaking, which enabled him to make little tell for much, and to outshine men of vastly greater learning, deceived him as to the necessity for laborious study.” John C. Calhoun never approached Mr. Clay as an orator, but Mr. Clay was greatly his inferior in rigid, close analysis, and in the application of a subtle and far-reaching logic. Mr. Clay was undoubtedly the smallest of the great trio that made the time illustrious, but he was as undoubtedly the most successful of the three in the work of the politician and the art of the orator. The speeches that Clay has left behind repel readers by their dullness, and in no way justify the reputation he acquired as a statesman. But the speeches and orations of Webster are a part of the best literature of our country, and will never cease to testify to coming generations the extent of his attainments, and the solidity and greatness of his intellect.

Clay's disposition to seek the cultivation of those qualities that win the people was that which made it possible for him in times

of excitement and impending danger to exercise his best abilities in behalf of the great compromises with which his name is most connected, and for which the people were then most grateful to him. It was a disposition that, allied with ability, made a happy combination wanting in greater men; and without it the present condition of our country might never have been reached, for the designs of the disunionists might have been attained, if the test of their strength had been made at that time, when the disparity of strength between the North and South was not what it was ten years after Clay's death.

In accordance with the method of the series, this biography of Mr. Clay deals only with his public life. Beyond the fact of his parentage, the brief allusion to his experience as a lawyer, the fact that he was fond of card-playing for a consideration, and that he was married and lost by death three children, and did himself finally die, we believe there are no suggestions that he had any life or experience of any kind save as a public man. The great charm of all personal biographies — the details of interior life, the

anecdotes that so clearly and often so sweetly illustrate the finer traits of character — is consequently almost wholly wanting here. This is not saying that the volumes lack interest or vitality to those who wish to study the progressive steps in a statesman's life. Mr. Schurz could hardly produce anything that was not full of freshness and living interest. If the level of perfect justness seems not always preserved, it may be that the absolutely perfect view is generally conceived by the reader only, and is almost always impossible to the writer!

A full review of Mr. Clay's career, his early intentions, his intense personality, his prevailing vigor of mind, his inconsistencies, his changed positions, his ambitions, his honorable purposes, his successes and mistakes, is full of interest to every American who cares about the political welfare of his country. This life involves an examination of all the political history of the United States for the first half of this century, and we know of no volumes in which a reader will find his queries therein answered so clearly, fully, and truthfully as in Mr. Schurz's life of Henry Clay.

RECENT FICTION.—II.

Of the American novels that come this month under our notice, *Zury*¹ is unquestionably entitled to the most attention. This is not saying that it is the best, for we shall give more unmixed praise to another and slighter story; but it is the most significant. It is a story of the middle West in the first half of this century; a story, as some reviewer has justly remarked, that gives much the same picture as the new *Life of Lincoln* — and the close correspondence

(not merely in facts, but in the more subtle coloring and spirit of the whole) between the novel and the biography, is striking evidence of the truthfulness of Mr. Kirkland's work. It scarcely needs such outside evidence, however, for one cannot read it without being convinced that the author writes with knowledge and simple veracity. The middle West is perhaps the newest of all fields for fiction; and the reason of this will not be far to seek, after an attentive reading of *Zury*, or of any other of the small group of books in which its early life

¹*Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County. A Novel of Western Life. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.*

is depicted. It is evident enough that very few of those who lived this life, and thereby had the knowledge to write of it, were likely to have acquired either literary impulse or literary training. Far different was the case with California, to which from the first hastened no inconsiderable number of adventurous young men of education, literary habits, and social experience, who found it natural to throw their observation into literary form. We cannot at the moment recall any fiction worth mention before *Zury* dealing with the middle West, except Edward Eggleston's stories, and Howe's two gloomy novels. Mr. Kirkland in some respects excels either of these men. He writes with a more assured pen, a more even and firm literary training. Mr. Eggleston, especially in his earlier books, is sometimes uncomfortably crude, resorts in plot to stock incidents of somewhat violent sort and in character to broad conventional coloring, to give "go"; and Mr. Howe is frankly sensational in the extreme, and frankly an imitator of Dickens. Mr. Kirkland is never crude, and is thoroughly original, in the sense of never depending on conventional types in character or incident, and copying nothing but life. Nevertheless, he is not very individual, and either Mr. Howe's or Mr. Eggleston's stories leave a much more distinct mark on the mind than his. Perhaps by his crude devices, perhaps in spite of them, Mr. Eggleston did attain "go"; and perhaps by his unconscionable imitation and ghastly sensationalism, perhaps in spite of them, Mr. Howe is impressive. *Zury* is full of excellences, yet it hardly impresses itself on the reader. This is chiefly, we should say, because the plot is not pleasant, and the unpleasant element in it does not make itself seem necessary and inevitable, as it should in an artistic book; partly, too, because the style, admirable though it is—plain, direct, and full of intelligence and quiet humor—has not that highly readable

quality that may perhaps be called *brightness*. The book is more a study than a story; and so fair and literal a study does it seem that the reader is disposed to believe that not only the characters but the main incidents must be drawn from life, and strung with something less than artistic continuity and unity along the connecting theme of the development of Zury's character. This theme is carried through with admirable truth and care. The process by which the kind-hearted boy was developed into "the meanest man in Spring County," yet remaining in some sort kind-hearted, and altogether clear-headed, and even liberal-minded, is made so clear that the reader's friendship and sympathy actually remain with the man who could perpetrate the acts of colossal meanness recorded of Zury Pronder. The reverse process, by which a woman's power—we can scarcely say influence, through so harsh and breaking experience was it brought to bear on the man—forced his character back into its more humane possibilities, is made less immediately credible and acceptable to the reader's mind. One assents to it, but only after hesitation. We have said that the theme is carried through with admirable truth and care; yet it is with a good deal less than power. Virtues and vices as strong as Zury's, experiences as dark as Anne's, give scope for a novel that need be none the less realistic for having a good deal of tragic force, and stirring some emotional deeps. One need only think of what Tolstoi, or Turgénieff, or Balzac, or George Eliot, would have done with the material, to see this. Mr. Kirkland has been—perhaps in a very wise fear of being sensational—too matter-of-fact in manner. If he can keep his excellent realism and plain good taste in style, and yet increase in vividness, unity, and emotional power, he has large possibilities before him.

We said above that we should give to a

much slighter book than "Zury" more unmixed praise. *The Story of a New York House*¹ comes from a well-trained hand, and it was to be expected that it would be told with finished art. But the reader who opens the little book with anticipations based upon the average of Mr. Bunner's work, will find these anticipations exceeded. It would not be easy for the most captious critic to find a fault with the matter or manner of the pretty and pathetic tale — unless he should make it a fault that it is a little of the order of an "elegant trifle," in spite of its pathos. But it never pretended to be anything else; and even though the story of the fine old Knickerbocker suburban residence, and its descent within the limits of one generation to the squalor of a tenement house, is told with an art that is visibly conscious of itself, there is no occasion to think of it as less than sincere. Indeed, the mood of pensive sympathy that tinges the book is that which must creep into the mind of every passer-by as he looks upon the fate of one of these old New York houses. For ourselves, we find that the story leaves in the mind something of that sense of having caught a glimpse of individual experience as a drop in the vast moving stream of general human life, which is perhaps the most distinctly characteristic effect of the higher grade of art.

Three more American novels, *A Child of the Century*², *Environment*³, and *Sons and Daughters*⁴ are of very distinctly inferior grade. Neither of the three is ill-written, nor devoid of a good deal of intelligence; but there seems no sufficient reason why either should exist. It is a waste of time to

read them, unless one would otherwise be spending the same time in reading English machine novels, party newspapers, or speculations on the great pyramid or psychic science.

A Child of the Century is a story of a Boston Mugwump and his courtship — eventually successful — of a somewhat hoydenish Irish girl from Cincinnati. There is no particular point to it; it does not seem intended to bring out any social moral, or to be a definite study of any phenomena of life; and if it is meant for an old-fashioned love story, it certainly fails to catch the spirit thereof. Nothing could seem more aimless than the manner in which the author saunters through the task he has, apparently without motive, set himself. Yet the book is written with more than average intelligence; the conversation is good; things are neatly, and sometimes more than neatly, said; occasionally, in an indifferent fashion an excellent outline sketch of some side character is dropped upon the paper — as of Strong, the fervid young Mugwump who stands behind the more languid virtue of the hero. The writer seems really to have had material, and had ability, but to be quite without a "motif."

Environment does not lack moral; it is, indeed, in plot and manner a good deal like an old-fashioned Sunday School story, with the religion left out. Yet it is written in a pleasant worldly style, and handles modern slang with an experienced touch and general good taste. It is a gentle ripple of story, agreeably enough told, in which several pairs of lovers glide on with moderate heart aches and manageable yearnings to the desired haven. The moral of the book, however, appears to be in the experience of one of the characters, a high-minded and accomplished woman, who falls for a time into the alcohol habit through the use of brandy as medicine, acting on a predisposition to alcoholism unknown to her physician. This

¹ *The Story of a New York House*. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Company.

² *A Child of the Century*. By John T. Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Company.

³ *Environment: A Story of Modern Society*. By Florine Thayer McCray. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

⁴ *Sons and Daughters*. By the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Company. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

episode is narrated with more feeling than the love matters, and probably with fair truthfulness.

Sons and Daughters seems to exist chiefly for the sake of one rather strong character—a girl naturally noble, but thoroughly warped by the misfortunes of great wealth and a detestable mother. Jealous, proud, loving, capricious, she naturally succeeds, in the end, in alienating her lover; then, in a final impulse of magnanimity, sets him free, heart and hand, by marrying his rival, whom she does not love. There are two other young couples in the story, and a good deal of by-play, some of which is decidedly clever, and some uncomfortably burlesqued. There is a picturesque little Lorraine, who with intense reluctance gives up going to college in order to marry (it does not seem once to occur either to her or to her author, though references to the case of college *vs.* marriage run all through the book, that a girl may choose *both*), and the progress of her love affair is sufficiently amusing.

A story by the same author, issued two years ago, *The Story of Margaret Kent*¹ is now reprinted in paper covers by Ticknor and Company, as the first of a series of reprints chosen from the more popular novels of late years, and called "Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading." *The Story of Margaret Kent* has in two years reached a tenth edition, and is therefore well entitled to lead off the series. It is a much stronger book than "Sons and Daughters," and it is evident that the author and publisher have tried to make the earlier book sell the later one. It contains—as "Sons and Daughters" does in a much less degree—the suggestion of a good deal of emotional power and sincerity unsuccessfully expressed in the imaginary setting of circumstance—as by an author who had "lived and loved," yet had too good ideals of art to transfer to his story the

real circumstances of his own experience or observation, and tried to express them through the language of invented situations, which he lacked the art to make natural and lifelike. There is much vividness of character in *The Story of Margaret Kent*, however, and many impressive touches. Other publications of the series are Miss Howard's *Guenn*², now in its seventh edition; *A Nameless Nobleman*³, in its eighth; and *The Duchess Emilia*⁴. *Guenn* was reviewed in *THE OVERLAND* with emphatic praise upon its first appearance; and, glancing over it again, we find our first high opinion renewed. We hope that its editions have been larger than those of "The Story of Margaret Kent," for otherwise it is of the two far the more deserving of a tenth edition. It is in our judgment not only much the best thing Miss Howard has done, but one of the best things that any one has done in the past three or four years, and entitled to live. *A Nameless Nobleman* is very far from being of equal quality: it is picturesque in plot, and very readably told; but it is not free from an occasional awkwardness or lapse of taste, betraying a hand not altogether educated in the niceties of fiction, a perception not altogether refined. Yet it is but occasionally, and by a faint shade of accent, that the tone of the book jars a critical taste; if one reads not as critic, but merely for entertainment, he will find it a sufficiently pleasant story. *The Duchess Emilia* is more than a pleasant story: it is a tale with a strong, Hawthorne-like motive, told with grace and power; and, like Hawthorne's stories, it carries real moral force with it, and leaves an impulse to higher thought behind. It is not at all in the Hawthorne manner, however, and the only ground for such a comparison is that the

² *Guenn*. By Blanche W. Howard. Boston: Ticknor & Company (Paper Series). 1887.

³ *A Nameless Nobleman*. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Ticknor & Company (Paper Series). 1887.

⁴ *The Duchess Emilia*. By Barrett Wendell. Boston: Ticknor & Company (Paper Series). 1887.

¹ *The Story of Margaret Kent*. By Henry Hayes. Boston: Ticknor & Company (Paper Series). 1887.

motive is weird, and is inspired with sincere moral purpose. It is very well handled, however, as books by less than really great artists go. This "Ticknor's Paper Series" — we may linger to add — is attractively bound and well printed, a series to be cordially welcomed.

G. P. Putnam's Sons also have a paper series, (indeed, most of the publishers now have,) called "Knickerbocker Novels," in which they have this summer republished Bayard Taylor's *Hannah Thurston*¹ and *The Story of Kennett*². Both these stories have become a trifle old-fashioned, each in its own way, and we should like to know how far the publishers find them meeting the popular taste of today. *Hannah Thurston* is a controversial pamphlet against "women's rights," and one written, at that, from a point of view now obsolescent among men like Bayard Taylor, though common enough a grade lower. It is quaint enough to read over Woodbury's discussions with Hannah, and note with what certainty of infallible rightness both he and his author set down as narrow bigotry and unbecoming argumentativeness her gentlest inquiry whether we can know we are right in accepting our prejudices as divinely implanted instincts, or so forth. After a conversation in which in the most reasonable manner Hannah suggests for his consideration the rights of women to freedom of education and of employment, and other such elementary and now gener-

ally conceded matters, he reports her (with entire approval from Mr. Taylor) "as intolerant as the rankest conservative." Love and an ideally good husband are recommended as compensation for all exclusions, disqualifications, or injustices, that law or custom can possibly inflict on woman. It is a compensation she is generally very willing to accept; but so far the difficulties in the way of re-making all such law and custom do not appear nearly as hopelessly insuperable as those in the way of providing all women with love and ideally good husbands; and the impracticability of this old-fashioned panacea is beginning to be realized. Bayard Taylor was too much of an artist, however, to sink his story in his doctrinal thesis; and while *Hannah Thurston* must lose every year more and more its interest as an exposition of the doctrine that "man and woman are one, and that one is the man," it will still keep a good deal as a pleasant love story, sprinkled with intelligent thought from a bright and widely experienced man, loving descriptions of nature from a poet, and sketches of the central New York life of that date reasonably true — if slightly burlesqued, and taken from a point of view external to and out of sympathy with that life. *The Story of Kennett* is still more old-fashioned — a story of love and virtue oppressed, and after long windings through mystifications and dangers, triumphant over wrong. The scene is a semi-Quaker village in Pennsylvania, whose local color, local characters, and local speech, were most familiar to the author; and he reproduces them with much more sympathy and geniality than those of central New York.

¹ *Hannah Thurston*. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons (Knickerbocker Novels). 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Company.

² *The Story of Kennett*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons (Knickerbocker Novels). 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Company.

ETC.

THE register of the State University for the year 1886-7 gives the number of students enrolled in all the departments of the institution as 528. Of these, 306 are in the undergraduate and 9 in the graduate courses at Berkeley, the remaining 213 in the professional and technical schools in San Francisco. This is a larger number than the enrollment last year, in spite of the fact that the students of the Law School have fallen from 127 to 80 in consequence of the adoption of matriculation requirements. That this is the reason of the decrease in the Law School is plain: the number of students in the Senior and Middle classes remains almost unchanged, while in the Junior class 56 were enrolled last year, and 12 this. The change injures the showing on the catalogue a little, but benefits the legal interests of the community; for as the preparation now required for admission is merely that given by any High School, it can be only matter for congratulation that, as the figures indicate, some 44 young boys from the grammar schools, or from undergraduate High School classes, have been shut out from the attempt to make of themselves in three years mature men of law, fit to be entrusted with the personal and property interests of their fellows. The two classes of aspirants excluded by the new requirements are these lads, and mature men of deficient early education—country school-masters, editors, and the like—desirous of making their way into a profession by a short cut, and altogether unwilling to go back and pick up the dropped stitch of High School studies. This second class, however, cannot be numerous, for such men usually take a still shorter cut, by "cramming" in some fashion for the Supreme Court examinations, and getting admission to the bar without farther training. It is said that some of the young lads have done the same thing; but this can hardly be a frequent occurrence.

ANOTHER point worthy of note is the relative demand in the academic courses at Berkeley for the general as against the special training—or, in the inaccurate phrase, the "literary" as against the "scientific." It is the common talk of the day that the demand for special scientific training is in excess of the opportunity offered by institutions of learning, which continue to hold out only classical and literary teaching to crowds of young men who

desire the other. If this be the case, we shall find that in places like Berkeley, which offer both, the well-equipped courses in special science will be crowded, while a minority of the students will cling to the general courses. The register, however, shows in the "College of Letters" 180 students, and in the "Colleges of Science" 104 (these two divisions, with a few unclassified attendants at lectures, etc., and a few graduate students, make up the whole number). The "College of Letters" is made up of three courses, the "Classical," "Literary," and the "Course in Letters and Political Science." students in these number respectively 51, 49, and 80. Of the five courses in special science (Agriculture, Mining, Mechanics, Civil Engineering, and Chemistry) one has 38 students, and the others average 16 or 17 apiece. It is thus evident that where full freedom of choice is given (and so far as there is any advantage in equipment and the like at Berkeley, it is on the side of the special courses) the liberal education attracts students in far greater numbers than the special; and that among the studies belonging to a liberal education, the historical and politico-economical group is first sought, and the classical second. It is to be added, in correction of this last deduction, that preparation for the classical course is harder to get than any other in this State. If the difficulty of obtaining admission to all the courses were the same, it is probable that the Classical course and the one in "Letters and Political Science" would stand nearly equal in numbers of students, leading all the others to a marked extent, but followed most nearly by the "Literary." We should say that these notes afford a very fair indication of the directions in which the minds of the more eager and thoughtful youths of today are turning; for it is a fair conjecture that in California the tendency toward material studies is at least as great as in other sections.

Memorial of William Ashburner.

William Ashburner, a man well known in this community for his scientific attainments and his interest in the cause of higher education, died at his residence in San Francisco, on the twentieth day of April, 1887.

He was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 28th of March, 1831. His father, Luke Ashburner, was of English descent, born in India, where

he lived till middle age. When he finally left India he took with him his wife and five children—two sons and three daughters. Mrs. Ashburner died in England, and the sons concluded to remain there; but the father, turning his face westward, sailed for America, with his three daughters. The pleasant scenery of Stockbridge attracted him, and nearly seventy years ago he built a house there in East Indian style, and made it the home of his remaining years.

Soon after, he married Miss Whitney, an American lady, and of this marriage William Ashburner, was born. During his youth his father died, but the mother lived to the age of eighty-five years, and passed away only three years ago. Of his sisters, two are still living in Cambridge, Mass., at a very advanced age, the third married Theodore Sedgwick, a lawyer of Stockbridge. One of her daughters married Charles Eliot Norton, and another William Darwin, son of the distinguished naturalist; Mrs. Sedgwick's son Arthur is a lawyer of some prominence in New York.

Ashburner received his early education in Stockbridge, and the bent of his mind towards scientific pursuits showed itself very soon, even in his childish amusements and diversions. Mr. Hague, who now occupies the old Ashburner mansion, tells me the building is now standing which Ashburner when a boy used for a laboratory; and the sundial with which he regulated the hours not only of the house, but of the town of Stockbridge, still marks with its "shady stealth" the silent lapse of time.

In 1850 he joined the Lawrence Scientific School, then just organized, but did not remain long enough to take a degree. Thence he went to Paris, and entered the "Ecole des Mines" to prepare himself for the profession of mining engineering. In this pursuit he acquired such distinction that when he returned to America, in 1854, he was at once employed by Professor Rivot to aid in examining the Lake Superior mines, in behalf of a French mining company.

Ashburner came to California in 1860, on the Geological Survey under Prof. Whitney, and remained on that survey several years. During this period he prepared that part of the report which treats of mining and milling industries, an exceedingly valuable document, which has been much quoted and referred to. In 1864 he was appointed one of the commissioners to take charge of the Yosemite Valley, which position he retained until 1880.

On leaving the Geological Survey he entered upon the general practice of his profession of

mining engineering, making his residence in San Francisco. In 1874 he received the appointment of Professor of Mining Engineering in the University of California, but his business increased so rapidly that he was unable to perform the duties, and his appointment was made that of Honorary Professor.

In 1856 he married Emilia, daughter of Jonathan Field, and niece of Cyrus, Justice Stephen J. and David Dudley Field. During his later years he became connected with the San Francisco Savings Union, and for a long time towards the close of his life he served as director of the bank, his active duties there occupying most of his time. During this period he was president of the Union Club for one year.

He was appointed a regent of the University of California in 1880, a responsibility which only terminated with his life. He was also president of the board of trustees of the Academy of Sciences, president of the Microscopical Society, and was at the time of his death a trustee of the California School of Mechanical Arts and of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

The gathering of so many important trusts in one person would of itself single him out as a remarkable man, and he certainly was a man of superior ability and attainments, combining to a singular degree cool, practical judgment and integrity of purpose, with an ardent love of science and letters. The pursuit of science and the love of letters are usually held to be incompatible with the possession of practical business faculty, but it was not so with Ashburner. As a business man his advice was sought and his opinions always listened to with respect.

But his heart lay in the world of science and letters. He was most at home in his library, which was stocked with the choicest of general literature; and his table was strewn with fresh gleanings in the world of science and of human thought. To know Ashburner at his best, you must have met him in his own house and listened to his charming conversation at home. He always took great pleasure in the company of his friends, and often gathered them around his hospitable table, or in the evening for social intercourse. At such times he was full of humor, with a keen relish for whatever was enjoyable in life. He would draw from the fund of his experience, which had been enriched by travel in many foreign lands; and he had once "put a girdle round the earth."

Sometimes his views of men and women, of politics and society, seemed tinged with too much discouragement. But whatever were his theories of life, his practice was always kind and generous; his

theories cast no shadow over his spirit. To the end of his career, his life was distinguished for kindness of heart, unvarying hospitality, generous public spirit and absolute integrity of purpose. With as many trials in life as fall to most of us, he maintained his serenity of mind through prosperity and adversity, through sickness and health.

Especially he was distinguished for his public spirit. Wherever an opportunity was offered in the line of his tastes he freely gave his time and means for the advancement of the general good, and the number and dignity of the responsible positions he held is sufficient evidence of the confidence reposed in his integrity and judgment, and of the willingness and zeal with which he undertook such public services.

No single subject lay so near his heart as the cause of Education. Careful observation in this field had stored his mind with information, and long experience had ripened his judgment till his counsel was much sought for on these topics; so that in his later years he shared in the management of three of the most important educational trusts of this State.

He will be much missed in this community, for such men are rare—men having the power and the will to do so much good. He died in the full prime of his powers. His life had been eminently successful. He had attained honorable position and a name greatly respected among his fellow-men. He had gathered sufficient means for his moderate wants, and preferred to enjoy rather than to heap up riches. He was above the accumulation of wealth for its own sake.

The public has lost a good citizen; and we who were nearer to him shall long miss his genial companionship; he will be embalmed in our memory as one whose friendship was a privilege.

Horace Davis.

Some Amended Historic Data.

Editor Overland Monthly:

They who write of scenes and events, for publication, cannot be too carefully correct as to persons, dates, and circumstances; inasmuch as the future compiler of history must depend upon these contemporaneous publications for the data of his narratives. In particular those who write of the early period of the American occupation of California—"the days of '49" and the few subsequent years, which embrace the "gold period," should remember the part their writings will play in fixing the history of California. To this purpose the establishment by the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco (which is the parent of all organizations of its kind in the State, organized August,

1850) of a historical department, is appropriate and commendable; and a similar department is established in the kindred society at Sacramento. Out of the multitude of pioneer stories, recitals, reminiscences, letters, communications, and statements, that come to these departments, will be eventually sifted and collated all that is worthy of place in authentic enduring history, as it will thus be compiled from fountain sources.

These remarks are in consequence of the many and different accounts of scenes and incidents relating to that early period, in newspapers and periodicals and other publications, in our own State and abroad. Attention has been more directly attracted to the subject by a narration that has lately appeared in the pioneer newspaper of California, the aged and respectable *Alta*. The narrative is well written and very interesting throughout. The facts were derived, as the writer gives due credit, from a veteran pioneer in California journalism, an honored member of the Society of Pioneers, who is conscientious in his statement of facts. Nevertheless he is in some instances faulty and inaccurate. This is to be regretted, for the reason that whatever has the endorsement of his name in such connection is more likely to be accepted as true. The paper cannot reasonably be held responsible for errors of statement into which it has been led by the inaccuracies of correspondents or informants in whom it has faith.

With this much in explanation, I will cite one of the inaccuracies that appear in these papers on "The Days of Forty-nine." The writer copies that which he remarks was "the first Whig ticket voted in this State," and at the head is the name of John C. Hays, for sheriff. This ticket was voted at the first county election held in San Francisco under the State Constitution framed at Monterey in October, 1849, and adopted by the people in the State election of November of the same year—although California was not admitted into the Union until September 9, 1850, and therefore the State was in embryo Statehood during that interval. The election came off April 1, 1850. The Whig candidate for sheriff was Colonel John E. Townes, at the time under-sheriff to Andrew Sublette, a brother of the famous trapper, William Sublette, whose name is frequently mentioned in Irving's "Bonnevillie," linked with that of Bridger, Walker, and others equally famous. The deputy sheriff was a brother of the celebrated sculptor, Hiram Powers. Colonel Townes had been sheriff by appointment of the ayuntamiento in '49, but was succeeded by Sublette. Of all men in the country—not excepting Colonel W. W. Gift, whose love for the Sage of the Hermitage was his ab-

sorbing passion, his devotion, his religion — Colonel Jack Hays, as he was universally called, was the last man to affiliate with the Whigs. His father was a devotee of General Jackson, his mother the daughter of Colonel Coffee, Jackson's most trusted comrade in war, his closest companion in peace, his chosen friend in his retirement. The Hays and Coffees were Jackson Democrats. A Whig was never born in either family. Whigs might have preferred Jack Hays to Townes in that election and put his name on their tickets — and a large number of them did so — but if the alternative with Jack Hays had been to accept the nomination for sheriff from the Whigs or to withdraw from candidacy, he would have instantly chosen the latter course. Not that he disliked Whigs, but he was unalterably opposed to Whiggery.

The Democrats had nominated Colonel J. J. Bryant, a noted man at that time, the owner of the Bryant (formerly the Ward) House, on Clay Street, and very lavish of his money. It was said that the campaign cost him above \$50,000. Colonel Jack Hays arrived in San Francisco, from Texas, only a few weeks before the election. Major Caperton and John Nugent were of his party. Late in March his many friends and admirers held a public meeting in the plaza and nominated him as Independent candidate for sheriff. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. There were a great many of the Mexican War volunteers and some of the famous Texan Rangers then in San Francisco. They were enthusiastic and most energetic in his behalf. Hundreds of Democrats voted for him in preference to Bryant, who was a king of gamblers. His election was a foregone conclusion when he was nominated; but when he appeared on the day of election, mounted on his fine black charger, riding like a centaur, seated in his Texan Ranger saddle, with all of its accompaniments except holsters and pistols, the multitude went wild in admiration of him. It was an exciting scene.

The remainder of the ticket was quite equally divided between the Democrats and the Whigs, the latter electing their district attorney, Calhoun Benham, a great popular favorite; Roderick N. Morrison, the Boanerges of the bar, county judge; and G. W. Endicott, a Boston merchant, treasurer. The Democrats elected John A. McGlynn county recorder; General John E. Addison county clerk; Wm. M. Eddy county surveyor; David N. Chauncey assessor; T. J. Smith, formerly judge of the Marine Court, New York City, county attorney; Eugene H. Tharp clerk of the Supreme Court; and Edward Gallagher coroner. Of all these, Eugene H. Tharp is the only survivor. Of all the candidates on the Whig ticket, Louis R.

Lull and Wm. P. Humphreys are living. In the politics of that period, it may be remarked that party fellowship was quite generally ignored. Excepting the comparatively small number who were ambitious of office, the people were intent upon business, every one directing his energies to the accumulation of gold, bent on "making his pile." General Taylor was President. The Federal Administration was Whig; but in California the Democrats were largely in the majority. In the first State election, November, 1849, they had elected Peter H. Burnett, then supreme judge, governor; George W. Wright and Edward Gilbert representatives in Congress; W. Van Voorces secretary of state; Major Richard Roman treasurer; J. S. Houston comptroller; Captain Charles J. Whitney surveyor general; S. C. Hastings, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; J. A. Lyons and Nathaniel Bennett associate justices. The Whigs were John McDougal lieutenant governor; Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, attorney general. The legislature was Democratic, and elected Colonel John C. Fremont and Dr. Wm. M. Gwin, United States senators. Thos. Butler King, formerly member of Congress from Georgia, a Whig, was the formidable competitor of Gwin, and to his ardent support came Chas. G. Eames, the editor of the *Pacific News*, a Democrat, formerly the editor of Jonas Winchester's *New York World*, and subsequently editor of the *Washington Union*, and of the *Nashville Union*, both Democratic.

King was appointed collector of the Port of San Francisco by President Fillmore. He again tried for the Senate in 1851, was again defeated, (the legislature failed to elect a senator,) and soon afterwards resigned the collectorship and returned to Georgia.

The defeat of General Scott in 1852 gave the fatal blow to the Whig party; yet the Whigs of California put a ticket into the field in 1855, and it received over 36,500 votes, on the congressional ticket—Calhoun Benham and G. W. Bowie—against 37,600, for J. W. Denver and Philip T. Herbert, Administration Democrats, and 10,000 votes for Churchman and Coffroth, Broderick Democrats. It was the last Whig ticket in California.

Other inaccuracies, although they are less material and important, are in relation to the first vigilance committee of San Francisco, the "Sydney thieves" they hanged, and the offenses for which they were condemned; and the year of the arrival in San Francisco of "Emperor" Norton. Norton had a store on the east side of Montgomery Street, between Clay and Washington Streets—there was no Merchant street then—early in 1850, and was before Alcalde John W. Geary in March or April of that year for an assault he committed

upon a member of the neighboring house of McKinley, Johnson, & Co.. He was held guilty and fined. Henry L. Dodge was Alcalde Geary's clerk at that time, and mayhap will recall the circumstance.

But these are not important errors. They are noticed not in hypercritical spirit, but only in the hope of impressing upon the very clever writer the better way of adopting Davy Crockett's rule: "First be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Pioneer.

An Unlived Life.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Yes, she was fair, if pulseless Night,
Sleeping on Angelo's couch of stone
In that far chapel's hush of light,
Can challenge Beauty's sovran throne.

Kind too she was, if it suffice
With lavish hand to scatter alms,
Till charity becomes a vice,
While pity hoards its priceless balms.

She thought, if cadenced tones and low,
Like rhythmic babblings of a rill,
May argue thought's majestic flow,
And all the deeps of being fill.

She prayed, if two untroubled eyes,
Now fastened on the lowly earth,
Now lifted to the luminous skies,
Bestow on prayer its only worth.

She would have smiled, could but the flower,
Whose petals all are folded yet,
Have opened 'neath the alluring power
Of winds that woo, and then forget.

She would have wept, if but one day
Those hands, which on her breast recline,
Had felt, within our human clay,
The thrilling touch of dew divine.

She would have loved, but that her pride,
Like some wan flame, alone, apart,
Lit by the bier of one that's died,
Kept watch above her barren heart.

One who ne'er lived here lieth dead;
From life she but its semblance took,—
Now from her hands hath fallen the book,
Its mystic lines remain unread.

Albert S. Cook.

Faith.

Gossip Moon, now prithee tell
What my love on yesternight
Whispered thee in love-affright:
Was it well?

"Lover pale, I saw her smile,
But she nothing spake aloud;
So I slipped behind a cloud,
Afterwhile."

Tell me, Sun, the chronicler,
As you sit on your high seat,
In her maiden-thought so sweet
What 's astir?

"Lover pale, so deep in thrall,
As I watched her nigh to noon,
She was humming of a tune,
That was all."

Surely, when nor Moon nor Sun
May report me of my love,
I must seize on Faith, the dove,
Till she 's won.

Richard E. Burton.

For a Picture.

A thrush sings in the woods somewhere—
Soft warmth of mid-morn in the air.

Elise the slender and young Guy
Are winding silk of deep red dye.

Elise has hair of ash-blond hue—
The boy's is shaded fairness, too;

And still in waking they both keep
The look the pure have in their sleep.

Elise sees Guy, yet does not see—
"My Guy, do you know love?" says she.

The skein of silk they still undo,
"Why, cousin, yes, for I love you!"

The maid's lips part, she's far away;
"Would Guy were he!" her sad eyes say.
Eleanor B. Caldwell.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Briefer Notice.

A BOOK published for the benefit of a charity, since it does not appeal to the purchaser on its merits alone, hardly comes within the purview of criticism. Of *Six Weeks in Old France*,¹ then, there is to be said that it relates the stay of a party of Americans in a French chateau, with the slenderest possible thread of a romance, and a profusion of references to French history from the times of the Carlovingians down. One amusing slip may be noted. It is found in the passage referring to "The Lady of the Lake": "Byron had just given Childe Harold to the world, when Scott, spurred on by generous rivalry, made this adventure, having only till then charmed the world by his delightful prose fictions."—Another of the dear old gentlewomen of Salem has set down on paper her recollections of that charming town.² Mrs. Silsbee reveals herself as unmistakably deserving the title we have given her in her pretty book, full of the pleasant garrulity that longs to bring back the past so that the people of today may share its delights.—Most rightly is Mr. Harrower named, to judge from the present pamphlet³; for never has a fraud been more thoroughly raked over than are Captain Glazier and his narrative. Captain Glazier "discovered" the source of the Mississippi and posed as a greater man than De Soto. Harrower leaves nothing of his claim, and proves abundantly by the acid test of the parallel column that the valiant Captain is a literary thief.—No modern writer succeeds so well in giving his writings the true salty flavor as Mr. Russell, and he fills his *Voyage to the Cape*⁴ with pleasant sea chat, questioning the various officers of the ship, spinning sea tales and "long-shore twisters", and recounting the thousand and one small happenings on ship that prevent the long sea voyage from ever becoming monotonous. But though his account of life on the steamer is

quite calculated to make the reader wish himself on the deck of some fine vessel, the description of South Africa is not one that will be likely to increase travel in that direction. The Dark Continent maintains its character even to the Cape of Good Hope.—Pleasantly told, there are incidents various and singular in every one's life to fill a volume of moderate size, and interest a fair number of readers. The author of *Yesterdays with Actors*⁵ has been an actress for over a quarter of a century,—though it is several years more than that since she made her debut at the age of four,—and she has herein narrated bits of her own career, some of her experiences of travel, and somewhat of her personal acquaintance with actors and actresses who have for the most part long ago made their exit from the stage of life. She has made a book that the people of her occupation and lovers of the stage will find readable. She is jealous of the reputation of the stage, and stands up for the morality of its occupants in the days of her successes. She depicts the arduous life of those who aspire to its honors, but finds many occasions for commending their thoughtful consideration for members of their own guild. Her experience was with the most known of the stage, and she makes mention of none without a generous bestowment of commendation for some excellence. The volume is illustrated with photo-gravures or vignettes of almost every person named therein, among whom are William Warren, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, Laura Keane, E. A. Sothorn, Matilda Heron, William E. Benton, Agnes Robertson, J. H. Hackett, Mrs. John Wood, Kate Bateman, John Wilkes Booth, and Mrs. Vincent, besides the author herself. The book is printed in narrow forms with broad margins holding frequent marginal summaries, each page terminating, rather exasperatingly, after the ancient manner, with the first word of the following page, which word one is thus obliged to read twice. Its press work and paper are handsome, and it is altogether commendable as a work by the new firm of publishers.

⁵*Yesterdays with Actors*. By Catharine Mary Reignolds-Winslow. Boston: Cupples and Hurd, 1887.

¹*Six weeks in Old France*. By L. M. A. 1887. American Bureau of Foreign Travel: Albany.

²*A Half Century in Salem*. By M. C. D. Silsbee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

³*Captain Glazier and his Lake*. By Henry D. Harrower. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, & Co. 1886.

⁴*A Voyage to the Cape*. By W. Clark Russell. Handy Series. Harper & Bros.: New York. 1886.



SUTTER'S MILL, 1851

From Nahl's Painting, Copyrighted 1876, by A. Roman.

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MANZANITA.

I AM aware it is a bold departure from the beaten path for me to introduce as the central figure in a California mining sketch a man who was neither a gambler nor road agent, a minister's son gone wild, or a general utility, life-long desperado posturing in saintly robes.

But my friend traveled with no credentials of this nature; he was simply a true-hearted American lad, such as the mines fairly swarmed with, though their praises are seldom sung; one who brought with him a good supply of old-fashioned home principles, and kept them bright and untarnished by constant service, finding use for them seven days in the week. It is true he had not been burnished up by much contact with society's polishing wheel, yet when he spoke I think all understood what he said and knew *that* was what he meant; and so he became a favorite with us.

I am reminded here that one peculiarity of our "glorious climate," affecting nearly all of the early pioneers, has somehow es-

caped general notice or comment: for if some of the leading chroniclers of mining-camp incidents have not erred, the intelligent Americans who, in the main, owned and worked our mines, framed our mining laws, and exercised a controlling influence in all our affairs, quite forgot their mother tongue the moment they donned rubber boots and grey shirts and became the owners of pick, shovel, and pan; for thereafter they did all their talking, as well as most of their thinking, in the peculiar dialect which is still heard in the Liverpool and London prison docks, and which the few escaping Australian convicts who reached our shores about that time must have inculcated them with. It is comforting however to know that this sad infliction was only transitory, for on listening now to these same men, who are occupying prominent positions in every State of our Union, no trace of that strange malady can be detected in their speech.

But to my story — plain, unpretentious,

and soon told; for it has brevity as well as truth to recommend it.

Harry Collins was one of that genial, manly sort of men whose hand-grip invariably leaves one feeling stronger and better for the touch. Little children seldom turned away from him after glancing at his face, but were quick to make friends with him; and these little ones read more deeply than we give them credit for. He scattered kind words as well as kind deeds broadcast, though the larger portion fell to the share of those needing them the most, for he evinced rare detective ability in ferreting out cases of this nature.

Though he held for a long time undisputed the position of the unlucky man of the camp, there was still such a cheery ring to his voice and such a contagiously merry twinkle to his eye as he lightly dismissed your regrets at his ill success that you at once found yourself longing to change places with him. He had been captured and fleeced by mining sharps on his first arrival in the mines. Then came a swindling partner, who saddled an unjust debt upon him, which he saw no way of paying; for try ever so hard, Dame Fortune still fought shy of him. At work early and late honey-combing the earth, but always sinking his prospect-holes a short distance from the right spot—that told his story.

That his philosophy was a good kind to be stocked with, this incident will prove:—

“I declare, Harry, there should have been some pay gravel on that ledge,” said a friend to him one day, chancing along just as he was abandoning another claim he had wasted several days upon.

“There’s been carelessness somewheres then,” he replied pleasantly, “for you can see plainly it’s not there. But it’s only a question of time with me, and I’m both young and tough. I’m camping on its trail and am bound to come up with it. As it is I am much better off than some of my neighbors, for I did n’t come here as they seem to

have done, expecting to find rivers flowing bank-full of honey, fringed with trees breaking down with their loads of ripe, hot slap-jacks,” and the echo of his musical laugh over this conceit was eagerly taken up by the birds in the trees near by.

I had not made his acquaintance then, though I had often heard of him and his kind acts; and this is how I came to know him:—

The fire alarm was sounded fiercely one morning about sunrise, and in a few minutes thereafter all the claims for half a mile around were deserted by their owners, who were on hand aiding us splendidly in battling with the flames; and half an hour later cheer upon cheer went up from the crowd as it realized that the terrible fight was over and only the building in which the fire started had been consumed.

Those cheers however met no response in the breast of poor Mrs. Gibbons, who had just seen all her worldly effects swept away. A few months before, her husband had been sadly injured by a mining accident, and she now found herself homeless and penniless, crouching with him in the shelter of a friendly doorway with their frightened little ones clinging to her for protection.

The miners quite generally knew her history, but a single glance towards her now seemed to satisfy them fully, for they all went hurrying by, evidently having a little matter of business to attend to at once, and so had no time to spare for sympathetic words; for though none had seen the stranger there had just been a new arrival in our camp.

As the dense volume of smoke from the burning building went winging its way upward, it met a messenger earthward bound; and this messenger, taking on the form of a whisper, had instantly selected a fit agent to do its errand, the man’s rough garb and rougher ways not disguising his real worth. The whisper rose at once to the man’s lips and flew rapidly hither and thither, every heart welcoming it as a friend. Quickly,

as if by silent signal—for Mrs. Gibbons heard no word spoken—a general movement was in progress towards the lumber yard, and one of our leading carpenters was also seen hurrying that way, acting precisely as though he too had been summoned.

There were men present in that gathering who were well posted in parliamentary usages, but their knowledge slumbered for a time; for without any organizing at all the business of the meeting was commenced by one of them asking the carpenter:

“Don’t you know something about the house that’s just been burnt?”

“I built it,” was his terse reply.

“Good enough,” continued the spokesman heartily. “And now we want you to put its mate right on the same spot. See to it that it is properly furnished and have it all ready for poor Tom and his family to sleep in to-night.”

“You don’t know what you ask!” gasped the astonished mechanic. “Why, twenty men could n’t fill your order.”

“Would fifty come nearer to it then?” queried this rough diamond coolly.

The carpenter, having recovered from his first surprise, was quick to rise to “occasion’s height.” Turning to the proprietor of the yard he called out sharply:

“Trot your big delivery team around here on the double quick”; and evoked a ringing cheer from the men by saying to them confidently, “The keys will be ready for them by sunset”; then whispered a few instructions to his assistant, who hurried away; and stepping to the desk began making out his order.

Tom Gibbons, who knew nothing of this and was gazing disheartened on the smoking ruins and watching the flames as they broke out afresh for a moment here and there, had good reason for believing another fire had started near by when he heard the wild hurrahs of the hook and ladder boys as they came rushing towards him with almost frenzied speed. Filled with amazement he saw

them seize upon the smouldering embers of his home and drag them aside, uttering shouts the while which betokened much hearty enjoyment of their work. Men with shovels came hurrying in from all directions and aided in clearing off the ground. Then an express wagon dashed up, from which a chest of tools was hastily unloaded. Other wagons arrived in quick succession similarly laden—and hark! Fierce shouting and heavy rumbling is heard that causes the street to be promptly cleared of men and teams; for the ground was literally trembling beneath the tread of six powerful steaming horses that came galloping up with a huge load of lumber, hurrying as though they were bringing fuel to keep the flames aglow and the salvation of the camp depended upon their getting in on time.

Seeing all this, Tom’s half-distracted wife was in a fair way to become wholly daft, when she found herself addressed by some happy-faced women who came to tell her of what one heeded whisper had done and was doing for her, and to take charge of her and her family until nightfall. As they led her away her happy tears did not blind her to the fact that her new home was already assuming shape; and the shouting of the men combined with the din the hammers and saws were making, was the sweetest music she had heard since her wedding day.

In the meantime the purse drill of the grey shirt brigade was in progress at the lumber yard. Kind reader, have you ever seen a company of miners going through that drill when a cry of suffering reached them, which a little gold dust would quiet? If not, you have missed a pleasant sight, for in some camps the boys became quite proficient at it through much practice. No turning of the back to you as the purse is slowly drawn, as sometimes occurs, and then much searching with finger and thumb until a piece large enough to tide over the occasion or to soothe the owner’s conscience is found; but the fat little buckskin purses, looking like

merry imps, are staring you square in the face. Notice, too, how tightly they are tied — no chance for the finest color to escape; and yet when the owner of the purse takes his turn in front of the scales, he scarcely seems to touch the strings ere the purse is wide open. I assure you I never in a single instance heard of a knot in a miner's purse string at such a time. And then the golden stream flows out unchecked, in each grain of which comfort and healing for some needy one is stored.

"An ounce apiece will do, I guess — if not, we'll go again," said our self-elected chairman, after making a rough count of the number present; and as I had been chosen treasurer, I was kept busy for some time weighing out ounce after ounce from the purses crowded upon me — the business being much expedited however by my taking the advice of some one who called to me, "No balancing, but down weight!" a motion seconded by the entire throng.

Now you must not imagine I have lost sight of my friend Harry, for he has been in my mind all the time, even as he lingered in the room that day although I felt positive he had nothing at all to give. But after the crowd passed out, he stepped up and handing me the flattest little purse I ever saw in use, tried to gloss over his regrets with a jest by saying, "The elephant was not satisfied with stepping on it, you see; he laid down and rolled on it a while."

I took the purse hesitatingly, but knowing a refusal was out of the question, I said, "We already have plenty, Harry, but to give you an interest in the new house I will season this with some of your gold." And scattering as little as I possibly could from his purse over the dust before me, I handed it back to him.

He instantly stopped my hand, and with a tremor in his voice said, "No, no! I want you to empty it, and I am sorry there is so little, but please turn the purse and

shake it — the dust sticks in the seams sometimes."

A short speech, but one that gave me the full stature of the man. True, his contribution would have made but a sorry showing when weighed in the mechanically perfect scales that guard the approaches to the vaults of our mint. But I have heard there are balances elsewhere so beautifully and marvelously adjusted that the wish accompanying the gift and not the gift itself finds weight in them; a pitying glance or kind word outbalancing the miser's death-released hoard. What if his offering has found its way to them?

Thereafter I claimed him as my friend; and though his bad luck continued, his manly independence checked me from claiming a friend's privileges. To prove that it really was bad luck, and not mismanagement in his case, I will cite the following incident:—

The water ditch broke one night a full mile from his claim, and the runaway stream picked its way carefully around the neighboring claims, not damaging them a cent's worth, only to expend all its fury upon his, leveling it up with debris beneath which his sluices were hopelessly buried. But he had become so accustomed to set-backs of every kind that when he came upon the claim he seemed the least concerned over the accident of any present.

"It was a mean claim to work, anyhow," he said, "and if I had stuck to it it would quite likely have run me into debt for water; while now it is in splendid condition for laying up, as no one is likely to jump it. And so I'm going to treat myself to a holiday by going prospecting once more." And he started off whistling a merry tune.

At the foot of the gulch on which his cabin was situated lived a Mrs. Hanson, a kind-hearted, lovable little woman, who since she became a widow had supported herself and child by the fairly lucrative though slavish business of managing a miner's laundry.

On the morning last mentioned she had sent May, who was a great favorite of Harry's, up to his cabin on an errand, and the child found him just sitting down to breakfast. I think it likely she carried back to her mother a faithful account of the poverty of his meal; at all events, he was much in the widow's thoughts that day, and for all she was familiar with the story of his persistent ill luck, she had not thought of his being reduced to so low an ebb as she now knew existed.

"Actually starving up there in that lone cabin," she reflected, "and yet always wearing the same bright and cheerful look! And to think of the many kind, neighborly acts he has found time to do for me and May; always doing them, too, in a way that seemed to put the sense of obligation upon his side!" And ere the widow realized what had happened she found her heart was in a fierce stage of siege, and liable to capitulate at any moment to the storming party, which was peering over its ramparts and demanding unconditional surrender.

Having thus taken you into my confidence, it will not be the surprise to you that it was to Harry that a savory smell pervaded the vicinity of his cabin that evening on his return from his long day's work, which instantly carried him back to the old home kitchen where the dear mother once presided. Nervously pushing open the rude door, which had never been considered worthy a fastening of any kind, he found he had not been misled by his imagination. His cabin had certainly just been invaded; for there set out invitingly before him was a steaming hot supper, quite different in its make-up and service from any he had ever before encountered in the mines. And as he turned quickly towards the door and glanced down the hill, he caught sight of little May running fleetly towards her home.

"Consuming the widow's substance!" was his first thought as he looked again at the table; but being half-famished he de-

cided to postpone all arguments with his pride on that point until after supper; and I would not venture to say how many wondrous castles he built that evening, in each one of which the self-same woman presided as its queen.

I met him early on the following morning, and he told me he was on his way to follow up some encouraging prospects he had found the day before. When our ways separated he called out to me confidently, "Be prepared to hear of my striking it rich, for I feel in every breath I draw that I have reached the turning in the long lane of the proverb."

We had been walking along a steep hillside, on a trail I had paced daily for months; and as he turned to leave me he sprang, or rather attempted to spring, over a cut six or seven feet deep, which a recent break in the water ditch had made there. But the ground caved beneath his vigorous tread and he disappeared from sight, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

He was quick to join heartily in the laugh his harmless mishap provoked; and as he began picking idly in the bottom of the cut he called out to me:

"This is a capital place for a lazy prospector to kill time in; so I might as well work here as anywhere."

Feeling sure he only intended to remain until he could go on unobserved to some new claim he had partly prospected, I left him.

But the word amazement feebly expresses my feelings, when on my return about sunset I saw a windlass in position over the cut, and the pile of fresh dirt there told of a big day's work having been done. And I was completely at sea for some moments when I found the dirt consisted of as handsome pay gravel as ever gladdened a miner's heart.

Harry heard my voice and came nimbly up the rope, his face radiant with a look of triumph; and after dismissing his assistant, he mystified me somewhat by saying:

"I can now pay for my suppers before I eat them, and am just the happiest man on this whole wide earth."

But I let his remark pass without comment, for I was anxious to impart some pleasant news to him, and I think he noticed I was a trifle excited as I said:

"Harry, do you know what you have done today?"

Though puzzled by my manner he answered readily:

"Yes, I think I realize it fully; by a lucky tumble, I have found a curious little deposit of pay gravel that will make this by far my best day's work in the mines."

"Excellent as far as it goes," I said, grasping his hand. "Now let me ask you another question. Have you ever heard of the old Manzanita claim?"

"Certainly," he replied calmly: "the claim that enriched so many and then the channel was lost." And as he read in my eyes the secret that was agitating me so, the possibilities of which his own words had just suggested to him, the full import of his day's work flashed blindingly upon him.

With what calmness I could assume I continued:—

"Yes, it was lost, completely lost, though many, myself amongst them, searched sharply for it. The last sink ever worked in that claim, and the richest one of all, was just below this point, and numerous drifts have been run into the hillside by the searchers; but only high, barren ledge was everywhere found, which none of us thought of sinking through. For we did not suspect—what your day's work plainly proves—that this is but a landslide, beneath which the lost 'Manzanita' has been safely hidden, waiting for you to claim it."

It was pleasant to see his great happiness, now that his changed circumstances stood sharply outlined before him. But no word escaped him, and I knew I should please him best by leaving him to his thoughts—

fully as happy as he was, I verily believe, for I was thinking of the dozens upon dozens of times that little flat purse would now be filled by the treasure flowing in upon him.

Those who a few days later served him in the town thought, not without reason, that he was in a somewhat extravagant mood even though he did own the best claim in the camp; for nothing on the trader's shelves that took his fancy seemed too high-priced for him. Singular purchases too were most of them for a miner living alone with neither kith nor kin to share them.

Not singular, either, were his actions when compared with those of the driver of the express wagon to whom these things had been entrusted. For when he reached the gulch at the head of which Harry's cabin stood, he decided not to make that long climb with such a load, and so in silence and with an air of much mystery, he piled the assorted merchandise unobserved upon the porch of Mrs. Hanson's house, and then drove carefully away with never a creak or jar to betray his presence to any one, and looking all the time so pleased one might have thought he had only been obeying instructions and by so doing had earned a royal fee.

And all the while the widow, who had heard nothing of Harry's good luck, was sitting there within, quite likely thinking of him at that very time—possibly wondering if he was offended at the liberty she had taken in introducing that supper surreptitiously into his cabin, for he had not once been near her since.

About this time an inquisitive zephyr out for a frolic came spinning aimlessly along, and finding some oddly shaped bundles lying there began investigating them, in doing which it rolled one partly over; then carrying a suspicion of the rattling of paper to the ears of the lady within, it hurried on out of the open window of her room and enfolding

a passing butterfly in its invisible arms went whirling away with it in a giddy dance far above the tree tops.

The next moment Mrs. Hanson was standing outside and with feelings more readily imagined than described, was gazing upon the gifts that had come to her so silently. She glanced eagerly in all directions for some solution of the mystery, but no person was to be seen until May came in sight around a turn in the road, running wildly towards her home; and all other feelings giving place to fears for her darling's safety she hastened to meet her.

She, however, quickly saw it was not danger that was spurring the little one on thus, for her face was all aglow with a happy excitement, which only welcome news could awaken; for May had heard at school of Harry's good fortune and she had instantly recalled the promise he one day made her that when his ship came in its captain would bring to her as handsome a doll as ever strayed into the mines. So it would have been strange if she had loitered any on the way after school was dismissed. But her mother's bewilderment was increased a hundred-fold when the child, catching sight of the goods on the porch, called out exultantly, "I knew the doll would be here because he promised it!" And running up the steps she instinctively grasped the bundle containing it and went dancing around with her treasure, fairly wild with joy; for she found it far more beautiful and accomplished than any she had ever before seen or even dreamed of, "with real eyes and hair that open and shuts," she told her mother — not noticing the slip, for at that instant her new companion fairly paralyzed her with astonishment by addressing her affectionately as "Pa-pa!" in response to her caress.

Little by little Mrs. Hanson obtained from May the full story of her neighbor's recent success. But it did not bring the unmixed happiness to her that the child supposed it would. Glad for him? Yes,

truly, as glad as glad could be; but she was thinking of how suddenly acquired wealth was apt to create more gulfs between old friends than it ever bridged. And even as she looked at the cabin on the ridge in which she could see Harry moving around, it appeared more distant from her than it had ever seemed before.

But she had a duty to perform. These gifts of his were to settle all scores between them, and as her child was impatient to run up there to see him, she would send him a formal note earnestly congratulating and thanking him, and wishing him great happiness. Then to her weary work once more, and away and forever with all foolish dreaming.

But dreams will come, and who shall say them nay? They enter our most secret chambers at will, and death alone can effectually bar the door against them. They came in throngs to Mrs. Hanson's pillow that very night, and every one was welcome.

For Harry had stood by her side before she slept, and had spoken his little piece, telling her some things that both surprised and pleased her. For how was she to have guessed that the old log cabin had long been a watch tower, and its occupant a faithful sentinel, standing guard over her in secret, that no harm of any kind should come to her in her lonely home. What else but this, he asked, could have caused him to live apart from his companions and turn hermit as he had done; ever loyal and true to her, but determined that until the fates were propitious and he could offer her a suitable home, no word should betray him.

And so as she glided swiftly amongst beautiful though unfamiliar scenes the live-long night, great joy and peace kept with her, for a new and restful feeling of being accompanied by a friendly presence on whose guidance she could safely rely, left her but little to wish for. At one time she knew her companion to be a powerful genie, on whose shoulder May sat gleefully perched,

while he waved a flaming scimitar protectingly over them and proclaimed himself their faithful slave. And then she knew she had been mistaken, for it was only a magician's wand he waved, on which some cabalistic golden letters were inscribed, at the sight of which all abjectly bent the knee, much as we see them do on earth sometimes.

And at last when daylight came creeping into her room, and habit called her back from the shadowy land to resume her tasks,

she knew it was a new day in very truth that was dawning upon her, and that it was a new world and as beautiful as dreamland that the sun was investing in his golden harness; for the eyes of that wonderful genie seemed still to be looking into hers, and his wand was still waving before and over her, though the strange letters thereon, which had evoked such universal homage, now took on familiar shapes and resolved themselves into the musical little word "Manzanita."

W. S. Hutchinson.

THE POET'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The round earth bears him without pay,
 Heaven brings sweet air to breathe,
 Unto his brain each dying day
 Soft slumber doth bequeathe;
 Clear water runs in the mountain stream,
 And the sun gives glow, and star gives gleam.

O tiller of the wheat-land, give—
 O miller by the brook-strand, give—
 O shepherd, of thy fleeces give
 The little that he needs to live.

He will never do ye wrong,
 But pay in ringing gold of song.

E. R. Sill.

ILLUSION.

Dainty Buttercup, my bird,
 Dances at the mirror, stirred
 By an ecstasy of song;
 Tosses wing, pipes loud and long;
 For this new mate, breast to breast,
 Seems of golden birds the best.

Ah, my foolish little love,
 Just such fantasy doth move
 Your sweet spirit, when you find
 Treasure in my heart or mind;
 'Tis not anything in me—
 'Tis your image that you see.

E. R. Sill.

EVEN THERE.

A troop of babes in Summer-Land,
At heaven's gate — the children's gate :
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,
Then turns and dimpling, asks her mate, —

“What was the last thing that you saw?”
I lay and watched the dawn begin,
And suddenly, thro' the thatch of straw,
A great, clear morning-star laughed in.”

“And you?” “A floating thistle-down,
Against June sky and cloud-wings white.”

“And you?” “A falling blow, a frown —
It frights me yet ; oh, clasp me tight !”

“And you?” “A face thro' tears that smiled” —
The trembling lips could speak no more ;
The blue eyes swam ; the lonely child
Was homesick even at heaven's door.

E. R. Sill.

DIARY OF H. W. BIGLER IN 1847 AND 1848.

[HENRY W. BIGLER, one of the laborers employed on Sutter and Marshall's sawmill at Coloma in January, 1848, when gold was found there, is the person to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of the precise date of the discovery. He was the only one who made a written record of the event on the day of its occurrence; the only one present who wrote an account of the discovery (Marshall's story having been written by others); and the only person present who kept a diary with numerous entries. He had previously been a private soldier in the Mormon Battalion which enlisted in Missouri in June, 1846, for one year to aid

in the conquest of California, and marched through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona to San Diego, during the greater portion of their service under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, First Dragoons, U. S. A. The battalion, numbering five hundred men, crossed the Colorado River on January 10th, 1847, and was mustered out at Los Angeles on July 16th, 1848. Some re-enlisted, others found employment as laborers in California, and the remainder went to Salt Lake. Among those of the second class was Bigler, who entered the service of John A. Sutter of Sutter's Fort, on the

15th September, and on the 27th of the same month went with James W. Marshall to work on the sawmill of Sutter and Marshall at Coloma, where he remained till June 17th, 1848, when he started for Salt Lake.

That portion of his diary kept during his stay in California, with some explanatory notes added in 1887, has a permanent historical interest, and a copy of it as revised by John S. Hittell at Mr. Bigler's request, has been placed in the archives of the Society of California Pioneers, and is now given to our readers in print.]

Sunday, January 10th, 1847.—Began to ferry our baggage across the Colorado River in wagon boxes; and at the same time a number of soldiers were detailed to gather mezquite beans for mule feed.

Jan. 11th.—Completed the ferrying. Marched 15 miles. Several teams gave out. At camp an old well was dug deeper, and a new well dug before we could get water.

Jan. 12th.—Two more wagons were abandoned in consequence of the mules giving out. Marched 10 miles.

Jan. 13th.—Marched 15 miles. Camped at a dry well in which we found 4 dead wolves. After digging this well deeper, and digging a new one, we had a good supply of water.

Jan. 14th.—Twenty-four men with picks and shovels were sent ahead under Lieutenant Stoneman [George Stoneman, since General and Governor of California], and Weaver, our chief guide, to dig wells. The battalion marched 15 miles, and camped without water.

Jan. 15th.—Started at sunrise and marched 10 miles to Stoneman's camp. There was very little water. Here we met a party of native Californians and Indians with mules and beeves for the battalion. The Colonel ordered one of the beeves to be slaughtered and cooked, so that we should be on the road again within an hour and a

half. Our flour, salt, sugar, and coffee being exhausted, we thought one beef insufficient for a hungry battalion. The mules had never been broken, and there was a lively time when they were harnessed in, but the soldiers and the vaqueros with their lassoes enjoyed the fun, and the poor mules had to submit. We marched until dark, and camped without water.

Jan. 16th.—Started again at midnight, and marched until 3 P. M., after traveling 50 or 60 miles without water, over a very sandy road, and under a hot sun. Twenty of the mules gave out, and were left to take care of themselves. There was much suffering among the men also, on account of hunger and thirst, having had nothing to eat for more than 24 hours. The first men to reach the water carried full canteens to their companions who had lain down exhausted by the roadside. All the men came in at last. One mule was lost with his pack.

Sunday, January 17th.—We marched 10 miles to a camp with abundant water. One of the beeves gave out, and some men who were too weak to keep up with the mass of the battalion killed it, roasted it, and prepared themselves to stay by the carcass, but were driven forward by the rear guard. They did not reach the camp till late in the night.

Jan. 18th.—Spent the day in camp, resting, washing and mending clothes, and cleaning guns. Some of the men had recovered so well from their recent exhaustion that they sang, fiddled, danced, and amused themselves by rolling immense bowlders down a steep hill side. Late in the evening an Indian brought a letter to our Colonel. Rumor in camp said it was from General Kearny, who has had a battle with the native Californians and has lost 15 or 20 of his men.

Jan. 19th.—A hard march. In one place we had to move large loose stones to make a road passable for wagons; at another

we took the wagons apart and carried them and their loads through a narrow, rocky channel. Today for the first time I saw wild sage brush. At dusk we camped on a mountain top without water, and with very little wood, though the night was cold. Our clothes are in tatters and our feet almost bare.

Jan. 20th. — Marched 12 miles. Camped in a beautiful valley near an Indian rancheria under large evergreen oak trees.

Jan. 21st. — Marched 10 miles to Warner's ranch, the first home of a white man seen in California. Mr. John J. Warner, a native of Maine, has 15 square leagues of land and 3000 head of cattle. Our Colonel having obtained some beeves from Warner, has ordered that every soldier shall have four pounds and a half daily, but it is flat eating without bread or salt.

Jan. 22d. — Rested in camp, under an evergreen oak so large that it sheltered the whole battalion. The circuit of its shadow was about a hundred yards. Half a mile away are warm springs where some of the men took a bath.

Jan. 23rd. — Marched from 8 A. M. until the afternoon, when a storm came on, and we camped in the midst of a fierce wind which blew down our tents.

Sunday, Jan. 24th. — Marched 2 miles in the storm, to some timber, in the shelter of which we camped. Several mules have died of cold and exhaustion. The men have suffered much with cold.

Jan. 25th. — Marched 15 miles, part of the way over muddy road. The weather is clear, and high mountains covered with snow are in sight. Camped in a very beautiful valley. An express messenger arrived today with orders from General Kearny that we shall march to San Diego where he now is. I have not been well for several days, and this afternoon, on account of weakness, I lagged behind resting occasionally and did not reach camp until after dusk.

Jan. 26th. — Marched to a creek, which

we forded, wetting our clothes. We then camped, made fires, and dried our clothes.

Jan. 27th. — Marched 18 miles, starting as usual at 8 o'clock. We passed through a beautiful valley, within a mile of the gleaming white walls of the mission of San Luis Rey, and crossed a hill, from the summit of which we saw the ocean about 5 miles distant. It was a novel sight to myself and many others, and the knowledge that we were near the end of our journey and that its hardships were at an end, filled us with joy.

Jan. 28th. — Marched 15 miles, over hills carpeted with green grass, wild oats, and white clover, with herds of cows, horses, and mules in sight in every direction.

Jan. 29th. — Reached San Diego Mission, where we are to go into quarters. The buildings are old and dilapidated.

Jan. 30th. — All hands went to work cleaning up the mission buildings for occupation. The mission has three vineyards and some olive and almond trees. The priests had apparently an abundance of wine and oil.

Sunday, Jan. 31st. — Several of our men visited the town of San Diego, 5 miles away. They reported seeing nothing of interest except two war vessels, a merchant vessel, and a small schooner in the harbor. They learned that the few soldiers in San Diego were receiving only one-fourth rations of flour; and that General Kearny had sailed for San Francisco. It is said that Captain Hunt of Company A wrote to General Kearny that the men of the Mormon Battalion are without clothes, shoes, salt, and all kinds of provisions save beef, and the General promised to do his best to furnish us with supplies.

Feb. 1st. — The battalion started this morning for San Luis Rey, where we are to go into quarters.

Feb. 2nd. — Continued our march.

Feb. 3rd. — Arrived at San Luis Rey about noon. The buildings are much larger

and in better condition than at San Diego.

Feb. 4th. — We have commenced cleaning up, and find the rooms here as at San Diego full of dirt and fleas. Attached to the mission is a vineyard and an orchard containing olive, peach, and other fruit trees.

Feb. 10th. — Having cleaned up, we were called out under an order requiring two hours of drill every day.

Sunday, Feb. 14th. — Lieutenant Oman with ten men was sent today to meet some native Californians near Los Angeles and help bring some flour to our quarters. We had preaching today by George P. Dykes, who took his text from the second chapter of Daniel. He was followed by Captain Jefferson Hunt, who exhorted us to be obedient to our officers and to God, and told us that our Colonel permitted us to hold services every Sunday and to invite strangers.

Feb. 18th. — After tattoo this evening, we had a religious meeting in Brother Albert Smith's room, where the brethren took turns washing each other's feet. By permission of the battalion adjutant, I copy the following order :

“ *Headquarters Mormon Battalion,*

“ *Mission of San Diego, Jan. 30th, 1847.*

“ ORDER NO. I.

“The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on its safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of their march of two thousand miles. History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where for want of water there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traveled them, we ventured into trackless prairies where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pickaxe in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seem to defy

ought save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chain of living rocks more narrow than our wagons, to bring these first wagons to the Pacific Coast.¹ We have preserved the strength of our animals by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss.

“The garrisons of four presidios of Sonora, concentrated within the walls of Tucson, gave us no pause. We drove them out with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country.

“Arrived at the first settlement, after a single day's rest, you cheerfully turned off from the route to this point of promised repose, to enter upon a campaign and meet as we supposed the approach of the enemy, and this too without salt to season your sole subsistence of fresh meat. Lieutenants A. J. Smith and George Stoneman of the 1st Dragoons, have shared and given valuable aid in all these labors. Thus, volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of volunteers.

“But much remains undone. Soon you will turn your attention to the drill, to system and to order, to forms also, which are necessary to the soldier.

“By order

“ *Lieut. Col. P. St. George Cooke.*
“ *P. C. Merrill, Adjutant.*”

Feb. 19th. — Today Lieutenant Oman returned to camp with a ton of coarse, unbolted California flour; and yesterday 30 bushels of beans were obtained.

Feb. 22nd. — An Indian herding our horses and mules was attacked by some native Californians today, and seriously wounded in the head.

Feb. 23rd. — A fine lot of horses was

¹ This is a mistake, wagons had previously been taken to California by way of the Platte, Humboldt, and Truckee Rivers, and also to Oregon. — J. S. H.

brought in by some native Californians today for the dragoons, who are also quartered here.

Feb. 26th. — Several wagons laden with flour, pork, sugar, and coffee arrived for us from San Diego.

Sunday, Feb. 28th. — Lieutenant Thompson was sent out with 10 men and mules to bring in the wagons left in the desert. Colonel Cooke called out the battalion today for drill and inspection. This is one of his days for such business.

March 2nd. — An Indian child died today from the bite of a rattlesnake. The 8 bells of the mission were rung at the same time for the funeral.

Sunday, March 14th. — A messenger arrived from General Kearny with orders that one company of the Mormon Battalion should go to San Diego as a garrison of the post, in place of a company of regulars, who are to be stationed in Los Angeles.

March 15th. — Company B, including myself, started for San Diego. Marched 14 miles, much of the distance through luxuriant wild oats.

March 16th. — Marched 24 miles.

March 17th. — Started early and at 10 o'clock reached San Diego. Last night two of our company, who had gone with Lieutenant Thompson reached our camp. They had brought in only one wagon. The other had been burned, perhaps by Indians.

March 18th. — The quarters here are not so good as at San Luis Rey. Eighteen men including myself, under a sergeant, were detailed to take charge of the fort on the hill, a quarter of a mile from town. The fort made by the marines has a circular wall of 70 large wine casks filled with dirt, a ditch outside of the wall, and seven cannon placed so as to command the town and adjacent country. A building to accommodate the garrison has a swivel gun on the roof.

March 25th. — Some of the boys fished

today with hooks in the bay and caught a good lot of fish.

March 26th. — The war-ship *Savannah* left the harbor today for New York, firing a parting salute of 4 guns, which we heard distinctly though she was 5 miles off.

March 29th. — A vessel with a cargo of merchandise entered the harbor today. It is said she is from Denmark.

April 2d. — Rumor says that General Taylor with 4000 men defeated Santa Ana with 10,000.

Sunday, April 4th. — Elder William Hyde, our sergeant, preached today. Many of the citizens, and officers, and sailors of the vessels in the harbor were present. The text was Luke xiv. 16, 17.

April 5th. — Spent the day mending my ragged clothes. Made a pair of trousers out of old sail duck.

April 8th. — The ship *Barnstable* from San Francisco brought 40 barrels of flour for Company B, and instructions from Colonel Cooke to our captain to give us full rations of flour and a pound and a half of beef daily.

April 14th. — Mr. Beckworth, a marine of the U. S. frigate *Congress*, was baptized today by Elder Garner, probably the first baptism in California of a Mormon convert. Commodore Stockton commands the *Congress*.

April 15th. — Our men being without clothes or money to buy them, cut up tents for shirts and trousers.

April 16th. — A mail arrived from San Francisco with news that a regular mail to make the round trip in 14 days has been established between that place and this. The distance is about 500 miles.

April 28th. — A man begging in the streets today says he was one of Fremont's men, and has been in the mountains for 7 years. He has a disabled shoulder, and a wound in his head, and is a pitiful sight. Some of our men recognized him as one of the mob

who shot down 18 or 19 of our brethren in the Haun's mill massacre in Missouri. He acknowledged that he was one of the mob, and begged to be forgiven.

Sunday, May 2d.—The mail from the north brings a report that the companies of our battalion stationed at Los Angeles are making cartridges to be prepared for an attack by 300 or 400 of Fremont's men who have sworn that they will kill every Mormon.

May 3d.—Major McCloud arrived, and we drew six months' pay, \$42 each.

May 4th.—The Haun's mill beggar was convicted today of stealing a pocket knife.

May 6th.—News that the Americans have taken Vera Cruz.

May 10th.—I went with some of our men 6 miles into the country to cut cordwood for burning bricks. Our wages are \$2 a day.

Sunday, May 16th.—The mail from Monterey brings news that General Kearny and Colonel Cooke start tomorrow for Washington.

May 26th.—We began to purchase and break wild horses and mules, to be used in our projected journey to Salt Lake. The price for the horses was from \$3 to \$7; of the mules from \$9 to \$15.

Sunday, May 30th.—A letter from San Francisco announces that Sam Brannan has gone to meet the immigrants coming overland; and that our brethren who arrived in California by the ship Brooklyn have planted 145 acres in wheat besides some Indian corn and potatoes to feed the new comers.

June 21st.—The ship Vandalia sailed for Boston, with a mail on which I have sent letters to friends in the States. Today I worked at digging a well, our captain having permitted his men to take such jobs.

June 23d.—Colonel Stevenson arrived. He wants Company B to re-enlist for six or twelve months more.

June 24th.—Seventeen of our men enlisted under Stevenson.

June 25th.—Worked in a well.

June 28th.—Worked in a well.

June 29th.—Worked as hodman.

June 30th.—Bought a pack-saddle.

Sunday, July 4th.—Our fort fired a national salute. Our garrison then marched into town, saluted our officers with musketry, and gave three cheers for San Diego. The citizens brought out wine and brandy, more than we wanted. The day passed splendidly. Orders were issued that our company should get ready to march within four days to Los Angeles, there to be discharged with the remainder of the battalion on the 16th inst.

July 5th.—All save those who re-enlisted, engaged in making bridles, saddles, and other things in preparation for our departure. The citizens of San Diego and vicinity have expressed a wish that we would all re-enlist. They would rather have us than the dragoons or marines who were here before us. They have found that the Mormons are peaceful, quiet, industrious, and a benefit to the town. One of the leading citizens said that when he heard the Mormon Battalion was coming to San Diego, he feared to stay with his family, for he had heard they were very bad people, would steal everything they could lay their hands on, and would make trouble among the women; but in his observation of their conduct, he had seen nothing to justify such accusations.

July 8th.—Four masons of our company finished the brick work of a building to be used for a courthouse and schoolhouse; and they had previously burned a kiln of 4,000 bricks for Don Juan Bandini. Others of our company dug wells, walled them with brick, paved yards, made pumps, and did carpenter work on many houses. After the mason work of the courthouse, the first house of burned brick in California, was finished, the citizens gave a banquet to our company with an abundance to eat and drink.

July 9th. — At 9 A. M. we started for Los Angeles.

July 13th. — Marched 20 miles, passing the mission of San Juan Capistrano.

July 15th. — Arrived at Los Angeles.

July 16th. — The battalion was mustered out.

July 19th. — The battalion was paid off. We were solicited to re-enlist, and enough complied to make up a company. They elected Daniel C. Davis to be captain, and were sent to garrison San Diego.

July 20th. — The discharged members of the battalion held a meeting and organized companies for the journey to Salt Lake, with chiefs of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens. I became one of the ten pioneers who were to go in advance, find roads, and select camp grounds.

July 21st. — We started following the Los Angeles River. One year ago we began our march westward from Council Bluffs.

July 22d. — Traveled about 15 miles, passing the mission of San Fernando. We bought fruit and wine of General Andres Pico, who afterwards visited our camp. He was handsome, well dressed, and affable.

July 23d. — We crossed the San Fernando mountain by a very steep trail.

July 24th. — Traveled a few miles and camped at the ranch in the cañon of San Francisco, where we are to wait till the others come up.

July 25th. — Bought 45 head of cattle at \$6 each for beef.

July 28th. — Left the San Francisco ranch and found our cattle very wild and troublesome to drive. In crossing a mountain covered with chaparral, 15 escaped from us.

July 29th. — Traveled 15 miles and lost 3 more cattle.

July 30th. — Killed our cattle and dried our meat on scaffolds over fires.

July 31st. — The pioneers went in advance and left the others to finish the curing of the beef. We camped in a cañon, near a tree in which was cut the inscription,

"Peter Le Beck, killed by a bear, Oct. 17th, 1837." Near by were the skull and bones of a bear.

Sunday, Aug. 1st. — We reached a lake. Antelope are abundant, and also mosquitoes.

Aug. 2nd. — Traveled 2 miles to find a better camp where we will wait for the others of our party. Elk as well as antelope abundant.

Aug. 3rd. — The whole party being together we followed the shore of the lake to a river.

Aug. 4th. — We traveled up the south bank of the river 8 miles and then crossed it.

Aug. 5th. — Traveled 25 miles and camped in a cañon, where water was so scarce that much of the night was spent in watering our horses.

Aug. 6th. — Another day of travel in hills.

Aug. 7th. — About 25 miles in the hills.

Aug. 8th. — Traveled 6 miles.

Aug. 9th. — Traveled about 25 miles to a river.

Aug. 10th. — Made a raft on which we transported our baggage across the river.

Aug. 11th. — Traveled 28 miles across a dry plain, suffering much with heat and thirst. I was the first to reach water, and thought I should certainly die on the way. We camped on a river.

Aug. 12th. — Captain Everett of the pioneers went to seek for Walker's Pass, but having no guide and no good map, he could not find the way to it, and sent word to us to travel 10 miles up the river where he would meet us.

Aug. 13th. — We traveled 10 miles up the river and then by Captain Everett's advice we decided to give up the idea of Walker's Pass and go by Sutter's Fort.

Aug. 14th. — We traveled down the river, crossed it, and camped on its bank.

Sunday, Aug. 15th. — Traveled 25 miles in a N. W. direction to another river about 100 yards wide.

Aug. 16th. — Traveled 15 miles.

Aug. 17th. — Traveled 22 miles.

Aug. 18th. — Traveled 25 miles to a camp on the bank of the San Joaquin River. Elk and antelope nearly always in sight. Wolves so tame that they allow us to pass within a few feet of them.

Aug. 19th. — Traveled 22 miles.

Aug. 20th. — Traveled past corn fields and melon patches cultivated by Indians, and camped on the bank of the Merced River.

Aug. 21st. — Traveled 12 miles. Four men sent ahead to Sutter's Fort to make arrangements for getting horses, mules, provisions, and so forth.

Sunday, Aug. 22nd. — Traveled 20 miles. At noon bought some green corn and melons from Indians.

Aug. 23rd. — A short day's journey on account of bad road.

Aug. 24th. — Made 18 miles to a river [probably the Cosumnes], where we found several American families. They told us that the twelve apostles with 300 pioneers had reached Salt Lake Valley, and that 500 wagons were close behind them. This was good news for us: it was our first definite information about the location of the Church.

Aug. 25th. — Made 20 miles to the American River, which we struck about a mile and a half above Sutter's Fort.

Aug. 26th. — Remained in camp while Captain Everett went to Sutter's Fort.

Aug. 27th. — The pioneers traveled 18 miles, leaving the most of the company in camp. Some decided to remain in California till next spring working for Sutter, who offers from \$25 to \$40 a month wages.

Aug. 28th. — Today I am 32 years old. I am grateful to an all-wise Providence that my health is good, that I am on my way home, and that everything is as well with me as it is. We traveled till 2 P. M., and camped at Johnson's settlement on Bear Creek.

Sunday, Aug. 29th. — Traveled 18 miles in the Sierra Nevada. A little rain, the first for months.

Aug. 30th. — Thunder and a little rain. We made 15 miles.

Aug. 31st. — Made 15 miles.

Sept. 1st. — Made 12 miles to Bear Valley. Near our camp we found two abandoned wagons.

Sept. 2d. — Remained in camp to let our animals rest and feast on the abundant wild pea vines.

Sept. 3d. — Crossed a high mountain ridge and camped on a creek. We found a grave with a head-board bearing the inscription, "Smith. Died Oct. 7th, 1846." We passed an abandoned wagon.

Sept. 4th. — Passed several small lakes.

Sunday, Sept. 5th. — Crossed the main summit of the Sierra Nevada, reached the Truckee River, and passed a cabin in and near which we found several human skeletons.¹

Sept. 6th. — Had not traveled far when we met Sam Brannan, who told us that Captain Brown was near by with his detachment on the way to Monterey to get their discharge; and that the Captain had private letters, and an epistle from the heads of the Church to the boys of the battalion. We turned back, as our camp of last night was better than any to be found ahead of us. Sam Brannan says the Salt Lake country is no place to live and he thinks the Mormon Church will be established in California.

Sept. 7th. — The rear of our company came up, and Captain Brown arrived. Nearly every man had at least one letter. Most had good news; others were saddened by the loss of parent, wife, or child. Captain Brown read the epistle, which advised all who had no family in Salt Lake and no considerable stock of provisions, to work in California through the winter, so that they could come on with plenty in the spring. Brigham Young with 143 pioneers arrived in the valley on the 24th of July, and after selecting a place for settlement, they had been busy plowing, planting, and making

¹ This was one of the cabins of the Donner party.—*J. S. H.*

adobes. Provisions were scarce and the Saints were living on half-rations. Today some of our party while hunting found a shanty with the remains of several human bodies with ribs sawn off, skulls sawn open, and legs cut off, showing cannibalism.¹

Sept. 8th. — About thirty of our party, including myself, following the advice of the epistle from the heads of the Church, gave our hands and parting blessings to the others who went forward, while we returned to California.

Sept. 11th. — Passed the grave of "Ann West, aged 62 years."

Sept. 14th. — Reached our old campground near Sutter's Fort about noon. Three of our party went to see Captain Sutter, who said he would employ all of us on the flour mill which he wanted to build.

Sept. 15th. — We made a bargain with Capt. Sutter. He is to pay our wages in money, furnish us with provisions (we to do our own cooking), and take charge of our animals. This afternoon we moved to the mill site, six miles above the Fort.

Sept. 17th. — This morning all except our cooks were at work on the race with plows, scrapers, shovels and spades, and ox teams. Our bargain was that we should receive 12½ cents a yard, and we found in the evening that each man had earned \$1.50.

Sept. 27th. — While we were at dinner James W. Marshall came to our house and said that he was a partner with Sutter in building a sawmill up in the mountains on the South Fork of the American River, and he wanted four of us to go up there with him. Israel Evans, Azariah Smith, William Johnson, and I, of our battalion, and Charles Bennett lately from Oregon, went with him, traveling with an ox team.

Sept. 29th. — We arrived at his mill site, where we found several members of our battalion who had been working for Sutter since August. The only house was a double log cabin one end of which was oc-

cupied by Peter L. Weimer, whose wife, the only white woman here, does the cooking for the mill hands. The work to be done consists in getting out mill timbers, erecting the building, making a dam, and digging a race.

Nov. 6th. — I rested from my work today and went out with my gun to look for my horse, found him and also found a large black-tailed deer within reach of my bullet. An Indian with me carried it to the camp.

Nov. 15th. — I have spent much of my time in hunting, for which Marshall pays the same wages as for work at the mill, and he sends an Indian with me to carry home my deer. Sutter had neglected to send provisions and we should have been on short allowance but for my game.

Jan. 1st, 1848. — All hands worked on the mill dam, which is built of brush.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd. — We have had much rain of late, and last week we built a cabin near the mill. Today four of us moved in to it.

Jan. 24th. — This day some kind of metal that looks like gold was found in the tail race.

Sunday, Jan. 30th. — Clear and has been all the week. Our metal has been tried and proved to be gold. It is thought to be rich. We have picked up more than a hundred dollars' worth last week.

Sunday, Feb. 6th. — Today Barger and I visited the creek opposite to the mill to look for gold. I found \$6 worth.

Feb. 12th. — This afternoon I did not work, being tired and not very well. I took my pan and went down the creek pretending to hunt for ducks, but in reality to look for gold. About half a mile down the creek I discovered some rock on the opposite side that indicated gold. I took off my shirt and pants, crossed over and soon picked up \$21.50 worth lying in the seams of the rock. What is worst of it all is that it is on Sutter and Marshall's claim, for after the gold was found in the mill tail, they leased a large

¹ Another remnant of the Donner tragedy. — J. S. H.

scope of land from the Indians, and have sent to the Governor to have it secured. I cannot get a claim on the land.

Sunday, Feb. 13th.—Spent most of the day looking for gold. Found \$8 worth.

Feb. 14th.—Raining. We did not work on the mill. I spent the fore part of the day mending my pants. In the afternoon I went to my mine and picked up \$7 worth.

[*Note by H. W. B., 1887:—*

Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to give some additional particulars, which are as fresh in my memory as though they happened last week. The men working at the mill were Alexander Stevens, James S. Brown, James Barger, Wm. Johnston, Azariah Smith, and myself, all of the Mormon Battalion, besides James W. Marshall, Peter L. Weimer, Charles Bennett, and Wm. Scott. Before New Year's day the dam was completed, and the race was nearly finished. Some Indians under the superintendence of Weimer worked in the race, and every afternoon, Marshall went to see how they were getting along. They made slow progress because they struck the bed-rock, a rotten granite.

On January 24th while looking at the race, through which a little water was running, he saw something yellow on the bed-rock. He sent an Indian to Brown for a plate, whereupon Brown said, I "wonder what Marshall wants with a tin plate." Just before we quit work for the day Marshall came up and told us he believed he had found a gold mine. Nothing more was then said on the subject, as no one considered the matter worthy of attention. In the evening he again came round to our shanty, and began talking about the gold he had found in the lower end of the tail-race. He had tried to melt it and could not. He thought it must be gold. He requested Brown and me to shut off the water in the morning and throw some sawdust, rotten leaves and dirt above

the gate, so as to fill the cracks, and prevent any leakage, so that he could examine the bottom of the race.

The next morning Brown and I obeyed his orders and then went to breakfast, while Marshall was walking along the bank of the race. We had returned to work at the mill, when Marshall came up with a gleaming face and said, "Boys I have found a gold mine." And with that he set down his slouch hat, which he had been carrying in his hand, on a workbench. We all gathered round him, and then we saw perhaps a teaspoonful of gold dust, some particles as large as a grain of wheat, and others in small, thin scale in the crown of his hat. Azariah Smith took out a half-eagle, and we could see that there was a difference in color, and though none of us had seen virgin gold before, we all believed that Marshall was right. On his invitation we went with him to the race, and there we found small particles of the same metal in the crevices of the rock. Marshall requested us to say nothing about it until we should find the extent of the mine. After a little prospecting we all went back to our work. My task at the time was drilling a bowlder in the race for blast. Brown was whipsawing; Stevens was hewing timber with a broad axe; and Bennett, Scott, and Marshall were framing timbers. But from that time we had gold on the brain, and it was the chief subject of our thought and conversation.

As Sutter had failed to send provisions and some of the necessities of life were in very small stock with us, after several days Marshall went down to the Fort, taking some of the gold along. If my memory serves me right he was gone four days, and after his return, in reply to a question about the test he said with interlarded oaths as he often spoke, "O boys, it's the pure stuff. The old Cap [Sutter] and I locked ourselves up in a room and spent half a day trying. It agrees with all the encyclopedia says of gold. Aquafortis don't affect it. We bal-

anced some of it with silver and when we put the scales in water the gold went down and the silver"—here he gesticulated, raising one hand and lowering the other—"and that told the story. It's the pure stuff." He told us that Sutter would arrive in a few days to see for himself.

Several days after this conversation Marshall came to our shanty and told us that Sutter had arrived and was at the other house, and he added: "Now boys, we all have a little gold and I move that we all give some of it to Henry [myself] so that when he goes in the morning to shut off the water, he can sprinkle it on the bedrock where the old gentleman will find it when I take him down to the race; and he will get so excited that he will treat us all round out of the bottle he always carries with him." This suggestion was agreed to with a hearty laugh. The gold was contributed and put in the race before breakfast, and while we were still at the table in our shanty we saw the captain, a well dressed old gentleman, hobbling along with a cane between Marshall and Weimer. We went out; he shook hands with us all; spoke to all affably, and invited us to go with him prospecting. Just after he had given us this invitation, one of Weimer's little boys came running as fast as he could, and getting into the tail-race, ahead of us, picked up nearly every particle and then came to meet us, and exclaimed, holding out his open hand, with perhaps three ounces of gold, "See what I've got." Not one of us ventured to tell how the boy came to find so much. When Sutter saw what the boy had, he struck the ground with his cane emphatically, saying, "By Jove, it is rich!" We then went into the race where the captain had the pleasure of picking up some particles that the boy had overlooked. Sutter and Marshall soon afterwards called the Coloma Indians together and made an agreement with them to lease a tract ten or twelve miles square for three

years, the rent to be a supply of shirts, knives, handkerchiefs, meat, flour, and peas; and Sutter having brought such things with him, paid the first year's rent at that visit.

Feb. 21st.—Weather cloudy and cool. I harrowed in three acres of peas for Marshall. Wild flowers of many hues abundant.

Feb. 22d.—Snowed in the night, and the ground is white with snow. This morning I started out to hunt for ducks, but soon changed my notion, and made my way to my gold mine, wading the creek, which was cold and deep. After crossing, I found my feet were extremely cold, so I tried to strike a fire, but my hands were so benumbed I could not hold the flint and steel. I tried to catch fire from my gun, but my powder had got wet and I could not set her off. I was then obliged to dance and jump about, and while doing so could see the yellow pieces lying on the rocks. Finally I got warm, and when I returned to our castle in the evening I had \$22.50.

[*Note by H. W. B., 1887:—*

When I got home the boys wanted to know where my game was, and why I was out so late. They evidently suspected something, and I worried them for a while with evasive replies, and finally called for the scales and said we would weigh the game. We had made a pair of scales with wood and string, using a silver dollar for an ounce weight, and a half dollar for half an ounce. Gold was estimated to be worth \$16 an ounce. When the scales were ready, I pulled out one corner of my shirt-tail with a knot in it. This, when untied, yielded my yellow game, which was weighed by Stevens and declared to be worth \$22.50. This was the first gold they had seen coming from any place outside of the mill-race, and my success in mining filled them with astonishment and pleasure. They were so happy that they repeatedly burst out into loud roars of laughter, and I

laughed with them. They talked about quitting work in the mill, but decided not to do so, because it would be unfair to leave the job unfinished, and besides they were not sure they could do better at gold hunting. I had written to my friends at Sutter's Fort that gold had been found.]

Sunday, Feb. 27th.—I took the boys to my gold mine, but the river had risen so that the part of it where I got the gold on the 22nd was under water. However, five of us got nearly two ounces, and of this I picked up more than a third. Barger said Bigler could see gold where there was 'nt any. Three of the battalion boys arrived at our shanty from Sutter's Fort to see for themselves about the gold discovery of which I had written to them. Marshall was there when they came in and he sat till a late hour. He was in an excellent humor that evening, and as usual, a very entertaining companion. Hudson, one of the visitors, asked the privilege of prospecting in the tail-race the next morning, and it was granted. The next morning the three, Wilfred Hudson, Sidney Willis, and — Fifeild, went into the race and Hudson found a piece worth \$6. They sojourned with us till the 2nd March, and then returned to the Fort following the course of the river and hunting for gold along its banks. They found some at the place afterwards known as Mormon Island.

March 11th.—We started the sawmill this afternoon, and it was a success, and a great surprise to the Indians, one of whom when previously told by Brown that the mill would 'saw of itself, said it was a lie. He had helped Brown at the whipsaw and knew a saw would not go unless there was a man at the end of it. Now he lay on his belly for two hours watching the saw cutting boards much faster than any whipsaw, and finally got up, said it was *bueno*, and he wanted to learn to manage a sawmill.

March 12th.—The saw ran all day, but

the tail-race was not deep enough. There was so much back water about the wheel that the power was insufficient, so when the gate was shut down, it was with the order that it should not be raised till the tail-race should be deepened.

Sunday, March 19th.—All hands hunted for gold. I was the luckiest one, and found \$31. Last week we completed the tail-race and the saw did much better.

Sunday, March 26th.—All last week, I was busy teaching some Indians how to chop down trees for saw logs. They were anxious to learn, but awkward, and they cut some awful gashes in their feet and legs; and then looked at me as if I should have prevented them from wounding themselves. Today I found \$6 worth of gold.

Sunday, April 2d.—Clear and warm. Found a new place for gold, and got \$30.

April 7th.—Stevens, Brown, and I, saddled our horses and started for Sutter's Fort, for the purpose of settling with Sutter and arranging with the men of our battalion for the journey to Salt Lake. Having started late, we traveled only a few miles and camped in the mountains.

April 8th.—Arrived at the mill site near the fort and were told that Hudson and Willis had gone up the river to hunt for gold, where they found it before.

Sunday, April 9th.—The members of our battalion held a meeting and we resolved to be ready to start for Salt Lake on the 1st of June; excepting those who are to leave next Saturday with an express¹ for Salt Lake and perhaps for the Eastern States.

April 11th.—After dinner Brown and I started on our return trip and camped in the foothills.

April 12th.—In the morning while our horses were cropping the young grass, we prospected a ravine and got about \$10. Mounting our horses we followed up the

¹This express party was doubtless to carry the extra number of the *California Star* published at San Francisco in the latter part of March with a six-column article on "The Prospects of California" prepared for the purpose of attracting immigrants.—J. S. H.

river till we found the mining camp of Willis, Hudson, and party. Here I saw an improvement for washing gold. The boys were using Indian baskets, as tin pans were not to be had, and they say the baskets are as good if not better. They told us they had taken out \$250 that day, or more than \$41 to the man. We camped with them.

[This was the first party that washed gold as a regular business, day after day, in the Sierra Nevada.—*H. W. B., 1887.*]

April 13th.—Late in the afternoon arrived at the sawmill after prospecting at many places along the road, without finding anything that would pay.

April 14th.—This morning I set out in company with A. Stevens and J. S. Brown to hunt for *plata*, as the Spaniards call money, half a mile below the sawmill on the north side of the river. As there were not tin pans for all, I used a wooden trough, or tray, made by Stevens for kneading dough. Stevens, Brown, and I, worked together under an agreement with Marshall that he should furnish us with tools, provisions, and Indians when we wanted them, and that we should give him half the gold. The richest dirt today was found 500 yards from the river, and we had to carry it so far in sacks to wash it. We had not sacks enough, and on one occasion, I filled my cap with dirt which yielded half an ounce of gold.

Sunday, April 23rd.—Like Christians we kept the Sabbath day; and for the first time our little camp was visited by gold hunters.

May 12th.—This day I have made a claim to one mile square of land, and have laid the foundation of a house. In the afternoon I helped Brown lay the foundation of a cabin about a mile below. It is thought Sutter and Marshall cannot hold so much land as they have taken up.

Sunday, May 14th.—Gold hunters arriving every day and the place is filled with people, as much or more than any other in California. It costs 25 or 50 cents to get a shirt washed, and everything is high in proportion.

May 15th.—Planted corn, pumpkins, squash, beans, and red pepper on my claim.

June 1st.—I have done nothing on my house since the 15th of May. I have no idea that I can hold it. The miners pay no attention to Sutter and Marshall's claim. People have come in so fast that the banks of the river and the ravines are filled with mining camps. It seems as if everybody in California were here. Report says that all business at San Francisco has stopped.

June 2nd.—Spent half of the day getting my oxen across the river. In the afternoon washed out nearly \$20.

June 17th.—On account of the heavy snows in the mountains, I did not start for Salt Lake until today. We continued to mine until June 10th. Today I and two others went in advance as pioneers.

June 28th.—Prospected for gold and found some.

June 29th.—Washed out \$26.

June 30th.—Washed out \$42.

July 1st.—The whole party started to cross the mountains, except Mr. Hatch and myself, who remained behind to search for some missing oxen.

July 4th.—Found the oxen and followed the trail. When we camped alone for the night, we were startled by the roar of cannon from the eastward. It reminded us that this was the birthday of American Independence.

July 5th.—We overtook the party in camp at a valley called Sly's Park on the southern side of the divide between the American and the Macosme [Cosumne] Rivers. The party included 45 men, one woman, 17 wagons, and 400 head of live stock.

July 28th.—Had to make roads as we went.

July 29th.—Crossed the summit of the Sierra.

July 30th.—Camped until about five miles of road could be made down into Carson Valley.

THE ACEQUIA MADRE OF SANTIAGO.

IV.

Once again Felipe waited patiently for the setting of the moon, in the dark corner between the mud oven and the wall where we saw him first. Thoughts keen almost as sensations chased each other through his mind as he crouched there watching. Dominant was the feeling of the eternal sense of need: "I want her and I'll have her." All this trouble, and strife, and disappointment only made him more obstinate. "I will succeed," he said to himself. "I will. If I fail now I shall be a loser all my life, always wanting, never getting. If I win I shall have what I desire all my life and be happy." This was frank egoism. Felipe's moral standpoint may be guessed from the fact that had he been told he was egoistic he would not have understood the implied reproach. To himself his position was simply natural.

But it would be wrong to suppose that generous and unselfish impulses did not run side by side with self-regarding ones. He thought of Josefa, lonely and sad in her father's house. His anger rose as he thought of the unkindness and the threats she had to endure, and of the heartless way in which she was being disposed of. He longed to save her from the present trouble and from the hateful future that threatened her. How sweet she was and how beautiful! A white man might have laughed at the idea of beauty in a squaw; but in Felipe's eyes the red skin and the features cast in a different mould from ours were no drawbacks, but the very condition of beauty. He would have scoffed at the idea of any Mexican or any American woman being fit

to be compared with his dusky mistress. And through her dark eyes looked out the soul of a true and loving woman. She was good. He felt as sure of that as he did of his own existence. Her kindness and dutiful spirit he knew, for he had seen her behavior in the daily life of the village. What a shame it was that she should be so ill-treated just because she was by nature gentle and obedient! Poor girl, she would want to be comforted a great deal to make up for all the trials she was undergoing now. He would have to be very good to her in every way, and he swore to himself that he would be so: he would do his best to make her happy. Ah, if they could but once get to the padre at Ensenada and be married by him, it would be all right; and at the thought his pulse beat high.

At last the welcome hand appeared at the hole in the wall he had been watching so long, and he flew to the spot.

"Is that you, sweetheart?" he whispered as he stretched his hand along the wall to meet the little fingers. "I always tell myself you will not come, just to tease myself, for I know all the time that you will. And at last I see the signal and I know it is all right."

"You know I always do come," she returned, "you bad boy, as soon as I feel sure they are sound asleep. But now tell me what news you have?"

"Bad enough," said he despondently. "I asked the American — I begged hard of him; but he would not lend me one of his beasts. I waited till he was in a good temper after he had blasted the rock; but it was no use. I will go tomorrow to the sierra for my father's horse and I will come back for you in the night. He is thin and

cannot travel fast, so you must come early before the moon sets or we shall not have time enough; but we must take our chance as we can get it. I will tie him away off on the edge of the mesa, so that there will be no horse tracks for them to follow close here. You must come afoot so far."

"Stay Felipe," said she. "I have been thinking. Can you get a saddle — now — tonight?"

"I can get one of the American's," he said. "He has an old one he never uses. He would lend me that I know."

"Yes, but can you go to him tonight, Felipe?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I would wake him—he does n't mind what I do. But what horse are you thinking of? One of his?"

"No, no," she cried, "I have a better plan than that. We must take my father's horse. I got the key this evening after he went out. Go first and get the saddle, and then here is the key."

His fingers tightened eagerly on hers. "You darling!" he whispered. "How clever you are! Ten times cleverer than I. Why didn't I ever think of that before? Wait. I'll be back in a moment."

He gave her hand one more rapturous pressure, and loosing it, darted off like the wind to Stephens's house.

Stephens was a sound sleeper, but in the middle of the night he was waked by a sudden angry growl from Faro. He opened his eyes but it was pitch dark. A low knock was heard at the door. "Who is it?" he cried, first in English, then in Spanish.

A voice answered likewise in Spanish. "O Don Estevan, it's me, Felipe."

"Felipe!" he exclaimed. "Why what the mischief are you up to now? But come in: the door isn't locked."

"He heard the latch pulled and seized the collar of Faro who was snarling savagely. The door opened and the cool night air blew freshly in. A figure was dimly seen

in the starlight. Felipe approached the bed. "O Don Estevan!" he began at once, "do be kind to me: lend me your saddle—the old saddle, not the good one. You know the old one hanging on the wall in there."

"Why, what's up, Felipe?" said Stephens, surprised at being roused by this request in the middle of the night.

"What do you want with it? What makes you come bothering me now?"

"O, please don't be angry, and lend it me," pleaded the boy. "I will bring it you back, and I know you don't want it; you never use it."

"What mischief are you after?" said Stephens. "You want to go off sweethearting somewhere—that's what it is, you young rascal. That's what you wanted my mare for, today. I know what you are up to."

"O, Don Estevan," begged the boy,— "the saddle, please. If you won't lend it to me, sell it to me. I have money. Five dollars."

"Hold on till I strike a light, and shut the door, will you?" said Stephens. "Lie down, Faro, and be quiet." The old prospector got out of bed, struck a match, and lit a candle. "You're a pretty sort of fellow to come roaming around this time of night!" he went on as, candle in hand, he stepped cautiously across the floor in his bare feet to the door of the inner room, which he unlocked. "Sensible people are in bed and asleep at this time of night," he grumbled. "Come on in here and get your saddle."

Felipe followed him instantly to the store-room where he kept his powder keg, mining tools, pack-saddles, and provisions.

"There it is," said Stephens, pointing to an old saddle hanging by one stirrup from a peg in the wall. "Get it down. And the bridle; yes, that's it"—and the pair emerged again into the outer room.

Stephens locked the door again, and turning round encountered Felipe's hand with a

five dollar bill in it. "Here it is, Don Estevan; five dollars," said the young Indian.

"Tut, tut, I don't want your money," said the old prospector cheerfully. "Keep it or give it to your sweetheart to keep for you. She'll do that fast enough"—and he chuckled at his own wit. "Now don't you smash that saddle," he continued; "and mind you bring it back when you've done with it."

"O thank you, Don Estevan, a thousand times," cried the young Indian. "God will reward you for it."

"Likely story," growled the old fellow, "when I guess it's the devil's business you're riding on. There, that'll do; be off with you," he added; and he escorted Felipe, still protesting his gratitude, to the door.

As the boy stepped outside, Stephens asked through the half-shut door, "Who's going to look after my stock tomorrow?"

"O Don Estevan, my brother, my little brother, Tomas. He will see to them. I have told him."

"Much good he'll be!" retorted the Californian. "Whom did I hire, him or you?"

"Why, me, Don Estevan, but my little brother will——"

"Yes, your little brother will play the mischief," said Stephens, cutting him short. "I know you. There, get along with you. I'm tired of you,"—and the surly old bachelor turned growling to his blankets again.

"'Who is she?'—that's what the king says in the story," said he to himself as he turned over on his bed before going to sleep. "Who is she? Felipe used to be a pretty good sort of a boy, but darn my skin if I don't believe he's going to turn out just as ornery as the rest of 'em. Who is she, indeed!" He was just dropping off to sleep when the thought struck him, "Maybe he's gone to the corral to get the mare!" He half rose at the idea, but lay down again, soliquizing slowly, "No, he never would have come here to borrow the saddle if that

had been his game; he durs n't. I'd break every bone in his confounded young carcass if he dared do such a thing"; and comforting himself with this hypothetical revenge, he finally dropped asleep.

With the saddle safely tucked into the fold of his blanket, Felipe flew round the corner and down the street to the back of the cacique's house. When he came to the place he stooped down and picking up a tiny pebble he tossed it through the hole. Josefa was waiting inside and answered his signal instantly.

"Have you got the saddle?" she whispered.

"Yes, yes, all right," answered her lover.

"Here is the key," said she rapidly; "take this and go to my father's stable and get out the horse and take him away outside the pueblo and tie him, and then come back for me. I must n't risk being caught getting out unless we are quite sure to succeed: it would prevent our ever having another chance."

"Good!" said Felipe shortly; and without a moment's delay he started off.

"Stop, Felipe, stop an instant," she whispered. "Don't tie him near the corrals; he'll neigh to Don Estevan's animals."

"As if I did n't know that!" returned the boy almost indignantly, and he turned again and darted away. It was all plain sailing now. How clever of Josefa! How thoughtful she was!

He reached the cacique's stable, looked stealthily round to be sure he was not watched, and then turned the key in the lock and entered. The horse, a noble and intelligent creature, was standing there quietly. In a minute Felipe put the saddle on him and brought him out, locking the door again behind him. He led him straight away from the pueblo, up along the acequia: a few dogs began to bark at the unwonted sound of hoofs in the night. He tied him to a tree in a peach orchard and gave him a handful of corn fodder, which he had brought from

adobes. Provisions were scarce and the Saints were living on half-rations. Today some of our party while hunting found a shanty with the remains of several human bodies with ribs sawn off, skulls sawn open, and legs cut off, showing cannibalism.¹

Sept. 8th. — About thirty of our party, including myself, following the advice of the epistle from the heads of the Church, gave our hands and parting blessings to the others who went forward, while we returned to California.

Sept. 11th. — Passed the grave of "Ann West, aged 62 years."

Sept. 14th. — Reached our old campground near Sutter's Fort about noon. Three of our party went to see Captain Sutter, who said he would employ all of us on the flour mill which he wanted to build.

Sept. 15th. — We made a bargain with Capt. Sutter. He is to pay our wages in money, furnish us with provisions (we to do our own cooking), and take charge of our animals. This afternoon we moved to the mill site, six miles above the Fort.

Sept. 17th. — This morning all except our cooks were at work on the race with plows, scrapers, shovels and spades, and ox teams. Our bargain was that we should receive 12½ cents a yard, and we found in the evening that each man had earned \$1.50.

Sept. 27th. — While we were at dinner James W. Marshall came to our house and said that he was a partner with Sutter in building a sawmill up in the mountains on the South Fork of the American River, and he wanted four of us to go up there with him. Israel Evans, Azariah Smith, William Johnson, and I, of our battalion, and Charles Bennett lately from Oregon, went with him, traveling with an ox team.

Sept. 29th. — We arrived at his mill site, where we found several members of our battalion who had been working for Sutter since August. The only house was a double log cabin one end of which was oc-

cupied by Peter L. Weimer, whose wife, the only white woman here, does the cooking for the mill hands. The work to be done consists in getting out mill timbers, erecting the building, making a dam, and digging a race.

Nov. 6th. — I rested from my work today and went out with my gun to look for my horse, found him and also found a large black-tailed deer within reach of my bullet. An Indian with me carried it to the camp.

Nov. 15th. — I have spent much of my time in hunting, for which Marshall pays the same wages as for work at the mill, and he sends an Indian with me to carry home my deer. Sutter had neglected to send provisions and we should have been on short allowance but for my game.

Jan. 1st, 1848. — All hands worked on the mill dam, which is built of brush.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd. — We have had much rain of late, and last week we built a cabin near the mill. Today four of us moved in to it.

Jan. 24th. — This day some kind of metal that looks like gold was found in the tail race.

Sunday, Jan. 30th. — Clear and has been all the week. Our metal has been tried and proved to be gold. It is thought to be rich. We have picked up more than a hundred dollars' worth last week.

Sunday, Feb. 6th. — Today Barger and I visited the creek opposite to the mill to look for gold. I found \$6 worth.

Feb. 12th. — This afternoon I did not work, being tired and not very well. I took my pan and went down the creek pretending to hunt for ducks, but in reality to look for gold. About half a mile down the creek I discovered some rock on the opposite side that indicated gold. I took off my shirt and pants, crossed over and soon picked up \$21.50 worth lying in the seams of the rock. What is worst of it all is that it is on Sutter and Marshall's claim, for after the gold was found in the mill tail, they leased a large

¹ Another remnant of the Donner tragedy. — J. S. H.

scope of land from the Indians, and have sent to the Governor to have it secured. I cannot get a claim on the land.

Sunday, Feb. 13th.—Spent most of the day looking for gold. Found \$8 worth.

Feb. 14th.—Raining. We did not work on the mill. I spent the fore part of the day mending my pants. In the afternoon I went to my mine and picked up \$7 worth.

[*Note by H. W. B., 1887:—*

Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to give some additional particulars, which are as fresh in my memory as though they happened last week. The men working at the mill were Alexander Stevens, James S. Brown, James Barger, Wm. Johnston, Azariah Smith, and myself, all of the Mormon Battalion, besides James W. Marshall, Peter L. Weimer, Charles Bennett, and Wm. Scott. Before New Year's day the dam was completed, and the race was nearly finished. Some Indians under the superintendence of Weimer worked in the race, and every afternoon, Marshall went to see how they were getting along. They made slow progress because they struck the bed-rock, a rotten granite.

On January 24th while looking at the race, through which a little water was running, he saw something yellow on the bed-rock. He sent an Indian to Brown for a plate, whereupon Brown said, I "wonder what Marshall wants with a tin plate." Just before we quit work for the day Marshall came up and told us he believed he had found a gold mine. Nothing more was then said on the subject, as no one considered the matter worthy of attention. In the evening he again came round to our shanty, and began talking about the gold he had found in the lower end of the tail-race. He had tried to melt it and could not. He thought it must be gold. He requested Brown and me to shut off the water in the morning and throw some sawdust, rotten leaves and dirt above

the gate, so as to fill the cracks, and prevent any leakage, so that he could examine the bottom of the race.

The next morning Brown and I obeyed his orders and then went to breakfast, while Marshall was walking along the bank of the race. We had returned to work at the mill, when Marshall came up with a gleaming face and said, "Boys I have found a gold mine." And with that he set down his slouch hat, which he had been carrying in his hand, on a workbench. We all gathered round him, and then we saw perhaps a teaspoonful of gold dust, some particles as large as a grain of wheat, and others in small, thin scale in the crown of his hat. Azariah Smith took out a half-eagle, and we could see that there was a difference in color, and though none of us had seen virgin gold before, we all believed that Marshall was right. On his invitation we went with him to the race, and there we found small particles of the same metal in the crevices of the rock. Marshall requested us to say nothing about it until we should find the extent of the mine. After a little prospecting we all went back to our work. My task at the time was drilling a bowlder in the race for blast. Brown was whipsawing; Stevens was hewing-timber with a broad axe; and Bennett, Scott, and Marshall were framing timbers. But from that time we had gold on the brain, and it was the chief subject of our thought and conversation.

As Sutter had failed to send provisions and some of the necessities of life were in very small stock with us, after several days Marshall went down to the Fort, taking some of the gold along. If my memory serves me right he was gone four days, and after his return, in reply to a question about the test he said with interlarded oaths as he often spoke, "O boys, it's the pure stuff. The old Cap [Sutter] and I locked ourselves up in a room and spent half a day trying. It agrees with all the encyclopedia says of gold. *Aqua fortis* don't affect it. We bal-

anced some of it with silver and when we put the scales in water the gold went down and the silver"—here he gesticulated, raising one hand and lowering the other—"and that told the story. It's the pure stuff." He told us that Sutter would arrive in a few days to see for himself.

Several days after this conversation Marshall came to our shanty and told us that Sutter had arrived and was at the other house, and he added: "Now boys, we all have a little gold and I move that we all give some of it to Henry [myself] so that when he goes in the morning to shut off the water, he can sprinkle it on the bedrock where the old gentleman will find it when I take him down to the race; and he will get so excited that he will treat us all round out of the bottle he always carries with him." This suggestion was agreed to with a hearty laugh. The gold was contributed and put in the race before breakfast, and while we were still at the table in our shanty we saw the captain, a well dressed old gentleman, hobbling along with a cane between Marshall and Weimer. We went out; he shook hands with us all; spoke to all affably, and invited us to go with him prospecting. Just after he had given us this invitation, one of Weimer's little boys came running as fast as he could, and getting into the tail-race, ahead of us, picked up nearly every particle and then came to meet us, and exclaimed, holding out his open hand, with perhaps three ounces of gold, "See what I've got." Not one of us ventured to tell how the boy came to find so much. When Sutter saw what the boy had, he struck the ground with his cane emphatically, saying, "By Jove, it is rich!" We then went into the race where the captain had the pleasure of picking up some particles that the boy had overlooked. Sutter and Marshall soon afterwards called the Coloma Indians together and made an agreement with them to lease a tract ten or twelve miles square for three

years, the rent to be a supply of shirts, knives, handkerchiefs, meat, flour, and peas; and Sutter having brought such things with him, paid the first year's rent at that visit.

Feb. 21st.—Weather cloudy and cool. I harrowed in three acres of peas for Marshall. Wild flowers of many hues abundant.

Feb. 22d.—Snowed in the night, and the ground is white with snow. This morning I started out to hunt for ducks, but soon changed my notion, and made my way to my gold mine, wading the creek, which was cold and deep. After crossing, I found my feet were extremely cold, so I tried to strike a fire, but my hands were so benumbed I could not hold the flint and steel. I tried to catch fire from my gun, but my powder had got wet and I could not set her off. I was then obliged to dance and jump about, and while doing so could see the yellow pieces lying on the rocks. Finally I got warm, and when I returned to our castle in the evening I had \$22.50.

[*Note by H. W. B., 1887:*—

When I got home the boys wanted to know where my game was, and why I was out so late. They evidently suspected something, and I worried them for a while with evasive replies, and finally called for the scales and said we would weigh the game. We had made a pair of scales with wood and string, using a silver dollar for an ounce weight, and a half dollar for half an ounce. Gold was estimated to be worth \$16 an ounce. When the scales were ready, I pulled out one corner of my shirt-tail with a knot in it. This, when untied, yielded my yellow game, which was weighed by Stevens and declared to be worth \$22.50. This was the first gold they had seen coming from any place outside of the mill-race, and my success in mining filled them with astonishment and pleasure. They were so happy that they repeatedly burst out into loud roars of laughter, and I

laughed with them. They talked about quitting work in the mill, but decided not to do so, because it would be unfair to leave the job unfinished, and besides they were not sure they could do better at gold hunting. I had written to my friends at Sutter's Fort that gold had been found.]

Sunday, Feb. 27th.—I took the boys to my gold mine, but the river had risen so that the part of it where I got the gold on the 22nd was under water. However, five of us got nearly two ounces, and of this I picked up more than a third. Barger said Bigler could see gold where there was 'nt any. Three of the battalion boys arrived at our shanty from Sutter's Fort to see for themselves about the gold discovery of which I had written to them. Marshall was there when they came in and he sat till a late hour. He was in an excellent humor that evening, and as usual, a very entertaining companion. Hudson, one of the visitors, asked the privilege of prospecting in the tail-race the next morning, and it was granted. The next morning the three, Wilfred Hudson, Sidney Willis, and — Fifield, went into the race and Hudson found a piece worth \$6. They sojourned with us till the 2nd March, and then returned to the Fort following the course of the river and hunting for gold along its banks. They found some at the place afterwards known as Mormon Island.

March 11th.—We started the sawmill this afternoon, and it was a success, and a great surprise to the Indians, one of whom when previously told by Brown that the mill would saw of itself, said it was a lie. He had helped Brown at the whipsaw and knew a saw would not go unless there was a man at the end of it. Now he lay on his belly for two hours watching the saw cutting boards much faster than any whipsaw, and finally got up, said it was *bueno*, and he wanted to learn to manage a sawmill.

March 12th.—The saw ran all day, but

the tail-race was not deep enough. There was so much back water about the wheel that the power was insufficient, so when the gate was shut down, it was with the order that it should not be raised till the tail-race should be deepened.

Sunday, March 19th.—All hands hunted for gold. I was the luckiest one, and found \$31. Last week we completed the tail-race and the saw did much better.

Sunday, March 26th.—All last week, I was busy teaching some Indians how to chop down trees for saw logs. They were anxious to learn, but awkward, and they cut some awful gashes in their feet and legs; and then looked at me as if I should have prevented them from wounding themselves. Today I found \$6 worth of gold.

Sunday, April 2d.—Clear and warm. Found a new place for gold, and got \$30.

April 7th.—Stevens, Brown, and I, saddled our horses and started for Sutter's Fort, for the purpose of settling with Sutter and arranging with the men of our battalion for the journey to Salt Lake. Having started late, we traveled only a few miles and camped in the mountains.

April 8th.—Arrived at the mill site near the fort and were told that Hudson and Willis had gone up the river to hunt for gold, where they found it before.

Sunday, April 9th.—The members of our battalion held a meeting and we resolved to be ready to start for Salt Lake on the 1st of June; excepting those who are to leave next Saturday with an express¹ for Salt Lake and perhaps for the Eastern States.

April 11th.—After dinner Brown and I started on our return trip and camped in the foothills.

April 12th.—In the morning while our horses were cropping the young grass, we prospected a ravine and got about \$10. Mounting our horses we followed up the

¹This express party was doubtless to carry the extra number of the *California Star* published at San Francisco in the latter part of March with a six-column article on "The Prospects of California" prepared for the purpose of attracting immigrants.—J. S. H.

river till we found the mining camp of Willis, Hudson, and party. Here I saw an improvement for washing gold. The boys were using Indian baskets, as tin pans were not to be had, and they say the baskets are as good if not better. They told us they had taken out \$250 that day, or more than \$41 to the man. We camped with them.

[This was the first party that washed gold as a regular business, day after day, in the Sierra Nevada.—*H. W. B., 1887.*]

April 13th.—Late in the afternoon arrived at the sawmill after prospecting at many places along the road, without finding anything that would pay.

April 14th.—This morning I set out in company with A. Stevens and J. S. Brown to hunt for *plata*, as the Spaniards call money, half a mile below the sawmill on the north side of the river. As there were not tin pans for all, I used a wooden trough, or tray, made by Stevens for kneading dough. Stevens, Brown, and I, worked together under an agreement with Marshall that he should furnish us with tools, provisions, and Indians when we wanted them, and that we should give him half the gold. The richest dirt today was found 500 yards from the river, and we had to carry it so far in sacks to wash it. We had not sacks enough, and on one occasion, I filled my cap with dirt which yielded half an ounce of gold.

Sunday, April 23rd.—Like Christians we kept the Sabbath day; and for the first time our little camp was visited by gold hunters.

May 12th.—This day I have made a claim to one mile square of land, and have laid the foundation of a house. In the afternoon I helped Brown lay the foundation of a cabin about a mile below. It is thought Sutter and Marshall cannot hold so much land as they have taken up.

Sunday, May 14th.—Gold hunters arriving every day and the place is filled with people, as much or more than any other in California. It costs 25 or 50 cents to get a shirt washed, and everything is high in proportion.

May 15th.—Planted corn, pumpkins, squash, beans, and red pepper on my claim.

June 1st.—I have done nothing on my house since the 15th of May. I have no idea that I can hold it. The miners pay no attention to Sutter and Marshall's claim. People have come in so fast that the banks of the river and the ravines are filled with mining camps. It seems as if everybody in California were here. Report says that all business at San Francisco has stopped.

June 2nd.—Spent half of the day getting my oxen across the river. In the afternoon washed out nearly \$20.

June 17th.—On account of the heavy snows in the mountains, I did not start for Salt Lake until today. We continued to mine until June 10th. Today I and two others went in advance as pioneers.

June 28th.—Prospected for gold and found some.

June 29th.—Washed out \$26.

June 30th.—Washed out \$42.

July 1st.—The whole party started to cross the mountains, except Mr. Hatch and myself, who remained behind to search for some missing oxen.

July 4th.—Found the oxen and followed the trail. When we camped alone for the night, we were startled by the roar of cannon from the eastward. It reminded us that this was the birthday of American Independence.

July 5th.—We overtook the party in camp at a valley called Sly's Park on the southern side of the divide between the American and the Macosme [Cosumne] Rivers. The party included 45 men, one woman, 17 wagons, and 400 head of live stock.

July 28th.—Had to make roads as we went.

July 29th.—Crossed the summit of the Sierra.

July 30th.—Camped until about five miles of road could be made down into Carson Valley.

THE ACEQUIA MADRE OF SANTIAGO.

IV.

Once again Felipe waited patiently for the setting of the moon, in the dark corner between the mud oven and the wall where we saw him first. Thoughts keen almost as sensations chased each other through his mind as he crouched there watching. Dominant was the feeling of the eternal sense of need: "I want her and I'll have her." All this trouble, and strife, and disappointment only made him more obstinate. "I will succeed," he said to himself. "I will. If I fail now I shall be a loser all my life, always wanting, never getting. If I win I shall have what I desire all my life and be happy." This was frank egoism. Felipe's moral standpoint may be guessed from the fact that had he been told he was egoistic he would not have understood the implied reproach. To himself his position was simply natural.

But it would be wrong to suppose that generous and unselfish impulses did not run side by side with self-regarding ones. He thought of Josefa, lonely and sad in her father's house. His anger rose as he thought of the unkindness and the threats she had to endure, and of the heartless way in which she was being disposed of. He longed to save her from the present trouble and from the hateful future that threatened her. How sweet she was and how beautiful! A white man might have laughed at the idea of beauty in a squaw; but in Felipe's eyes the red skin and the features cast in a different mould from ours were no drawbacks, but the very condition of beauty. He would have scoffed at the idea of any Mexican or any American woman being fit

to be compared with his dusky mistress. And through her dark eyes looked out the soul of a true and loving woman. She was good. He felt as sure of that as he did of his own existence. Her kindness and dutiful spirit he knew, for he had seen her behavior in the daily life of the village. What a shame it was that she should be so ill-treated just because she was by nature gentle and obedient! Poor girl, she would want to be comforted a great deal to make up for all the trials she was undergoing now. He would have to be very good to her in every way, and he swore to himself that he would be so: he would do his best to make her happy. Ah, if they could but once get to the padre at Ensenada and be married by him, it would be all right; and at the thought his pulse beat high.

At last the welcome hand appeared at the hole in the wall he had been watching so long, and he flew to the spot.

"Is that you, sweetheart?" he whispered as he stretched his hand along the wall to meet the little fingers. "I always tell myself you will not come, just to tease myself, for I know all the time that you will. And at last I see the signal and I know it is all right."

"You know I always do come," she returned, "you bad boy, as soon as I feel sure they are sound asleep. But now tell me what news you have?"

"Bad enough," said he despondently. "I asked the American — I begged hard of him; but he would not lend me one of his beasts. I waited till he was in a good temper after he had blasted the rock; but it was no use. I will go tomorrow to the sierra for my father's horse and I will come back for you in the night. He is thin and

cannot travel fast, so you must come early before the moon sets or we shall not have time enough; but we must take our chance as we can get it. I will tie him away off on the edge of the mesa, so that there will be no horse tracks for them to follow close here. You must come afoot so far."

"Stay Felipe," said she. "I have been thinking. Can you get a saddle—now—tonight?"

"I can get one of the American's," he said. "He has an old one he never uses. He would lend me that I know."

"Yes, but can you go to him tonight, Felipe?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I would wake him—he doesn't mind what I do. But what horse are you thinking of? One of his?"

"No, no," she cried, "I have a better plan than that. We must take my father's horse. I got the key this evening after he went out. Go first and get the saddle, and then here is the key."

His fingers tightened eagerly on hers. "You darling!" he whispered. "How clever you are! Ten times cleverer than I. Why didn't I ever think of that before? Wait. I'll be back in a moment."

He gave her hand one more rapturous pressure, and loosing it, darted off like the wind to Stephens's house.

Stephens was a sound sleeper, but in the middle of the night he was waked by a sudden angry growl from Faro. He opened his eyes but it was pitch dark. A low knock was heard at the door. "Who is it?" he cried, first in English, then in Spanish.

A voice answered likewise in Spanish. "O Don Estevan, it's me, Felipe."

"Felipe!" he exclaimed. "Why what the mischief are you up to now? But come in: the door isn't locked."

"He heard the latch pulled and seized the collar of Faro who was snarling savagely. The door opened and the cool night air blew freshly in. A figure was dimly seen

in the starlight. Felipe approached the bed. "O Don Estevan!" he began at once, "do be kind to me: lend me your saddle—the old saddle, not the good one. You know the old one hanging on the wall in there."

"Why, what's up, Felipe?" said Stephens, surprised at being roused by this request in the middle of the night.

"What do you want with it? What makes you come bothering me now?"

"O, please don't be angry, and lend it me," pleaded the boy. "I will bring it you back, and I know you don't want it; you never use it."

"What mischief are you after?" said Stephens. "You want to go off sweethearting somewhere—that's what it is, you young rascal. That's what you wanted my mare for today. I know what you are up to."

"O, Don Estevan," begged the boy,— "the saddle, please. If you won't lend it to me, sell it to me. I have money. Five dollars."

"Hold on till I strike a light, and shut the door, will you?" said Stephens. "Lie down, Faro, and be quiet." The old prospector got out of bed, struck a match, and lit a candle. "You're a pretty sort of fellow to come roaming around this time of night!" he went on as, candle in hand, he stepped cautiously across the floor in his bare feet to the door of the inner room, which he unlocked. "Sensible people are in bed and asleep at this time of night," he grumbled. "Come on in here and get your saddle."

Felipe followed him instantly to the store-room where he kept his powder keg, mining tools, pack-saddles, and provisions.

"There it is," said Stephens, pointing to an old saddle hanging by one stirrup from a peg in the wall. "Get it down. And the bridle; yes, that's it"—and the pair emerged again into the outer room.

Stephens locked the door again, and turning round encountered Felipe's hand with a

five dollar bill in it. "Here it is, Don Estevan; five dollars," said the young Indian.

"Tut, tut, I don't want your money," said the old prospector cheerfully. "Keep it or give it to your sweetheart to keep for you. She'll do that fast enough"—and he chuckled at his own wit. "Now don't you smash that saddle," he continued; "and mind you bring it back when you've done with it."

"O thank you, Don Estevan, a thousand times," cried the young Indian. "God will reward you for it."

"Likely story," growled the old fellow, "when I guess it's the devil's business you're riding on. There, that'll do; be off with you," he added; and he escorted Felipe, still protesting his gratitude, to the door.

As the boy stepped outside, Stephens asked through the half-shut door, "Who's going to look after my stock tomorrow?"

"O Don Estevan, my brother, my little brother, Tomas. He will see to them. I have told him."

"Much good he'll be!" retorted the Californian. "Whom did I hire, him or you?"

"Why, me, Don Estevan, but my little brother will——"

"Yes, your little brother will play the mischief," said Stephens, cutting him short. "I know you. There, get along with you. I'm tired of you,"—and the surly old bachelor turned growling to his blankets again.

"'Who is she?'—that's what the king says in the story," said he to himself as he turned over on his bed before going to sleep. "Who is she? Felipe used to be a pretty good sort of a boy, but darn my skin if I don't believe he's going to turn out just as ornery as the rest of 'em. Who is she, indeed!" He was just dropping off to sleep when the thought struck him, "Maybe he's gone to the corral to get the mare!" He half rose at the idea, but lay down again, soliquizing slowly, "No, he never would have come here to borrow the saddle if that

had been his game; he dursn't. I'd break every bone in his confounded young carcass if he dared do such a thing"; and comforting himself with this hypothetical revenge, he finally dropped asleep.

With the saddle safely tucked into the fold of his blanket, Felipe flew round the corner and down the street to the back of the cacique's house. When he came to the place he stooped down and picking up a tiny pebble he tossed it through the hole. Josefa was waiting inside and answered his signal instantly.

"Have you got the saddle?" she whispered.

"Yes, yes, all right," answered her lover.

"Here is the key," said she rapidly; "take this and go to my father's stable and get out the horse and take him away outside the pueblo and tie him, and then come back for me. I mustn't risk being caught getting out unless we are quite sure to succeed: it would prevent our ever having another chance."

"Good!" said Felipe shortly; and without a moment's delay he started off.

"Stop, Felipe, stop an instant," she whispered. "Don't tie him near the corrals; he'll neigh to Don Estevan's animals."

"As if I did n't know that!" returned the boy almost indignantly, and he turned again and darted away. It was all plain sailing now. How clever of Josefa! How thoughtful she was!

He reached the cacique's stable, looked stealthily round to be sure he was not watched, and then turned the key in the lock and entered. The horse, a noble and intelligent creature, was standing there quietly. In a minute Felipe put the saddle on him and brought him out, locking the door again behind him. He led him straight away from the pueblo, up along the acequia: a few dogs began to bark at the unwonted sound of hoofs in the night. He tied him to a tree in a peach orchard and gave him a handful of corn fodder, which he had brought from

the stable to keep him quiet. Then he flew back to the village.

"All right, Josefa, come! I have him tied ready," he whispered.

The little hand met his once again through the hole in the wall and he pressed it. It trembled in his clasp. "You will always be good to me, always?" she said. "I shall have nobody but you now."

"Yes, I swear it, my heart's joy, I swear it!" he cried earnestly. "But come, come quick!" The clasped hands unlocked, and the Indian boy sank down once more to wait; this was to be the end of his waiting.

It was not for long. Three minutes later, a head peeped over the edge of the terrace above him, and in a moment more Josefa dropped into her lover's arms. One long kiss, one long rapturous embrace, was all they dared delay for; and then without a word, hand in hand and side by side, they fled with stealthy steps up the street.

Perhaps it was the fact of a woman's being abroad at that hour of the night that excited the suspicions of the dogs; but whatever it was the whole hundred and odd of them belonging to the pueblo seemed to begin to bark just then. The clamor brought one or two Indians to their doors, but they saw nothing: the lovers had already disappeared.

Up along the acequia they ran. They reached the peach orchard. The horse was there all right. Felipe bridled him in a moment and then sprang across the acequia with the lariat in his hand. He pulled at the rope but the horse refused to follow. "Hit him, Josefa," said he to the girl, "hit him." She shook the fold of her blanket at the animal, and with a snort he sprang across after Felipe. She bounded over lightly and stood beside him.

He lifted her to the saddle and vaulted on to the croup behind her. He slipped his arms around her waist, both to hold her securely and to grasp the reins, and striking the horse's sides with his feet, he urged him

forward. The noble creature made nothing of his double burden and bounded forward.

"It's no use trying to dodge," said he as he guided the animal straight towards the trail that led to the Rio Grande. "They'll track us anywhere tomorrow; but they can't see to trail before daylight and by that time we must be at Ensenada."

"Hark to those dogs," said she, as the chorus of barkings from the village rose and fell upon the night wind.

"Never mind; we're off now," said he, holding her closer to him. "The dogs are always barking anyhow. They'll think it's only some Mexican going down the valley. Why, if they did wake up and miss us now, they must wait till morning to know which way we've gone, so don't you be frightened, sweetheart."

They struck into the trail at last—a well-marked bridle path, which led across the mesas. There was no fear of their missing it, dark as it was after the moon had set, for both the horse and his rider knew the trail well enough. On they pushed, on, on, the keen night wind from the east blowing freshly in their faces, and causing them to fold their blankets more closely to them. The stout little Indian horse was used to carrying double, as indeed most horses in those parts are, and he traveled onward without flinching or staggering under his burden, cantering where the ground was not too rough, and picking his way with wonderful surefootedness up and down the steep sides of the ravines, which here and there intersected the broad tablelands.

Felipe had to tell Josefa of his vain attempts to borrow the mare of the American, and he gave her a laughing description of the way in which he had roused him at midnight to borrow the saddle. "I'm glad though he did n't take the five dollars from me," said the boy. "Perhaps I should not have had enough money left for the padre if he had."

"But you have enough?" inquired Josefa eagerly. "How much have you?"

"O, I have fifteen dollars," replied he. "I have saved my wages, every cent, since Don Estevan came back last autumn, and my father let me keep half. Fifteen dollars is more than enough. It is only the rich people who pay twenty and twenty-five dollars. Why lots of poor people pay only ten. I am sure we are poor enough."

"I am afraid we are indeed," sighed she sadly. "Never mind," said he cheerfully, trying to keep up her spirits, which were failing somewhat at the strangeness of this lonely ride over lands unknown to her, under the immense vault of night. "Never mind that. Why, I have sown six bushels of wheat more than last year, and I am going to put in plenty of corn too. There is plenty of land, and if we have not enough the pueblo must give us some more. There is lots of water now in the ditch to sow a thousand bushels more than we used to."

"Yes," said Josefa thoughtfully. "I know how hard you have worked, dear Felipe, and that you will not be slack now, but are you quite sure of your father? Will he not turn us out?"

"How can he?" said the boy scornfully. "You know he is too poor to hire any one to work for him. He cannot do without me. He is getting old and cannot put in a crop by himself, and Tomas is too young to be much good. It is I who do the work on the land. You know, Josefa, I would work ten times harder for you," and he pressed her closer to him again.

"Yes, yes, Felipe," she cried, "I know that. I am sure of that. I never could have trusted you so if I had not known you were good at home. But Felipe dear, if they are cross to me at your house I shall hate it."

"They sha'n't be cross to you," he cried hotly, "I am a man now and they must listen to me. If I support them they must do what I say — at least sometimes," he added,

correcting himself. "Besides my mother loves me, and when she sees how I love you and how you are all the world to me, she will love you too, I know she will."

"Ah, perhaps not, Felipe," said the girl doubtfully. "You talk like a man. Women are not always like that, you know."

"But she will; she must," said Felipe decidedly. He had a comfortable masculine conviction that women's feelings were something that could always be put down or got round. He felt that he was acting a man's part now and that it was time for him to assert himself. How could he feel otherwise with his arms round his sweetheart's waist, with the free sky above them and the broad mesas around, fifteen dollars in his pocket to pay the padre, and a good horse (he did not stop to think whose) to carry them to Ensenada. For the first time in his life he felt himself a man and free. They had left behind them the village with its narrow, cramping laws and customs, its parental tyrannies, and its hateful distinction of rich and poor. To Felipe, Ignacio with thirty cows was an odious monopolist. How delightful it was to have hoodwinked the watchful guardian of Josefa and baffled his miserly rival!

While the fugitives thus sped onward through the night peace once more reigned supreme over the pueblo. The barking of the dogs at their departure had soon ceased, and no one took the trouble to inquire seriously into the source of their wrath. They might have been barking at a hungry coyote, come to explore the heaps of household refuse deposited day by day outside the village by the tidy squaws, or at some belated Mexican passing up or down the valley, or even at some stray donkey escaped from his owner's corral. At any rate, no one cared enough to prosecute his inquiries, and no movement was perceptible in the village till the first grey dawn.

Dawn caught the lovers descending the long hill that leads from the mesas down to

the wide flats of the Rio Grande valley. The light was too dim as yet to do more than show vaguely the broad line of the wooded banks of the river, still some distance ahead of them. The sun rose as they were pushing across the sandy flats and passing through the poverty-stricken hovels of the Mexican village of La Boca, past a surprised looking, unkempt peon, who blinked drowsily at the couple from his doorway. On they pressed and still onward, making for the point where the road forded the river.

But what roar was this that met their ears as they neared the grove of cottonwood trees through which the road to the ford ran, a dull, strong roar as of the rushing of many waters? Felipe recognized it, and on the instant his heart felt like lead in his breast.

"*Valgame Dios, Josefa!*" said he, "I believe the river is up. Oh! what luck! what luck!"

V.

The gray dawn that awoke the household of the cacique did so to some purpose. "Josefa," called the stepmother as she arose, "Josefa"—but no answer came. "Why, where can she be?" exclaimed the Indian woman, looking round and calling her other daughters. Salvador himself rushed into the inner room to look for her. In a moment he sprang out again. "She has gone!" he shouted. "She has got through the trap door and escaped. O, the wretch!"

"Where can she be?" wondered his wife helplessly.

"Where can she be?" he echoed scornfully. "Why, with that pauper scoundrel of a Felipe. I know her. O, I'll make her pay for this!"

He seized his revolver and slipped his belt through the loop of its case, and grasping a horsewhip he darted from the house. The rest of the family followed him somewhat timidly, anxious to see what was going

to happen, wishing, perhaps, that he would punish her a little for not being so good and steady as they were, hoping, too, to intervene and save her from the extremity of his passion, for they knew how pitiless he was when roused.

The cacique flew straight to Athanacio's dwelling, and thrusting the door open burst rudely into the apartment.

"Where is Felipe? Where is my daughter?" shouted he in tones of fury.

"I don't know. I don't know anything about it," said the old man humbly. "Isn't your daughter at home? Perhaps she is over at Sahwaquin's." Sahwaquin was Josefa's uncle, her own mother's brother, and Josefa was a pet of his.

"Where's Felipe? I ask you. Answer me you old reprobate!" roared the angry cacique.

"I don't know," said the old man again, in the humblest tones. "I have not seen him. He was here last night when we lay down, but he got up and went out. I don't know where he is."

"He's run off with my daughter, that's where he is," shouted the indignant parent; "and I believe you know about it, too," he added, threatening the old man with his whip. "You had better say what you know, or I'll make you."

He was a thick set, muscular man, and looked well able to carry out his threat as he stood over old Athanacio, who remained passive, seated on a sheepskin near the hearth, neither attempting to defend himself nor to escape. The cacique's black eyes flashed fury, and his coarse features worked with passion, as with taunts and threats he cowed the helpless being before him.

But meanwhile the news of the elopement had spread, and the Indians were buzzing about their village like a swarm of bees round the hive. Up dashed one of the younger men with news. "Cacique, cacique," he cried, "the stable! Your

horse has gone but the stable is locked. His tracks go all up the acequia," and he pointed to where two Indians, with their heads bent low almost to the ground, were busily questing from side to side like sleuth-hounds on a scent.

"Oh! the villian!" roared Salvador. "He's got my horse. He shall be hanged." And he ran first of all to the stable to satisfy himself by seeing with his own eyes what had happened.

It was true. The stable was locked but the steed was stolen, as could be seen by lying down and peeping under the door. The cacique got up with his white shirt and buckskins all dusty from the ground, and turning to the crowd called out:

"Here, get me a horse, some of you — Tito, Miguel, Alejandro. Go get me the mare of the Americano, and mount yourselves too." And he himself started out towards the acequia to look at the tracks.

Several Indians ran towards the corrals. "The saddle," said one, "we want a saddle: go get yours, Alejandro. You live nearest."

"Hadn't we better tell the Americano," said Tito, "before we take his mare? May be he won't like to lend her."

"But he must lend her," retorted Miguel impatiently. "The cacique wants her. Isn't that enough?"

By this time they had arrived at the bars of the corral where the prospector kept his stock, and they stopped to wait for Alejandro to bring the saddle. Tito took advantage of the delay to act on his own motion, and darting over to the door of Stephens's dwelling began to knock vigorously.

"Hullo! who's there?" called out Stephens in response to the knocking. He was still between the blankets and had not yet turned out.

"The cacique wants your mare," cried Tito through the keyhole.

"Wants my what?" exclaimed Stephens, who failed to catch his words exactly. "Open

the door, can't you, and let me hear what you've got to say," he added, sitting up in bed.

Tito held the door ajar and put half his face into the aperture. He had a wholesome respect for Faro and did not care to adventure further.

"The cacique wants to take your mare to ride, to go after his daughter," he explained.

"Well he can't have her, that's all about it," said Stephens, getting out of bed and beginning to put on his moccasins. He had adopted the Indian foot-covering as more comfortable as well as more economical than boots. "Just tell him," he continued, "that I'm not lending horses just now. When I am I'll let him know. But why can't he take his own?"

"He has n't got it. It's gone," said Tito, at the same time signaling with the half of him outside the doorway to Miguel not to take the mare. "It's gone. Felipe's run away with the cacique's horse and his daughter."

"The dickens he has!" said Stephens. "When did he do that?" As he spoke he recollected Felipe's midnight visit to him for the purpose of borrowing the saddle, and a light dawned on him. But under the circumstances it seemed better to say nothing about the matter.

He put on his hat and came to the door. Tito volubly expounded all he knew of the story. Presently Salvador himself came bustling up from the acequia, whip in hand and revolver on hip.

"Looks on the warpath rather," said the prospector to himself. "Wonder what he means to do about it."

"Here," said the cacique in a loud voice to the Indians round: "Where's the horse? Why is n't it saddled?"

Stephens stood leaning carelessly against the doorpost but took no notice of his speech. There was silence for a moment, and then Tito said in an apologetic tone,

"Don Estevan says he doesn't want to lend her."

"O nonsense!" said the cacique, and then turning to the American and mastering his passion as well as he could, he said, "Lend me your mare, Don Estevan."

"I can't do it, Salvador," said the prospector deliberately. "I want to go to the sierra today."

"O, the sierra!" said the cacique impatiently. "That will do tomorrow. My daughter is gone and my horse is gone and there's nothing else to go after them on. You must lend yours for once."

"Not to be ridden to death after them," said Stephens. "Why, they're leagues away by this time. You'll have to ride like the very mischief to catch them." There was an accent of contempt in his voice, which infuriated the Indian. Stephens valued the mare, which he had brought with him from California, above all earthly things, and the idea of letting an Indian ride her near to death in a long stern chase seemed to him the blankest absurdity. "Why, I would n't do it for my own brother!" he went on. "You can't have her, cacique, and that's flat."

"But I must," said the Indian, enraged at an opposition he had not expected. "I must and I will. What's a horse for but to ride?" He turned to the crowd of Indians behind him and called out, "Saddle her up, will you, quick."

Two or three began instantly to run towards the corral, and the rest were starting to follow when the loud, clear voice of the prospector arrested their movement.

"Stop right there!" were his words. "You do no such thing. If any one touches my stock without my leave I'll shoot him."

The Indians stopped.

"I'll drive you out of here, you Americano," said the angry cacique, laying his hand upon the butt of his revolver and advancing directly towards Stephens, who was of course quite unarmed.

"Drive away then and be d—d to you," returned the American. "I've hired these rooms from old Reyna's husband till the end of April and I shan't budge before." And his eyes flashed back defiance.

Salvador kept advancing in a threatening manner, and the younger Indian men, of whom there were thirty or forty on the spot, closed up behind their leader: they half felt that he was wrong, but still he was their chosen cacique.

Stephens stood his ground and faced the mob with dauntless coolness. An odd thing struck him. He knew them all personally quite well, but now he hardly seemed to recognize them. The expression of their faces, usually so peaceful, was entirely changed. It gave him quite a turn to think that people who had crowded round him so full of fun, and so eager to show their friendship and gratitude only the day before, should change in a moment to a mob of savages. A hundred black, flashing eyes were fixed on him with an angry glare. He felt as if he were shut up in a den of wild beasts. He was quite alone; there was but one other American within sixty miles.

"Take your hand off that pistol, Salvador," said he quietly. "You can't scare me, so don't you try it on."

The Indian stopped, but his hand plucked nervously at the hilt of the weapon. Stephens observed his opponent's indecision and continued, "A pretty lot of fellows you are, to come crowding round me as you did yesterday, and call me your best friend, and say how you'll sing my praises to the third generation, and now this morning you're ready to cut my throat before breakfast, all about nothing! I've heard of the gratitude of Indians before now," he continued, "but this beats all."

The Indians visibly winced at this taunt, the justice of which they could not but acknowledge, and began to interchange rapid words in their own language, which was unintelligible to Stephens.

Just at this moment came a most welcome diversion. Round the corner dashed Miguel full charge on a fiery steed. The Indians scattered right and left before him. With a jerk on the terrible Spanish bit he set the horse on his haunches, and as he sprang to the ground he cried, "Here, cacique! Here's the horse of the trader: he came back from San Mateo last night. I've got him for you."

Salvador never spoke, but seizing the rein offered him by Miguel he sprang to the saddle, turned his back on Stephens and the crowd, and dashed wildly forwards to the trail.

All eyes were bent on his rapid course. The trackers on foot had already traced the hoof marks from the acequia across to the Ensenada trail, and were running half a mile off like hounds in full cry. In less than two minutes the galloping horseman overtook them, and cantered alongside to hear what they had to tell. They reported that the tracks were several hours old and that the horse carried double.

"I could have told you that," said Salvador, as he plied the whip freshly and galloping ahead disappeared in the direction of the mesas from the sight of those who were watching him.

"Wonder what he'll do if he catches Felipe!" said Stephens to himself as he saw him vanish over the hills. "That young man'll have to look out for himself, as sure as he's a foot high. Rather lucky for me," he ruminated, turning to go in, "that boy's coming up with the trader's horse! I don't know what I should have done if Mr. Salvador had gone for me with that six shooter, and he was just about mad enough to try it on. Blamed if it was n't the suddenest scare I ever did get let in for! Why, hullo, Faro, old man," said he aloud, on finding the dog at his heels, "what's up with you? I don't often see you out of the blankets before breakfast. Blamed if I don't believe you heard me a talkin' to them fellers and

just come out to take a hand!" He was right. The dog's quick ear had caught the note of danger in his master's voice and he had flown to his assistance.

Stephens took another look at the Indians around. Some were still watching the mesas; others were going about their daily business. It seemed as if those who knew him best kept aloof, feeling ashamed to come up and speak to him. However, an old man whom he hardly knew and who spoke Spanish badly approached him in an apologetic sort of way and said, "Salvador very angry!"

"Well rather," answered Stephens with a grim laugh. "I should think he's gone mad."

"Yes, mad, silly," assented the old man; "for why get angry? No good, no good—" and as he stood there wagging his old head and saying "no good" in a way that the prospector quite understood to be intended for an *amende honorable* on the part of his fellows.

Nor was he the only one. "Señor Americano," said a cracked voice close beside him, and Stephens felt a light touch on his elbow. He turned and found himself face to face with Reyna, the old squaw who lived next door, and from whom he often bought eggs and meal. She of course had been a witness of the whole affair. She now produced two eggs and holding them out to him said, "See, two."

"Yes, I see," said Stephens, "but I don't want 'em today. Have n't got the five cents."

"No, no!" she cried. "No money—two."

Her Spanish was weaker even than the old man's. Stephens turned to him. "What does she mean?" he asked. "I can't make out what she's up to."

The two Indians exchanged some words in their own language.

"She means, your honor," said the old Indian man, speaking with painful elabora-

tion, "that this is for the gratitude of the Indians. Excuse her, your honor, she does not speak much in Spanish — that is for us, the men —" he added explanatorily, "but she can understand, and she heard you say the Indians got no gratitude, and this is for her."

Stephens turned to the old squaw and took the eggs, thanking her as well as he knew how. "And I'm going in now to cook them for breakfast," said he as he went back to his room.

"Well, who'd have thought that?" he said to himself, as he began to whittle shavings from a piece of fat pine to light his fire with. "They're a rum lot, Indians are, but I suppose it takes all sorts of people to make a world." His thoughts wandered back to Salvador and the fugitives. "Wonder what Salvador'll do" he said half aloud. "He's about mad enough to kill the boy if he gets close enough. Blamed if I didn't think he was about mad enough to kill me! He's real ugly when he's mad, and it's no foolin' when it comes to six shooters." He went over the scene of the early dawn again in his mind. "It do beat cock fightin'," he continued to himself, "how folks like these Indians that's as quiet and decent and orderly as can be, should flare up all in a moment and glare at you like a lot of wild-cats and all for nothing. Why if I'd gone and killed somebody or run off with somebody's wife there'd be some sense in it, but to burst out just because I wouldn't lend my mare to be rode plumb to death! It does beat all."

The fire now burned up brightly, and after setting the coffee-pot on to boil he filled the nosebags himself and went out to feed his stock. "Confound that boy, running off like this," he grumbled, "and leaving me this job! Told his little brother Tomas indeed! I don't see him around yet; not much; don't expect to neither."

He leaned up against the fence waiting while the stock ate their feed. Some one

must keep watch in order to drive off the hungry Indian pigs, who prowled around and would have disputed their corn with the horses. The sun had just risen and his level rays lit up like a flame the red cliffs crowned with dark pines, which formed the western side of the valley. But Stephens did not see it. He was facing east with the sunlight full in his face and his eyes fixed on the bare flat-topped tablelands, which divided the Santiago valley from the Rio Grande. "Confound him!" he growled again. "What a fool trick for him to play! I'm mighty glad it is n't my mare he's playing it on. He'll find himself in a muss too, if he don't mind out: sure. I don't more than half like the notion of that ugly savage of a cacique getting after him with a six shooter."

He waited till the stock had finished feeding, and then went back to his rooms. But he decided not to start for the sierra till the next day. "Confound the boy!" said he the third time. "I can't take that little fool Tomas, and I want somebody to help me dry the meat and pack it down. Why the dickens, couldn't he run off some other time. He want a wife indeed! He wants a nurse and a birch rod, I should say."

The surly old bachelor put in the rest of his morning, or at least as much of it as he could spare from swearing at Felipe's escapade, in fixing up pack-saddles, mending his tent, cleaning his beloved repeating rifle, and generally getting ready for the trip he so unwillingly postponed.

VI.

Felipe's words were but too true. The river was up. As they passed through the grove of cottonwoods they beheld right from their feet to the further bank full a half mile off a turbid yellow flood, rolling rapidly southward towards Texas and the Gulf, twelve hundred miles away. All autumn and winter long a broad expanse of dry waterworn pebbles and boulders and beds of

shingle and sand, through which ran half a dozen easily forded streams of clear water, had been all that lay between La Boca on the west bank and Ensenada on the east. During those seasons both horses and wagons, and people on foot by picking their way through the shallows, could cross almost anywhere without wading much above knee deep. But all autumn and winter long on the great mountain ranges of Colorado, two hundred miles away to the north where the river had its sources, the snows of successive storms had been piled up deeper and deeper. And now the sun was well past the vernal equinox and his growing heat had loosened those snows and was sending their cold floods down ten thousand gulches and tributaries to swell the current of the Rio Grande. This takes place every April, and Felipe ought to have thought of it, but he was young and had not yet learned to think of everything. This was a possibility he had forgotten.

"It must have come down in the last two days," he groaned, as he looked hopelessly at the flood. "I know Juan and Miguel passed here only three days ago from Santa Fé, and it was all right then, and now it is like this."

"We are lost," sobbed Josefa. "What shall we do, Felipe?"—even her brave heart succumbing to this unexpected calamity.

"Don't cry, dear heart, don't cry," said he tenderly, taking her in his arms and lifting her from the horse. "Perhaps there is a boat. I will go and see." He pulled the bridle from the horse's head. "Do you rest here a minute," he said, spreading his blanket for her to rest her weary limbs, "and let him feed here on the green grass, but don't let him drink. I will run back to La Boca and ask." He threw her the rope and darted back like the wind in the direction of the houses they had lately passed. The unkempt Mexican was milking a cow in the corral as Felipe dashed up breathless.

"Where is the boat?" he asked eagerly. "Is it running? Is it this side?"

"The boat?" said the Mexican slowly, going on with his milking. "No, friend. The river only came down like this yesterday. It was high the day before, but we could still ford it up above. It was yesterday it came down big."

The leisurely manner of the man and the indefiniteness of his reply were maddening to the excited Indian.

"Yes, but the boat," he almost shouted, "the boat, where is it?"

The Mexican had finished milking his cow, and putting down the milk jar, he began to unfasten the rawhide strap with which her hind legs were tied.

"The boat, friend?" said he. "There is no boat here now. Last year Don Leandro had the boat, but she is hauled up, and they say there is a hole in her. Perhaps he will talk of getting it mended after a while. I suppose the Americano at the mail station in Ensenada will be wanting to send the mail across next week."

"*Valgame Dios!*" cried the boy. "And will there be no way of getting over the river till next week?"

"The water will have run by in a month, or perhaps in three weeks, if God wills it," remarked the Mexican, piously; "and then, friend, you can cross without a boat."

"And is there no boat anywhere up or down the river on this side?" exclaimed Felipe. "Is there no way over?"

"There are the Indians at San Miguel, eight leagues below," said the man, proceeding to take down the bars of the corral, for the purpose of turning out the cow to pasture. "They have a bridge of single logs to cross on foot by. I do not know if the river will have carried it down. Probably not. They have land on both sides and are always crossing."

"Eight leagues below!" cried the young Indian in a despairing voice. "And a sandy road from here they say—deep sand, is it

the stable to keep him quiet. Then he flew back to the village.

"All right, Josefa, come! I have him tied ready," he whispered.

The little hand met his once again through the hole in the wall and he pressed it. It trembled in his clasp. "You will always be good to me, always?" she said. "I shall have nobody but you now."

"Yes, I swear it, my heart's joy, I swear it!" he cried earnestly. "But come, come quick!" The clasped hands unlocked, and the Indian boy sank down once more to wait; this was to be the end of his waiting.

It was not for long. Three minutes later, a head peeped over the edge of the terrace above him, and in a moment more Josefa dropped into her lover's arms. One long kiss, one long rapturous embrace, was all they dared delay for; and then without a word, hand in hand and side by side, they fled with stealthy steps up the street.

Perhaps it was the fact of a woman's being abroad at that hour of the night that excited the suspicions of the dogs; but whatever it was the whole hundred and odd of them belonging to the pueblo seemed to begin to bark just then. The clamor brought one or two Indians to their doors, but they saw nothing: the lovers had already disappeared.

Up along the acequia they ran. They reached the peach orchard. The horse was there all right. Felipe bridled him in a moment and then sprang across the acequia with the lariat in his hand. He pulled at the rope but the horse refused to follow. "Hit him, Josefa," said he to the girl, "hit him." She shook the fold of her blanket at the animal, and with a snort he sprang across after Felipe. She bounded over lightly and stood beside him.

He lifted her to the saddle and vaulted on to the croup behind her. He slipped his arms around her waist, both to hold her securely and to grasp the reins, and striking the horse's sides with his feet, he urged him

forward. The noble creature made nothing of his double burden and bounded forward.

"It's no use trying to dodge," said he as he guided the animal straight towards the trail that led to the Rio Grande. "They'll track us anywhere tomorrow; but they can't see to trail before daylight and by that time we must be at Ensenada."

"Hark to those dogs," said she, as the chorus of barkings from the village rose and fell upon the night wind.

"Never mind; we're off now," said he, holding her closer to him. "The dogs are always barking anyhow. They'll think it's only some Mexican going down the valley. Why, if they did wake up and miss us now, they must wait till morning to know which way we've gone, so don't you be frightened, sweetheart."

They struck into the trail at last—a well-marked bridle path, which led across the mesas. There was no fear of their missing it, dark as it was after the moon had set, for both the horse and his rider knew the trail well enough. On they pushed, on, on, the keen night wind from the east blowing freshly in their faces, and causing them to fold their blankets more closely to them. The stout little Indian horse was used to carrying double, as indeed most horses in those parts are, and he traveled onward without flinching or staggering under his burden, cantering where the ground was not too rough, and picking his way with wonderful surefootedness up and down the steep sides of the ravines, which here and there intersected the broad tablelands.

Felipe had to tell Josefa of his vain attempts to borrow the mare of the American, and he gave her a laughing description of the way in which he had roused him at midnight to borrow the saddle. "I'm glad though he did n't take the five dollars from me," said the boy. "Perhaps I should not have had enough money left for the padre if he had."

"But you have enough?" inquired Josefa eagerly. "How much have you?"

"O, I have fifteen dollars," replied he. "I have saved my wages, every cent, since Don Estevan came back last autumn, and my father let me keep half. Fifteen dollars is more than enough. It is only the rich people who pay twenty and twenty-five dollars. Why lots of poor people pay only ten. I am sure we are poor enough."

"I am afraid we are indeed," sighed she sadly. "Never mind," said he cheerfully, trying to keep up her spirits, which were failing somewhat at the strangeness of this lonely ride over lands unknown to her, under the immense vault of night. "Never mind that. Why, I have sown six bushels of wheat more than last year, and I am going to put in plenty of corn too. There is plenty of land, and if we have not enough the pueblo must give us some more. There is lots of water now in the ditch to sow a thousand bushels more than we used to."

"Yes," said Josefa thoughtfully. "I know how hard you have worked, dear Felipe, and that you will not be slack now, but are you quite sure of your father? Will he not turn us out?"

"How can he?" said the boy scornfully. "You know he is too poor to hire any one to work for him. He cannot do without me. He is getting old and cannot put in a crop by himself, and Tomas is too young to be much good. It is I who do the work on the land. You know, Josefa, I would work ten times harder for you," and he pressed her closer to him again.

"Yes, yes, Felipe," she cried, "I know that. I am sure of that. I never could have trusted you so if I had not known you were good at home. But Felipe dear, if they are cross to me at your house I shall hate it."

"They sha'n't be cross to you," he cried hotly, "I am a man now and they must listen to me. If I support them they must do what I say — at least sometimes," he added,

correcting himself. "Besides my mother loves me, and when she sees how I love you and how you are all the world to me, she will love you too, I know she will."

"Ah, perhaps not, Felipe," said the girl doubtfully. "You talk like a man. Women are not always like that, you know."

"But she will; she must," said Felipe decidedly. He had a comfortable masculine conviction that women's feelings were something that could always be put down or got round. He felt that he was acting a man's part now and that it was time for him to assert himself. How could he feel otherwise with his arms round his sweetheart's waist, with the free sky above them and the broad mesas around, fifteen dollars in his pocket to pay the padre, and a good horse (he did not stop to think whose) to carry them to Ensenada. For the first time in his life he felt himself a man and free. They had left behind them the village with its narrow, cramping laws and customs, its parental tyrannies, and its hateful distinction of rich and poor. To Felipe, Ignacio with thirty cows was an odious monopolist. How delightful it was to have hoodwinked the watchful guardian of Josefa and baffled his miserly rival!

While the fugitives thus sped onward through the night peace once more reigned supreme over the pueblo. The barking of the dogs at their departure had soon ceased, and no one took the trouble to inquire seriously into the source of their wrath. They might have been barking at a hungry coyote, come to explore the heaps of household refuse deposited day by day outside the village by the tidy squaws, or at some belated Mexican passing up or down the valley, or even at some stray donkey escaped from his owner's corral. At any rate, no one cared enough to prosecute his inquiries, and no movement was perceptible in the village till the first grey dawn.

Dawn caught the lovers descending the long hill that leads from the mesas down to

the wide flats of the Rio Grande valley. The light was too dim as yet to do more than show vaguely the broad line of the wooded banks of the river, still some distance ahead of them. The sun rose as they were pushing across the sandy flats and passing through the poverty-stricken hovels of the Mexican village of La Boca, past a surprised looking, unkempt peon, who blinked drowsily at the couple from his doorway. On they pressed and still onward, making for the point where the road forded the river.

But what roar was this that met their ears as they neared the grove of cottonwood trees through which the road to the ford ran, a dull, strong roar as of the rushing of many waters? Felipe recognized it, and on the instant his heart felt like lead in his breast.

"*Valgame Dios, Josefa!*" said he, "I believe the river is up. Oh! what luck! what luck!"

V.

The gray dawn that awoke the household of the cacique did so to some purpose. "Josefa," called the stepmother as she arose, "Josefa"—but no answer came. "Why, where can she be?" exclaimed the Indian woman, looking round and calling her other daughters. Salvador himself rushed into the inner room to look for her. In a moment he sprang out again. "She has gone!" he shouted. "She has got through the trap door and escaped. O, the wretch!"

"Where can she be?" wondered his wife helplessly.

"Where can she be?" he echoed scornfully. "Why, with that pauper scoundrel of a Felipe. I know her. O, I'll make her pay for this!"

He seized his revolver and slipped his belt through the loop of its case, and grasping a horsewhip he darted from the house. The rest of the family followed him somewhat timidly, anxious to see what was going

to happen, wishing, perhaps, that he would punish her a little for not being so good and steady as they were, hoping, too, to intervene and save her from the extremity of his passion, for they knew how pitiless he was when roused.

The cacique flew straight to Athanacio's dwelling, and thrusting the door open burst rudely into the apartment.

"Where is Felipe? Where is my daughter?" shouted he in tones of fury.

"I don't know. I don't know anything about it," said the old man humbly. "Isn't your daughter at home? Perhaps she is over at Sahwaquin's." Sahwaquin was Josefa's uncle, her own mother's brother, and Josefa was a pet of his.

"Where's Felipe? I ask you. Answer me you old reprobate!" roared the angry cacique.

"I don't know," said the old man again, in the humblest tones. "I have not seen him. He was here last night when we lay down, but he got up and went out. I don't know where he is."

"He's run off with my daughter, that's where he is," shouted the indignant parent; "and I believe you know about it, too," he added, threatening the old man with his whip. "You had better say what you know, or I'll make you."

He was a thick set, muscular man, and looked well able to carry out his threat as he stood over old Athanacio, who remained passive, seated on a sheepskin near the hearth, neither attempting to defend himself nor to escape. The cacique's black eyes flashed fury, and his coarse features worked with passion, as with taunts and threats he cowed the helpless being before him.

But meanwhile the news of the elopement had spread, and the Indians were buzzing about their village like a swarm of bees round the hive. Up dashed one of the younger men with news. "Cacique, cacique," he cried, "the stable! Your

horse has gone but the stable is locked. His tracks go all up the acequia," and he pointed to where two Indians, with their heads bent low almost to the ground, were busily questing from side to side like sleuth-hounds on a scent.

"Oh! the villian!" roared Salvador. "He's got my horse. He shall be hanged." And he ran first of all to the stable to satisfy himself by seeing with his own eyes what had happened.

It was true. The stable was locked but the steed was stolen, as could be seen by lying down and peeping under the door. The cacique got up with his white shirt and buckskins all dusty from the ground, and turning to the crowd called out:

"Here, get me a horse, some of you — Tito, Miguel, Alejandro. Go get me the mare of the Americano, and mount yourselves too." And he himself started out towards the acequia to look at the tracks.

Several Indians ran towards the corrals. "The saddle," said one, "we want a saddle: go get yours, Alejandro. You live nearest."

"Had n't we better tell the Americano," said Tito, "before we take his mare? May be he won't like to lend her."

"But he must lend her," retorted Miguel impatiently. "The cacique wants her. Is n't that enough?"

By this time they had arrived at the bars of the corral where the prospector kept his stock, and they stopped to wait for Alejandro to bring the saddle. Tito took advantage of the delay to act on his own motion, and darting over to the door of Stephens's dwelling began to knock vigorously.

"Hullo! who's there?" called out Stephens in response to the knocking. He was still between the blankets and had not yet turned out.

"The cacique wants your mare," cried Tito through the keyhole.

"Wants my what?" exclaimed Stephens, who failed to catch his words exactly. "Open

the door, can't you, and let me hear what you've got to say," he added, sitting up in bed.

Tito held the door ajar and put half his face into the aperture. He had a wholesome respect for Faro and did not care to adventure further.

"The cacique wants to take your mare to ride, to go after his daughter," he explained.

"Well he can't have her, that's all about it," said Stephens, getting out of bed and beginning to put on his moccasins. He had adopted the Indian foot-covering as more comfortable as well as more economical than boots. "Just tell him," he continued, "that I'm not lending horses just now. When I am I'll let him know. But why can't he take his own?"

"He has n't got it. It's gone," said Tito, at the same time signaling with the half of him outside the doorway to Miguel not to take the mare. "It's gone. Felipe's run away with the cacique's horse and his daughter."

"The dickens he has!" said Stephens. "When did he do that?" As he spoke he recollected Felipe's midnight visit to him for the purpose of borrowing the saddle, and a light dawned on him. But under the circumstances it seemed better to say nothing about the matter.

He put on his hat and came to the door. Tito volubly expounded all he knew of the story. Presently Salvador himself came bustling up from the acequia, whip in hand and revolver on hip.

"Looks on the warpath rather," said the prospector to himself. "Wonder what he means to do about it."

"Here," said the cacique in a loud voice to the Indians round: "Where's the horse? Why is n't it saddled?"

Stephens stood leaning carelessly against the doorpost but took no notice of his speech. There was silence for a moment, and then Tito said in an apologetic tone,

"Don Estevan says he doesn't want to lend her."

"O nonsense!" said the cacique, and then turning to the American and mastering his passion as well as he could, he said, "Lend me your mare, Don Estevan."

"I can't do it, Salvador," said the prospector deliberately. "I want to go to the sierra today."

"O, the sierra!" said the cacique impatiently. "That will do tomorrow. My laughter is gone and my horse is gone and there's nothing else to go after them on. You must lend yours for once."

"Not to be ridden to death after them," said Stephens. "Why, they're leagues away by this time. You'll have to ride like the very mischief to catch them." There was an accent of contempt in his voice, which infuriated the Indian. Stephens valued the mare, which he had brought with him from California, above all earthly things, and the idea of letting an Indian ride her near to death in a long stern chase seemed to him the blindest absurdity. "Why, I would n't do it for my own brother!" he went on. "You can't have her, cacique, and that's flat."

"But I must," said the Indian, enraged at an opposition he had not expected. "I must and I will. What's a horse for but to ride?" He turned to the crowd of Indians behind him and called out, "Saddle her up, will you, quick."

Two or three began instantly to run towards the corral, and the rest were starting to follow when the loud, clear voice of the prospector arrested their movement.

"Stop right there!" were his words. "You do no such thing. If any one touches my stock without my leave I'll shoot him."

The Indians stopped.

"I'll drive you out of here, you Americano," said the angry cacique, laying his hand upon the butt of his revolver and advancing directly towards Stephens, who was of course quite unarmed.

"Drive away then and be d—d to you," returned the American. "I've hired these rooms from old Reyna's husband till the end of April and I shan't budge before." And his eyes flashed back defiance.

Salvador kept advancing in a threatening manner, and the younger Indian men, of whom there were thirty or forty on the spot, closed up behind their leader: they half felt that he was wrong, but still he was their chosen cacique.

Stephens stood his ground and faced the mob with dauntless coolness. An odd thing struck him. He knew them all personally quite well, but now he hardly seemed to recognize them. The expression of their faces, usually so peaceful, was entirely changed. It gave him quite a turn to think that people who had crowded round him so full of fun, and so eager to show their friendship and gratitude only the day before, should change in a moment to a mob of savages. A hundred black, flashing eyes were fixed on him with an angry glare. He felt as if he were shut up in a den of wild beasts. He was quite alone; there was but one other American within sixty miles.

"Take your hand off that pistol, Salvador," said he quietly. "You can't scare me, so don't you try it on."

The Indian stopped, but his hand plucked nervously at the hilt of the weapon. Stephens observed his opponent's indecision and continued, "A pretty lot of fellows you are, to come crowding round me as you did yesterday, and call me your best friend, and say how you'll sing my praises to the third generation, and now this morning you're ready to cut my throat before breakfast, all about nothing! I've heard of the gratitude of Indians before now," he continued, "but this beats all."

The Indians visibly winced at this taunt, the justice of which they could not but acknowledge, and began to interchange rapid words in their own language, which was unintelligible to Stephens.

Just at this moment came a most welcome diversion. Round the corner dashed Miguel full charge on a fiery steed. The Indians scattered right and left before him. With a jerk on the terrible Spanish bit he set the horse on his haunches, and as he sprang to the ground he cried, "Here, cacique! Here's the horse of the trader: he came back from San Mateo last night. I've got him for you."

Salvador never spoke, but seizing the rein offered him by Miguel he sprang to the saddle, turned his back on Stephens and the crowd, and dashed wildly forwards to the trail.

All eyes were bent on his rapid course. The trackers on foot had already traced the hoof marks from the acequia across to the Ensenada trail, and were running half a mile off like hounds in full cry. In less than two minutes the galloping horseman overtook them, and cantered alongside to hear what they had to tell. They reported that the tracks were several hours old and that the horse carried double.

"I could have told you that," said Salvador, as he plied the whip freshly and galloping ahead disappeared in the direction of the mesas from the sight of those who were watching him.

"Wonder what he'll do if he catches Felipe!" said Stephens to himself as he saw him vanish over the hills. "That young man'll have to look out for himself, as sure as he's a foot high. Rather lucky for me," he ruminated, turning to go in, "that boy's coming up with the trader's horse! I don't know what I should have done if Mr. Salvador had gone for me with that six shooter, and he was just about mad enough to try it on. Blamed if it was n't the suddenest scare I ever did get let in for! Why, hullo, Faro, old man," said he aloud, on finding the dog at his heels, "what's up with you? I don't often see you out of the blankets before breakfast. Blamed if I don't believe you heard me a talkin' to them fellers and

just come out to take a hand!" He was right. The dog's quick ear had caught the note of danger in his master's voice and he had flown to his assistance.

Stephens took another look at the Indians around. Some were still watching the mesas; others were going about their daily business. It seemed as if those who knew him best kept aloof, feeling ashamed to come up and speak to him. However, an old man whom he hardly knew and who spoke Spanish badly approached him in an apologetic sort of way and said, "Salvador very angry!"

"Well rather," answered Stephens with a grim laugh. "I should think he's gone mad."

"Yes, mad, silly," assented the old man; "for why get angry? No good, no good—" and as he stood there wagging his old head and saying "no good" in a way that the prospector quite understood to be intended for an *amende honorable* on the part of his fellows.

Nor was he the only one. "Señor Americano," said a cracked voice close beside him, and Stephens felt a light touch on his elbow. He turned and found himself face to face with Reyna, the old squaw who lived next door, and from whom he often bought eggs and meal. She of course had been a witness of the whole affair. She now produced two eggs and holding them out to him said, "See, two."

"Yes, I see," said Stephens, "but I don't want 'em today. Have n't got the five cents."

"No, no!" she cried. "No money—two."

Her Spanish was weaker even than the old man's. Stephens turned to him. "What does she mean?" he asked. "I can't make out what she's up to."

The two Indians exchanged some words in their own language.

"She means, your honor," said the old Indian man, speaking with painful elaboration.

tion, "that this is for the gratitude of the Indians. Excuse her, your honor, she does not speak much in Spanish — that is for us, the men —" he added explanatorily, "but she can understand, and she heard you say the Indians got no gratitude, and this is for her."

Stephens turned to the old squaw and took the eggs, thanking her as well as he knew how. "And I'm going in now to cook them for breakfast," said he as he went back to his room.

"Well, who'd have thought that?" he said to himself, as he began to whittle shavings from a piece of fat pine to light his fire with. "They're a rum lot, Indians are, but I suppose it takes all sorts of people to make a world." His thoughts wandered back to Salvador and the fugitives. "Wonder what Salvador'll do" he said half aloud. "He's about mad enough to kill the boy if he gets close enough. Blamed if I didn't think he was about mad enough to kill me! He's real ugly when he's mad, and it's no foolin' when it comes to six shooters." He went over the scene of the early dawn again in his mind. "It do beat cock fightin'," he continued to himself, "how folks like these Indians that's as quiet and decent and orderly as can be, should flare up all in a moment and glare at you like a lot of wild-cats and all for nothing. Why if I'd gone and killed somebody or run off with somebody's wife there'd be some sense in it, but to burst out just because I wouldn't lend my mare to be rode plumb to death! It does beat all."

The fire now burned up brightly, and after setting the coffee-pot on to boil he filled the nosébags himself and went out to feed his stock. "Confound that boy, running off like this," he grumbled, "and leaving me this job! Told his little brother Tomas indeed! I don't see him around yet; not much; don't expect to neither."

He leaned up against the fence waiting while the stock ate their feed. Some one

must keep watch in order to drive off the hungry Indian pigs, who prowled around and would have disputed their corn with the horses. The sun had just risen and his level rays lit up like a flame the red cliffs crowned with dark pines, which formed the western side of the valley. But Stephens did not see it. He was facing east with the sunlight full in his face and his eyes fixed on the bare flat-topped tablelands, which divided the Santiago valley from the Rio Grande. "Confound him!" he growled again. "What a fool trick for him to play! I'm mighty glad it is n't my mare he's playing it on. He'll find himself in a muss too, if he don't mind out: sure. I don't more than half like the notion of that ugly savage of a cacique getting after him with a six shooter."

He waited till the stock had finished feeding, and then went back to his rooms. But he decided not to start for the sierra till the next day. "Confound the boy!" said he the third time. "I can't take that little fool Tomas, and I want somebody to help me dry the meat and pack it down. Why the dickens, couldn't he run off some other time. He want a wife indeed! He wants a nurse and a birch rod, I should say."

The surly old bachelor put in the rest of his morning, or at least as much of it as he could spare from swearing at Felipe's escapade, in fixing up pack-saddles, mending his tent, cleaning his beloved repeating rifle, and generally getting ready for the trip he so unwillingly postponed.

VI.

Felipe's words were but too true. The river was up. As they passed through the grove of cottonwoods they beheld right from their feet to the further bank full a half mile off a turbid yellow flood, rolling rapidly southward towards Texas and the Gulf, twelve hundred miles away. All autumn and winter long a broad expanse of dry waterworn pebbles and boulders and beds of

shingle and sand, through which ran half a dozen easily forded streams of clear water, had been all that lay between La Boca on the west bank and Ensenada on the east. During those seasons both horses and wagons, and people on foot by picking their way through the shallows, could cross almost anywhere without wading much above knee deep. But all autumn and winter long on the great mountain ranges of Colorado, two hundred miles away to the north where the river had its sources, the snows of successive storms had been piled up deeper and deeper. And now the sun was well past the vernal equinox and his growing heat had loosened those snows and was sending their cold floods down ten thousand gulches and tributaries to swell the current of the Rio Grande. This takes place every April, and Felipe ought to have thought of it, but he was young and had not yet learned to think of everything. This was a possibility he had forgotten.

"It must have come down in the last two days," he groaned, as he looked hopelessly at the flood. "I know Juan and Miguel passed here only three days ago from Santa Fé, and it was all right then, and now it is like this."

"We are lost," sobbed Josefa. "What shall we do, Felipe?"—even her brave heart succumbing to this unexpected calamity.

"Don't cry, dear heart, don't cry," said he tenderly, taking her in his arms and lifting her from the horse. "Perhaps there is a boat. I will go and see." He pulled the bridle from the horse's head. "Do you rest here a minute," he said, spreading his blanket for her to rest her weary limbs, "and let him feed here on the green grass, but don't let him drink. I will run back to La Boca and ask." He threw her the rope and darted back like the wind in the direction of the houses they had lately passed. The unkempt Mexican was milking a cow in the corral as Felipe dashed up breathless.

"Where is the boat?" he asked eagerly. "Is it running? Is it this side?"

"The boat?" said the Mexican slowly, going on with his milking. "No, friend. The river only came down like this yesterday. It was high the day before, but we could still ford it up above. It was yesterday it came down big."

The leisurely manner of the man and the indefiniteness of his reply were maddening to the excited Indian.

"Yes, but the boat," he almost shouted, "the boat, where is it?"

The Mexican had finished milking his cow, and putting down the milk jar, he began to unfasten the rawhide strap with which her hind legs were tied.

"The boat, friend?" said he. "There is no boat here now. Last year Don Leandro had the boat, but she is hauled up, and they say there is a hole in her. Perhaps he will talk of getting it mended after a while. I suppose the Americano at the mail station in Ensenada will be wanting to send the mail across next week."

"*Valgame Dios!*" cried the boy. "And will there be no way of getting over the river till next week?"

"The water will have run by in a month, or perhaps in three weeks, if God wills it," remarked the Mexican, piously; "and then, friend, you can cross without a boat."

"And is there no boat anywhere up or down the river on this side?" exclaimed Felipe. "Is there no way over?"

"There are the Indians at San Miguel, eight leagues below," said the man, proceeding to take down the bars of the corral, for the purpose of turning out the cow to pasture. "They have a bridge of single logs to cross on foot by. I do not know if the river will have carried it down. Probably not. They have land on both sides and are always crossing."

"Eight leagues below!" cried the young Indian in a despairing voice. "And a sandy road from here they say—deep sand, is it

not?" He followed the man and the cow outside the corral.

"Yes, friend," said the man, "it is deep sand along the river. But there is a better way: to take the trail to Santiago as far as the Banded Mesa and then turn to the left. So you keep up on the mesas the whole way and it is better going."

"Thanks, sir; adios," said Felipe; and without waiting for more discourse he tore along back towards Josefa as fast as he could run.

She was lying on the blanket where he had left her, and holding the end of the lariat. Felipe rushed up to the horse and began to bridle him.

"There is no boat, sweetheart," he panted; "but there is a bridge of the Indians at San Miguel. Let us go there. We can leave the horse with the Indians on this side, and get a horse from some of them on the other, and come on to Ensenada that way. Make haste."

Once more he lifted her to the saddle, and springing up behind her turned the horse's head.

"They must be after us long ago," said he wearily, looking at the sun, which was already well up. "I expect they are half way here by this time. They will be here in a little while."

"My father will have no horse," suggested Josefa, trying to make the best of it.

"O he will take the American's. Don Estevan will lend it to *him*," said Felipe bitterly. "The cacique can take what he wants."

He revolved their position in his mind. If he rode the back trail as far as the Banded Mesa, and there turned off the trail just where it was hard and stony he would be almost certain to throw the pursuers off the track. But could he reach the Banded Mesa before they got there? That was the question. He considered it well. It was an up-hill road, and the horse, gallantly as he had carried his double burden, was

beginning to flag. He doubted whether to try it did not mean running into the very jaws of the lion. It seemed more hopeful to turn south as soon as they were out of sight of the people at La Boca and go down parallel to the Rio Grande, trusting to the sand, which was here in drifts almost like the seashore, being so loose that no definite trail of theirs could be traced.

On this idea he acted. But no sooner were they in the deep sand than the tired horse could no longer raise the semblance of a gallop. Felipe sprang off and ran on foot urging the horse on. Relieved of half his load he went better, but even under the most favorable circumstances the deep sand was very heavy going, and their progress was but slow. Thus they struggled on for two weary miles, and Felipe kept uttering words of encouragement to his mistress, whose silence proclaimed her sinking spirits; but all the time his eyes kept turning in the direction of the Santiago trail, for every moment he expected their pursuers to appear.

Suddenly on the brow of the topmost of the low rolling hills that rose between the Rio Grande and the mesas, his keen sight discerned a black speck, which he knew had not been there a minute before. In the clear air of New Mexico, and over those bare, open downs far off things are seen with amazing distinctness; but at that distance it was impossible to say for certain what it was. Felipe said nothing of it to Josefa; what was the use of adding unnecessarily to her terrors. He kept his eye vigilantly on the object of his suspicions.

"It is no use to try to hide," said he to himself. "There isn't cover enough among these scattering juniper bushes to hide a sheep. If it is a man he can see us as plain as we do him, and he will know what we are by our actions. If it is a cow or a horse feeding, it will move slowly about; if it is a man riding, he will move straight on in a minute or two, and then I shall know."

His uncertainty did not last long. Before five minutes elapsed the speck moved again and this time it descended the hill straight towards the fugitives till it was lost to sight behind the brow of a nearer ridge. There was no longer any doubt left in Felipe's mind.

"*Ay de mi,*" said he to his mistress, "we are pursued. It is one man only, as far as I can see. It must be your father," and he urged the horse on freshly.

"Run, run, Felipe," said the girl. "Hide yourself somewhere. He will kill you if he catches us. Never mind me. He won't kill me you know."

"No, not that! I can't do that!" he cried; but dark despair came over him. His feet seemed like lead as he struggled forward. He looked over his shoulder again. The black speck had re-appeared again much closer and much larger; it was a galloping horseman. His last hope fled. "There he comes!" he cried—and he seized the horse's bridle and turning him to the left, headed him straight for the Rio Grande, which was but a few hundred yards away."

"What are you doing? Where are you going, Felipe?" exclaimed Josefa, troubled at this sudden change of direction and at the sudden fury of his face.

"Where am I going?" he echoed bitterly. "Don Estevan told me yesterday that I must come to the Rio Grande to find water enough to drown myself, and I am going to see."

They came near the brink of the rushing river. Behind them the galloping horseman was fast closing up the gap that separated them. Felipe recognized his style of riding. "It is your father! see!" he cried in a voice of despair, "but he sha'n't separate us now," and he urged the horse towards the water's edge.

"O stop, Felipe, stop! What madness is this?" cried the girl, and she drew rein and

pulled up. Felipe seized the bridle his face aflame with baffled passion.

"Loose the rein," he cried to her desperately. "Let the horse come on. He will carry you over. I can swim."

"O you are mad," said she gazing on the wide rolling flood and the distant shore beyond. "Don't dream of such a thing. We shall both be drowned."

"Well, let us drown then: we shall be together," he exclaimed passionately. "Give him the rein. Come on. Better that than to be beaten like dogs and separated. As he spoke he looked over his shoulder and saw that Salvador, his face raging with anger, was within a few yards of them. Felipe raised his arm to strike Josefa's horse, and force him to take the desperate plunge into the boiling current.

The desperate plunge was never taken. A shot cracked. Felipe felt a great blow and his right arm fell powerless to his side. Salvador was close by with a smoking pistol in his hand. Josefa's terrified horse wheeled round and bounded away in terror from the bank of the dreaded river. Salvador dashed in between her and Felipe and fired at him again. Felipe hardly knew if he was hit again or not, but instinctively he ran off some fifty yards and then stopped. Wounded and weaponless what could he do against the murderous fire-arm in the hands of the cacique?

"Yes, run, you villain, you scoundrel!" shouted Salvador. "Run and don't stop within a hundred leagues of me. If ever I catch you near the village again I'll kill you—I will," and he poured out a torrent of abuse at the wretched youth who stood there on the river bank, the very picture of misery, the blood running down his right arm and dropping from his hand to the ground. Josefa saw him and overcome with pity and fear for him turned her horse toward him, but the animal dreading the water refused to approach it.

Salvador rode up to her and seized her rein. "Ah, traitress, ungrateful, disobedient!" hissed his angry voice. "I'll settle with you for this piece of work, be sure." And leaving Felipe he started away from the river dragging the horse and its rider after him across the sand dunes.

The horse followed not unwillingly but too slowly for Salvador's impatience. He dropped the rein, pulled his horse behind, and striking the other violently with his whip forced him into a gallop. The position was a tempting one to his passion and the cruel

raw-hide fell once and again not on the horse only but also on his rider. The girl uttered no sound and made no resistance, only she bent forward over the animal's neck before the shower of blows. At this pitiful sight her lover gave a great cry of despair and started forward to the rescue, wounded and unarmed as he was. But bleeding, exhausted, and on foot, it was hopeless for him to attempt to overtake the horses. He made one despairing rush with all his failing strength, then he fell headlong and lay senseless on the sand.

R. B. Townshend.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CHRONICLES OF CAMP WRIGHT¹.—III.

THE TOM-KIES, SHANEL-POMOS, E-DA-MAS, AND WYLACKIES.

I.

THE home of the Tom-kies, or Little Lakes, as they are called by the whites, was along the banks of the Tom-ki Creek, a tolerably large stream, exceedingly dangerous when swollen in the rainy season, which runs through that part of Mendocino County lying between the Russian and Eel Rivers and empties in the South Fork of the last named. This creek courses through several little valleys, and in these, and others lying near about, like Scott's Valley, the Tom-kies lived contented and happy in their simple ways, until that part of California was settled by the whites.

These Indians are more intelligent, better proportioned, and hardier than their neighbors, the Yukas, and they were even more

inoffensive — so much so in fact that when the Yukas were being exterminated by the whites in and about Round Valley, the Tom-kies remained unmolested until sometime in 1872, when they were driven away from their homes in their little valleys by the whites, and taken to the reservation. Whatever reasons may have prompted the whites in their action, the removal, with time, proved most beneficial to the Indians, for they said afterwards that they were then starving, as the settlers wanted all the wild clover for their cattle and all the acorns for their hogs, and that now they had plenty to eat and to wear, more than they ever had before, and would be perfectly happy were it not for being away from their home — to which, like all the other Indians, they cling with great tenacity, not only from affection but also as a matter of religious belief. Some months afterward six of these Tom-kies, three men, two women, and a little boy, suffering with uncontrollable nostalgia, ventured back to their old home,

¹ In the series of studies of the cosmogony and other legends, the character, and history of the different Indian tribes about Round Valley, properly belonging to the "Chronicles of Camp Wright," the papers upon the Con-Cows and Yukas have been anticipated in articles in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for June, July, and August 1884.

and four of them, two men and two women, were killed by the whites; since then none of the tribe have dared to return thither.

Like the majority of the Northern California Indians the Tom-kies have a story of the Creation that sounds singularly familiar, they believe that in the beginning the waters covered the earth and that the whole was enveloped in darkness and gloom until Mi-ke-lah, the Maker, appeared and lighted all with his presence and his work. The habitation being prepared, Mi-ke-lah made all the Indians, the Tom-kies first; and before re-ascending to his home near the sun, he selected the wisest from among them, whom he named Coyote, the chief, and to whom he imparted much of his knowledge to be disseminated among the others for their good.

Among the many gifts left in the hands of Coyote for that purpose, was a bow with a quiver full of arrows, with directions to teach the others how to make and use them so that they could hunt the game and have plenty to eat. But when Coyote, by constant practice, had become very expert in their use, he kept the knowledge to himself instead of teaching the others, and he made them carry home all the game he killed, so that, in one sense, they all had to depend on him. So in every way, seeing himself the "arcanum," as it were, of human knowledge, he became very proud, and ambitious of always excelling the others by retaining for himself only the knowledge which Mi-ke-lah had given him for the good of all; and whenever questions were asked by the others for their information he even gave the wrong answers or explanations, and by and by through his instrumentality a great many who had at first been very good, like all things Mi-ke-lah had made, became very bad without knowing it.

One day Coyote, while hunting, saw a large red deer before him, and as he was fixing the arrow on the bow to slay the deer the bow flew into pieces and all the arrows with it, and the deer looked at him with a

twinkle in his eyes, as if he knew all about it, and turned slowly away, browsing as he went; while Coyote, almost broken-hearted at the wonderful mishap, went back sorrowing to his lodge, and believing that it was a punishment and a warning from Mi-ke-lah, he became conscience-stricken, refused all food, and did nothing but weep all the time.

At last, one day he went back to the spot where he had seen the deer, and carefully gathered together all the pieces of the bow and arrows and brought them to his lodge, where he placed them side by side on the ground in their proper places; and with this model before him, he began slowly to manufacture another bow and other arrows, at the same time making all sorts of good resolutions to reform his conduct toward the others and tell them all that Mi-ke-lah had said, if he succeeded. Finally, the work was completed to his satisfaction, and he went out and hung the bow on the limbs of a tree for the sinews of which the string was made to dry in the sun, and for four days and four nights he lay underneath it, watching it all the time.

At the end of the fourth day he took it down and tried it, and found it to be a success. He became so elated that he forgot all his good resolutions.

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;

When the Devil was well, the devil a monk was he," and like his great prototype, Coyote became fully as bad as he was before, if not worse.

But one day Mi-ke-lah came down among the Tom-kies again, and he gathered them all around him, with Coyote, very much frightened, in the middle; and he told them that Coyote by his wicked ambition had become a *cha-du-wel*, a devil, who had perverted all the good words that had been entrusted to him alone for the good of all, and that, by so doing, he had made bad that which Mi-ke-lah had created good; that as a punishment for his wickedness he

would become a *de-wih*, a mean cur-wolf, who would not dare hereafter to show himself in the light of the *dah*, the sun, and that forevermore he would only come out to steal at night, and howl at the *du-weh-da*, the moon.

And Coyote began to reel upon his feet, as if drunk, and fell upon his hands and knees; his body became covered all over with long, dirty yellow hair; his ears became pointed, and a bushy tail grew on him; and he gave a mournful howl and sneaked away from among the others, who pursued him with hoots of derision and cries of anger and hate. And ever since that time the mean, thievish, cowardly *de-wih* has been called a coyote.

Mi-ke-lah then explained his teachings, and the ears of the Tom-kies were filled with good words; they were told never to steal, swear, kill, or do anything that they now knew was bad, and to build the sweat-houses, and to call to Mi-ke-lah therein, and that he would always listen to them. They were told never to leave the land that he had made for them; and that is the reason why the Tom-kies, as well as the other Indians, never leave their homes to wander about like the whites. Mi-ke-lah said that if they did so they would deprive others of their homes; for to each tribe, to each people, a land had been given for its own use alone.

Before coming on the reservation the Tom-kies disposed of their dead by burning; and their reason for so doing was far more poetic than any of those urged so far by our modern advocates for cremation. A circular hole, some six feet in diameter and from three to four feet deep, was filled with clean, dry twigs, strewn with some kind of bark, which exhaled a pleasing perfume when burning; the body of the dead, decorated with beads and other valuables in the possession of the deceased when living, was carefully laid thereon, and a fire kindled. As the smoke ascended the soul of the de-

parted went up to *Kal-e-me-no-a*, heaven; if it settled on the earth, the soul went to the wicked place, or bad world, in the entrails of *Boa-ugh*, the earth. A heap of mouldering embers with a few white calcined bones, showing among the darker wood-ashes at the bottom of the grave, was soon all that was left; and when the last spark expired, the grave was refilled even with the ground, and nothing remained to show the last resting place of the dead, but the memory of the spot in the hearts of his friends.

II.

East by north, some sixteen miles from Ukiah, the county seat of Mendocino, lies a small, fertile, tolerably well settled valley known as Potter, which until May, 1872, was the home of the Shanel-pomos, or Potter Valley Indians, the most numerous tribe on the reservation.

Their traditions are somewhat analogous to those of the Tom-kies, their deity being the same, Mi-ke-lah, the Maker. They believed that he created the world, and made both the white man and the Indian—the first named out of the white willow, the last out of common wood. The Indian remained where he was made, while the white man traveled to the East and settled it.

When the twilight of the first night approached, Mi-ke-lah told the Indian to cut a clean, straight stick and place it by his side as he laid down to sleep; and the next morning when he awoke, the stick had disappeared, and in its place slept a woman, whom the Indian took for his mate. Very soon, sooner than now-a-days, the earth became thickly peopled, and Mi-ke-lah selected from among the Indians one whom he made chief over all the others for the purpose of teaching them all that was good.

He taught them the use of the bow and arrows, telling them at the same time that whenever they shot with them at an elk, deer, or any other creature and missed, they

must not become angered at their bad fortune or want of marksmanship, for it was a sign that Mi-ke-lah wanted the creature to live longer, as its time to die had not yet come. They were also instructed to build sweat-houses, and to worship therein decorated with a coronet of eagle feathers. But with time — and mainly by the perverse influence of a being called Coyote, who appears to have been in the traditions of the Shanel-pomos as well as in those of nearly all the Northern California tribes, the embodied spirit of evil, rather than the cur-wolf known by that name — the good teachings were disregarded and forgotten. The Indians became so wicked that Mi-ke-lah in his wrath sent a great fire upon the earth and only a few good people were left alive.

With time these increased and multiplied, until the earth was again re-peopled; and eventually, through the machinations of Coyote, who never dies, these became as wicked as their predecessors. This time a great flood was sent upon the earth, and everything that was alive except one good Shanel-pomo and his mate perished therein. As the waters rose Mi-ke-lah piled up rocks one above the other, upon which he stood, until the pile became a great mountain, known by the white people as the Sanhedrim, and by the Indians as Ka-pa-mat-oak.

When the water receded sometime afterward, all the other mountains had been washed away and the earth had become a plain. So he created a gigantic mole, whom he ordered to burrow under the ground; and wherever it furrowed rose enormous mountains. The mole still lives in the bowels of the earth, and whenever it is at work earthquakes are felt all over the world.

The clouds are a female being, sister of Mi-ke-lah, who is believed to exercise a baleful influence over the Shanel-pomos. She sometimes appeared to solitary men in the form of a beautiful woman, and beguiled them into falling desperately in love with her; and together they would ascend to the

sky in a cloud and the Indian would never be seen again. Whenever the clouds hang low upon the mountain tops in the early autumn mornings, this woman, wrapped like a German *Zwerge* in "*eine Nebelkappe*," or cloak of mist, is often seen for a moment as the mist melts away under the rays of the rising sun: and the poor Indian that unwarily happens to gaze upon her twice — and it is hard not to do so, for she is very beautiful — is doomed; for her eyes have kindled a love within him that nothing can conquer, and he searches far and near until he meets her and with her his fate.

Wind is only air in motion, but the motion is caused by the rush of an invisible hairy being, who in flying through space stiffens and extends his long hairs on every side, like the "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Dancing took a prominent part in all the religious ceremonies of Shanel-pomos. The dances were preceded by a fast of some days, but the dance once begun they feasted together in sign of good fellowship and brotherly feeling. Every seventh year they had a dance symbolic of the constant fight between the principles of good and evil. A certain number of the men would gather together in the woods near the rancherias, and painted and disfigured in the most frightful manner to represent devils or coyotes, would rush out again and attempt to force an entrance into the villages, which were defended by the greater part of the inhabitants. The day was spent in alternate attacks and repulses, which ended with the setting sun, when, as a rule, the principle of good triumphed over that of evil.

Like all, or nearly all, the other tribes, they practiced a sort of polygamy — that is, when an appropriated woman did not conduct herself properly, they put her away and took another, and thus the matter was settled without litigation.

A belief exactly similar to that of the German *Wechselbalg* prevails among them,

and when a woman is delivered, the husband watches unceasingly by her side for four days and four nights, to prevent the mischievous mountain dwarfs (like the "*Erdgeister*") from substituting their deformed offspring for the usually well-shaped Indian child. For a whole month subsequent to her confinement, the mother is forbidden to eat flesh of any kind.

Like the Tom-kies the Shanel-pomos disposed of their dead by cremation; but they did not believe that the bad went to one place and the good to another—all the Shanel-pomos went to the same place after death, at the feet of Mi-ke-lah, who rewarded the good in one way, and punished the bad in another.

Some thirteen years ago the Shanel-pomos numbered considerably over three thousand. In 1874 they had dwindled to less than four hundred. I found them as happy and contented on the reservation as they possibly could be away from their native place, which they believe Mi-ke-lah made especially for them, telling the Indian to remain where he was made, while the white man was sent on his way to the East—which is the reason the whites are never satisfied to remain in one place, but wander away all over the world.

III.

The E-da-mas, or Pitt Rivers, were brought to the reservation about 1861 from Shasta County. They were a bold, warlike tribe, fine-featured, very intelligent, and more to be feared than all the others. They came from very near the Modocs, and belong to the same class of Indians. From time immemorial, however, the E-da-mas have been at enmity with the Modocs, who formerly were in the habit of kidnapping their children and appropriating them for their own uses.

When the majority of the E-da-mas came on the reservation, one of their chiefs, Cap-

tain Dick, remained with a small part of the tribe in the Pitt River Valley; and there is no doubt that despite this old rooted enmity, the Modoc chief, Captain Jack, made secret overtures to Captain Dick with the view of combining their respective forces against the United States troops. Captain Dick resolutely declined, however, saying that the Modocs had always been bad, predatory Indians, and that now that they had gotten themselves into trouble they could come out of it as best they might, for he would neither counsel nor abet them in their resistance.

Notwithstanding this refusal, however, it is no less certain that for some time during the hostilities considerable excitement existed among the E-da-mas not only on the Pitt River but also on the Round Valley reservation. Runners communicated between the Modocs and the E-da-mas of both places, and reliable data from the seat of war were known among the Indians on the reservation long before the same news reached the military authorities of Camp Wright through the medium of the newspapers.

To guard in some manner against any possible contingencies, the commanding officer, Major Woodruff, requested the Indian agent to take away everything in the shape of weapons from the E-da-mas on the reservation, and gradually the excitement cooled off.

I do not say too much when I say that had it not been for the presence of the small handful of troops at Camp Wright, and had the E-da-mas been stronger in numbers, it is probable that the Modoc war would have been protracted by an offensive and defensive alliance between the two tribes. In point of fact, the kind treatment of the Indian agent, Mr. Burchard, and the prompt measures adopted by the military authorities, were, in all likelihood, the means of preventing some of these Indians from joining the Modocs and making even more sanguinary one of the most extraordinary and demoralizing episodes of modern

warfare. I say "demoralizing" advisedly; for I have the evidence of tried officers, who had acted with distinguished gallantry in the war between the States, and who assure me that the moral effect of repeated charges of column after column of rebel infantry, assisted by the continuous fire of numerous batteries, dwindled into insignificance when compared to the stealthy and sure death dealt on every side by an unseen enemy, whom it was impossible to reach and against whom skill, endurance, and courage proved unavailing. I use the word as I would in speaking of the effect of an epidemic, the yellow fever or Asiatic cholera, for example, when the only thing left to those who cannot escape is to possess their souls in patience until the disease takes them away or leaves them alone. I have a distinct and somewhat unpleasant recollection of hearing some of my friends, well-informed people, wonder how a mere handful of half-starved Indians could keep regulars at bay for so long and inflict such severe loss upon them. I would advise these friends to take a pleasure trip to the Lava Beds, and then go to one of our Southern cities when the cholera and yellow fever are both raging at the same time, then come back and tell me their mental experience. I do not speak for myself, for, thank fate, I was not there; but some of my old friends were — and I shall never see them again.

Despite the acknowledged intellectual pre-eminence of the E-da-mas, their traditions are much wilder than those of the less favored tribes. They believed that a being whom they called Silk-waum created the world in the beginning, and that he made the white men out of flint and the Indians out of wood. This being had two sons, the Black Fox and Coyote, one the personification of good, the other of evil. When death first made its appearance in the human family, the Black Fox wished its victim to return to life again after sleeping for a while, but Coyote wished otherwise,

and expresses himself in the tradition of the E-da-mas in the same manner as in that of the Yukas,¹ and his wishes likewise prevail.

These two sons appear to have been left on earth for the purpose of teaching the Indians; but the words of Coyote, which are all evil, have more effect than those of the Black Fox, which are all good, and eventually the Indians become very bad.

In the course of time Black Fox has a son and a daughter, who are very good, while Coyote has a daughter Cun-mauk-wissle who is very bad. She falls in love with the young Black Fox, and wishes him to marry her; but he chides her, saying that in one sense they are brother and sister. Thereupon she becomes angered and tries to work him injury in various ways, until at last she causes, in some manner, a great fire to devour all living things on earth save herself and La-we-cha, the eagle sister of the young Black Fox.

Cun-mauk-wissle then gathers all the spirits of the dead, and wears them around her neck, strung upon a string like a necklace. The spirit of the young Black Fox, however, takes refuge on Mount Shasta, where it hides for a long time in a cavern, until one day La-we-cha, his eagle sister, in circling around the top of the mountain, hears its moans and in some way restores it to its original form. They then go together in quest of Cun-mauk-wissle, whom they succeed in killing. They take the necklace of spirits from around her neck and throw it into a lake, when all the spirits re-assume their former shape, and scattering to the four points of the compass, re-people the earth.

The E-da-mas were inveterate gamblers at one time; though this vice was fairly eradicated among those on the reservation. Gambling was carried on somewhat after the fashion of the favorite game called "odd and even." Four sticks were hidden under a basket by one of the players. The long

¹OVERLAND MONTHLY, June, 1884.

sticks were held in one hand, the short ones in the other. The winner, of course, was the one who made the right guess as to which hand held the long and which the short sticks.

Their custom in disposing of their dead was to burn them whenever circumstances permitted; and it was considered a great misfortune, not only to the dead, but also to the living relatives, when burial had to be resorted to.

In no other tribe, perhaps, can the decadence of the Indian race be better observed than in the E-da-mas. They numbered seventy-eight on the reservation in 1874, thirty-two males and forty-six females. They were remarkably well formed, both men and women, and yet there were only five children among them, three boys and two girls.

IV.

Seldom have I seen more beautiful and romantic scenery than from the narrow mountain road leading from Round Valley to Summit Valley. Gently and gradually ascending all the time on the sides and top of rugged, wooded mountains, the road winds and rewinds upon itself, displaying new beauties at every turn, each more delightful than the one preceding. Anon the way leads under thick green vaults of leaves, formed by the tall trees arching overhead, with a faint streak of blue sky showing at times through the green; and again these same trees appear and disappear on each and every side, like cathedral columns, the aisles between opening in ever changing vistas, with the songs of feathered choristers ringing from one to the other; until the summit of the ridge between the two valleys is reached, and all the beauties that have been appearing one by one combine together and form, as the sun rises higher and higher, sending rays of brilliant light into every nook and corner, one of the most marvelous pictures

among nature's remote and almost unknown treasures.

Long shall I remember that early summer morning when, just starting upon a scout, and having reached that delightful spot, I dismounted from old Comanche¹ to linger a moment and impress upon my mind this charming picture of California scenery. All around everywhere, the long sweep of the mighty mountains, looking cool and many tinted under the morning sun; unrolling itself at my feet like a green carpet thickly strewn with multi-colored wild flowers, the Ome-haut smiling in the sun; beyond, to the south, looming grander than ever in the blue distance, the majestic Sanhedrim; in the east the white Yolle Bolles or snow peaks, overtopped by their needle-like king Mount Wirt; and on my right, seen dimly through my glass, the faint line of the Pacific Ocean.

As I stood inhaling new life with every breath of the pure mountain air, freighted with the perfume of the dew-tipped wild flowers, and listening to the soft, musical whispers of the sea breeze, like the sighs of an Italian harp in the pines above my head, the sweet, low tones of a voice that is gone came back to me, mellowing my heart as in days of old, when it was younger and better, with the lovely cradle-song of The Princess:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!"

And as the sweet refrain died slowly away with the breeze among the pines, there came to my mind a reverie like a vision. The sunlit mountains disappeared, and at my feet, chaotic and shapeless as when it sprung from the creating hand, lay a world; and one by one, succeeding one another like dissolving views, came the scenes of an almost forgotten past.

¹ In Comanche our readers will recognize an old friend, whose story was told in the *OVERLAND* for June, 1886.

I saw a youth standing in academic halls declaiming the grand old Roman theses—a boy with laurels before him, and around his neck the green collar of imperial St. Cyr. The scene changed, and the boy stood on one of the seven hills, looking down on the windings of the Tiber, with the Eternal City basking in the sun at his feet, and the shadowy forms of the dead heroes of past ages growing into shape before him—and the wind of the western sea came stronger, as if many voices were borne upon it: “Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant.” I stood under balmy skies, and saw the youth grown into the man, riding over Southern battlefields with the cheers of victory ringing in his ears, while the earth drank the life-blood of his dearest friends—spared when his betters died. I saw him in a still brighter and dearer land, sorrowing with gallant hearts, who, vanquished, yet remained unconquered; wandering with sadly echoing footsteps amid princely halls where his dead ancestry had once rallied around a decaying throne; wandering with a sigh in his heart for departed graces, for his spurred heel trod where an empress had knelt. And in never ending succession, like clouds across the face of the moon, buried and almost forgotten memories, each sadder than the one before, assumed tangible shapes, and the past was once more the present. And as the clouds crossed my memory denser and darker, Hay’s “Lagrimas” came to my mind like a wail:

“God give me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years,
And let me weep again!

“Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

“In life’s high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun,
That will go down too soon.

“Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood’s sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

“And childhood’s pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching fields
The husbandman for rain.”

And all at once, as if in answer to such wallings, there came upon my startled ears the sound as if of a mighty voice, its stentorian echoes resounding far and near among the trees; and turning my awe-struck face, I beheld Comanche looking at me open-mouthed with an unpleasant light in his cunning eye, as if he was tired of waiting for me; and as he is not a whit more accustomed to waiting when he feels like going than Louis XIV, of impatient memory, I concluded that it would be best for me to obey him at once, unless I wished to scout as a biped instead of on a quadruped. And so we mounted and rode away.

I doubt very much if, not many years ago, my musings upon the Summit ridge, would not have been interrupted even more unpleasantly than by Comanche; for we stood upon the threshold of the old home of the Wylackies, the most vicious, warlike, and predatory tribe in the history of Round Valley.

From Summit Valley a gradual descent of from three to four miles brings one to what is known by the settlers as the North Eel, and which is, geographically speaking, the North Fork of Eel River. Just below where the trail crosses it, rises a formidable obstacle in the way of the river, in the shape of an enormous boulder, or rather mass of rocks; and as one advances toward it, the river seems to end abruptly and disappears entirely out of view; but, as he approaches nearer, he sees that, turned by this mass, it strikes off at a tangent and cuts its way through the rocks at right angles, then continues to its junction with the main Eel River some six miles lower down. This fis-

sure is known as Rocky Cañon and is one of the most interesting features of the country. On each side of the North Fork, from where Hull's Creek intersects with it to its junction with the main river, the ground gently slopes down to the water; and these plateaus and slopes are thickly covered with wild oats, affording ample subsistence for thousands of sheep and horses — wherefore all this part of the country is known as the Horse Ranch. Here, on each side of the river and as far north as the Kicka-wauka Creek, some twenty miles beyond the North Fork, was in former times the home of the Wylackies.

The name Wylackie, however, is not the proper appellation of the tribe. They were known by the other Indians as the Nome-cults, or "Nation of Warriors" — a title to which they certainly had some right, for they were at enmity with all their neighbors. They were nearly extinct in 1874, there being only one old man among the few on the reservation. Some twelve or fifteen of them still lived in their old home beyond the North Fork, working for a man named Fenton.

They believed that Na-i-cha made the earth and everything else, together with Coyote, the great mischief-maker. After the earth was made, Na-i-cha made the sun and gave it to the safe keeping of a good old woman living on the top of a high mountain; and she was so careful of her charge that the only times the sun shone upon the earth were when she left the door of her house open, which was but seldom. She had seven sons, strong and stalwart, who relieved each other in guarding the great luminary. But one day Coyote stole into the house and ran away with it, pursued closely by the sons of Shal-la, the old woman; and being overtaken, Coyote in his anger dashed the sun upon the ground and broke it into thousands of pieces. The wailings of Shal-la at the sight of her broken treasure brought Na-i-cha down from the

sky. He took up two of the largest fragments and made from them the sun and moon; gathered all the smaller, of which he made stars; and hung them all up in the sky, where Coyote could not reach them.

In the course of time the earth became thickly peopled, and Coyote, in divers ways, made everybody so wicked that Na-i-cha became angered and sent a great deluge upon the earth, and every human being perished; nothing remained alive but the birds and such other living things as could fly out of the reach of the waters.

Long afterward Na-i-cha came down from above once more, and having traveled all over the earth he halted to rest one afternoon at the foot of the Sah-met or Rocky Cañon. It was midsummer, the sunbeams were strong, and overpowered by the heat he fell asleep. The blueflies buzzing about his head disturbed him, and as he woke and gazed around him he thought it too bad the fair earth should bloom with no one to admire or enjoy its beauties but the birds and the flies, and he made all the other animals over again and bade them roam in the mountains as of yore.

That night before he slept again he cut a great many green willow twigs and planted them all around him; and as he lay down he told them to be sure and wake him early next morning. When daylight came the twigs had disappeared; but in the place of each stood a man or woman, and they all awakened Na-i-cha as he had commanded them to do. He gave them many good words and rules for their guidance, and when he ceased he bade them travel towards the east and settle that part of the earth.

The next evening he did the same; but the twigs were of a different kind of wood. The next morning, when they woke him he repeated his advice, and then started them toward the west. The next, again of a different kind of wood, were sent to the south, and the fourth company to the north. And then he made the Nome-cults, and bade them

stay where they were, and be happy in the fruits of the earth that he had made for them. And from the top of the Sah-met he went back to his home and never came again.

The Nome-cults were the only tribe in the vicinity of Round Valley who used poisoned arrows. The largest rattlesnakes obtainable, and consequently the most venomous, were caught and killed, the poison glands carefully extracted and placed in the gall bladders of animals until the whole became thoroughly mixed and decomposed; the arrowheads were then anointed with some sticky substance, usually the pitch or sap of the pine, and then dipped into the composition and left for a fixed time. These arrows were always used in warfare, and also when the deer and other game were wanted for the skins only. The animal even if only slightly wounded would soon swell up and die, and not being able to run very far would soon be come up with.

The Nome-cults, comparatively speaking and in contradistinction to the Yukas, Pomos, and other tribes in their vicinity, may be said to have been a people of "bold emprise"; for they were known far and near and generally feared among the other tribes, and they were the only ones who offered open resistance to the establishment and encroachments of the whites in this part of the State of California. They were trained to weapons: as soon as a boy was able to toddle about, a miniature bow and arrows were placed in his hands and he amused himself from sunrise to sunset by transfixing lizards and other small reptiles and animals, even flies, until by the time he arrived at the age commonly known among us as that of "reason," he had become thoroughly proficient in their use and able to accompany his seniors in the chase with credit to himself.

I am told that they generally disposed of their dead by burial, the feet of the corpse being toward the west—their belief being that when the dead arise on the

last day they will have to travel a certain distance in that direction before ascending to Na-i-cha. When, in their constant combats with the other tribes any of their warriors were killed, the possession of the dead bodies was retained at all hazards, and they were carried from the field and interred in some pleasant sheltered nook within the territory of the tribe; but nothing was erected or left to mark the spot where the warrior rested in his last sleep until he rose once more with his face to the west, and began his last march on *terre firma* to his final "billet" with Na-i-cha or high. A singular custom prevailed among them in cases where death was met with bloodshed, and I found it still existing among the upper-country tribes. A fire was kindled upon the spot where the blood had coagulated on the ground underneath the wounds, and the relatives or friends of the dead gathered around it until the last spark expired, when each took up a handful of cold ashes, sprinkled them over his body, and then left the spot, leaving the other ashes to be dispersed by the wind, or beaten down and washed off by the rain.

I saw this ceremony once in the wild country lying between the Redwood Creek and the Trinity River, within the present limits of Humboldt County. I was stationed at the time with Colonel Nelson, at Camp Gaston, near the Hoopa reservation, a year or two later, under the command of my friend Colonel Mizner. A Redwood Indian had been murdered by a malignant white man, presumably with the view of stirring up difficulties between the whites and Indians, and of bringing about a second Modoc War in gratification of some grudge held by the murderer against the other whites. The excitement among the Indians and the respectable whites in the vicinity waxed very high for some days, and as one of the two companies forming the customary garrison of the post was absent at the time, participating in the hostilities

among the lava beds, the Colonel applied to General Schofield for another company, with the distinct understanding that the application was made to protect the Indians from the whites and not the whites from the Indians — in which assertion the gallant old soldier was right, as he generally is. He had at once sent an officer with a small detachment to apprehend the murderer, who had escaped, and as far as I know, is still at large. Meanwhile I went to the spot to judge for myself of the occurrence, and thus became a witness to the ceremony just described. I have since found it practised in other places, and among other tribes.

The superstitions of this tribe were akin to those of the Yukas and Redwoods although in many respects dissimilar. The phantasmagoric effects of the moonbeams upon the gray boulders of the Eel Rivers were the fruitful source of visions for which no reasonable or tranquilizing solution could be found by the unreasoning seers. The Rocky Cañon, or Sah-met, with its deep pools running underneath the rock, made gloomy by the sombre hues of the brown walls, was the haunted place *par excellence* of the Nome-cults. Fabulous amphibious monsters of inexplicable shape had their homes beneath the green surface, and at night a gigantic being wrapped in white drapery, with its loose folds moving to and fro in the night breeze, and with eyes like lurid fire, was seen gesticulating or beckoning from the rocky pinnacle to some wandering Indian — who, disregarding its evident desire for an interview, fled incontinently in mortal fear and took good care afterwards not to adventure himself too close to the spot either by day or by night.

Since then the Sah-met has been the scene of more than one Indian massacre by white men, and if ghosts ever revisit the spot where they passed from one life to another, every crevice and niche in the Rocky Cañon ought to be pretty well provided with tenants.

In the north-east corner of the territory of the Nome-cults the North Fork of Eel River, which up to this place, going up stream, follows a course almost due east, abruptly turns almost due north; and in this elbow is the intersection of Hull's Creek with the river, forming, so to speak, a trinity of streams, with a solitary, cubical boulder some thirty feet in height rising in the very centre of the wide space formed by the junction and change of direction. I designated it in a topographical map as "Sentry Rock." There is nothing peculiarly striking about the boulder in itself; but its position, surroundings, and the tradition linked with it, make it interesting. To me it had the effect of a sentinel on duty, keeping guard over the three streams at once and turned into stone for some dereliction or breach of discipline — like Lot's wife. Why not?

To the wandering Wylackie, however, much wholesome fear is added to whatever other interest it may possess in his eyes; for this rock has been fatal to more than one of his fast-disappearing tribe. Once upon a time a Yuka hunter, who had adventured himself in the Wylackie country in pursuit of a wounded buck, was hemmed in by a party of Nome-cults; and pressed from every side he took refuge on the top of the boulder, where he succeeded in gallantly defending himself single-handed for some hours; but overcome at last by fatigue and wounds and overwhelmed by numbers he gave up the ghost — and the ghost has remained there ever since.

When the rains came on, and the streams were swollen and exceedingly dangerous, a party of Wylackies returning home one evening came to the crossing, and as they were deliberating as to which was the safest place to cross, they perceived an Indian standing upright on the boulder, high above the roaring waters, who silently beckoned to them, motioning as they thought toward the most practicable spot to cross over safely. Acting upon this welcome information, they at once

entered the river ; and that was the last that was ever seen of them alive — all but one, who succeeded after incredible efforts in reaching the bowlder and a safe lodgment thereon, but to his great surprise, he found himself alone there. When the storm-rush subsided, he started for home, reached it safely, and related the occurrence. A search was made for the others, and their bodies were found at a great distance below the bowlder, covered with bruises from the rocks, against which they had been dashed by the angry waves and billows. The strangest part of the story, however, is that all those who were drowned belonged to the party that had murdered the Yuka hunter, while the one who was saved had been quietly at home rocking the baby during the occurrence. At least so runs the more than twice-told tale ; from which it would appear that the ghost knew all about common as well as poetic justice. Be that as it may, however, it appears also that it reconsidered its action afterward and regretted its clemency ; for it became most persistent in its endeavors to inveigle and drown others who not only did not participate in the murder, but were not even born at the time or very likely thought of — in which it unhappily succeeded.

The old Petaluma and Weaverville trail, cut by Samuel Kelsey in 1854, crosses at the junction of the two streams immediately above the haunted bowlder, but it is now very seldom used, and the marks are nearly obliterated. One October, while on a scout, feeling interested in the relic of former explorers, I left my party at the crossing near the Sah-met with orders to return directly home while I went up alone, sometimes on one side of the river sometimes on the other, my objective point being the intersection of Hull's creek with the North Eel. I had started from my scouting camp bright and early, understanding that I had something like a thirty miles trail-less ride before me ; but what between taking notes here and

there, and getting lost in chemical and deep ravines running in and out in all directions, I made a mistake of at least eight hours and ever so many miles in my time and whereabouts, and found myself just as the moon began to rise at the junction of the streams, with a horse unable to proceed further from fatigue and hunger, and I myself about as badly off.

A short calculation demonstrated to my full and somewhat melancholy satisfaction that I was between twenty-four and twenty-eight miles from the crooked flag staff at Camp Wright ; and under the circumstances I could think of nothing better but to give a breathing spell to my mare for an hour or so, and then to keep on across *terra incognita* with poor Katie under me and the moon above. The mare was decidedly of my opinion, and after I had relieved her of her saddle and bridle, she took a few rolls, first on one side and then on the other, with a final turn-over in the sand ; and after one or two half-satisfied and half-complaining grunts she began to crop the dry grass on the bank.

The peculiar meeting of the streams, the like of which I had seldom seen, the surrounding high mountains looming up grandly and gloomily on every side, in a word, the hour and the scene were impressive, and I began to feel tolerably lonesome as well as very hungry — with a little anxiety besides at the many miles between my weary bones and my dear old mattress. But the only thing I had to do just then was to possess my soul in patience and wait for Katie.

Whenever a soldier's colic seized me I sang a few lines of "Home, sweet home." When the "birds that come at my call" had no sensible influence upon my depleted gastronomic apparatus I whistled a few bars, and somehow it had a good effect — at any rate I did not waste as much breath. For a change at times when the absolutely awful solitude oppressed me more than at others I undertook *un pas seul*, and bowed to an

imaginary partner among equally imaginary "Lancers"; but I only did this once—I was too tired to do myself credit, and then again I no sooner got through "swinging round the circle" as the last figure, than I had visions of barmecide chicken salads and full champagne glasses, without which in my opinion round and square dances are frauds; and as I had not even a solitary cracker to replace them after they had vanished, I gave up my Terpsichorean reminiscences in disgust.

Happening to look at the watch-boulder, I thought of its peculiar, solitary position, rising right in the centre of the triune stream, and what a splendid perch it would make for a sentinel to shout, "Who comes there?" or a French "*Qui vive?*" to some German "*Wer da?*" coming down either of the rivers "*en voyageurs.*" The moon had cleared the top of the high mountain in front between the two streams, and as the yellow light fell upon the rock I perceived something white and black moving upon the top. Some water-bird or screech-

owl I thought, as I picked up a stone and threw it at the object.

It changed its position but did not fly off; and to kill time until Katie had replenished herself I began to throw rocks at it one after another. Then, my curiosity getting the better of me, I advanced closer until I stood some twenty feet or so from the boulder, and aiming carefully at the thing—which by this time had assumed an appearance very much like that of a little girl dressed in black and white mourning—I shied my last pebble at it. I heard it strike the rock, and the next thing I knew I was burrowing with my nose in the sand—absolutely rooting. I had carried the war into Africa, and a *Mephitis Americana* had routed me ingloriously.

I am thankful, however, that we did not learn till afterward that the boulder was haunted by the ghost of the Indian hunter; for I do not like solitary Indians after dark at crossings, especially with boulders near at hand: I met one behind one once, and he came near making a disconsolate ghost of me.

A. G. Tassin.

LOWELL, THE POET.

THE title of this paper is imitated from one of Mr. Lowell's own essays, which treats of Emerson, but in which the writer confines himself to a consideration of the Concord philosopher in the capacity of a public lecturer. It is the purpose here not to discuss Lowell the essayist, or Lowell the humorist, or Lowell the diplomat, or Lowell the after-dinner speaker, but to consider only his work in the department of serious poetry.

There is a certain propriety in a critical study of such scope, because it begins to seem that Mr. Lowell's contribution to poetical literature is ended. Since the pub-

lication of the "Three Memorial Poems" ten years ago, he has printed no poem of magnitude or importance. It would be impossible for a careful observer of his genius to attribute this long silence to indolence or a deliberate intention to rest on laurels already won. His verse has never been that of a premeditative artist. He has always written in the imperative inspiration of a song that would out. If Lowell had had a great song to sing within the past few years, he himself could not have withheld it from utterance. He is essentially a lyrical poet, and lyrical poetry is subjective and

spontaneous. It expresses the thoughts and feelings of the singer, and is great in proportion as these are of sufficient catholicity and depth to make him acceptable as a representative voice. In dramatic poetry, on the other hand, we have the objective portrayal of character. Lowell is destitute of the dramatic faculty. Even in "A Glance behind the Curtain," which introduces an imaginary conversation between Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden, the dialogue consists entirely of elevated declamation and the poem is really a lyric in spite of its quasi-dramatic form. It is but natural that the better work of the dramatists is done in middle-life or even old age. The wider his observation, the maturer his experience, the more realistically can an artist create men and women and endow them with human attributes. It is otherwise however with the lyric poet. Youth is the period of most intense feeling and of least reserve in its expression. It is moreover the period when the new ideas and tendencies in the intellectual atmosphere are taken up with avidity and preached with passionate earnestness. Middle life is reflective and conservative. In Longfellow's "Golden Legend" the abbot says :

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

It is an obvious inference from the truth here so beautifully expressed that the lyrics that come most directly from the heart and go most unerringly to the heart of the listener are as a rule productions of youth. Lowell himself shows a recognition of this fact in one of his most exquisite poems, "In the Twilight," written in comparatively recent years.

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes or reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,

And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?

* * * * *

And yet could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago."

The same general thought is in the opening lines of "The Cathedral" and often recurs in one form or another in his later poems.

But beyond the simple fact that Mr. Lowell has grown old, there is the further consideration that the great moral and political reform, the agitation of which bred a race of great orators, poets, and heroes thirty-five years ago, has been accomplished. The slavery question was Lowell's most potent inspiration, and its direct or indirect influence is perceptible in all his more vigorous poems. It is difficult for us of the present day to realize the state of popular consciousness in the face of that absorbing issue. Its discussion took all forms and cropped out everywhere. It was not a matter of mere political expediency, but of eternal right and wrong, to be settled only by the supreme appeal to arms. Since the close of the "irrepressible conflict" there has been no public question that was at once profoundly ethical and of universal interest to afford a theme for great lyrical poetry. And with commendable self-restraint, perceiving that he had written all that it was committed to him to write, Lowell has refrained from echoing his former self. The versatility of his faculties has opened other fields of effort, and in each of several departments he has met with such success as would satisfy most men if it were the sole accomplishment of a whole life. From the nature of his

genius as well as the force of external circumstances, his original work as a poet terminated comparatively early in his career, but the results are not meagre in quantity, and in quality his finest lines belong to the very highest order of lyrics.

The most salient characteristic of Lowell's poetry has already been indicated — its spontaneity. In type he bears a close resemblance to the primitive bards. His thought is not conceived in prose and translated into metre; it finds its original and necessary expression in rhythmical form. There has been no toilsome elaboration, no fastidious emendation. His poems always have the spontaneity of improvisation, and those conceived in his best moments a fervor as intense as that of the songs formerly sung on the eve of battle. Instances may be taken at random.

"Among the toil-worn poor my soul is seeking
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,
To be the voice of that almighty speaking
Which every age demands to do it right.

"Proprieties our silken bands environ;
He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,
And strike it with a toil-imbrownéd hand."

"Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's? Yes, but tell me
if you can,
Is this superscription Cæsar's here upon our brother
man?
Is not here some other's image, dark and sullied
though it be,
In this fellow-soul that worships, struggles God-
ward, even as we?"

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old sys-
tems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on
the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the
dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

It is impossible to read some of the strophes of the Commemoration Ode with-

out an exaltation of heart and a quickening of the pulse. They affect one like noble music, appealing directly to the emotions and bringing tears to the eyes.

It is doubtful whether any of Lowell's critics have rated this quality of his genius at its true value, or realized how rare it is in modern poetry. The current taste of the day has seemed to crave something even beyond the exquisite art of Tennyson, and has enjoyed the exotic luxuriance of rhythm and verbal artifice of Swinburne and his followers. It was probably a healthy reaction from this school of poetry that led to the enthusiastic reception of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" in England. This appeared to be at the opposite extreme from the hot-house products of the reigning British muse, and in many respects it certainly was. But Whitman is not a spontaneous poet, although his unconventionality and uncouthness of form lead one at first sight so to pronounce him. He is a subtle thinker, intensely self-conscious, and much more of an artist than a bard. His brawniness is inborn, but the expression of it is often obviously premeditated. Little traces of pedantry, even, creep into his work, as in the capricious use of French words and phrases where the English affords perfect equivalents. I find in Lowell at all times self-surrender, an abandonment to the impulse of the theme, and a lyrical fervor that makes it seem impossible that the thought could have existed without the music.

The productions of such a temperament are necessarily uneven in merit, and occasionally exhibit technical flaws. Lines conceived in times of genuine inspiration are of perennial beauty, but if the bard mistake his mood, or prolong his song after the fine frenzy has subsided, the result is halting verses and sometimes absolute prose. It is a great advantage if he can afterwards "summon back the original glow and mend." There would have been a further improvement, if Lowell could also,

in his calmer hours, have applied his own critical faculty to his work and omitted the weaker portions. There is much however to be said in extenuation of his minor faults of versification and rhythm. Where the thought spontaneously clothes itself in rhyme, there will always be, along with the ancient fire, some of the ruggedness of the primitive sagas and epics. Lowell's instinct in the choice of words, and his natural ear for rhythm are good. But where a line does not actually transgress metrical laws, he will not pare away its native vigor simply to make it smoother to the ear.

It should be noticed before leaving this branch of the subject that the true, spontaneous poet of the heart is clearly manifested in Lowell's personal and domestic poems. There is a sweet and genuine tenderness in "My Love" and other similar compositions, "all of them being evidently addressed to a living object and not a fanciful mistress. The grief of "After the Burial" is terrible in its reality; it has not a suggestion of the theatrical. The exquisite companion pieces "Auf Wiedersehen" and "Palinode" express a subdued and calmer but still life-long sorrow.

An analysis of Mr. Lowell's intellectual constitution must begin with a glance at the hereditary influences that moulded it. The Puritans of Massachusetts were men of the strongest convictions on all possible subjects. Their sanctity was not superficial but filled the heart and constituted the deep current moving their lives. At the same time, the Pharisees themselves could not have been more solicitous about the exactly proper performance of the most trivial outward acts. In fact no act was trivial or devoid of spiritual significance. In their conception there was one great law that regulated the salvation of the soul and the style of a coat or gown, and woe be to the person who dared to indulge private opinion as to the one or the other. They were earnest men and they were earnest about everything.

Their descendants have outgrown the ancient theology but the "roundhead" disposition has been transmitted to the present generation. It is particularly traceable in an over-scrupulousness and rigid consistency in small points that seem to involve a principle. The derivative adjective "puritanical" cannot now be limited in its application to the department of religion and morality. It is properly used to characterize an aggravated conscientiousness in matters of esthetics and social form and in the general conduct of life. The original Puritans were men of large mental power whose intellectual effort was almost entirely introspective. They were constantly searching in the recesses of consciousness for signs of spirituality and manifestations of the Holy Ghost. This was the habit of thought that in time produced the harsh, metaphysical system of Jonathan Edwards, and has borne a still later fruit — strange as it may seem at first sight — in the writings of Emerson and the transcendental movement in New England. Mr. E. P. Whipple has advanced the theory that Emerson's conception of the Over-Soul is identical with the doctrinal Holy Spirit of Orthodoxy. Certain it is that Emerson's philosophy is the legitimate descendant — liberalized, broadened, and grown more essentially spiritual — of that introspective and unlovely theology of two centuries ago. From this soil there were to spring great orators, great subjective poets, even great fanatics, but not great artists. Hawthorne is the wonderful exception, and even in him the earnest, didactic spirit is so strong that he seemed to have constant misgivings as to the worthiness and respectability of pure art, and endeavored frequently to fit a sketch or romance with a concrete moral, so that it might have from any standpoint an excuse for being.

Of the tendencies above considered, Lowell's genius is a natural outgrowth. Never was bard more thoroughly possessed by his theme or more earnest in every fibre.

He is always ethical and at times didactic. Intellectually he bears a family resemblance to Emerson, and his works show many marks of the philosopher's influence. He dedicates one of his volumes of prose to Emerson in these words:

"A love and honor which more than thirty years have deepened, though priceless to him they enrich, are of little import to one capable of inspiring them. Yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of so far intruding on your reserve, as at least to make public acknowledgment of the debt I can never repay."

In a milder degree the lines he wrote of Emerson in the "Fable for Critics" are descriptive of himself.

"A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose
range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange."

Lowell has not the depth or subtlety of vision or the vast range of Emerson, but he belongs to that school of thinkers of which Emerson is the head, and which for want of a better term is generally known as the Transcendental School. Their distinguishing quality is the combination of spirituality and psychological insight with keen analytic observation of the practical affairs of the world. As in the case of their ancestors, nothing is so trivial that the soul should not take cognizance of it. The simplest acts of life are to be regulated by the promptings of the Over-Soul, or in other words, by the law of God as revealed through consciousness. Quite early in his career, in the poem entitled "An Incident in a Railway Car," Lowell showed his mental kinship with the Transcendental School. Occasional traces of its spirit are perceptible in all his writings. Here is a stanza from "The Present Crisis," one of his slavery poems, which has a truly Emersonian sound.

"For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct
bears along,

Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of
right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean sundered fibres feels the gush of
joy or shame:—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have
equal claim."

Lowell's most thoughtful and intellectual poem, "The Cathedral," may be ranked as a worthy product of the later New England philosophy. This work is in blank verse, and in it the poet speaks in the capacity of an imaginative seer rather than that of a lyrical bard. It is of course personal and introspective and as far as the choice of language is concerned, spontaneous. In common with earlier poems of the same class, such as "Columbus" and "Prometheus," it contains many fine, quotable passages.

"Second thoughts are prose,
For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
As the wave's poise before it break in pearl."

"Child of an age that lectures not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful past."

"Each age must worship its own thought of God."

"And still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit Time."

"All thought is sad
And leaves a bitterish savor in the brain."

Perhaps the highest value of the "Cathedral" is that it constitutes an essentially modern and representative American verdict upon antiquity and upon the results tangible and spiritual that the past has bequeathed to the present. It is deficient in structural plan and goes far to justify the remark of an English writer that Lowell writes poetry rather than poems. One of the earliest criticisms upon Emerson was that his essays were collections of individual thoughts without organic unity. In form as well as substance a resemblance between the two writers appears.

But Lowell possesses two faculties in greater degree than any of his contemporaries. These are, first, his gift of natural music, the lyrical spontaneity that has already been considered, and second, imagination. He has not creative imagination in its strict sense—the imagination that creates human character. He lacks even the constructive ability and sense of proportion that enable many lesser poets to throw their work into more harmoniously complete and effective form. It is in “that secondary office of imagination, where it serves the artist not as the reason that shapes but as the interpreter of his conceptions into words,” that his power lies. In this form of imagination, whose fruit is “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” he ranks with the very greatest poets, with Shakspeare, with Milton, with Coleridge, and with Keats.

One test of the fineness of imagination is the ability to get beyond the simile and employ the metaphor as means of expression. Lowell's poetry is rich in original simile. There could not be a more exquisite one than that in the “Vision of Sir Launfal” descriptive of the frost architecture where the “little brook built a roof.”

“Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars.”

But his metaphors also are among the most brilliant in the whole range of English verse.

“There sits drear Egypt 'mid beleaguering sands,
Half woman and half beast,
The burnt out torch within her mouldering hands
That once lit all the East.”

“Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.”

In the poem on Beaver Brook occurs this beautiful image:

“Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And laughing hunts the loath drudge round.”

Again, in the lines entitled “To ——” there is a succession of fine metaphor, and here he returns to the theme of vanished youth.

“We too have autumns when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

“Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

“But each day brings less summer cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

“As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring-tides
We light our sullen fires.

“By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
We cower and strain our wasted sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
In the long Arctic night.

“It was not so — we once were young —
When Spring to womanly Summer turning,
Her dew-drops on each grass-blade strung
In the red sunrise burning.”

The poet's own lines,

“And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue,”

may be taken as fairly expressive of the manner in which his flowers of speech spring up in tropical luxuriance. There is everywhere a fecundity and splendor of imagery, and the figures are as spontaneous as the music that accompanies them.

The besetting danger of a fertile imagination is that the narrow line separating the sublime from the ridiculous will be constantly overpassed. One who indulges habitually in tropes must have either a clear natural instinct for beauty, or else the ability and courage for ruthless self-criticism. Strained or overloaded metaphors and similes are very rare in Lowell's poetry. The

"Vision of Sir Launfal" is a tissue of delicious imagery, yet it contains only one objectionable figure.

"But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings."

This it seems to me is a far-fetched analogy, which should not have been allowed to stand. But put over against it the following bold and successful metaphor:—

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Lowell constantly evinces a keen eye for external nature. The true poet of nature is he who humanizes it. We have all been conscious of the silent sympathy with which nature seems to enter into our moods and partake alike in our joy and gloom. To commune with nature is to impress one's own personality upon it so that it tangibly embodies unutterable emotion. With men of acute perception and fine imagination this blending of the inner and outer worlds is very intimate. "Under the Willows" is a striking example of the reciprocal action of the soul upon nature and of nature upon the soul. Imagination endows earth, sky, and air with attributes akin to our own, and they in return furnish symbols for every thought and feeling. Lowell surpasses Bryant and even Wordsworth in that he interprets nature with more abundant imagination. Wordsworth's nature-worship developed into a species of metaphysical mysticism. With Lowell nature is never more than the sharer by imputation of man's actual moods. He never writes purely objective description. Even in "Pictures from Appledore," a descriptive piece, the human, subjective element occasionally crops out. In his reflective and patriotic poems nature is constantly called in by metaphor and simile to furnish concrete types of the idea and sentiment.

Mr. Lowell's brilliant career as American Minister at the court of St. James was almost entirely a personal triumph. Some minor complications growing out of the Irish agitation were treated with ability and despatch. But no grave international questions arose for settlement and his diplomatic work will in no wise account for the fame he achieved. He exhibited in his own person a product of American traditions and culture, which his countrymen were proud to acknowledge as, in the best sense, representative of the national type. During the war his Americanism was most puissant. It must have been because of a recognition of the justice of some of his strictures, that the author of the essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" was so freely forgiven by the very people it most bitterly satirized. A distinctively national flavor pervades all his writings. His style is home-bred and his imagery home-born. We can imagine "Evangeline" or even "Hiawatha" to have been composed by an Englishman or by a simple cosmopolitan, who never had a country to call his own. But no one but an American could have written the "Commemoration Ode" or "The Present Crisis." No one but a child and a lover of the Republic could have written the "Three Memorial Poems" with their exalted faith in its future. All of these poems breathe the essential spirit of democracy, freed alike from demagogism and sentimentality. Lowell's comic and satirical verse in the "Biglow Papers" and elsewhere has long been recognized as an indigenous product; equally is his serious poetry a fruit peculiarly of American soil. The denationalizing tendency that education and foreign travel have developed in too many Americans has had no effect upon him whatsoever. The hereditary forces that moulded his temperament were something unique in themselves and not to be dissipated or radically modified by all the culture of the schools.

It can hardly be doubted that "The Present Crisis" and "The Commemoration Ode," by virtue of their grasp of immortal principles and their lyrical fire, will live after the cloud of ephemeral verse called forth by the slavery question and the secession has

faded away and been forgotten. Also it would seem that in the "Vision of Sir Launfal" and in not a few kindred poems beside, Lowell has made a large contribution to the world's permanent fund of imaginative beauty.

Wilbur Larremore.

COLLÈGE CHARLEMAGNE.

In the cosmopolitan city of San Francisco, as is well known, there are many distinct colonies, each representative of some one nation. Chinatown is the one that is made most of for the tourist's benefit, and is doubtless the most strange and novel to him; but to San Franciscans the Chinaman is too familiar a neighbor to attract them often to curious inspection of his special realm. Yet oddly enough, not only the tourist, but the resident here, is generally unaware that other foreign quarters, full of quaintness and novelty, exist in this city. To myself, the French quarter, between Kearny, Stockton, Pacific, and Vallejo Streets, is an especially interesting one among these. As you jog to Dupont and Broadway, it will not require a great stretch of the imagination to fancy yourself in some corner of *la belle France*. And in this quarter, on Broadway, there is a spot where, if the gateway of a certain modern building should chance to be ajar, you may see, rising from the cheerful court in the rear, one of the landmarks of early San Francisco.

It is a two-story, white adobe house, with a long balcony running along its eastern side—a spacious and elegant residence in pioneer days. Years ago its garden extended to the present sidewalk, and made a charming oasis in that sombre and dusty part of the city; while the premises resounded with the music of children's voices,

and over the gate, in attractive horse-shoe shape, a sign informed the wayfarer that here was the "Collège Charlemagne, dirigée par Prof. et Madame Hamel."

Here long flourished a most unique and interesting institution, presided over by an odd pair indeed, and oddly matched. Yet their *mariage de convenance* had turned out admirably, and they harmonized together, and preserved their interest as few romantically wedded American couples manage to do.

They had met their fate in a dilapidated old *maison* on Vallejo Street, where a noisy sign swinging over the doorway announced "chambres à louer." The Professor was really an exceptionally brilliant man, possessed of many accomplishments, but he lacked the practical good sense to turn these to much financial account. He was passionately fond of music, and at eventide he would emerge from his humble apartment to the rear balcony, where he would forget his anxieties and loneliness while he evoked beautiful melodies from his beloved violin. The Vallejo Street *maison* was occupied and surrounded by a thrifty and hard-working class of people, whose weary brains and over-taxed nerves were most gratefully soothed, after the day's toil, by such mellifluous strains; and among the good folk, tenants of that bee-hive, who gathered heart of grace when listening to the notes of "Ma Normandie," was a certain excellent, large-

hearted laundress. She delighted to offer the musical Professor her simple hospitality of red wine and cake; and over it the couple grew confidential—and in the end he asked her to become the anchor of his drifting life.

She brought him her little store of ducats and her shrewd practical sense, patience, and devotion; and these, added to his endowment of brains and accomplishments, constituted the capital with which they entered upon the venture of opening this school. It was a sufficient capital. The school continued in successful existence for years enough to enable them to carry with them a little fortune of \$10,000 to \$20,000, when they, with their two daughters, Louise and Alice, set sail for France to inherit the estate of the Professor's father, and there to end their days.

The Collège was at once welcomed by the French colony, and well patronized by the children of French parents, not only in that quarter, but all over the city. It soon became known to Americans too, and was regarded among them as giving an excellent opportunity to the scions of ambitious houses to master the purest Parisian tongue. For the attempts of Professor Hamel in English were scarcely intelligible, and he only in extreme cases ventured upon any expression in that language; so that the school was perforce thoroughly French. The Madame—owing to her sex, he declared—was somewhat better equipped in the matter of the vernacular. In time, a number of high-bred Spanish students, also, came from afar. Indeed, the boarding pupils were chiefly the sons and daughters of wealthy citizens of Mazatlan and Sinaloa—although there were also a few American, English, Italian, German, and French children, who were boarders, making a large and curiously cosmopolitan family.

The Professor was currently believed to be the grandson of a Count. Certainly he had the grand manner, and was very stately

in form and appearance. His father was a gentleman of some literary eminence, whose associations were among artists and scientific men in his own country. In addition to the culture derived from such home surroundings, and a solid college education, the Professor seemed to have possessed himself of almost every graceful accomplishment. I am satisfied that his class in art was superior to anything of the sort in the State at that time, and his teaching was according to methods much in advance of what American cities were then accustomed to, now so popular in our Art School.

As the school grew, and the Spanish boarders began to come in, an additional rear two-story brick building was brought into requisition, and two or three more teachers engaged. The roll of pupils by this time had increased to one hundred and fifty.

The entire premises had a distinguished and highly individual air. Between the gate and balcony extended an arbor thirty feet long, densely covered with grape vines, which garlanded the balcony as well; and from these, in the season, depended beautiful purple clusters—a tempting little Eden indeed, whose forbidden fruit enticed many an urchin, who did eat thereof, and dearly paid the penalty of his sin. In a corner of the front yard was a big castor bean tree, which was occasionally the means of thinning the ranks of the school for a day, when some mischievous son of Adam had recommended the fruit to the runaway others—another prohibition in that blossoming Paradise. There was a band of stately sunflowers, and a file of red and white hollyhocks, and a row of locust trees, already well grown, which sweetened the air with their pendent milk-white clusters; while nasturtium vines climbed up the adobe walls and swung their cardinal and golden blossoms about the upstairs windows. And sunshine flooded the various courts.

As has been intimated, all lessons and even

the games were conducted in French; and it was amazing to see how soon newcomers grappled the language. Almost anything was in order, and yet out of the chaotic proceedings much benefit was evolved. It was like a kindergarten of older growth in its easy-going methods, where the children of patrician and plebeian studied together, and had their tournaments on the playground.

The chaos in the matter of discipline was indescribable. Hazing was practised—sometimes even to a cruel extent. The American boy in particular had to take the brunt of these polite attentions from his French fellows. Boys and girls sat in the same class-rooms, and when once I had come to some comprehension of the French nature, I learned how to interfere in proceedings to the protection of my young countrymen. When some bright lad of twelve who had first entered was pricked on the hip with his seatmate's penknife until he cried out with pain, eliciting no notice whatever from the teacher or children, I would scribble a note and contrive to slip it into his hand. It would read thus: "The minute you are in the yard, hit him square in the face—he won't be expecting it—then knock him down and kick him and thrash him soundly. It's your only hope." He would promptly follow directions, and would be rewarded by a deafening cheer from the little crowd. "Bravo! A la bonne heure!" the Professor would cry: "Vive l'Americaine," would yell the boys, rushing upon the hero, picking him up and carrying him in triumph to the gate.

A rat not unfrequently roamed about at his own sweet will on the shelf above my head, without let or hindrance from anyone; but when one morning some dried coiled snakes and mummied lizards came showering down upon the desk, I protested, and was allowed to change my seat. The new one assigned me had a dark closet at the back, which I had the curiosity to ex-

plore—and found to my horror that it contained a pile of bones and a dangling skeleton. Upon my calling attention to these drawbacks to my new neighborhood, the urbane Professor lifted his shoulders delightedly and explained how he had fortunately secured this beautiful framework of a lovely Parisian girl of twenty-two years—with odds and ends of elegant bones thrown in, all of which were to be put to use in our physiology class.

Another day, as I was studying my verbs, keeping my fingers nervously busy meanwhile with the lid of a box that stood at hand, he suddenly called to me, "*Prenez garde, Violette!* you'll let my new serpents escape and create a panic!" Sure enough, there were two long green snakes comfortably curled up in the box. He explained that on the day before (Sunday) he had taken a charming promenade over Russian Hill, and had luckily found these handsome specimens in a half-chilled condition, had wrapped them up in his mouchoir, tucked them into his coat-pocket, and forgotten all about the poor creatures, until he was inspired to blow his nose, and remembered that his handkerchief was pre-empted. They were now enjoying a sun-bath in this glass box with a paper lid.

Upon this, a dozen boys immediately dropped their books and rushed to surround and see the snakes; and as many more stood upon their desks and asserted their right to the show. The Professor quelled the rising mob by taking the creatures out and allowing one to crawl lazily up each arm, which elicited the wildest ejaculations; and then he restored them to the box and passed it around for inspection, meantime giving a pleasant talk on reptiles, throwing in a good bit of evolutionary doctrine by the way—all of which was far more acceptable to his flock than the grammar lesson that had been so unceremoniously abandoned.

He was engaged upon the gathering of a really fine entomological collection, and

pressed his pupils into its service; which they took up with so much enthusiasm that one of their favorite diversions was the capturing and impaling of magnificent butterflies, wasps, bugs, spiders, and the like, till the most tender-hearted girls, in our anguish at encountering the squirmings of the victims, as they frescoed the walls, and in our inability to accomplish anything by our protests against such Nero-like pleasures, would surreptitiously possess ourselves of the Professor's chloroform bottle, and go about putting an end to their misery.

As may be imagined, pugilistic encounters were of no infrequent occurrence in the yard; while a fight sometimes broke out in the middle of recitations, and was settled on the spot with dispatch. In many of these instances serious trouble might have followed, but for the conciliating spirit and charming tact of the Madame, and the happy genius of the head of the institution, who turned every occurrence to profitable account in some fashion.

As in the instance of the snakes, it was Professor Hamel's constant practice to cast aside text-books and deliver his instruction in informal talks. The method of conducting recitations would have astounded the disciplinarians of American schools; and yet somehow from amid the confusion the children emerged possessed of a knowledge of the subject in hand more thorough than is imparted by most schools. They learned to be on the alert, quick to comprehend and receive all that was so interestingly presented. When he became interested in a class in philosophy, Professor Hamel would turn to the rest of the school, suspend all other operations, throw the entire school together, and with the aid of the finest apparatus in California hold forth for an hour in the most delightful and never to be forgotten fashion. A girl would enter the room with a gorgeous butterfly impaled on a pin; an unrestrained outcry of admiration would arise from the whole room, and

this would set the teacher off on a half hour's discourse concerning insect life. The microscope would be brought into requisition—a delight of which the tiniest tot never wearied. A spider weaving his web in the corner; a bee or a hummingbird gathering honey from the nasturtiums that climbed about the window-frames, or a golden caterpillar or a toad escaped from a small boy's pocket; an intruding dog; an Italian organ-grinder and monkey at the door; a hail-storm, a cotton pod, a rose, a glass bottle, a bit of India rubber—in fact, anything that offered at the moment—was taken up as text and starting-point, and by one path or other the fairyland of science was entered, and the pupils set eagerly looking for further knowledge, in nature, in books, or wherever it might be found. A quotation from Molière or Lamartine would occasion an eloquent discourse on French literature, with directions how and what to read therein. Notwithstanding these bizarre digressions in most directions, in mathematics and one or two other branches, Professor Hamel held to a systematic and rigorous course of instruction.

Now and then the school mutinied, seized the not unwilling Professor and forced him to convert the afternoon into an excursion: perhaps to North Beach, where a ship was building, and afforded him a theme—as did the sea-weed, the pebbles, the crabs, the ocean, the clouds, and the geography of the country immediately around us; or perhaps to Russian or Telegraph Hills, while botany would make the subject of the hour.

There was never a school like it in this country, I doubt if ever there was one where so much and so various knowledge was some how not only tumbled into the children's brains, but permanently infixed there. Considerable attention was given daily to writing and dictation, which was in those days a rare enough practice in our schools. Take it all, eliminating the eccentricities and leaving the general plan, I like

Professor Hamel's idea of education better than that put into practice in any other school I ever attended.

There was a certain Emile, who was the Professor's *bête noir*. He watched him through a key-hole — caught him at diabolical tricks — then swooped down upon him, shook him, pounded him, kicked him, and sometimes ending with the wonderful feat — (which set the boys to applauding vociferously) of grasping him by the coat lapel and the seat of his trowsers and pitching him out of the room by way of a low window. But as this ten-year-old tough customer was a persistent truant, and in the regular habit of thrashing his feeble mother (who was a poor laundress), brooked no gentle treatment, and was proof against incarceration in any building less secure than a jail, he received small sympathy. He often roamed hatless and barefooted, and was liable to be seized with gypsy fever from time to time — on which occasions he had brilliant and diverting ways of making his *congé*. One of them was to wait till there was an unwonted calm, and then to yell down the chimney, “Au revoir, mes amis !” and take to his heels, skipping cat-like over the neighboring roofs, singing “Partant pour la Syrie,” till he reached a place of safety.

This unconscionable little scapegrace was undoubtedly a genius by nature, and I had an ardent admiration for him, and employed much strategy to save him from many a cruel whipping. I hoped for him an important place in history; but I believe that thus far he has only attained the position of sausage-maker in the French colony.

This profession was then as now, however, a most serviceable one in the colony. Many a boy wended his way to Professor Hamel's school with his books under one arm and under the other, for luncheon, a long string of garlicky Bologna sausage and a thin loaf of French bread a yard long. Sometimes a hungry dog would make a

spring, grab the seductive dangling sausage, and make off, followed by showers of “*sacres*” and stones, or a prowling gamin would surreptitiously break off a quarter of a yard of the delicious bread, as the unsuspecting proprietor stooped down to participate in a rapid wayside game of marbles; and perhaps a bolder imp would softly extract the flask of red wine from his jacket pocket.

The loveliest of French chapels is that of Notre Dame des Victoires on Bush Street. Napoleon's fête day, August 15th, was always handsomely observed here. The French military, the Lafayette Fire Company, the French Benevolent Associations, and other organizations of that nation paraded and repaired to the church, where mass was said and music of the highest order was rendered. The display and the toilets of the ladies were of true French elegance. Four beautiful young ladies passed the silver plates and many were the gold coins gathered in for the chapel.

The Collège Charlemagne was at such times fully represented. Several of theurchins officiated as altar boys, in scarlet jackets trimmed with white lace. Their teacher often irreverently referred to them in class as his pious young Christian lobsters. Professor Hamel was, in fact, totally irreverent; but Madame was firmly religious, and insisted upon attendance at early Sunday mass.

On one of the solemn occasions when his people were in attendance at a service in this chapel, a little incident occurred, which was suppressed at the time, but which the Professor afterward let out, evidently regarding it as too good to be kept. The children had been supplied with new prayer books; and as, in the course of the service, they came to a certain line in these, there was suddenly an uproarious laugh, and every eye was eagerly fastened on the officiant. The priest's consternation may be imagined when upon investigation he found the note;

— “Ici le pretre ôte sa calotte [Here the priest takes off his cap.]” to read “Ici le pretre ôte sa culotte [Here the priest takes off his trousers.]” — every scholar’s book alike.

“Evidently a misprint!” exclaimed the good father. We must at once give an order to have the entire edition destroyed.”

Meanwhile the sacrilegious little wretch who had so artistically and industriously erased the top of the *a* in every volume, the author of the sensational interruption in worship, sat looking as innocent as a lamb. He was another *enfant terrible* of the school. The Professor shrugged his shoulders and lifted his brows and open hands with commendable horror and regret at the occurrence; but he understood the little imp’s *diablerie* perfectly, and proudly appreciated his wit and genius. Fine self-control was demanded of both when they quickly challenged each other with their eagle eyes. As soon as occasion offered the teacher gave the offender audience and congratulated him upon so happy an effort, while he himself cheerfully restored the top to each mutilated *a*.

No more characteristic scene ever occurred in the school than one which ensued upon the death of President Lincoln. Upon this occasion the Professor came in during school hours and remarked coolly that he supposed in order to be popular it would be incumbent upon him to fall in with the masses and decorate his fence with funeral rags, and that he chanced to be the fortunate possessor of an old pair of black breeches and some shirt-tails not yet claimed by the industrious *chiffonnier*, which might be slit up for the purpose. In youthful patriotic rage, I hereupon arose, and flinging a slate across the schoolroom struck the picture of the Emperor, and shouted, “A bas l’Empereur Napoleon Trois!” and went on: “How dare you speak so of our honored and beloved dead? You are unworthy the hospitality and the patronage you receive from our land of

Freedom! Come, girls and boys — let us leave the Charlemagne to its shame!” The whole school sprang to its feet in high excitement. A goodly number began to gather together books and troop out toward the grape arbor. Feelings ran high. Exclamations arose in French, English, Spanish, Italian, and German, as the surprised Professor, recovering himself, rushed to the gate and barred it fast.

“*Arrêtez-vous!*” he cried with uplifted arms. “My dear American children, you are taking the matter too seriously! We French people are impulsive and are often misunderstood. I love and honor the good and noble Lincoln. Right in this school have I not often held him up as a model statesman and a grand-hearted man? In my soul I lament him. *Pardon, je vous prie.* I was but ridiculing this idea of outward mourning — so grotesque and farcical. However, public opinion shall be respected. I will drape the American and French flags in crape and droop them over the Charlemagne gate; but no vulgar white and black rags shall flutter from my fence and burlesque the nation’s sorrow. *Entrez mes enfants,* and let us sing The Star-Spangled Banner and the Yankee Doodle.”

The *amende* was accepted. Every voice joined in the anthems, and good will was restored all round. As we turned to go, he said with his usual *bonhomie*, “A la bonne heure”; and turning to a knot of girls who bore names of flowers, he exclaimed in as high good humor as if nothing had happened, “Ah, voila ma jolie bouquet! Ma Violette, ma Camille, ma Rose, ma Myrtle, ma Daisy, ma Liliass, mon Iris, ma Marguerite, ma Mignonette, ma Rose Marie, ma petite reine Flora — au plaisir de vous revoir, mes belles fleurs!”

And idling homeward, from afar up the still street, we could hear his beautiful baritone leading the French boarders as with wild enthusiasm they sang the Marseillaise.

Mary Violet Lawrence.

COMPLAINT.

A sly coquette is my Lady Sleep,
By poets falsely praised,—
A cheat, who shuns my waiting nights
To haunt my weary days.

Oft as I sit with book or pen,
My lady strokes my eyes;—
Willing, I leave or pen or book
And follow where she flies.

I stretch my arms to fold her close, —
She laughs aloud in scorn.
Some night sprite pins my eyelids wide,
And I stare on forlorn.

Of Sundays, 'neath the preacher's gaze,
My lady seeks my side
And bobs my head, while deacons frown
And gallery boys deride.

But spite of wicked tricks like these,
I'm faithful to her still,
And turn me right, and turn me left,
At her capricious will.

My old friend Coffee I forsook,
(My lady liked him not):
I left him to keep tryst with her,
But she the tryst forgot.

I've shot my neighbor's cat and dog
(My lady likes not noise);
But now they're stark she says she thinks
'Twas the other neighbor's boys!

I cannot shoot the boys, 't is plain,
And what am I to do?
What other means can I employ
To please the pretty shrew?

O, Sleep's a heartless, sly coquette,
By poets falsely praised,
Who still deserts my waiting nights
To haunt my weary days.

TWO VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

In recording the rise and progress of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, Mr. John S. Hittell, in his *History of San Francisco*, says, "Many mobs in Montana, Colorado, Nevada, and other sparsely settled parts of the United States, have assumed or received the name of Vigilance Committee, thus made respectable in San Francisco, but not one was governed by similar principles. They have been simply mobs." Therein Mr. Hittell has done great injustice to a large and powerful body of good men, in so far as relates to the Vigilance Committee of Montana. I do not call in question the respectability of its celebrated prototype, the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. That is no more necessary to my present purpose than the reflection upon the Montana organization was to Mr. Hittell's, which was, as I take it, to justify the San Francisco organization. Besides, the respectability of the latter is attested by the flattering endorsement its chief has been lately receiving as a prospective candidate for President of the United States. Neither do I intend to write a history of the Vigilance Committee of Montana. That important chapter of any proper history of the Pacific Coast must be written by some inside observer of its secret work. My object is simply to give some impressions of an outsider who was there all the time, and who was also in California during the existence of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco.

The Vigilance Committee proper of Montana was in the winter and spring of 1863-4, that of San Francisco some eight years before. The one was modeled on the plan of the other. But the surroundings of the two were widely different. In California the

complete machinery of government, municipal, State, and national, was already set up and running. In Montana there was none. In San Francisco, the necessity of such an organization was questioned, and it was opposed by large numbers of good citizens. In Montana the necessity was almost universally admitted by all good citizens, and none such opposed it. In San Francisco the principal purpose was to purify the elections. In Montana, it was to protect life and property. In San Francisco life and property were measurably secure. In Montana, they were at the mercy of the lawless elements without legal redress. In fine, of all the organizations for the irregular administration of justice that have marked the westward advance of American civilization, whether known as Moderators, Regulators, Vigilantes, or what not, the Vigilance Committee of Montana will be found to have been the most complete, most efficient, and most necessary of them all, and to have partaken of the character of a mob the least of any.

The placer gold discoveries in Montana of 1862-3 attracted thither a great population from all parts of the Pacific Coast, from Colorado, and from Price's army. The birds of prey also mustered there in uncommon force. Broken-down gamblers and adventurers, gamblers of the high-toned and the nip-cat sort, pioneer pelicans who had shed their pin feathers twenty years before and run all the camps, disbanded jail-birds, fugitives from justice, veterans in robbery and murder, cadets of the dime novel school, and the whole foul rookery, hunted from their roosts elsewhere, seemed to have winged their flight to that distant region. Encouraged by the propinquity of so many

kindred spirits, and the absence of any sort of civil authority, it seems that they set out at once to take possession of the Territory.

The head peace officer of the country was the head of the gang, and he displayed considerable ingenuity in organizing the trash and in forestalling any regular attempts to bring them to justice. It was said he was guided by the counsels of a demoralized old lawyer. Before Montana was set off from Idaho Territory (in the winter of 1862-3) he had contrived to get appointed sheriff for the region east of the Rocky Mountains, where Bannack City now is. The rich discoveries in the summer of '63 in Alder Gulch, about eighty miles east of Bannack City stampeded the population to that place. To prevent cavil or question as to his authority extending there, he came over in the fall of '63, issued his election writs, and caused himself to be elected sheriff there at Virginia City. So that, for all the then settled parts of Montana, except a few scattered parts on the west side of the mountains, he was the only one exercising the functions of peace officer. His next strategy was to plant deputies where they would do the most good in concealing crime, preventing pursuit, obtaining information of lucky strikes and intending departures for the benefit of the road agents, and in planning mischief generally. One or two honest men were appointed for a blind, but the most of the deputies were members of the gang, who pretended to be engaged in some lawful vocation. His chief lieutenant was settled in Virginia City (Montana) as a cobbler, and seemed to be a most quiet and inoffensive citizen. He went by the name of Club-foot George, and was reputed the brains of the gang.

This high sheriff and head of the confederacy was Henry Plummer. He kept his headquarters at Bannack City, and superintended operations from there. I was introduced to him on my arrival in Montana, late in the fall of '63, by a member of his band (as it afterwards turned out) of the name of

Jack Gallagher, for whom I had done some trifling professional service in Denver. I remember him (Plummer) as a well dressed, gentlemanly man, of plausible speech, but with a rather bad eye. His reception of me was very polite, and I felt good when so great a man assured me he would take sincere pleasure in promoting my professional career in Montana. He looked askance upon me afterward, with a wary eye, when he found that his deputy, in the exuberance of his whiskey-inspired confidence, had nearly guaranteed me a general retainer for a powerful band of the most blood-thirsty scoundrels on the earth. He rescued him from me before he had let out the true inwardness of the business, but not until I got a glimpse that horrified me. I went on my way to Virginia City and never saw Henry Plummer more.

At this time Montana was erected into a Territory, and the most of the officers had been appointed, but none of them were there — at least none of the judges. And no courts, except of inferior jurisdiction, were opened there until well along in the following year. Nearly all the business of the country — such as the location and working of the diggings, the use of the water, the settlement of disputes, etc. was conducted by arbitrations, in miners' meetings, and in local provisional and self-constituted tribunals. And it was well managed. I have observed in many such cases that the sound sense and abiding justice of the American people, thrown thus upon their own resources, discarding forms, often lead them to better results than are reached by more regular proceedings.

Side by side with this well ordered community, and mingled with it, was another, its very antithesis. The one digging and delving and buying and selling in quietness and peace, without legal organization. The other robbing and murdering, with as compact and complete organization as was possible to the nature of the brutes. The majority of its members were assigned to

duty upon the roads, and invested them thoroughly. From constant practice they were expert horsemen and dead shots. The miner or trader who left camp with his pile had a terrible gauntlet to run. Mysterious disappearances became so frequent as to cease to be mysterious. "Dead men tell no tales," was the motto they acted on. Their murderous work went on without pursuit until the scoundrels themselves, made reckless by the immunity they enjoyed, boldly flaunted their dreadful profession in the faces of honest men. They would come into town, fill up with whisky, and take possession. They would help themselves to what they chose, and smash things for amusement. Their usual answer to any remonstrance or request for pay was a volley of profanity and the cheerful assurance, "I will meet you on the road." I remember hearing one of them, named Johnny Cooper, singing a highwayman's song one night in the streets of Virginia City, the burden of which was "For the rip-roaring Johnny 'll meet you there."

A nameless dread took possession of men's minds. Secret successful crime thus paralyzes the boldest hearts, for they know not where the next bolt will strike. Thus, no doubt, the numerical strength of Plummer's band was greatly magnified in men's imagination. I believe it was never actually known what it was, taking the active and silent partners together. The Vigilance Committee hanged nearly fifty, but these were all active members. Many fled from the Territory, and others escaped detection -- how many was never known. Sufficient that it was a most formidable band, whose existence and make-up towards the last became well known to many, who guarded the dangerous secret with jealous fear. A cabin-mate of mine, who was robbed on the road between Virginia City and Banack, recognized one of them through his mask, but did not dare to whisper his suspicion. He had been let off with his life

only after the most direful warning from them, and the most solemn promise of secrecy. The pistol taken from him at the time helped to precipitate their doom, in that his careful partner had taken down and preserved its number.

To confront, clean out, break up, and destroy this combination, thus organized and equipped, the Vigilance Committee of Montana came into existence. It was high time; it was the only alternative left. And the catastrophe impending over the doomed band (as it always has impended over such) was hastened by unavenged blood crying from the ground. In the beginning of the winter of 1863-4 some hunters in the Stinking-water Valley shot at a flight of ducks passing over, and one duck fell among the willows skirting the streams. On going in after it one of the hunters found it had fallen on the dead body of a man. When the body was brought out and examined the mystery was accounted for by a bullet hole in the back of the head. Many who had missed friends went down to examine the body. One of these was an old gentleman named Clark, who kept a trading post in the upper part of Alder Gulch. He recognized the corpse as that of a man named T'Vault, who had been in his employ as conductor of a donkey train, with which he had served his customers up and down the gulch. Having entire confidence in T'Vault's integrity, Clark and his partner had dispatched him some time before with the necessary money down to the valley to buy mules. Suspecting foul play from his failure to return within reasonable time, they went down and found the body as stated. He had been murdered for the same money they had given him.

Clark was a tall, thin, wiry, and gray-headed man, of iron resolution. Looking on the dead body of his faithful employé, the iron entered the old man's soul. He told me that he determined then and there that all his other business might take care

of itself until he had hunted these hell-hounds down. With a Jackson's courage and a Jackson's will he set about it and faithfully redeemed his pledge. In the bitter cold winter that ensued, and the long man hunt all over that Territory that followed, he was ever on the go. The toughest of the able-bodied young men in his company could no more than keep up with him. There are heroes of that sort whose achievements are sublime and whose history is never written.

George Ives kept a horse ranch ten or twelve miles below Virginia City, and did a profitable business. From clues obtained by Clark and his friends, the horse ranch was raided and Ives was captured in attempting to escape into the hills. They also gathered in a terrified hireling of Ives's, of whom they made a valuable witness. In an old wickiup hard by the ranch they found a large quantity of plunder, much of which was afterward identified as the property of robbed and missing men. Ives was brought to Alder Gulch and given a public trial. An impartial jury of twenty-four was selected by the assembled miners and business men, thousands of whom attended. Ives was ably defended. The main defense was an alibi. It was beautifully made out—but so made out, by his confederates and those under their thumb, that nobody believed it. The direct and circumstantial evidence of guilt was too strong, and the jury found him guilty of murdering T'Vault. Does that look like mob law? To the last, Ives did not believe he would be hanged, and did believe he would be rescued. It was afterward known that such an attempt was intended, but the managers of the affair, anticipating it, made such preparations as made it hopeless. By now the people were thoroughly aroused. The organization was solidified, and a powerful military branch established. Some attempts were made to organize the rascal opposition under the name of "minute men"—that is, a band to turn

out on a minute's notice. It came to naught; but it put a stop to any more public trials. Thereafter the Vigilance Committee wrought in secret, silently, and effectually. The clues already obtained were followed up, until it became possessed of the most irrefragable proof of the guilt of the men they afterward hanged. In addition, the most of them confessed their guilt. Henry Plummer did so, and admitted the justice of the Committee's proceedings when his piteous appeals for mercy were denied.

After the trial of Ives, the minute men move was exploded: the band dispersed themselves over the Territory under cover as best they could. Details from the Committee pursued after them, and hanged them where they found them. On account of the cold and the snow and blockaded roads, it was not easy to get out of the Territory then, and hunger drove them into the settlements. They selected the remote ones, and many of them met their fate there and along the roads on the first tree. Later on, whether from that disposition in men, like unto that of moths, of hanging around the fire until they are burned, or from a belief that they were not implicated, a few hung around Virginia City.

One cold winter morning I was in Virginia City, had breakfasted, and was about to start up the gulch to my home about eight miles above, when suddenly a battalion of armed men appeared at the lower end of the main street. I saw them march in perfect order up the street a hundred yards or so, halt and receive some orders, and disperse in squads. I started home, but was stopped outside the city by a posse of a dozen men, and informed that I could not pass. Their orders were that no one could go out, but any one might come in. I knew some of them—one in fact was my own partner. But they were inexorable. They pointed out, and I saw a cordon of just such posses posted all around the city. So I went back.

The military squads were scouring the city. I followed one squad, under the old man Clark, into a large saloon called the California Exchange. It had been a sort of headquarters of the gang. He demanded of the barkeeper if any of the "men on his list" were around there.

The barkeeper said, No.

"Very well, we propose to search these premises," said the old man.

Thereupon the barkeeper admitted that there was one of them in a back room, on a bed there, with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot on each side of him, and a whole battery of revolvers belted around him. He volunteered also the statement that he had passed through the saloon just after the Committee appeared and said they were after him and it meant death, but that he would send half a dozen of them to hell before they got him.

Upon this, some of the young men with Clark started to the rear; but the old man ordered them to come back and guard the place, while he fetched out the prisoner. He pooh-poohed the idea of danger. I disagreed with him and cocked my ears for the expected cannonade, as I saw the old man disappear in the rear with his revolver in his hand.

I was wrong, for soon he reappeared, grasping by the collar a livid wretch whose knees were knocking together. I looked, and lo! it was my quondam acquaintance, Jack Gallagher. He saw me, and a gleam of hope shot athwart his face as he implored me for God's sake to do something for him. I told him I could do as much against a whirlwind with a fence rail, and turned away.

I asked the old man Clark afterward about the arrest, and told him I actually thought the man would at least sell his life dearly. I had seen and heard of some of them standing up and banging away bravely enough.

"No, sir," said he, "they are all cowards

at heart. Their courage is whisky courage, and they are only brave when they have far the best of it."

"I think the simple philosophy of the old gentleman the correct one. Honor and justice have such an ascendancy over crime, that when they confront it squarely, it invariably wilts.

The perquisitions of the Committee in Virginia City that day realized five of the men on their list — one man named Bill Hunter escaping by hiding in an empty barrel standing among some filled ones in a warehouse cellar. He crawled out in the dead of night, and his tracks in the snow where he had betaken himself to the mountains were found next day. The poor wretch was afterward found in a deserted cabin a hundred miles away, where he died a horrible death.

Of the few lawyers in that country then, two or three of us went, by request of the officers of the Committee, to render any service desired by the captives in fixing up their earthly affairs. We were ushered into the rear room of a store, where we found the whole five collected. We stated our errand, but had great difficulty in bringing them to the point. Through a mistaken kindness they had been allowed liquor and were guzzling it as we came in. It blunted in them the sense of their serious situation. They instantly set up a clamor for our professional services in a different way, and made the most liberal offers. We declined the hopeless task, but were compelled perforce to listen to many rehearsals designed to give an innocent color to their criminal actions.

Some of their tales would have been weirdly fascinating under other circumstances, (but not in the Bret Harte way). One of them named Boone Helm, who had traveled a long road of ruffianly adventure to meet the rope that was awaiting him that day, seized on me, and played Othello to my Desdemona; only it was not a "pliant hour," and I did not "love him for the

dangers he had run." He told me how he came to kill the first man, and the second, and so on. He told me how he came to be found on the road with the leg and thigh of a man as his commissary department, and he sketched with slangy and profane touches the outlines of the life of a much sinned against and much mistaken man. Some of the others also regaled me with the history of their lives. Two distinct impressions from that scene have always remained with me. One is that the most of men are just what circumstances make them, when they get headed a certain way; the other, that men will cling with the most desperate hope to the most miserable lives.

We wrote a few letters, and made some trifling dispositions for them. Meantime the preparations for their hanging had gone on. A little before dark the officers of that function appeared and took them away.

Although it was little to my taste, I was in so far that I concluded to see it out, and followed them. An unfinished house at the upper end of the main street had been selected as the scene of operations. Some rude temporary scaffolds were fixed below a strong cross-beam. Their death was as disgraceful as their lives had been — except that of Club-foot George, who met his fate with silent, dogged resolution. As soon as the noose was fitted and the officers stepped back, he jumped off his scaffold, and with a kick or two and a convulsive shudder, was still. "Good-by, old fel," said old Boone Helm, "You're in hell by this time. I'll be with you in a minute." He called for whisky, which was handed up to him, pronounced himself a rebel, hurrahed for Jeff Davis, and so ended. (Plenty of the leading vigilantes sympathized with the same cause, but they had no sympathy for his kind.) Jack Gallagher, Haze Lines, and Frank Parrish, the other three, called for whisky and tobacco, chaffed and joked with acquaintances in the crowd, bade them farewell, and so they ended. The consola-

tions of religion were not supplied them, for there were none to be had in that country. Perhaps they had the best showing after all, in the tear of pity from many a rough miner, and the remark, "Poor devils, the chances are that they would have turned out average good men, if they had started fair."

Was what I have described the way and the work of a mob?

The hanging of Bill Slade by the Vigilance Committee, about the time of the conclusion of its labors in rooting up and cleaning out the road-agent band, was a somewhat questionable performance. Slade was a savage and dangerous man. He had before been selected and had served as division agent on the overland stage road, on account of his ability to deal with the rough characters that infested it. At this time his business was freighting and ranching. He was also interested in mining. Many bloody murders were laid at his door, but these deeds had been performed mostly out of the Territory, were personal affrays, and did not come within the cognizance proper of the Committee. But he fell into a dispute with a merchant there over freight bills, which waxed so hot that he swore he would have his blood. The merchant was a leading man among the vigilantes (at one time the president of the Committee, I believe). Slade was the kind of a man to keep that sort of a promise, and pursued the feud so fiercely that the merchant kept out of his way. Slade was told the Vigilance Committee would be raised against him, and urged to go away. He defied them and kept on his spree. Finally, when his arrest was determined on, the very day, his friends — and he had some firm ones even among the vigilantes — prevailed upon him so far that he started for his ranch. But his perverse spirit brought him back, and he was taken and hanged.

The Committee decayed in strength and popularity from this time on. Its work was really done, but it did not disband until a

year or more afterward. It continued for that time in a desultory way to administer irregular justice against irregular criminals, but growls of ominous import began to be heard, and the word "stranglers" began to

be bandied about among good citizens. Finally a monster mass meeting of remonstrance against it in the city of Helena in the spring of 1865 wound up its earthly career.

C. Barbour.

CHATA AND CHINITA,

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

XXXIX.

Vain would be the attempt to describe the consternation of Doña Isabel when she awoke at early dawn, and felt about her that peculiar stillness — a stillness that seems absolutely tangible — which indicates the abstraction of the element of humanity from the associations about us, and is especially impressive when that loss is utterly unexpected.

It was not yet daylight, and it was by this peculiar stillness, and not by sight that Doña Isabel learned with a deadly feeling of dismay at her heart, that she was alone. For a moment she lay silent, then raising herself on her elbow, sought to peer through the gloom, while with faltering voice she uttered the name "Chinita."

There was no answer. She would have been inexpressibly surprised had there been; and yet refusing to be convinced, she arose from her bed, and made her way to that of Chinita. Had the girl been there, in the infinite relief and excitement of the moment she must have clasped her in her arms with kisses and tears; as it was, after passing her hands wildly over the empty couch, she sank upon it with a deep and bitter moan, feeling anew, and with the intensified agony of remembrance, the shock with which she

had heard the cry of Herlinda — "My husband! My husband!" What but a like betrayal could in that place and time have drawn a young girl from her chamber? Alas! Alas!"

The thoughts of Doña Isabel flew to Ruiz; a thousand trifles, unheeded before, crowded her remembrance as confirmation of some secret understanding between them. If she had noticed them at all it was to think with a smile that they had reference to Carlota. How had she been so blind? She sprang to her feet and hastily dressed herself, with some undefined intention of seeking him in his quarters, and demanding word of him, if he were to be found, or of confirming her worst fears if he had fled. All her old distrust of him, which he had so skillfully lulled, returned with overwhelming force, and in her unfounded suspicion she included the more just one of treason to her purposes, to the cause of Liberty, and to Gonzales, and with irresistible certainty became convinced that the delays and detours which had been made, had been expedients of traitorous policy. In the few moments needed for the completion of her toilet, a terrible fear took possession of her. For the first time that night she had been separated from the main body of the troops — what if she were abandoned? Nothing seemed more likely. Only the great self-possession that she habitual-

ly practised prevented her from rushing out, yes, even into the streets of the village, to satisfy herself that the rude encampment remained unbroken.

Yet with all this raging excitement of grief and doubt within her, she presently stepped out upon the window with that stately calmness which she ever wore before the world, were it represented by but the meanest *peon*. Day had scarcely broken, yet there was a sound of movement unusual in so small a place. To the excited mind of Doña Isabel it appeared that like herself the people all must be searching wildly for the girl who had so strangely escaped her. She went to the *meson* door and looked out. The camp women were wandering through the streets already, chaffering and bargaining with the vendors of milk and bread and vegetables. In the distance she saw the soldiers preparing for the march. Three or four officers were lounging down the narrow street. To her infinite surprise and relief she saw among them Ruiz. He hastened his steps and joined her with an air of consternation, which even in her excitement she noticed had in it a subdued suggestion of apprehension as of one detected in some doubtful act.

In a few words Doña Isabel apprized him of the disappearance of Chinita. It was impossible that it could be concealed; it was absolutely necessary that search should be made. Ruiz listened with an emotion greater even than hers. "Good heavens, Señora!" he cried. "We are undone. Ramirez must be at hand. In some way she has learned his whereabouts; she has fled to him!"

Doña Isabel thought he had suddenly gone mad. "Fled to Ramirez?" she cried. "Impossible! What can she know of the man? What object can she have in seeking him?"

Instinctively she had led the way back to the room she had left. Ruiz followed her, in the utter demoralization of his mind

at the unexpected tidings, pouring out incoherent explanations of the designs that Chinita had cherished, and unconsciously revealing much of the duplicity of the part he had himself acted. With an acuteness of mind perhaps intensified by the keen emotion with which she listened to the unexpected accusations against the young girl, Doña Isabel conjectured at once that the speaker had played a double part; and it was a not improbable solution of the mystery of Chinita's disappearance, that in discovering this, she had resolved to precipitate a crisis in the fate of the man who exercised so unaccountable a fascination over her.

Yet, with whom had she fled? Had Ramirez himself stolen into the *meson* and borne her away? The face of Ruiz blanched at this suggestion. Had the girl learned what was indeed a fact, that upon that very day, the troops of Doña Isabel Garcia were by their officers to protest against a farther attempt to reach Gonzales, and declaring Ruiz their chosen and permanent leader, take up the march to join the forces of General Ortega at once, leaving El Toro to its fate, and declaring a peculiar hostility to Ramirez, of whom the newly arisen, and popular Liberal chieftain was a personal and implacable enemy? Had Chinita indeed gone with such news to Ramirez? Ruiz felt that his doom was sealed, for he rightly conjectured that the excitement of Chinita's disappearance had already dampened the ardor in his behalf which he had found it a slow and almost impossible task to awaken among the troops. Indeed that it had been roused at all was owing to the discontent which had arisen, through the cleverly concealed tactics he had used in contriving so long and monotonous a march to the aid of a man but little known or admired; and from the general belief in the love of the beautiful protégée of Doña Isabel for the young aspirant for fame. In her hand the favor of Doña Isabel was supposed to lie. Eager for action, eager for booty, brought to a

point where they were almost within sound of the bugles of Gonzales Ortega, who was making his hurried and triumphant march to the capital, it had been decided that upon that very morning a *pronunciamento* should be made, which, while involving no change of politics, should leave Vicente Gonzales to his fate in El Toro, and compel the consent of Doña Isabel to the apparently spontaneous outburst of patriotism upon the part of her troops, which should confirm Ruiz in the command that she had temporarily confided to him.

Ruiz had so cunningly planned every detail that he doubted not that not only Doña Isabel but Chinita as well would be convinced of his entire ignorance of the *coup*, and that her ambition, and perhaps a somewhat malicious satisfaction in the reversal of the plans of Doña Isabel, would lead her to an acceptance of the apparently unavoidable forfeiture of her own.

To this end he had been patiently working since the day he had found himself at the head of the troops of Tres Hermanos. He had been amazed at his own success. Everything had seemed to contribute to it. Not even the triumph of seeing himself actually attracting the good will, if not the love, of Chinita had been denied him; and now at the moment least expected, at the most critical juncture, she had failed him. It was impossible for him to assume his usual self-sufficient air, as he re-issued from the apartment of Doña Isabel—an air that imposed on the majority of observers as that of a man conscious of power, rather than as a disguise of incompetency. His crest-fallen bearing as he gave the necessary orders for scouts to be sent out in search of those who in the night must have left the ill-guarded town, was evident to the most careless eye, and did much to increase the feeling of distrust and coldness that was already beginning to supplant the ill considered ardor of a few hours before.

The scouts had been despatched; and the

main body of the troops waited for marching orders, which were long delayed. Ruiz, closeted with the men who had been most amenable to his reasoning, urged openly the arguments that he had but covertly suggested before. That exhausted apathy which following an exploded project is far more hopeless than that which, merely unignited, precedes its agitation, resisted all his efforts at revival. The officers, like the soldiers, listlessly waited to hear what would happen next, absolutely indifferent to Ruiz, and concerned for the moment in a mere matter of gossip—the escapade of a young girl.

Towards noon some of the messengers returned. Most of them had nothing to report, but the *vaquero* Gabriel, the husband of Caterina, as soon as he could escape the questioning of Ruiz, disappeared. An hour later he entered the apartment of Doña Isabel.

“What news, Gabriel? What news?” she cried excitedly. “Did you come upon any trace of—of the child—of those who have stolen her away?”

The *vaquero* shook his head, and Doña Isabel groaned. Those few hours had wrought a terrible change in her appearance. She was not young as she had been when shocks of disaster had shaken her in by-gone years.

“I found no trace of them, *mi Señora*,” said the man slowly. “Perhaps my eyes are not as keen as they were, and they say when one thinks much one sees little. Since I am married I find one must think. A woman gives one abundance for thought. She grinds corn for a man more surely than corn for his bread.”

Doña Isabel looked up at him quickly. She knew that this oracular sentence had some bearing on the subject that absorbed her thoughts. “Speak,” she said. “What has your wife to do with this?”

“She was the playmate of the young *Señorita*,” he suggested.

“True, but what of that?”

“She would be likely to be in her confi-

dence—at least where there was no other to trust.”

Doña Isabel started, looking at him with fixed attention.

“The thought came to me, as I rode out of the town—it came back to me again and again.” After hours of vain search I suffered myself to be convinced. I came back, and taxed Caterina with knowing with whom, and when, and where, her friend had gone.”

“Well?” ejaculated Doña Isabel in extreme agitation.

“She denied it. By all the saints she denied it; but I had a saint she had forgotten to commend her to.” He smiled significantly.

Doña Isabel understood the arguments used by rancheros to refractory wives too well to doubt what his grim jest meant. At another time she would have indignantly dismissed from her presence the man who admitted laying a hand in castigation upon his wife; now she merely with a sign of the hand urged him to finish what he had to communicate.

“It was as I thought,” he said coolly. “Two men talked with her last night. The one was Caterina’s brother Pepé; the other was the Señor Americano your Grace knows of.”

Doña Isabel sank back in her chair as if struck by a powerful hand. “The American! the American!” she repeated again and again. She felt as though a hand had been thrust from the grave to torture her. The superstitious dread, which had been planted in her breast by the first glimpse of the face of Ashley Ward, and which had perhaps led her irresistibly to a course that the resolutions of years would under ordinary circumstances have rendered impossible to a nature tenacious as her own, became a horrible certainty. Evil fate in the guise of the American pursued her. Whatever the purpose with which he had lured Chinita from her side, it could but be productive of

woe for her. Would the tale of her daughter’s shame, and her own apparent heartlessness, be told throughout the land? Had this pale and seemingly spiritless young man resolved on such a vengeance of his cousin’s fancied wrongs? or—worse still—was this but a repetition of the old, old tale of passion and folly? Doña Isabel covered her face with her hand and groaned again.

Gabriel had called his wife to the room, and she came with eyes red with weeping, and told the tale that seemed to her best: fearful of bringing the vengeance of the Señora upon Pepé, she declared he had but accompanied the American and Chinita, whom she boldly affirmed to have set out for the coast, intending to set sail for the wild country whence the Americans had come.

Doña Isabel and Gabriel both knew too well the inventive genius of their countrywoman, literally to believe all she said; yet as hour after hour passed by and no news of the fugitives was heard, and no trace of them in spite of the most untiring search was found, they were at length led to conclude—the one with despair—that Caterina’s words were true, and that the brief connection of the beautiful foster-child of Pedro Sanchez with the lady of Tres Hermanos was ended forever.

Doña Isabel wore before the world the same impassive face as ever, but at night the demon powers of remorse wrought cruel havoc on its beauty; and when Gonzalez, after a series of petty engagements and alternate reverses and successes, which detained him days upon the road, at length appeared before her, it was with amazement and alarm that he witnessed the ravages of time and care upon the once beautiful woman. The very excess of joy with which she welcomed him seemed weak and pitiful; and when with tears she told him of the flight, the ingratitude, of a child she loved, his heart bled inwardly. It did not occur

to him, however, that this was the true secret of her anguish. Had she not for years mourned, as he had done, the living entombment of Herlinda? had not the sight of him revived the keenness of her woe? She looked ill in body and disordered in mind. Worn out with anxiety and the fatigues of travel, the reaction occasioned by his appearance was doubtless too great for her enfeebled powers. He found himself charged with the unexpected responsibility of the care of a lady of much consequence, and one personally dear to him, evidently stricken with an illness that demanded the most efficient attendance, and complete isolation from disturbing influences.

To reach a point where he might leave his generous but failing friend was now his most earnest desire. But its fulfillment seemed an impossibility, for from the time Gonzales assumed command of the troops, almost hourly news was brought to him of gatherings of bands of conservatives, which promised to offer formidable resistance to any movement he might make; and until Doña Isabel was safely disposed of, he desired at almost any risk to avoid an open collision.

The march slowly proceeded, and so constantly was Gonzales occupied, and so serious became the condition of Doña Isabel that there was but little conversation between them, and somewhat to his impatience, that was limited to a few brief sentences of warning against Ruiz, and constant inquiries for Chinita, and entreaties that search should be made for her in every direction.

Gonzales, as far as was possible, obeyed these inopportune requests; but the anxiety and grief that prompted them seemed to him strained and unnatural—though he could not doubt after due inquiry made that the lost girl was of remarkable beauty and of an original and fascinating character. Still, his knowledge of the class whence he sup-

posed her sprung, made quite credible to him the tale of her flight. Yet he started when Doña Isabel mentioned the American as the probable companion of her flight, adding in a low voice, "Twice an American has robbed him." What did she mean? His cheek flushed, as he remembered that it had been said that for love of the murdered Ashley, Herlinda had taken the veil. And had Doña Isabel dreamed that he would find consolation after so many years in this beautiful peasant girl she had raised from the dust? His lip curled. Yet none the less the suggestion of the complicity of the American in her disappearance haunted and vexed him. He did not tell Doña Isabel that to him he owed the definite news of the approach of re-inforcements, and that he had virtually left him in charge of El Toro, and that the commission which he had applied for had already doubtless reached Ward. Had he betrayed this young girl—the protégée of Doña Isabel—in spite of his zeal the American would have much to answer for to him. A few weeks would decide all. He preferred to wait patiently the development of affairs, and refrained from perplexing farther the mind of Doña Isabel.

The condition of the lady became rapidly worse. Perhaps she had brought from Tres Hermanos the germs of the disease that during these very days was working such terrible havoc there; perhaps the long days and nights of exertion, anxiety, and grief had produced it; but certain it is that as the position of Gonzales became more critical, so the imminent danger of Doña Isabel increased. A desperate evil commands a desperate remedy. It was decided that an effort should be made to convey the lady to the city of G—to the house of her daughter, Doña Carmen; and Ruiz, in the utter impossibility that Gonzales found of personally conducting the party, was chosen to execute the delicate and important trust.

He had indeed, with an apparent readi-

ness of resource that commended him to the General, proposed the measure, and upon the decision being made to attempt it, had claimed as his right the honor of effecting it; and taking the precaution of sending with him only men from the hacienda of Tres Hermanos, whom he knew to be devoted to their mistress, Gonzales acceded to the demand, although his faith in the man's integrity was far from absolute—for the words both of Ashley and Doña Isabel had impressed him with suspicion. Taking such measures as seemed to him almost certain to prevent any treachery, should such be meditated, he despatched Ruiz, and shortly had the satisfaction of learning that the mission had been accomplished in safety. G—— was still in the hands of the Liberals. Ruiz reached it and returned unmolested. He had been overwhelmed with thanks by Doña Isabel and entertained sumptuously at the casino—yet he left the city with a dark and vengeful face.

He had to his inexpressible amazement seen Chata, the supposed daughter of Don Rafael Gomez, and breathlessly demanding news of Chinita had revealed to the astounded girl the disappearance of her old playmate. In the hasty conversation that followed, during the absence of Doña Carmen in the excitement of her mother's arrival, Ruiz had betrayed his love for the girl and also the extraordinary purposes she had cherished; and Chata, in her extreme agitation, had forgotten the promise she had made, and in describing in a few brief sentences the scenes that had taken place at Tres Hermanos, revealed the means by which she had saved Don Rafael. She could not comprehend the rage and disgust with which Ruiz had flung himself from her, when she announced herself, in a burst of grief, as the daughter of Ramirez; but in a moment it flashed over her that she had heard herself named as the destined bride of this man who so openly despised her. Had he, too, known of the destiny awarded

him? She turned from him with a burning blush, and without a word they parted. She remembered afterward that he might have sent news of her to the hacienda—to her father, Don Rafael—to Doña Feliz did she still live; but her one chance had gone, and her semi-imprisonment began anew. Doña Carmen was not again betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of her charge.

Ruiz turned from the house with a thousand conflicting emotions. The encounter with Chata had produced in his mind an absolute fury of resentment, as he reflected that this was the girl whom Ramirez had promised him as his wife, in his boyhood jestingly, in his manhood as a reward—an incentive. Heavens! what was this puny creature in comparison to Chinita? And Chinita was perhaps at that very moment with that man—perhaps even laughing with him over his weakness and discomfiture.

In this mood he was presently met by old acquaintances, before whom he was forced to mask his excitement; and moreover they were in festive humor, which prevented them from being observant or critical. The town, but imperfectly garrisoned, had for some time held an anxious and harassed populace, prognosticating nothing but invasion and the levy of forced loans; but it chanced that upon that day a guest had arrived, who, by the mere magic of his presence—unattractive and unimpressive as was his bearing—inspired confidence and hope. Benito Juarez himself had made one of those secret incursions for which he was famed, and had reached G—— with the purpose of conferring with such officers of his party as had ventured to meet him. There were but few, and Ruiz was honored by an invitation to represent Gonzales. The deference paid him as a delegate from so important a leader, in command of so considerable a force, raised to its highest pitch the absolute fury of resentment that convulsed him; and at the banquet that followed the con-

ference, the wine and flattering notice of the Liberal President, completed the overthrow of the little caution that he had hitherto maintained in his speech and demeanor.

The toasts drunk were loud and frequent, and the name of Ramirez was the most deeply execrated. Many of the young men indulged in extravagant boasts and declarations as to the deeds they should accomplish in the near future, scorning the prowess of the man at whose very name they were accustomed to tremble. Some one spoke with a laugh of a beautiful girl who had been seen in his company but a few days before. It was not until afterwards that Ruiz reflected that the spy had probably caught a glimpse of Chata on her way from Tres Hermanos. At the moment his mind was full of Chinita, and rising impetuously, in a torrent of fiery words he broke into denunciation and invective, telling the tale of Pedro's martyrdom as he had heard it, and vowing that as he had slain the poor peasant, so he himself would accomplish the defeat and death of the "mountain wolf." "I promise you, Señores," he concluded, "that when you next hear of Fernando Ruiz you shall remember the vow I have made. Ramirez is doomed!"

The stoical man at the head of the table smiled faintly at the storm of applause that followed this speech, and as Ruiz a few moments later took his departure, muttered to his neighbor, "That young fellow will bear watching. He has either a tremendous personal wrong to avenge, or he is striving to mislead us. I know him to be the godson of this very Ramirez whom he thunders against. A Mexican may turn against, may even murder, his own father; but his godfather—he must be a renegade indeed to attempt *his* destruction!"

His neighbor assented; and when the words of Ruiz were reported to Ramirez—as reported they were a few days later—he smiled as grimly as Benito Juarez had done.

"The cockerel crows loud," he said. "He was always a blusterer. Well, we shall see; a week at latest will decide all that. Bah! if the fellow but had in him the blood of his father!—but with the name of his mother he must have taken a braggart's tongue. Well for him if it does not weary my patience in the end. But for my promise to Reyes——"

He frowned darkly. Had Ruiz seen his face then he might have repented his boast. As it was, his mad words served as a spur urging him to the inevitable future.

XL.

Never perhaps had a more marked change occurred in the discipline and carriage of any body of men from apparently so slight a cause as that which had fallen upon the troops of which Ruiz was still the nominal commander, after the withdrawal of Chinita became known as an absolute fact. The wildest rumors of her probable action had run like wildfire through the ranks, and the position of Ruiz had been rapidly becoming untenable, so ready were officers and men alike for a crisis that should turn them either to the right or the left, but at least produce a leader to guide them.

It had been with intense relief that Ruiz himself greeted the appearance of Gonzales, unexpected though it was; and it had been hailed with acclamation by the unstable and discontented troops, who would perhaps have turned enthusiastically to any leader of repute, however doubtful his views. As it was, the flame of patriotism and devotion to the harassed and grief-stricken lady, their patroness, sprung up afresh among them, and in a few hours Gonzales had found himself with a genuine ascendancy over the force, which but for his timely arrival would probably have disbanded and left him to his fate, or even incontinently joined the enemy.

Upon the very night after the arrival of Gonzales, when Ruiz with seeming cordial-

ity, though with relief and rage contending in his mind, had yielded his command, he strode to the outskirts of the camp and smoking, or forgetting to smoke, a cigarette with bitter disappointment mentally reviewed the perplexing and conflicting events that had led to so utter an overthrow of his carefully concocted schemes. With the rapidity and excitement of his thoughts, his pace increased, as though he was striving to tread down his mortification, while he was preparing therefor a speedy and certain revenge.

The thought of this was chiefly directed towards Chinita. But for her flight he doubted not his position would have been so firmly assured that he would have been enabled to carry out his schemes. Thus he had hoped to find himself at the head of a force, which in event of final victory, would have recommended him to the highest honors in the gift of Juarez, or at any rate assured him against the vengeance of Ramirez. To treachery, time had added actual hatred of the man who had befriended him, and whose evil deeds, while he professed to abhor them, he would have rejoiced to have courage and address to imitate, and of whom he still held a superstitious dread, which had once been absolute awe.

It maddened him to think of Chinita in the power of such a man. That day the last wild escapade of Ramirez, the torture of Pedro, had in some way reached him, and destroyed a lingering hope he had had that the girl, proud and hard though he believed her, had in some impulse of affection gone to her foster-father—a thought that he had not even hinted to Doña Isabel, for with petty spite he refrained from uttering that which he imagined might give relief to her long agony. He imagined how Chinita—who doubtless had seen through his double dealing—would make it contemptible by her scorn, and ridiculous with her irony; and how Ramirez would after listening to her account of him rise his sworn en-

emy—Ruiz had witnessed such scenes. No—return to Ramirez was impossible. Besides, his ultimate defeat was certain: the Liberal cause was strengthening every hour. Ramirez must have lost his former keenness to follow thus a losing venture. Ruiz began to console himself by thoughts of how though only in a subordinate part, he should assist in the discomfiture of the proud chieftain, and that of the girl who loved him—for he was incapable of believing hers the love of a mere enthusiastic child, though to a purer heart her words would have a thousand times declared it to be a fanatical admiration, untouched by a tinge of passion. The maddening jealousy that had raged in his heart since he had learned her flight, and had rendered him incapable of a sustained effort to renew the ambitious projects so fatally shaken, flamed up with cruel intensity; and yet he loved her. At that moment he would have liked to throttle her, yet would have recalled her to life with words of passionate love, and burning kisses.

As he pondered, he struck his breast with his clenched hand. “*Caramba!*” he muttered. “Is all lost? Is there no way to upset this miserable favorite of the Señora? Maria Sanctisima! who is that?” His hand like a flash passed to his pistol.

“Hist,” said a voice. “It is I, Fernando. I have not a moment to spare. I have tried to gain a way to thee for an hour or more. I know all that has passed. Fool! thou should’st have raised the *grito* for Ramirez before this Gonzales reached thee; there were men with thee would have sustained thee well!”

“Bah! a man has opinions,” answered Ruiz coolly, recognizing the voice; “and if Ramirez still chooses the fight for the *padrecitos*, that is no argument for my being as mad. I tell you plainly, father, I am tired of playing a boy’s part; you will hear of me yet as something more than the lieutenant of Gonzales.”

“Big words, big words,” laughed Tio

Reyes. "Now listen to what I have to say to you;" and leaning from his horse, in a few concise sentences he delivered to him the message of Ramirez; adding a few paternal injunctions as to the conduct he should in future observe.

"Up to this time, nothing is lost," he continued, "indeed had you acted in good faith, nothing could have been better, except this last stroke; but that may be easily remedied. Ramirez will soon be prepared to attack in force. His mind was set on regaining El Toro, but that can be deferred. — 'When the loaf is cut the crumb may soon be eaten.' Be prepared to pass over to him at the critical moment with your whole command; the others will follow like sheep. *Vaya*, what is the name of Gonzales to that of Ramirez? With the force he could then combine, what might he not hope to do? I promise you in his name a free pardon for all that has passed — *caramba*, I can't imagine how you have been so mad. I saw the girl that bewitched you, and by my faith I thought her nothing but a *trigēnita ordinaria*, with eyes a trifle larger and darker than common — and the command of every man brought over. As for means — well, you know what is here; and — he has sacked Tres Hermanos."

"I know," said Ruiz thoughtfully; and Reyes did not think it worth while to add that little had been gained, but re-iterated the assurances of Ramirez's favor in the event of a ready accession to his proposals, and his determination to exact the utmost penalty should his former favorite and pupil prove obstinate in the course upon which he had entered. There was much in the matter to commend it to the mind of Ruiz; still he hesitated to trust the word of a man he knew to be so unscrupulous in its denial. "The fact is," continued his father coolly, "you will be shot if you fall into his hands, which sooner or later you will be sure to do; while if you are reasonable he will forget all that has passed — more than I would do in his

place let me tell you; ay, he will even give you his daughter."

"His daughter!" echoed Ruiz with a sneer.

"*Carrhi!* you must be hard to please," cried his father, "for her sake I was sorry enough he killed the fool of a *portero* five days ago. For all her proud ways, she loved him like a child. More than she will love Ramirez when she hears of this mad deed."

Ruiz sprang to his side. "What do you mean," he cried, seizing his arm. "Is Chinita the daughter of Ramirez? Is she with him? Is she indeed the girl who has been promised to me for these years and years? *Por Dios*, what would I not do for her? What would I not dare? But I do not believe it. He knows I love her; this is but a deception. Ah, I know him too well!"

Reyes laughed. "He told me himself if you were not satisfied you might go and see. Faith, he had no thought you loved her already. I met him on the road as he came back from leaving her — *Vaya*, he is a careful father; she is in the house of the Señora's daughter, Doña Carmen."

Ruiz seemed stunned. Reyes saw that his point was gained, and uttered but a few words more, which elicited only the response — "Ramirez's daughter! wonderful, wonderful! and after all, she will be mine. *Cielo* — how can I live a day longer without seeing her? Commend me to the Señor General. You know, *padre mio*, my heart is good, though my brain may have erred! Tell me, has she said but one good word for me? She —"

"*Bastal!*" cried Reyes, laughing the more; "I have not seen her, I tell thee, and if thou would'st know what she thinks, find a pretext and see her at Doña Carmen's house. It was a strange freak of the General's to take her there, but a happy one. Thou shalt not be molested on the way, I promise thee. But I have no further time for talking. Adios! thou art the only man I have ever

seen whom love has brought to his right senses. It will be well if thou art as sane a year after the wedding!"

The two men embraced, in the fashion of the country, and with an ardor on the part of Ruiz that he seldom affected.

"*Caramba!* the father is a man of a thousand," he muttered to himself as he watched him disappear—guiding his horse so deftly that not a sound broke the silence of the night. "*Virgin de la patrocinia!*" he continued, as he walked slowly back to his quarters. "It is like a dream. *Peste!* that is the fault of my father; he is always in haste. I would have asked him a thousand questions, had he given me but a quarter of an hour. But it is of Chinita herself I will ask them. Surely she must have shown some favor towards me, or my godfather would not recommend me to her with such confidence. *Santo Niño*, show me some way to make it possible to steal into G—— and exchange a word with her!"

His curiosity as much as his love prompted the latter aspiration. The suspicion of the identity of Ramirez with the brother of Doña Isabel, the Leon Vallé so long supposed dead, returned to him with force; but he longed to know how the secret of her birth had been conveyed to Chinita, and how her flight had been contrived. He pictured her then like a bird in a cage beating herself against the iron *rejas* of Doña Carmen's house. That was not what she had hoped for when she had talked to him of Ramirez. If she had tolerated him before, would he not now be doubly dear, as one who should liberate her from the natural restraints of a maiden's life?

Ruiz forgot his fancied wrongs in an intoxication of delight. Only the constant pondering upon the question how he should manage a visit to G—— kept him *distrain* until the seriousness of Doña Isabel's illness demanded her instant removal to a place of safety. Ruiz was the first to propose her daughter's house, and although the

project was one that promised danger of the capture of a prize so great that the utmost vigilance was necessary in order to assure her safety, he was, as we have seen, by the stress of circumstances enabled to secure the command of the little party, and thus take advantage of what appeared to him a providential interposition in his behalf. Indeed, in pious gratitude he promised a wax candle of enormous proportions to Nuestra Señora del Amparo.

Not a few times after his separation from the main body, a skirmishing party began upon it vexatious attacks, which with seeming inconsistency they failed to direct upon the comparatively defenseless Ruiz; but which he knew from the information given by Reyes were destined to weaken the prestige of Gonzales by a series of petty misadventures, after which the destruction of Gonzales, by the abandonment by Ruiz, followed by the mass of the disaffected, might, it was conjectured, be readily accomplished. It seemed the simplest matter in the world to effect, and had been instantly agreed to by Ruiz in the hasty conference with his father. Yet further reflection gave him an unaccountable antipathy to the course he was to pursue. It cannot be said that a lingering trace of honor influenced him, or any genuine disapproval of the character or convictions of Ramirez, for he was in the widest sense a man to be bought and sold, a creature influenced by every turn of advantage; but he doubted the good faith of Ramirez—the good fortune that was to give him Chinita at so slight a cost seemed to him incredible. Did the girl love him, and had she owned as much? or was he to be fooled into acquiescence in the plans of Ramirez by the chimera of his parental power? He knew Chinita too well to believe she would marry against her own desire, even to gratify a parent who exerted over her the extraordinary ascendancy that she had instinctively acknowledged in Ramirez. Ruiz was, moreover,

impressed with a belief in the ultimate disaster of the conservative cause. For Chinita's sake he would risk involvement in the ruin he foresaw, hoping that by some spar he himself would float; but unless assured of her good will—. The thoughts of Ruiz carried him no farther. He would wait patiently as he might, and learn his destiny from Chinita herself in the house of Doña Carmen.

Such were the hopes and emotions with which to his amazement he had found himself face to face with Chata; and hence the blind rage with which he had believed himself the victim of a conspiracy on the part of Ramirez and his own father to make use of the knowledge of the ascendancy that Chinita had gained over his affections to entrap him into furthering their designs by representing her to be the daughter who had been from her childhood promised to him in marriage. He did not for a moment reflect that his father might be as ignorant as himself of the identity of Ramirez's daughter, or might have drawn a false conclusion from his own hasty questions.

With the same unreasoning fury with which he had denounced Ramirez at the banquet, he returned to the camp of Gonzales; and through a cleverly managed correspondence with Ramirez—in which however he dared not mention the name of Chinita, lest he should awaken in his astute mind a suspicion that he conjectured the deception which was to be played upon him—he gradually drew from the chief data that enabled him to propose such movements as procured for him a fame as a strategist, which well might have satisfied a laudable ambition.

Meanwhile Ramirez himself, though surrounded by no despicable force, which was daily augmented by accessions from the mountains or from the ranks of less popular leaders of either party, was for the first time in his life oppressed by a vague melancholy, which, with some impatience, he as-

cribed to the forced separation from the child whose purity and innocence had so irresistibly attracted him. There were times when he thought with what horror such a record as his would be viewed by that gentle and upright nature; and a positive dread came upon him of her ever knowing the one incident that had been so vividly recalled to him by the appearance of the avenger upon the grave of the man he had murdered years before—one among many he had almost forgotten. He said to himself that an evil spell had been upon him ever since the day he had foolishly thrown away the charm the elf-like child had given him. They had brought him word time and again of the miscarriage of his best laid plans. Who had betrayed them?

He knew too well who had frustrated them. The American who had escaped his knife at the cemetery seemed ubiquitous since obtaining the commission which authorized him to wage war against him. Not content with defending El Toro with unexampled bravery, he appeared at every point where an advantage was to be gained. "*Carrhi!*" he said to himself, "I shall be forced to give that fellow a thrust of my dagger in secret; he is impervious to ball or the chances of open warfare. He or I must fall. There's not room in all Mexico for him and me."

Whether there was room or not, it seemed destined that they should remain in it together, though not without constant collision. Gonzales became to the mind of Ramirez far less formidable than this yellow-haired *gringo*, who with a mere handful of followers so constantly harassed and baffled him. Like most men of his class, he was intensely superstitious, and one night in the moonlight he saw or fancied he saw a female form glide before him into the chapparal. He caught but a glimpse of the face, but it had reminded him of Herlinda, for whom he had done the deed that, so late, seemed to have brought upon him

a threatened retribution. As he searched the bushes for the woman, whom he could not discover, he shuddered as he remembered the expression of the eyes—as of a wronged creature who had loved and now hated. He had seen such an expression in a woman's eyes before. More than ever after this strange occurrence the thought of Ashley Ward tormented him; his face seemed to haunt him; and curiously enough other faces also began to peer upon him—faces of women he had wronged, of men who with good cause bore him deadly hatred, or of others whom, like the American, or the gatekeeper, he had murdered.

He grew strangely taciturn and nervous. Not even the letters of Ruiz aroused him. In his heart he distrusted him, as he did all men but Reyes, all women but Chata. Had she been near, he thought, he would have talked to her and cast off his fancies; but in her absence they grew upon him. One day he could have sworn he saw clearly not only the face but the figure of Pedro Sanchez; and upon another that of the woman he had loved long years before. Bah! they were fantasies. He wondered whether he, too, would be seized with the fever, which was still raging at Tres Hermanos, and of which they said its lady was dying at her daughter's house in G—. Was this weakness of nerve the presage of what was to come?

Battle was joined with Gonzales as had been planned. The day turned in favor of Ramirez—even the gallant assistance of Ward availed little against the desperate courage of the mountain troops. The genius and valor of Ramirez were manifested with a vigor that declared they had been but shaken. Until the arrival of Ward it had even appeared that the forces actually under his own command would have been sufficient to effect a victory; but this speedily turned the tide, and with some impatience Ramirez gave the signal that was to hasten the promised action of Ruiz.

But at the critical moment the expected ally failed him; with a vindictive fury which was demoniacal in its exhibition, Ruiz threw himself against his old commander. The carnage was terrible in that part of the field; and when the fray was ended, the demoralization of Ramirez's troops was complete—yet he himself had escaped.

That such should be the case seemed to Ashley Ward incredible as later he walked over the field, seeking among the slain the man against whom he had begun a private warfare, which to his own surprise had, with further investigation of the principles involved, rapidly attained in his mind the dignity of a struggle for liberty that even dwarfed the incentive of personal revenge—although it was impossible that this should be wholly forgotten or ignored.

Gonzales marched into El Toró amid the clanging of bells and shouts of rejoicing; for though that was a convent town, the *plebe* were mad *Juaristas*, who had done good service under Ward when troops were scarce. The triumph had, however, not been gained without much loss upon the Liberal side; and among the missing was the young officer who in the eyes of Gonzales—and to the astonishment of Ward—had so ably vindicated his character in the day of battle. Pepé too, the right hand man of Ward, was gone.

In very truth, at the last moment the most important and useful calculation of Ruiz had failed. He saw Ramirez, by his orders, surrounded by desperate men; it seemed inevitable that he must be stricken down—when a party led by Reyes broke through to his assistance, and in the fury of the onslaught Ruiz was swept from his horse and hurried away, and to his consternation found himself a prisoner dragged onward in the irresistible impetus of flight. They were miles distant from the scene of battle when the fugitives at last paused; and here for the first time Ramirez knew of this special prisoner that had been made.

A lasso had been drawn tightly around his waist; his face was cut and bleeding; the gold lace and epaulettes had been torn from his coat; his uncovered hair was reeking with dust, and his face with sweat, when Ramirez came to look at him. Ruiz raised his bloodshot eyes appealingly. He knew the man before him, the man — worthless and unscrupulous though he was — who had been kind to him, whom he had betrayed, whose death he had attempted to compass. He did not attempt to speak, but fell on his knees and raised his bound hands. Ramirez gazed at him a moment in silence; then without the quiver of a muscle in his impassive face, uttered the sentence: "*Que lo fusilan inmediatamente.*"

That he be shot at once — from that terrible mandate there was no appeal. There was not one there to utter a word in his behalf — only a moan from the dust to which he had sunk. Reyes was not there; perhaps the result would have been the same had he been. The soldiers raised the young officer and stood him against a tree.

At the last moment that strange indifference to death which among his countrymen so often counterfeits courage, caused him to straighten his figure and raise his head; and in the insolence of despair he said, "Had you fallen into my hands, I would have shot you with my own pistol an hour ago."

Perhaps he hoped by this speech to escape the ignominy of execution by a file of common soldiers. If so he was mistaken. Ramirez gave the signal; the balls whizzed through the air and found their way to their destined aim. Ruiz fell without a groan. Ramirez himself, though still with an impassive face, to the astonishment of all stooped and stretched his limbs, and crossed his hands upon his breast. There was a spot of blood upon his face, and he wiped it away as tenderly as a mother might lave the face of her dead infant. And yet but a few moments before he had commanded this youth to a violent death, and according

to his creed, his soul to purgatory without benefit of clergy.

Forgetting to give the expected order for the execution of the other prisoners, he turned away. In another moment he had placed himself at the head of the party and continued the retreat. "At the next halt it can be done as well," remarked the Lieutenant philosophically. "There are plenty of horses; bind them well and bring them along."

And thus for that day at least Pepé Ortiz among others knew he had escaped a fate of which the very idea — with the remembrance of Ruiz to intensify its horror — made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his knees quiver with terror. Yet the day came when he, like the traitor whose end he had witnessed, straightened himself against a tree, and with apparent coolness awaited the mandate of Ramirez that was to consign him to eternity. Only he begged a cigarette of a soldier, remarking that they might be scarce where he was going — secretly hoping thus to hide the quiver of the lips, which belied the bravado of his words.

XLI.

The arrival of Doña Isabel at the house of her daughter, brought a change into the life of Chata that might have appeared even more dreary and oppressive than the semi-imprisonment to which she had thus far been subjected, while apparently considered an honored guest. In fact this change was most welcome to the young girl; for while it afforded her even less freedom of movement, it gave a sufficient reason for her seclusion, and occupation both to body and mind.

What had been the nature of the communication that Ramirez had made to the lady, Chata knew not, but it had evidently impressed her with a deep sense of responsibility. In those days there were even in the quietest times no regular mails into the country districts; and this gave a ready pre-

text to Doña Carmen for resisting all attempts to communicate with the household at Tres Hermanos. The highways, infested as they were by roving bands of soldiers, and *cuadrillos* of banditti, were indeed scarcely safe for the transmission of peaceful intelligence; and thus none reached G—— from the hacienda, and Chata, and in a lesser degree Doña Carmen herself, endured a painful uncertainty as to the condition of Don Rafael and of Doña Feliz and others whom Chata had left stricken with the dreaded fever. Day by day she had awaited news. Day by day she had hoped for the appearance of Doña Isabel and Chinita; while Doña Carmen, after listening with astonishment and some manifestations of displeasure to the account Chata gave of the departure of her mother from Tres Hermanos under the escort of troops destined to the relief of Gonzales, gave the opinion that the destination she would seek would be El Toro rather than G——.

"My sister, *la religiosa*, is at present there," she said; and Chata with glowing face and lips that trembled at the memory, told her of the chance glimpse she had once caught of the beautiful and saintly nun.

Doña Carmen's eyes filled with tears, and she silently embraced the girl; the little incident drew her nearer to Chata. "Ah child," she would say, "I never have known, I never could conjecture, why our beautiful Herlinda chose so sad a life—it must be sad to be shut away from this fair world, from sweet companionship, from love. Ah, Herlinda might have chosen from among a score of the handsomest and noblest of cavaliers. And then our mother—how she loved her; one might see it through all her sternness. I never knew the truth, yet I am sure a great and terrible sorrow caused Herlinda to enter a convent. She had no natural fitness, no liking, natural or acquired, for such a life."

Doña Carmen was not accustomed to speak thus freely of family affairs. She had

much of the characteristic reticence of the Garcias. Chata met many of the younger ones from time to time: they were too well bred to show any curiosity concerning her; but among the servants of the household, and of others, there was much gossip as to how and why she had come, and what relationship she bore to the husband of Doña Carmen, who, kind and amiable man that he was, seemed to take peculiar pleasure in her companionship. But the arrival of Doña Isabel in an apparently dying condition turned all thoughts into a new channel.

From the first Chata had entreated to be allowed to take her part in nursing the stricken lady, but had been gently refused. Thereafter the husband of Doña Carmen used often to see her gliding restlessly about the house, vainly seeking some distraction for her anxious thoughts. He did not know the secret pain that tormented her. He would gladly have returned her if he could to that Don Rafael from whom in a mad freak the mountain chieftain had stolen her; yet there were circumstances—there were reasons for not offending one so powerful. Who knew?—G——was of course under Liberal rule today, but what would it be tomorrow? He shrugged his shoulders, and said something of this to Chata, who smiled and thought him good to care, yet wondered, with all his goodness and his years—the years that had not brought beauty in their train—that Doña Carmen loved him. Was it as she had heard that his riches had beguiled one already passing rich?

Since she had left El Toro, Chata had become a woman. Change of scene had given impetus to the somewhat retarded development of her physique, and mental anxiety had stimulated her mind and given to it an intuitive appreciation of causes and events that is generally gained by innocent and unsuspicious natures such as hers only after long experience.

Thus she comprehended fully, as she

would not have done a few months before, the gravity of the step Chinita had taken in separating herself from Doña Isabel. Ruiz had not spared the woman he loved in the few brief sentences he had passionately uttered: love was with him but a devouring flame, ready to destroy its object either in the struggle of attainment or in the fury of baffled desire. Chata blushed even in secret when she remembered the aspersions he had cast upon the friend of her childhood. She knew the innate purity of the girl's mind, though it had been developed amid surroundings which might well have tainted it; she knew her pride—even when she was but the barefoot foster-child of Pedro, the gate-keeper, she had held *Pepé* and his mates as far apart from her as the dogs that followed them or the mules they tended. Dogs and mules she liked well and made them serve her needs, and so she did the lads. Chata did not doubt that *Pepé* now as ever had proved himself the slave of Chinita's will. Perhaps it was to *Tres Hermanos* she had gone—although knowing as she did the fascination that Ramirez had always exerted over the girl's mind, she could not but fear that in the spirit of devotion at which Ruiz had sneered, but in which she herself recognized the peculiar strength and determination of Chinita's character, she might actually have sought an entrance to his camp to urge the plan that she conceived was to further the glory of the Church and the interest of him whom she had made the hero of her imagination. That Ashley Ward was in any way concerned in the disappearance of Chinita, either as a principal or accessory, she indignantly refused to believe. Her heart beat suffocatingly as she thought of him. No, no! he was not a man to entice a girl to her ruin.

And as days went by news reached her that strengthened this conviction. He was engaged in deeds of a far different character. In his way he was beginning to fill the

minds and occupy the conversation of people as much as Ramirez had ever done. They gave him a new name, as those at the hacienda had done; but Conservatives and Liberals alike wondered at and exaggerated his exploits, until the young *Americano* had won a reputation for reckless bravado quite foreign to his true character—which was exhibiting itself in the most careful and nice calculations of chances, the whole tending towards the fulfillment of the task to which he had dedicated himself, namely the downfall of the unpunished and unrepentant murderer of John Ashley.

Chata recognized this, and was filled with emotions perhaps more conflicting, more strange, than had ever before met in the breast of so young a girl. They held her thoughts by day and night. O that she had never left Ramirez! O that she could speak but for a few moments with Ashley! But she was powerless; and meanwhile what was the fate of Chinita? What that impending over the man she was in duty bound to warn—to love if it were possible?

But before these reflections had reached this point, an employment that prevented them from becoming utterly overwhelming was afforded her. She no longer wandered aimlessly about the house, but kept the strict seclusion of Doña Isabel's apartment, to which she had been hastily summoned one night by Doña Carmen herself.

"My mother talks so strangely," she had said in a low voice, bending low her white and frightened face. "No, I cannot comprehend what she says; but I cannot have the servants about her. They might imagine unspeakable things. Oh! what tales and rumors they might set afloat! No, no! I will not have them here, with their suspicions and evil thoughts. But you—you are innocent and frank—you will not torture into strange meanings the mutterings of a diseased imagination."

"No, no!" answered Chata reassuringly. "It was the same with Doña Feliz.

Sometimes she talked so strangely — so sadly one was forced to weep, and then again to laugh; yes, in all my trouble I laughed. But I will not now, Doña Carmen; only let me be useful. Doña Isabel did not seem to like me when she was at the hacienda, so I kept as much as possible out of her sight. She said my face was not such as Don Rafael's daughter should have — and after all," she added sadly, "she was right."

What passed in that sick chamber through those long days and nights Doña Carmen and Chata never repeated, even to each other. Perhaps they could not, all was so disconnected, so improbable, and through all her delirium the patient held so great a restraint over her utterances. Sometimes one escaped her that startled and commanded attention; but the next invariably contradicted it, and it was impossible to form a connected theory, even had Chata tried. But that great sorrows, events to cause constant and secret care and remorse had taken place in the life of Doña Isabel, and that they concerned Chinita closely, was abundantly clear. What pathetic appeals, what wild ravings, in which the names of those who had lived in the past, — of her husband, her mother, her brother, and of Herlinda, were constantly mingled with those of the American, and Chinita, and friends or servants followed each other in endless yet confusing succession! yet of them all the name of Chinita was the most frequent; the present grief combined all others; in Chinita seemed centered the agonies and loves of her lifetime.

Chata listened with a sort of envy — if it had been given to her to raise such a passion of feeling! She found herself from day to day leaning with infinite tenderness over this woman, who had seemed so cold but whose heart was now revealed as a very volcano of repressed and seething emotions. She was grateful and deeply touched that Doña Isabel in her delirium clung to her fondly, calling her "Mother," or "Quina," which Doña Carmen told her was the name

of a cousin she had dearly loved. Even after she had recognized her when the delirium was past as the daughter of Don Rafael, she seemed pleased to have her there; though she said querulously, "it is strange you are only a *rancherita*. But Feliz has good blood in her; it has been transmitted to you — there is nothing of Rita, nothing of Rafael himself."

After that she made no further comment; but her eyes often followed the movements of Chata with a puzzled expression painful to see. One day after she had become convalescent, Doña Carmen spoke of this. "Who does she remind you of?" she asked lightly.

"I cannot tell. I do not know," Doña Isabel answered wearily. "Perhaps it is of Chinita. Oh! I can think of nothing but Chinita. Are they still looking for her, as I have prayed — as I have commanded?"

"Mother," said Doña Carmen solemnly, "who is Chinita? Why should you care so much?"

The face of Doña Isabel grew rigid. "Shall I tell you what you have uttered in your delirium," continued Doña Carmen, looking fixedly into her mother's eyes. "Shall I ask you if you spoke the truth, or if what I have gathered — here a word, there a word — is but a dreadful fancy? Mother, Mother! if it is the truth no wonder that the fate of this girl is on your soul! No wonder Herlinda —"

She paused affrighted. In her excitement she had said far more than she had intended. What if her mother in her delicate condition should sink beneath this cruel attack — should faint — should die? She threw herself down beside the couch with a prayer for forgiveness.

Doña Isabel in the first surprise had clasped her hands over her heart. Slowly the pale hue of life returned to her face. "Carmen," she whispered faintly, "speak, speak! After all these years, accusation — even from my own child — is more bearable

than silence. O my God, I meant well! — it was for Herlinda's sake. Yet what remorse, what agony I have suffered!"

The two women sank each in the other's arms. There had ever been a barrier of reserve between them. In a moment it was swept away. Doña Isabel poured out her heart; it was Carmen who withheld what might have been revealed — a conviction seized her that there was much in this strange family mystery yet undeclared; and that her mother's mind was in no condition to be perplexed by further doubts and complications. She left the room and went to her husband.

"Chulita," he said anxiously when she left him an hour later, "thou wilt do nothing rash? yet I will not forbid thee. In truth, but that *plagios* are so common upon the roads, I would go with thee myself."

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Doña Carmen in genuine consternation. "They would seize thee and carry thee into the mountains. But as for me — I promise thee no robber shall think me worth a second thought. But hold thee ready — the desire may come to her at a moment's thought, and I would not leave thee without warning, I would not have thee unprepared."

About this time, Chata to her surprise received by the hand of an Indian fruit-seller a brief note from Ramirez. At the first reading its contents seemed hard and indifferent. He spoke with an almost savage irony of those who were driving him back like a wolf to his mountain lairs. "I know of fastnesses, if I care to seek them, where no foot but mine has ever trod, and where this accursed American, who is hunting me down like fate, could never hope to follow me," he wrote. "But it shall never be said that Ramirez fled from man or spirit, were it Satan himself. After all a man may not escape from him who is destined to bring death to him. Ruiz was marked to die by me, and his fate is accomplished."

Chata shuddered. It seemed incredible that save by accident such a thing could happen, so sacred was the tie between the sponsor and his godchild; yet the tone of the letter impressed her as that of a desperate man, who was ready for unheard of deeds. Had he deliberately destroyed the man whom for years he had associated in his every hope and plan, to whom he had promised the hand of his child? Deep indeed must have been the villainy that had merited such an end. The sigh of relief which Chata involuntarily breathed that she was free from the possible accomplishment of the destiny that had been marked out for her, was perhaps the only one breathed over the death of Fernando Ruiz.

A reperusal of the letter gave to her mind an impression of the longing, the stinging regret, the remorse, which the words had been designed to conceal rather than display. The pride, the fierceness, the unconquerable will of the writer pervaded them, yet the wail of a lost spirit crying for the one good that it had known, and believed forfeited forever, seemed to echo through her soul. "He loves me," she thought remorsefully. "He believes himself doomed to die, and that he will see me no more. Oh! if it were possible I would go to him. O if I dared tell Doña Isabel! — but no, she would keep me from him; she would mock my pain with the cry that this was but the just recompense of the evil he had brought upon her long ago. She believes her brother dead; why torture her by telling her my miserable history?"

She showed the letter to Doña Carmen, and she it was who called her attention to some chance mention of the name of the place where he might be able to remain some days, even if closely pressed, for the people there were secretly sworn to his support. Day after day, wild rumors flew through the city of the pursuit of Ramirez, his capture, his death, only to be contradicted upon the next. They did not

seriously agitate Chata, for not once was the name of the place he called his stronghold mentioned.

One night she had a vivid dream. She dreamed she saw the chieftain and Chinita lying dead, the one on one side of a village street, the other on the opposite. The people were rushing wildly about, screaming and gesticulating madly, while Doña Isabel, followed by women clothed in black like herself, was in frenzy passing from one to the other, uttering that low wail that seems the very key-note of woe.

Chata woke with a stifled scream. The wind was blowing shrilly through the trees and seemed to bring to her a voice, which said, "Wake! O wake! Chata, I have dreamed of her." The voice sounded close to her ear. It came from Doña Isabel, who leaning over her bed was repeating again and again the words, "I shall find her. I have dreamed of her."

Chata raised herself upon the pillows and caught the lady's wasted hand. "Yes, yes," she continued, "I have dreamed of her and of another — one I loved long years ago. I saw them together in Las Parras. It is a revelation! Why have I not thought of it before? No other place would be so fitting. I shall find her. I am going now, now. My carriage, my horses, my men must be here; I will call them. Tell my daughter when she wakes — she will understand."

She turned to leave the room, her excitement supplementing her returning strength; but Chata detained her. "I too will go," she cried. "Nothing shall prevent me. Doña Carmen will not stop us — she knows — she dare not forbid me. I will tell her now. She will know what is best for us. The carriage is still here, but —"

She hastened from the room, and wakened Doña Carmen. "Ah," said the daughter to herself, "the thought is come, and the hour." She hastily wrote a line to her husband, who was absent at a hacienda he

owned near the city; provided herself with some rolls of gold, and presently entered her mother's room, dressed in a somewhat soiled cotton gown, and with her reboso over her arm. Doña Isabel, who in the excitement of her thoughts was walking hither and thither, taking up and putting down articles of apparel, looked at her blankly. Why had a servant come at that hour?

"See, I am ready," cried Carmen cheerfully. "The diligence is to leave the city for the first time today. We shall pass through the country quite safely. Who would stop such poor creatures as we appear to be?"

Doña Isabel looked at her gratefully — her mind had been running helplessly upon carriages and mounted escorts, and all the paraphernalia of travel, which require so much time and thought to prepare. "True, true!" she said. "That will be best, O, much the best!" In feverish haste she prepared herself for the journey, as Carmen had done, arraying herself in a plain, dark dress and reboso. But her daughter noticed that she did not think of the expenses of the journey, and herself silently assumed the direction of the little party.

She led the way from her own house so quietly that only the *portero*, to whom she gave a few directions, which he doubtless in his amazement straightway forgot, was awakened. They were so humbly dressed that they attracted but little notice at the *casa de diligencias*, and being hastily motioned to the poorest seats in the coach were soon on their way. Covering their faces with their rebosos, they did not so much as speak to each other.

Some ten leagues from the city the diligence was stopped by a half dozen armed men. The male passengers were ordered to lie down upon their faces, and were relieved of all their money and valuables. Chata, to her extreme disgust — which fortunately was disguised by her alarm — received an amicable expression of approval

from one of the bandits, which was abruptly checked by the remark of the captain that this was no time for fooling, as there was a rival *gavilla* but a half mile further on; and the elder women were not molested. Happily, the other *gavilla* did not present itself, and the three told their beads in devout thankfulness.

That night they remained at a miserable hut, which served as a *mason*, feeling a certain protection in the presence of an aged priest, who chanced to be awaiting there an opportunity to proceed upon a long interrupted journey; and upon the following morning he formed one of the traveling party. Beyond bestowing upon them his blessing, he said nothing to them — although somewhat to her discomfort Doña Carmen noticed that he often turned an inquiring gaze upon them. Early in the afternoon the diligence stopped at a miserable village, the nearest point at which, in the interrupted arrangements of travel, it approached Las Parras; and having deposited Dona Isabel's party and the priest, diverged towards the north.

Doña Isabel looked around her helplessly, saying, "It is nearly eight leagues to Las Parras. I have often been here — I know the road well. We shall never reach there!"

"You will see, mother, you will see," answered Doña Carmen cheerfully; and greatly to the astonishment of the priest and the women who stood near, she drew forth a half dozen *onzas* of gold, and held them up. "See," she said in her clear patrician voice, "you are good people here; we are not afraid to trust you" — her quick eye had shown her there was not an able-bodied man in the almost ruinous place. "We are not so poor as we look, and I will give you all this for three — four —" she glanced at the priest — "horses, donkeys, or mules, be they ever so poor, upon which we can go on our way."

The women laughed stupidly and looked at each other, and then at the gold. Evi-

dently if there was a beast of burden in the village it was securely hidden, and though the money tempted them they were afraid.

"No, no," said one at length, "Three weeks ago the Señore Liberales drove off our last cow, and the week after the Señore Conservadore slaughtered the turkeys, and —"

"But we want neither cows nor turkeys," interrupted Carmen impatiently.

"Quite true; but the Señorita would have horses," answered the matron imperturbably; "and yesterday the General Ramirez was here —"

She paused as though it were unnecessary to say more of the fate of their horses: and Doña Isabel starting up impetuously, hurriedly questioned the assembled gossips. Upon this subject of the visit of Ramirez they were eloquent. He and his followers had reached there spent with fatigue and long fasting. In a few moments the place had been sacked of all its poor provision — there had not been enough to give one poor ration to the half-dozen prisoners who were with them. They would have been shot, yes, upon the very spot upon which their grace's were standing, but for the prayers of a young girl, who seemed to be the lieutenant's wife, at least she was in his care — and Ramirez had admitted it could be done as well at the next halt. She herself gave a drink of water to the poor lads, "*por misericordia de Dios*," and a tortilla to one among them that she knew, poor Pepé Ortiz; but he was too weak to swallow it, and had given it to another less wretched than he."

Chata began to cry softly, while Doña Isabel demanded a description of the young girl who had been of the party. This was vague enough; but insufficient as it was it made further delay impossible, and the eloquence and gold of Doña Carmen, to which was added the authority of the priest, presently induced the villagers to produce four sorry beasts, upon which with some difficulty the party were secured — for on

saddles or panniers were to be had. It was almost sunset when, following the old stage road, they set out upon their long and possibly perilous ride.

The women of the village stood for a long time with arms akimbo, looking after the departing travelers. They had divided the money—they were rich, and could afford to be pitiful. “The poor Señora has perhaps lost a daughter,” said one. “It was doubtless the *guerita* who rode with the lieutenant. The Holy Mother protect her, for the man was in two minds about taking her farther; but the Señor General swore he would run his saber through him if he cast her off in such a hole. *Vaya*, one who has

never lived in *mi tierra* cannot know how well the pigs fatten here when the *tuñas* are ripe.”

“Psha! girls are fools, and not worth breaking one’s head for,” said a second, whose only son kept her rich when well-laden travelers were plenty. “*Madre de Dios*, they are turning towards Las Parras. They will miss the soldiers, or I am ‘no prophet.’”

“As a prophet one may give thee a thousand lashes, for thou art ever at fault,” laughed a third. “But what matters it to us where they go? The road is open to them as to another. They should not go far wrong with a *padrecito* to guide them.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

INDIAN WAR PAPERS. V.—A MOUNTAIN CHASE.

The Blue Ridge is a mountain-range substantially parallel with the Columbia below its big bend. This range is high, bristling with trees, and usually covered with snow for three and four months of each year. From its top looking northward, the whole of what people call the “Walla Walla country” can be seen. Going in that direction from the Blue Ridge, you cross a rolling prairie from the foothills to the sandy belt, a broad waste, which borders the great river. Here, between the waste and the range, you find the finest wheat land in the world. The first settlers believed that entire Walla Walla region, sixty square miles of country, to be almost barren. On it they found a short grass, growing, it is true, a little greener along the foothills of the Blue Ridge. But the soil was so light, and there was so much alkali near the surface, that for a long time only the

borders of creeks and rivulets were cultivated at all. Finally, somebody, before the winter rain and snows set in, put into the ground for seed some fall wheat. There was a fine crop in the ensuing spring. Then further experiments begat a conviction in the minds of a few, that this country could be cultivated. The result is, to the astonishment of old prophets, that a whole vast region is now luxuriant with nearly every product of the temperate zone.

The Blue Ridge divides the old stamping ground of the Pi-Utes from that of the Walla Wallas, Umatillas, and Cayuses. Extending southwesterly from the Blue Ridge there is a series of detached mountains and hills, which form the dividing highlands that tower between the headwaters of the John Day and other feeders of the Columbia, and those that flow south.

Now, according to all reports, our hos-

tiles were transferring their field of operations to the country north of the Blue Ridge, and north of the highlands just described. An official letter was written to Colonel Wheaton, who commanded that north country as a district, to give him an idea of the situation. My aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Wilkinson, was hurried off with this letter and other instructions the 26th of June, 1878. "Take them through to Walla Walla; make the quickest possible time. Go to Cañon City and take stage if, on inquiry you find that the shortest route. I want an observing force on the Umatilla reservation as soon as possible. The relatives of Connoyer's absentees should be detained beyond escape. [Connoyer was the Umatilla Indian agent.] Indians, as now appears, may not break loose from the Columbia Valley, but Wheaton must be ready. It will not do for me to intermit the direct pursuit. The calvary alone [that with me] can chase, and bother, and do well, but is not strong enough to make the victory decisive. I will back Wheaton with everything necessary to make him equal to the situation."

A few items that Wilkinson bore in his breast pocket, will be necessary for our information: "The Indian fighting force is estimated at about seven hundred fighting men. . . . Umatilla re-enforcement is reported variously at from seventy-five to three hundred men, who are said to have left their women for the present in Fox Valley. . . . A letter from the Governor of Idaho [dated before the beginning of the contest] states that three of Buffalo Horn's Indians [Bannocks] wish to visit the Malheur agency to recover three of their ponies, and bespeaks good treatment for them. This letter is endorsed by Connoyer [Indian agent at Umatilla agency] showing in the endorsement that Buffalo Horn of the Bannocks and Egan of the Piutes, visited the Umatilla agency and remained there two or three days. These facts have con-

firmed old Chief Winnemucca's statement, that the hostiles intend to move northward to join the Umatillas." Of course there were other signs of confederacy, such as the Umatillas declining to give us scouts; and their moving southward in force just at the right time.

To meet this contingency and prevent our hostiles from forming junction with their northern allies, Colonel Grover, 1st Cavalry, was sent post haste to Walla Walla, to report to Colonel Wheaton in order to take command of the 1st Cavalry and such other troops as Wheaton could give him; Colonel Wheaton was instructed to employ intelligent and reliable scouts, to scatter them out, and to give me the earliest possible information. In case he, Wheaton, lost communication with me, he was to bring the troops from the vicinity of Fort McDermit by rail and by steamer to Wallula. The commanders of Wheaton's batalions, were now Colonel Grover, Cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Merriam, Infantry; Captain Marcus P. Miller, Artillery.

The last words of the communication that Lieutenant Wilkinson conveyed to Wheaton were, "The General entrusts all to your energy and discretion." How often these words are used among men, and how necessary in all the business affairs of life they are! One trusts everything vital to the energy and discretion of another. But it is difficult for that other always to understand a delicate situation, and catch fully he inspiration of his chief. To make this conveyance not only of facts but of enthusiasm a surety, is the province of a representative aid-de-camp. A single telegram shows just what was to be done. "The General thinks it would be wise to have a point of observation on the Umatilla reservation, and there station Grover's force. It will be necessary to act promptly."

There was one more important dispatch that Colonel Wheaton was to send to General McDowell at San Francisco the instant

the hostiles should reach his district, or other Indians should previously wake up trouble therein. It was this: "The evidence of a general outbreak of Indians is now apparent. I recommend that the Eastern regiment be brought by rail and steamer to Wallula, and report to District Commander there, as soon as possible."

Having dispatched the tireless aid-de-camp on his urgent mission—a mission which he executed with the utmost speed, and to the entire satisfaction of all of us—I will now turn back to those members of my little force who were on the rough trail of the swift hostiles themselves.

The pursuit was taken up with renewed energy on the 27th of June. We had come to the end of all wagon roads. Still, impassable as the country appeared, it was essential, as we had no pack trains convenient, to keep the wagons with us, and if possible, move them over the mountain ridges. The note book of June 28th, condenses a few facts. "Started at 6 A. M.; rough trail, wagons moved thirteen miles. Arrived in camp at 8 P. M.; Bernard, with cavalry, goes some miles further. Indian pony tracks just ahead. Very cold; snowing all day; large Indian camp at this place." Imagine us passing from the heat of summer on the south side of the highlands into the cold of winter on the summit. I shall never forget the 28th of June. It was snowing incessantly—large flakes and multitudes of them. About the middle of the forenoon those about me were so chilled that they could ride no longer. They all dismounted, including Sarah and Mattie, and built fires to warm themselves.

The Indian camp that we came upon was remarkably extensive; hundreds of pine trees were stripped from the bottom up to as high one could reach. Sarah said, that they used the inner bark for food; and certainly the outer bark helped them cover the frosty ground, or added to their fuel. Our estimates of their numbers, judging by all

the signs, now put them, including women and children, as high as fifteen hundred. The next day's journey, that of the 29th, brought us to another large vacant camp. The Indians had undoubtedly been here subjected to some sudden terror, and left hastily in the rain. One scalp, probably that of a white man, was here found near the fragments of a lodge.

The 30th of June was to me an eventful day. I met two men, probably miners, who were desirous of gaining employment. I asked them if they knew the country. They declared that they knew it well, and one of them was sure that he could guide my wagons over the craggy heights, and bring them safely into the more level part of the John Day Valley beyond. The cavalry had kept steadily to the Indian's wild trail. It led over precipices and through narrow cañons, where no wheeled vehicle could go. With the column of wagons this day I kept my headquarters and such guard as was necessary, sending the new guides to the front. First one of these guides, probably conscience-stricken, deserted, and finally the other, having halted the train, which was half-way up the mountain side, came back to me and confessed in his broken English that he had forgotten the way.

I was greatly puzzled what to do, for every man near me was a stranger to that broken, mountainous, wooded region. After a moment's delay, I rode rapidly to the head of the column, and took a careful observation. As far as could be seen, one ridge, or "hog-back," whatever curvature it happened to take, led to another higher up, and I saw pretty plainly that by moving the wagons from hog-back to hog-back, I should finally gain the crest. At the risk of finding the northern slope more difficult, perhaps impassable, I took the chances of advancing. Ordering the wagons to follow me, without a word of the uncertainties in my own mind and heart, I led the way

rapidly to the highest ridge. Fortunately there I discovered a spur — a steep one it is true, but with a slope not too difficult for chained wheels — a spur running northward and down into the very country we wished to reach. I was glad enough, as all our comrades were, when after a twenty-two mile march we found ourselves in a good camp and in a country now familiar to some of our own men.

This feat cost our men in the cavalry column most intense anxiety. It was reported there by one of our scouts that General Howard had lost his way and that his wagon train would be certainly destroyed. The cavalry, however, was made eager by getting a view of the fleeing Indians on ridges of land apparently not many miles away.

Again, July 1st had its own trials. During the day we discovered — and felt that we were happy in so doing — an old emigrant trail, for over this dreadful country, perhaps fifteen or twenty years before, a large company of emigrants with wagons had made their toilsome traces. Suddenly, as is the case with old roads, the trail became too blind to follow. Even our comrades who had been there before could not find it. At last, looking down into the deep cañon of the John Day, we discovered signs of a wagon road beyond the water. A spur similar to that of the mountain, only steeper, led from us to the bottom; and one can judge of the depth of that cañon, when he is assured that there was a steady descent obliquely of at least four miles. My record is that it took from 2 P. M. until after 10 o'clock at night to worry the train down this hill into camp. The hill was so steep as to cause a constant sliding of the wagons. This sliding was resisted in various ways — by dragging chains and limbs of large trees fastened to the axle-tree; by hitching a pair of obstinate mules to the wagon body behind; and such like contrivances. The most successful

experiment was attaching long ropes and manning them with soldiers. This was better, because the soldiers watched the wagons in their descent, and prevented their capsizing.

The 2d of July we followed on down the cañon, the calvary being considerably in advance. When we had marched about thirty miles we reached what was known as Stewart's Ranch, on Murderer's Creek, and found there evidences of a brisk skirmish. It appeared that a company of volunteers had been organized at Cañon City, north of the Indians, and had come out bravely to meet them; but as soon as they came near and were fired upon, having no solid organization, they scattered and fled, leaving the bodies of two men to be buried by our advance.

The next day, the 3d, we came to that part of John Day Valley which has good farms and fair cultivation. Inhabitants coming out from Cañon City gave us accounts of the Indians and of their encounter with the volunteers — the evidence of which we had seen. The Indians after their combat had kept straight on, leaving Cañon City to their right; they then, having killed two young men who were herding sheep, and having burned three houses, had passed over the ridges to the north.

A piece of good fortune came to us here: it was a showy column of pack-mules which had terribly frightened the uninitiated on their approach to Cañon City. They enabled us to be rid of those troublesome wagons, which had so much bothered our journey and hindered our speed. Feeling ourselves now in light marching order, we drove on, the 4th and 5th, with great celerity.

In Fox Valley, where were the signs of the waiting Umatilla families, now gone, I overtook McGregor's troop, and a little farther on, the main column under Bernard. Knowing that Colonel Wheaton, in the Walla Walla district, was ahead of our hostiles, we moved on with great confi-

dence, believing they would be caught as between the upper and nether millstone. *En route*, after passing through much timber land, we struck a camas prairie. At this place, scouts met us with some news of another encounter of some volunteers with the Indians, and a satisfying rumor that the main Umatillas had not really joined the enemy, but that some of them had come out with their brave Indian agent, and skirmished for some time, falling back of course as the hostiles advanced. We found the bodies of two more murdered men, and numbers of sheep killed and some of them wantonly mutilated.

The evening of the 7th, we began to make our way into the Walla Walla region. Our advance guard was at Pilot Rock; and there it met some of the troops of Colonel Wheaton. The Indians had somehow chassed to the right, under the cover of the forest so abundant along the slopes of the Blue Ridge, and so let Wheaton's troops and mine come together without the desired battle. Captain Throckmorton, near at hand with an infantry and artillery battalion, was endeavoring to get to the head of Birch Creek, with a view to relieve Connoyer's retiring volunteers. Captain Winters brought his troop of cavalry and Lieutenant Parnell another, about a half hour before my arrival, to Pilot Rock.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Troubled by the mountains so jagged and difficult, without guides, hindered by trees and underbrush, delayed by long steeps, deep ravines, and craggy rocks, which enabled Indians to make more haste than ourselves, I was at first much disappointed at the Indians' escape; but learning that Major Sandford on his way from the Malheur country, had already passed through the Round Valley and was ascending the Blue Ridge towards the summit just in time to head off the hostiles in that direction, I was yet hopeful of forcing them to a decisive battle; and in fact, as

we shall see, a battle did occur. It was one called the battle of Birch Creek, a curious affair which Sarah Winnemucca described quite graphically in her book; but as there are a few important events intervening, permit me to delay my account of it.

A letter written from Pilot Rock on July 7th, the date when our forces came together, to Mr. Connoyer, affords my view of the conduct of certain of the Umatillas, or Columbias, which was then, and has since been, a subject of considerable controversy. It is as follows:

"Pilot Rock, Oregon, July 7, 1878.

"Mr. Connoyer, Agent of the Umatillas.

"Sir:—

"The Umatillas, who have been with the hostiles during the past week, having joined them in Long Valley, [this is a few miles north of Fox Valley], should be detained on the Reservation. Their conduct has not been satisfactory; they have rendered valuable aid and information to the enemy, and have to that extent been his allies. If you need any assistance in this matter it will give me pleasure to render it. Take particular care that their horses do not mix with the horses of the other people on the Reservation. Their animals, at least, should be the property of the United States. I may have use for them in a few days.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"O. O. Howard,

"Brigadier General.

"Com'd'g Dep't."

Mr. Connoyer was so much grieved at my statements, which he believed to be erroneous, that he begged me to reconsider them. For had he not, with a goodly delegation, gone out to the front well armed and well equipped, to delay the hostiles that I might approach them.

My reply of July 10th declares that I did not mean the Umatillas proper, certainly not those who were loyal, but a set of Indians who are sometimes called Columbias, who had protected the hostiles at the Long Creek Fort (near Fox Valley) and guided them thither; who asked for ammunition claiming that they wanted to fight "the Snakes" comprising Piutes and Bannocks, who both-

ered and blinded my couriers and played both ways — played neutral to us and allies to them. Other information showed that all the Umatillas were not above suspicion: the "Columbias" had obtained ammunition from them and they expressed their sympathies with the active warriors while there was the least hope of an Indian victory.

While these fatiguing and worrisome marches were being made, there were already forerunners of our active hostiles who had passed to the west of Wheaton's men, in the Columbia valley. There they met several bands of renegade Columbias who proposed to ferry them over the broad river. The Indian plan embraced the idea of crossing the Columbia where it was not very broad, as Joseph had crossed the Salmon, a wild torrent, the year before. It is wonderful how quickly and safely a body of Indians will pass a broad river, bag and baggage, swimming their ponies, if they have canoes for the women and children.

Lieutenant Wilkinson had hurried to the Columbia with instructions which with other provisions, proved to be in time to hinder this present crossing. Had the crossing succeeded, the Indians in arms would have escaped us; and not only that, but at least five hundred warriors, it is believed, would have joined them beyond the Columbia. The words of the dispatch to Colonel Wheaton give a picture of the preparation: "Equip a steamer immediately and start it out to guard the crossing and destroy the boats. If you have no artillery to arm this steamer, put rifles and a Gatling aboard; if you have no soldiers for the steamer, hire citizens. The greatest haste is necessary in regard to this steamer. It must have marksmen enough to be effective."

A few officers of my permanent staff, who were obliged though with much reluctance to remain behind, like King David's men, with the stuff at Fort Vancouver, were eagerly watching the development of this curious

and exciting campaign. Major Kress, my ordnance chief, just in the nick of time, volunteered to command a detachment on a steamer sent from below the place of crossing. Lieutenant Sladen acting as adjutant-general of the department, according to discretion invested in him, directed all essential details to put at once the new gunboat well equipped into active service; while Major Sawtelle, the chief quartermaster, furnished funds and supplies without hesitation and without delay. Lieutenant Wilkinson, carrying out Colonel Wheaton's instructions, seized a steamer at Wallula, furnished it as ordered, and steamed it rapidly down the river. To the promptitude and success of our diligent officers in working these gunboats between Celilo and Wallula, were due the timely and effectual defeat of the fond plans of the hostile warriors. For surely a successful crossing of the Columbia would have largely increased their forces, and also the depredations and horrors of the struggle.

The surprise was complete; the improvised gunboat patrolled the river, broke up all the Indian camps on the southern bank, and as its shells burst in the air and on the ground, sent the Indians flying in terror to places of cover, and many back to their proper reservation for safety. All the small boats were seized or destroyed.

One band of horses and Indians, however, in spite of the shelling and rifle shooting, undertook to cross. They were scattered, but a few of them succeeded in reaching the other shore. These few, I am sorry to say, in their terrible rage, immediately ran northward, murdering one family *en route*. The members of this family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins; I think there were no children. These renegades thereafter did their best to stir up the northern tribes to revolt; but however much those tribes secretly sympathized with the war, they began to see the hopelessness of it, and fortunately for us and for that entire section they did not respond.

ENDYMION.

In some green nook upon Mount Latmos, lies
 In endless sleep the youth Endymion
 Ruddy and shapely as a dreaming faun
 Whom roguish wood-nymphs deck in merry guise.
 But ah, for him comes no such glad surprise
 As that the wakened wood-sprite looks upon;
 And ah, for her, the Night-Queen, watcher wan
 Beside him till the beckoning stars arise,
 Who with a thousand kisses and sweet sighs
 Storms his unyielding eyelids, comes no dawn
 Of waking love to greet her pleading cries;
 Alas for lovers all, who ne'er surmise
 The thinness of the veil betwixt them drawn,
 And die in doubt. Love, open thou our eyes!

Marion M. Miller.

NOMADIC EXPERIENCES OF A FRONTIERSWOMAN.

"What shall I do, mamma? I can't find Fido anywhere. Boo-hoo!"

"We must do without him, Ida dear," said Mrs. Baker. "The man who has complained so much of being kept awake at night has, I suppose, killed poor Fido and buried him in the loose earth of the dump. It's really too bad, dear, but don't cry — you have Buffer left to play with."

"Poor Buffer!" said Ida, stroking the woolly black head of the three months old Newfoundland puppy. "He looks so lonesome. I know just how bad he feels. Now he can't pull Fido's tail any more. O, I wish I knew where to hunt," and another burst of tears choked her voice, while I, my hands in a fifty pound lump of dough, lifted my arm quite often to wipe my cheek with my sleeve. Mrs. Baker, too, though she passed to and fro, getting the huge roasts

into the oven for dinner, and humming a favorite tune rather hoarsely, managed to keep her face hidden and her voice clear when necessity called for words.

Indeed one would suppose that the dearest friend of the trio of us had been murdered, instead of a little white and black, short-legged and broad-as-he-was-long lump of canine animation, who, each acknowledged to herself, had robbed us of many hours' needed sleep, to say nothing of sending us time and again into the darkness of night, gun in hand, to fight enemies that were present only in his imagination and our ready credulity. He had done one thing thoroughly for us — he had kept aloof all fears that our blood would become sluggish in its circulation, and kept us for hours at a time with our hearts beating like the stamp of a quartz crusher in momentary ex-

pectancy of annihilation. He would "fly off his handle" at nothing, and bark you almost into hysterics. No amount of coaxing or threatening would stop him. Every coyote within miles of us, real or imaginary, wound him up vocally for an hour at a stretch. There he would stand, his head in convulsive jerks tearing off the bow-wows that were contained in a bottomless fount, and casting them to the winds, in under the tents and into the tired sleeper's ears. He was the same Fido day and night. Even Buffer had joined in the endeavors to reform him by catching between his teeth the bushy tail that danced over the offender's back, and playfully bracing himself, much to the merriment of the beholders and the disgust of the victim. Now it was all over, and Buffer joined us in mourning for the one who with all his faults had won our affection.

We would doubtless have seemed to most of my readers a very curious trio. Mrs. Baker and I were both widows, both homeless, and by chance nomads. Neither of us could say when or where we began our travels without going back to our infancy. Fate had invariably decreed change, change. Until we met by accident and joined company on the unsettled banks of Bear River, far to the northwest, neither of us had ever expected to meet another woman of kindred tastes and habits. A gypsy life had become second nature to us, and the "civilized" parts of the world, on touching their borders, made us shudder with disgust of their hollow shams, their cultivated vices, their honored wickednesses, their cloaking piety, their falsity in heart, mind, and manner, and the general cruelty and wastefulness of their boasted progress and virtue. We were not of the world, and so the farther we were from it the lighter were our hearts. And little Ida seemed to embody these feelings of ours; the rocky mountain sides, the undulating promontories containing no human habitation in the panorama they overlooked, and the parched and sandy un-

tilled plains were her choice playgrounds, and their scattered flowers and living creatures the objects of her interest. Her dark eyes and pretty, creamy face grew sober on the approach to anything in the way of a stationary human abode, while out in her expansive element she was full of vivacity, and her grace and beauty in harmony with those inseparable from wild animal nature.

Mrs. Baker was an intelligent and educated woman of strong and well-proportioned physical structure, and great resolution and courage — as a good many incidents in her history had proved. She was decidedly an eccentric woman — as I too would doubtless have been considered, though I was at that time still in my teens. At all events, our tastes and ambitions flowed together; but I was a good deal of a child, eager for adventure and impractical, while she was a very efficient business woman.

We traveled by team, halting occasionally for rest or business prospect, living in the huge tent we carried, which required considerable woodwork in its erection, yet could be put up or taken down on short notice at our will. Our natures were insatiably restless; we found no fault with barrenness of prospect or camp inconvenience, we must move onward regardless of safety or comfort. Yet contrary to the general rule among land travelers of the uninhabited quarters of our Western States and Territories, we never let ourselves slip into coarse or rough ways, though our speech may have been mixed with the slang phrases current on the plains. Seldom did we meet with anything in our contacts with people free from the restraints of law and society that we could take as an offense to us on account of our sex; and though we met unpleasant people frequently, we always found these petty grievances more than counterbalanced by the noble and chivalrous championship of other men.

Mrs. Baker used to say, "I wish that men could see themselves. How pusillani-

mous some are, and how pure and brave others! A noble spirit cannot shine its best until it is isolated from both legal and social authority."

My friend and I had jostled each other and passed by as it were, in the winter of '66-'67, in the snows of Montana. I was then in my early teens, an orphan among strangers. We met casually and parted, neither of us recognizing her future friend and comrade. She and Ida had gone on with their pack-train to a point of the Salmon River excitement. People were going mad at the time over the reports of fabulously rich discoveries, and everybody was bound to have a Salmon River claim at once, if he had to wade through fifty feet of snow, or even leave his body by the way, to get it. With Hamilton for their goal, men started out on horseback, on foot, any way. Vehicles could n't navigate the route, but what of that? All they wanted was to go, no matter what the dangers. All were taking chances of getting snow-blind and lost, and straggling footmen were giving themselves as frozen, heaven-sent morsels to the shivering and famished carnivorous beasts along their trail.

The weekly pack-train was comparatively safe, being well supplied with blankets and buffalo robes for the comfort of its passengers, and Mrs. Baker reached her destination safely; built there a board hotel at a cost of three thousand dollars and did a lively business for a while after its hasty erection. The following fall, however, the camp suddenly went down, as it is a habit with mining camps everywhere, and people flocked out of it as thick and fast as they had flocked in scarcely a year before, regardless of the elements, or other difficulties. Real estate consequently fell in price, and my friend was glad to sell her hotel, as it stood, ready for breakfast, for two hundred and fifty dollars, offered her by a gentleman who believed that future development of the diggings would recall the stampede and give

the house back its fleeing guests. Mules were the next articles in order, and thoroughly equipped, Mrs. Baker joined a pack-train of volunteers to cross the Rocky Mountains by trail to Sweetwater, at South Pass. Almost all were men, all the women but herself were wives, Ida was the only child, and the concern of all.

The party suffered great hardships on their long midwinter journey at so high an altitude. The animals could browse only on the tops of trees protruding from the snow, and the brush of wind-blown points, where the snow by drifting had left the solid earth more get-at-able. Mules could endure the hard fare, with a little grain while the supply lasted, while the trial would have been too severe for horses. Ida, then about six years old, was bundled on a mule of her own, and though she enjoyed her mountain travels equally with old timers, she was once on this trip so far gone that the whole party were required to join in her restoration to consciousness.

South Pass was the wonderful place just then, when the Salmon River promises had "petered out." There must always be oceans of wealth at some given point when the bottom falls out of the prospect holes of the haven of the last stampede, or the human tide would have no shore to steer for. Sweetwater was the new Jerusalem. All were intent on getting there or breathing their last prayer in the attempt. People were swarming into the cañon from all the other points of the compass as well as from Montana, regardless of the hostile attitude the Indians had taken — raiding camps and stealing stock; and no one knew or cared much how many ramblers they had helped into eternity with their tomahawks and scalping knives. All were too busy counting their future money bags to think of Indians so long as the immediate moment and their own party were safe. What if all this wealth was yet to be gotten? Was n't it right there? Were they not treading on it

every step they took? Couldn't they almost see it protruding from the earth and snow in the crevices from right and left? All were as sure of the bird in the bush as if they had it caged. It was only a matter of a little delay, owing to the inclemencies of the weather. This little waiting for the thawing warmth of spring turned young people gray before they were thirty, and deepened the wrinkles and haggardness of the faces of those past forty, but the thought of missing their rich harvest in the end was not harbored for a moment.

When a mining stampede takes place, men, women, and youths with sober countenances prematurely aged, are not to be stayed. The difference between mining and mule stampedes is not so great. The mining stampede lasts as long as it takes the people to reach their destination, and they have always a point in view, while the mules with a chorus of snorts, start off in a huddle for nowhere, and its all over in an hour or two; but there is a like insane anxiety to go in the brain of both. The human animal has a stronger will and feebler endurance. When a suffering drove of cattle smells water miles away, after a long drive over a dry section of country, the poor frenzied things run over each other in their mad flight—and trample down the weak as the mass behind presses forward, tumbling over intervening brinks, one on top of another, to the cost of life and limb. The stampeded man who smells gold thinks he is concealing a similar frantic state of mind by moderate coolness of word and act, but he is n't.

Arriving at South Pass, a few of the pack-train party at once got possession of the "Miner's Delight" mine, with a little placer claim attached, Jack Holbrook, quite a young man, being the principal owner. The placer claim was frozen up for the time being, but it "panned out" well when the thaw set in and a flume was built for working it, and it "anted up" nuggets that, with

pins attached, were sported on coarse woolen shirt-bosoms straggling over the country between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevadas for years after—to be at last pawned somewhere for a meal, and never redeemed. The quartz mine too had paying ore near the surface, and promised immediate profit, as was substantially verified despite the weather. The four fortunate ones concluded they could afford a good cook. Providence had denied them a very long period at Mrs. Baker's Salmon River dining tables, and they longed for more of the good and hot dishes she had served them in the past, together with ready conversation on mining topics—for she kept herself as well posted and was as easily stampeded as any of them. So with an offer of \$75 per month, she was dissuaded from building until spring should open, to get indoors at once and accept the comparatively easy task of giving comfort to but four palates. Log huts were erected in a jiffy, and to be in under a solid shelter by the blazing logs in the fireplace was comfort indeed; and then there was time to consider what next to do. She could n't take a claim and work it as a man might; with a disappearance of the snow she would probably build and go into business as before, but make the venture a more cautious one.

With the spring of '68 another fever broke out. The great continental railroad was being built and was coming westward from the Missouri at full tilt. The contractors were strengthening their forces daily. Men were employed by the thousands, and good wages were paid. Many who had overpowered their natural inclination to stampede for Sweetwater until the opening of spring, were by this new epidemic switched off their course, to their good or ill. To others, South Pass City was already getting tame, as all mining camps must when the rush is over—at least to those who find board and lodging high and the golden niches too few to go around. Though the mines may be

rich and inexhaustible, these camps are so overstocked with people that a thinning out has to occur before the slow-coming machinery can give employment, and prospecting the near-lying surroundings must for a time at least be only an outlay. Only a few of the swarm, aside from those engaged in business, have a promise of immediate wealth. And so the surplus at South Pass was again stampeded to the line of the railroad, to which people were coming for hundreds of miles on either side. Some were half sick in their difficulty to decide which of the two contained their fortunes. The mines were rich, but whether or not they were mere pockets time must tell. They could not give employment and support to the great mass; but now that this was diminishing, the ones remaining, able to get hold of any future rich discoveries before the tide could flow back, would be lucky ones. The human drain would prove disastrous to the tented business portion of the town; but those miners that could be content to stay would fare better for it. Had the discoveries been less valuable, South Pass could not have coped with the great railroad; but as it was, a good share of its people concluded they could not afford to leave it.

Mrs. Baker, as soon as the weather would permit, shared the stampede for the line of the railroad. With a tent sixteen by thirty feet for a light, movable frame, and a suitable outfit, she "put up" in one of the main camps, and did a thriving business at one dollar per meal—and the bill of fare was neither very varied nor sumptuous; but the cooking was good and carefully seen to, and the result was good and wholesome food. If meals were too expensive for the "strapped" few not yet located, they could forego the hot coffee and steaming viands of the two planks resting on two posts at each end and two in the middle, and take a cold lunch in their pockets. They could step to the show shelf at the front entrance and buy crackers, red-jacket bitters, cheese, buckskin

gloves, sardines, plug tobacco, canned oysters, cigars, dried salmon, colored socks, canned fruits, cartridges, sugar of lemon, all for a good, round price, and be glad of the chance to get them.

As the building of the road progressed, she picked up her tent when business policy required, advancing westward with the mass, and locating again for a time, while greenbacks flowed into the capacious pocket that had nothing for idle waste. She was brave, and she was honored for her bravery even by the vast majority of the coarser laborers, who were deficient both in school education and moral training. Her wealth increased wonderfully fast; but she earned every cent of it in the continued strain on the nerves involved in gathering it. Her life was in hourly danger—as was the life of any other person within miles of these lawless and liquorful camps; the more as she was engaged in a business bringing her in contact with the hungry, and with those more or less intoxicated yet able to keep their feet. Though respected, and though championed by the better men, she was nevertheless alone but for such defense as she might look for in her servants. And the money-making only made her situation more dangerous, as each of these camps had its terror in one or more roughs who thought no more of taking human life for money or for sport, than a hunter does of shooting a partridge to feast on its flesh. "Every man for himself, and the devil for us all," was the motto of most of these hundreds of men, in liquor and out, among whom fast women dared not venture further to tempt their ferociousness, and the few wives of foremen and others present felt keenly the hazard of their daring. My friend had faced the enemy in all its multitude, and asked it to eat and pay for it; she had waited on men whose hands were red with human blood, as she knew personally, and who, fearless of non-existing law, boasted of past murders, as hunters enjoy repeating in detail their own treacheries and

cruelties of the chase. To dare refuse to wait on these with the same care as on others — or a little more — would have been a challenge to their ready pistols. All shrank from them in secret, but courted them in public to insure personal safety. These camps, too, were more alive at night than during the day, while the laborers were at their duties. And she must have sleep, though her walls were but cloth, which could from any quarter be ripped in an instant with a knife, without the least sound of warning. She had no means of placing in safety the daily gain that could be noted by all. Her clothing constituted her safe, which was far from burglar proof. How she endured it will ever be a mystery to herself.

As the camps grew larger and livelier toward winter, while the Union Pacific vied with the Central Pacific to get farthest along before their final meeting, and double wages were paid for Sunday labor, the camps simply took on the moral garb of savagery. In a camp of a thousand or two men, drunken maniacs paraded about daily, knives and pistols in hand, and scarcely a morning dawned that there was not one killed. The foremen, head bosses, and better disposed laborers were powerless against these outrages. Bullets were liable to fly, buzz, buzz, at random any hour in the twenty-four. At the sound of shots near at hand, Mrs. Baker and Ida had nothing better than a large cheese or two for a fortification; these were turned to suit the direction indicated by ear. If a shot smashed a soda bottle to splinters, the hole in the canvas served as a lookout post when things grew quiet, and no harm done, save the anticipation of more damage next time. The lady slept with her hand on her pistol — that is, if she slept at all.

Late in the fall, Evanston was laid out for a railroad town, a permanent station. A great number of white tents, large and small, were pitched as if by magic. Viewing the

place by direct line, the streets gave it a methodical look, but taken on an angle from a little distance at about dusk, it looked as if a flock of giant swans had settled in a huddle for the night. A poor little woman, a mere child, had lived on the banks of Bear River at that point since spring, while her husband had charge of the camp stationed there to build a grade and blast a cut through a hill. She never dreamed that a town would be built to obliterate her well worn paths to and from her favorite fishing pools — her daily haunts for months of nothing to do and nothing to read. Two months before the sudden building of Evanston, her husband had been discharged by the head superintendent of the ten mile contract, who appeared at unexpected times, often to the discomfiture of the camp superintendents. Being a favorite with the contractor, who had just made a mining purchase near at hand, he was taken back, given six men, and sent three miles below Evanston to open up a late discovery made by a Mormon named Shafer — now known as the Alma coal mine, and famous for its bottomless pits of "black diamonds." The outcropping then, before a pick had been struck in it, gave promises of wealth that have been realized to the fullest extent. At a depth of only four feet the coal was used for cook-house fuel, burning well, but leaving lumps of unpulverized slaty ashes to be fished out with the tongs. This little inconvenience gradually grew less as the tunnel penetrated the steep mountain side and the December weather called for more artificial heat. Once more the husband had been discharged, this time through new ownership of the mine, and the young wife had just come up the river to the old haunt — and there was left a widow.

Fortunately my brother was with me. We had met in the summer by pure accident; he had supposed me to be four hundred miles north of our location, and I had supposed him five hundred miles south. He

had remained with us, and was now looking for a means of sending me to Salt Lake City. I stoutly rebelled for I held Mormons in horror.

"Why don't you come down to Mrs. Baker? You'll find her a very good and kind lady, I assure you." I looked up and saw a man's face poked in at the blanket doorway of the dug-out in which my brother and I sat trying to settle the dispute as to my future whereabouts.

"Mrs. Baker?" I replied incredulously, "There is no lady here. I have only seen a woman's face once in the last six months."

"Indeed you are mistaken; there surely is one here. She came yesterday. I am her cook, and I helped put up her tent last night. She opened up business at twelve today. She wants to see you. Come, we are not fairly settled yet—more unpacking yet to do, and supper to get. Come."

This settled our argument. We agreed at once on the new proposition. Mrs. Baker and I recognized each other, and found our chance meeting the second time fortunate for both. I took up my abode in the big tent, and made it my home and its landlady my trusted friend.

We made several moves during the winter. The tent towns took fright at the approach of the locomotive, and flew away farther to the westward. The workers were ahead—the towns must keep up with them. Evanston, however, lives yet, located in Wyoming near the line of Utah, and it probably does not know that I was its female pioneer. The Alma mine, too, deals out its goods to purchasers hundreds of miles to east and west, unremembering that I clambered over its protruding ledge while the cabins were being built and it was yet untouched by marauding man; that I sat down upon it and gazed regretfully at the location of my fishing pools on the other side, and my then leafless summer house on the island, only get-at-able dryshod by a log bridge now useless to me; and that I

screamed when the first blast went off and sent fuel, as it seemed, half way to the mid-day sun.

Poor Fido! His happy tail wagged many thanks for caresses, food, and nothings received in those days. He had now three instead of but two to pet him. His wakefulness at night had probably kept many burglariously inclined men and other animals at a distance. A barking dog is ever uncongenial to the doing of anything by stealth. He was, if ever such thing existed, a necessary evil. Mrs. Baker would have given him both for a little sleep, but neither love nor money would silence him. He meant faithfulness to his principles, even if he must die martyr to them.

To the mouth of Echo Cañon was the next step taken by that wandering tent. Already Echo City was in course of erection. At the base of Pulpit Rock I looked in vain for the tiny grave I had wept over and parted from just eight months before. It had been obliterated in a human scramble for tent room, before the town had been moved from the narrow quarter to the more roomy flat around the point.

Among the many heartless incidents of that eventful time, when the Pacific and Atlantic were reaching to shake hands across the continent, was one which came under our notice at that point. A man who for want of shelter had lain down to sleep beside the grade was by daybreak frozen stiff. For three days after, his body lay there in plain sight of everybody. Men walked all around him, stepped over him, and uttered grim jokes at his expense. Who cared? He was no friend of theirs. They were strictly given to minding their own business. Let somebody else see to him. Nobody claimed acquaintance with him, now that such acknowledgment would demand a little time and labor with a pickax and shovel. He was put somewhere, however, one night—into the passing Weber River, perhaps.

Before our arrival a poor young girl had entered the place from a neighboring Mormon settlement, clad in scanty rags and with one foot bare. She had told a pitiful tale of persecution by polygamously inclined suitors, from which there was no protection under Mormon rule, and begged the help of the camp. Her people in pursuit had soon overtaken her, and we learned that the protection she begged so earnestly for was not granted.

Wasatch was then the terminus of the road. One night a man killed his associate for his new suit of clothes, and put the nude body on the track. The locomotive mangled it, and it was pitched off into the snow. The murderer was seen daily in the dead man's clothes, but there was neither law, rule, sympathy, nor the least pretension to a defense of justice with the masses of strange men that jostled each other in these camps, which were so intimidated by desperadoes that none dared speak or act for the right, whether or not cowards by nature. One of the saddest of all the accidents of building the continental railroad occurred nine miles below Echo, where a tunnel was being bored through the mountain. The boarding-house keeper's daughter was the victim. A dug-out had been made and covered with heavy timber for the family to run into for safety on hearing the blast signals. This had served as an effectual protection to the family and saved them the flight to a considerable distance from their culinary labors, which would otherwise have been necessary several times a day. There came a time when the roofing was tested more severely and found insufficient in strength to stay a rock of great weight hurled from above. The daughter was killed, while the infant in her lap was unhurt, as were the parents and others of the children. The young girl was eighteen. She was the betrothed of McGinnis, the foreman who had put off the fatal blast. When her lover heard of it he tore his hair and acted like a

madman. Frequent were the cases where somebody met with a premature death by blast or other agent, but none were mourned as was the young girl who had become the idol of the camp.

Promontory was our next move westward. We passed Corinne, which was the scene of some bitter and pitiable events. Poor, heart-broken, young Mormon women, who looked to the great influx of Gentiles to their territory as a God-sent means of escape from their miserable lives, fled to these camps barefooted and half-clothed, as they had fled from their beds under cover of night, in their innocent trust in human sympathy.

Their confidence met little justification. A few of them in their innocence and their inability to support themselves married without affection men who were utter strangers to them, but who were apparently laborers of the better sort; but the majority were in their urgent needs driven to marry or accept the protection of speculative villains, and led most wretched and hopeless lives. One young woman, somewhat past twenty, was from my native land so lately that she had scarcely a word of English at her command. We were camped in the sagebrush alone out seven miles west of Corinne, when this woman came along barefooted, in a short red petticoat, white night-gown and calico nightcap. The February weather was bitter cold, though there was snow only at intervals. She had come a distance of forty miles from her home in Cache Valley. Her young husband had married another wife, and when she vowed her intention to leave him, he had acted upon the bishop's advice, given her infant to the new wife, and left her locked in a cabin without clothing other than she had on and just food enough to suffice. After three days imprisonment she had effected her escape in the night, crossed Bear River, and followed it to Corinne, whence she was repulsed with insult. This was her second day out. We listened

to her story with earnest sympathy. She was a handsome creature with the long blonde braids of hair peculiar to Jutland women. Her form was perfect and her costume as picturesque as it was startling. She sat by our camp fire moaning and bewailing the sins of Mormonism. She was evidently on the verge of insanity, for she began a little song, then suddenly cast off the shawl we had just put about her shoulders, and ran along the road westward screaming in the Danish language, "Save my baby! save my baby! — God or human, will some one save my baby!" We pursued her a short distance, but with her bleeding bare feet she was too swift for us. We thought she would return, but though we moved on toward evening we neither saw nor heard of her again.

Our little family in our last move passed Corinne, Blue Creek Town, Deadfall, and pitched the big tent at Last Chance. By this time my brother and I had again drifted apart; but by another strange accident I here met another brother whom I had believed to be east of the Missouri, if living. I had heard of him two years before and the news was far from cheering. He had written to our elder brother from Davenport, Iowa, and said: "I was robbed of my money and clothing in New York. I fear now I shall never see any of you dear ones who have attracted me from Europe. I have managed, under the most painful circumstances, a step at a time, to get this far. I can go no farther, I am weak and exhausted. I can't talk the English and so can neither explain my situation nor get anything to do. My courage as my strength fails me. I suffer rather than beg. I shall surely starve." And there he was, the proud brother I had parted from on the other side of the ocean eight years before, toiling in the contractor's big boarding house, with a little broken English at his command; while I, having partly forgotten our own language, found conversa-

tion more difficult than either of us had anticipated.

On the eighth day of May, 1869, the last tie between the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads was put in place and pinned by a golden spike at Junction City, a little west of Last Chance. The ox-trains following the pioneer trails were already few and small; and the hand-cart trains, those curiosities of Mormon locomotive device in the fifties and into the sixties, with their men and women in the traces and men and women pushing the two-wheeled vehicles behind, were no more. These most insanely courageous trains, two or three of which set out annually from Omaha for a journey of over a thousand miles of unsettled desert land, with their fanatically fool-hardy adults and helpless children trudging along with their heavy burdens over mountains, across vast plains, and through capricious rivers, on, on to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, were now ready to pass away into the legendary spheres, their terrors only to live fully realized in the memory of their survivors.

The railroad finished, there was an immediate scattering of the herds of humanity in every direction. There seemed not to be enough radiating lines from Promontory to supply the departing mass. The line of the railroad when finished, suddenly repelled these thousands of frontiers-people as forcibly as it had a year before attracted them. Its presence betokened a too close neighborhood with the artificial world. All were eager to go, no matter where, but let it not be anywhere along the magnetic belt in which they had figured up to date.

Mrs. Baker sold stove and fixtures for next to nothing to Mormon workers who had families living somewhere; then hitching her span of mules, bundled the tent aboard, with provisions and other necessary accoutrements for camp and travel, and joining company with a few teams going our way, we started eastward, bound for Sweet-

water. How were the Miner's Delight and its associate mines at South Pass "panning out" by this time? The tumult and dangers of the past year along the railroad had been too great to permit of correspondence or other news from anywhere outside the line. There was now no time to study on a point for aim: the Last Chance had collapsed; we could n't sit on the hillside, a deserted family; so we moved with the wind. The road we found on getting farther along was literally lined with people straggling to the same goal. Everbody was enquiring of everybody if he had heard anything from there or anywhere else.

On reaching South Pass we found the mines were doing tolerably well, but employing no great number of men. The Smoky Hill railroad was just then the subject of much discussion and golden expectation. Its distance lent enchantment, and so readily attracted the many rovers that did not know where to go or what to do with themselves. There again was a point to steer for; so we joined company with a few family teams and started on our long journey.

By the time we reached the Point of Rocks station on the Union Pacific we feared a good share of the summer would be spent on the plains; so, to take a helping leap, we chartered two cars, a stock and flat car for Laramie City. There our disjointed wagons were soon put in readiness for the road, and our mule train was again under way. The Sioux Indians were not harmless, at that time. Out a mile or two and we were halted by Uncle Sam. The military authorities at Fort Sanders cogitated a while on the advisability of letting so small a train of teams pass. But every gun, real and imaginary, was brought forth, and its "sure shot" qualities so praised, and our amunition mentioned as so voluminous, that we were set free to take our chances. When we resumed our journey I felt a pride in manipulating my own little prairie boat, that is not easily described; for though I

was a widow, I was yet but a child, and to own the two little animals was a joy that monopolized my mind, and even disturbed my sleep.

We drove up Cherry Creek and on south-east till we reached Phil Sheridan, Kansas. There had been a halt in the further building of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and the contractors were just building their camps along the surveyed line preparatory to beginning grade work. The prospects were looking tame compared with our former railroad experience, we thought. It would cost something to get stove, paraphernalia, and provisions, etc., out from St. Louis; better think awhile and take notes before making a useless expenditure. We would probably get ready labor for our teams; yet in case of failing to find a point of business advantage, our income from this source would be too limited to detain us. However, we were getting quite used to the handling of our mules, in and out of harness. We were independent, and could hitch up any day and go whichever way the wind might chance to blow. Why not? We were in one of our speculative moods. We were just the kind of women, too, to take some absurd freak. What should it be? We were almost ready to hitch up again and start. The camp, however, did liven up a trifle on beginning work, and laborers and teams were coming in daily. We had simply been a little ahead of time. Our teams were put on at a clear profit of two dollars and fifty cents each per day, and a contractor, Mr. Conway, persuaded us to take charge of his boarding house at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, he supplying tents, provisions, and all the necessaries. The number of boarders ranged from forty to fifty—laborers with ravenous appetites—and we had earnest work on our hands, as though we were at liberty to do so, we preferred not to share our salary with a third party.

And here it was that Fido disappeared.

Poor Fido! He had shared our hardships and our vigilance in daylight and dark. His bright eyes had spoken his appreciation and sympathy to us a thousand times, his pink tongue had kissed our hands daily in token of his love. He had been our staunch friend, rain or shine, outdoors or under the shelter of the airy tent. Why should we not mourn his loss?

After two months at Conway's camp, we concluded to venture into business. A trip to St. Louis for fixtures, provisions, and so forth, was the next thing in order. From Sheridan, east, habitations were only seen at stations. The country was one vast plain of coarse grass with miniature valleys made by buffalo and known as buffalo-wallows. As the train sped on, it flanked an enormous herd of these animals. To our left the land fairly swarmed with them. Those grazing near the track, though they took little notice of the engine's approach, suddenly started on beside it in a breakneck speed. Soon a hundred or more were galloping along the entire length of the train. They were doubtless intent on heading it off. They kept up this even race for some miles until they fell back from exhaustion. One old fellow fairly leaped the pilot; he bounded over the track so near the engine that we held our breath, waiting for the shock that seemed inevitable. There too we had an instance of the wanton savagery in human nature. Many passengers in the three cars had guns. These were used in rapid repetition through the open windows. The game was within a few yards, and many of the buffaloes were wounded to satisfy a savage instinct. Who cared that these harmless animals should suffer for weeks and months from the wounds so wantonly inflicted, perhaps to succumb to them at last?

The camp was so quiet, the men so sober and orderly, that for anything startling to happen seemed out of the question. Yet the second day after our return from St. Louis, we were brought face to face with one of the many sad endings of sad stories in which the West abounds. We sat reading in the early afternoon in the shade of our canvas, when the cook came running from one of the smaller tents, screaming and gesticulating frantically. The laborers had just gone to their afternoon duties, but heard her and saw that something was wrong. Her husband and the contractor came to her rescue immediately. Somebody had hung himself to the ridge-pole of his tent. He had been to the kitchen ten minutes before to ask a favor, and she had gone to take him the trifle. The man was cut down, yet nothing was done to restore him to consciousness. We suggested cutting a vein to start circulation, but Mr. Jones thought suicides ought to be left alone. The man was lately from the States. He had come shaking with ague and unable to work. He had tried the shovel several mornings and given it up. The contractor had that morning ordered him to leave the camp; and as a climax to these ills he had just received a letter from his wife in Indiana, with an account of illness and need. The men who had taken him into their tent, did not want the presence of a corpse to disturb their night's rest, so a shallow hole was dug on the hill, and rolled in a mule blanket he was buried at sunset, while yet warm. And mother earth was as unkind to him as had been the fates in life. There was no place for him even in his grave. We passed his hastily made burying place the following day — the coyotes had found it.

Dagmar Mariager.

RECENT FICTION. III.

WHATEVER Bret Harte is willing to write, California must read. It has read *The Crusade of the Excelsior*¹ with very much of the old pleasure, and it must be confessed, something of a new pain. The touch is of a hand that has not vanished, but is gloved; the sound is of a voice that is not still, but does quaver. We have loved so much the art that was indistinguishable from nature in *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *Tennessee's Partner*, that we fear to take up any new workings, lest it have become dulled by years, or lassitude, or the abrasion of society. The *Crusade* realizes every hope and fear. There is the same virile beauty of style, the old interpenetrating pathos, the familiar surprises of humor; but they are all too discrete now, and lack the fascination of a shining chain. And when one reads such thither English as "exundating sea," he must ask himself with a perplexity that is fruitless, what was the word that the devil who presides over the typography has so distorted? Or did the familiar who inspires the left lobes of the brains of Oscar Wilde and of Walt Whitman indulge himself with temporary leave of absence? If so, he returned quickly, content with one victory. Harte's story is of the good ship *Excelsior*, which runs into a perennial fog bank off the coast of Lower California, and is borne by an ocean current into the harbor of *Todos Santos*. It is a harbor withdrawn from the world by the fog, so that for scores of years it has not been visited by any ship. The mystery is not explained why the people of *Todos Santos* did not sail out of the harbor, as they easily could, though no ship would

enter except by accident. Enough that here is a Mexican *gente de razon*, petrified in the customs of ninety years ago, and so content with their afternoon life as to care not at all for anything new. But they are surprised, and fraternize with the American officers of the *Excelsior* and her passengers. The ship is carried off by a mutiny, and for eight months the passengers are incorporated in various relations with the people of *Todos Santos*. A bit of tragedy closes the variegated plot. Through it all is recognized the familiar and pleasant cunning of the hand that holds the pen. One wishes it did not shake so often. It would be pleasanter if the continual fog that shrouds *Todos Santos* had not as thoroughly penetrated the story and made the characters seem larger than they were, moving in a misty way to do things that no one ever thinks to do under a clear sky. But of course this fringe of unreality makes for the author an opportunity to dance his puppets in a more humorous way. This he does with a skill that inspires pleasure.

*Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*² is a cheerless treatment of the grand passion. It is very much such a pessimistic novel as might be expected from Edgar Saltus, after he had educated himself along to it by writing "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" and "The Anatomy of Negation." A hopeless man, who has lived beyond the turning year of his life before which "trust in all things high came easy to his soul," prostrates his work and himself upon it. So our pessimist is able to see only the external of beauty, and even while he paints it with rare delicacy of touch is blind to the possibility of

¹ *The Crusade of the Excelsior*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

² *Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Benjamin & Bell. 1887.

an inner virtue penetrating through to the beauty with its own warmth. His Maida, the heroine, is a passion-flower of perfected delicacy. So heroic is she in dismissing her lover and giving herself to the middle-aged Mr. Incoul, making the marriage-conditions that Balzac puts into the mouth of Eugenie Grandet, that the reader is sure he will find no change in this charming life, until perhaps the moment arrives, as she half-promised her unloved lover — “ ‘ When that day comes, believe me,’ she said, and her delicious face took on a richer hue, ‘ when that day comes there will be neither asking nor giving: we shall have come into our own.’ ” Suddenly, under the most elaborate and inoffensive guarding of words, the impossible seems to become a fact. But it is not perfectly clear. Either she was innocent, or the author, who suggests but does not say that she is not, has created a woman who cannot exist. She is not one person. This is the great failure of his art. Another and a lesser one, for it goes only to style, is that he tells the story with the same witty exaggerations in the text of its narration as in its conversations. A graceful, unreasonable largeness of words is the saliency in quick talk, and if we do not hear it there, we say that one is not modern in the interplay of words. But what is easy brightness in conversation is a conscious effort in narration, and is obviously misplaced. Otherwise — that is, as to still smaller things — the writing in this book is very good. Mr. Saltus is mentally refined and pared *ad unguem*. His perception of the necessary in each shifting situation is admirable; he is as agile as the good talker who answers a question by its meaning more than by its words. His English is very good; his quietly powerful treatment of love and silent, cruel jealousy is perfect. If only he had not stripped himself so much of what still lives in humanity!

A Mr. Ludlow — whose previous achievement in historic literature has been a “concentric chart of History” — gives us a romance of the fifteenth century, called *The Captain of the Janizaries*¹. It proves to be both a readable story and a suggestive and interesting bit of history. The hero is George Castriot — better known as Scanderbeg; and it is granting to the romance one of the chief virtues of historic fiction when we say that on laying it down the reader finds himself disposed to go to a library and search out all he can find about the Albanian patriot. Mr. Ludlow does not slur over the dark spots in his hero’s career — the treason to the Sultan, who loved and trusted him, the two or three cold-blooded murders, when these became necessary to his plan; but he makes evident the absolute patriotism of the man — nor is it easy to see how he could have been true to Albania without being false to Amurath. The story deals chiefly, like other historic fictions, with the adventures of minor characters, whose fates are intertwined with those of the chieftain; but these adventures are so disposed as to bring in — and in a pleasant manner, not overloaded with instruction — as much as possible of the happenings and ways of the time in Servia, Albania, and Constantinople.

The lady who over the signature of “Sophie May” has given to children that perennial treasure, the “Prudy books,” and who has also written some pleasant books for young girls, now essays a regular grown-up novel, which she calls *Drones’ Honey*². It limps a little in plot perhaps; but it is good enough not in the least to discredit her; good enough to leave the reader touched and made thoughtful as he lays it down, and for some time afterward. Two sweet and noble young women — the one beloved,

¹The Captain of the Janizaries. A story of the times of Scanderbeg and the fall of Constantinople. By James M. Ludlow. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

²Drones’ Honey. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

the other not; the friendship existing between such women (rarer, but no less possible than the like magnanimous relation between men): these are the main figures, and the main topic; for the young man whom love leads to abjure "drones' honey" and become a worker in the world, is rather a figure-head, though an appropriate and effective one. Narransauc, the Maine village, is delightfully sketched.

The Devil's Hat,¹ *The Blind Brother*,² *Cashel Byron's Profession*,³ *7 to 12*,⁴ and *The Jesuit's Ring*,⁵ do not call for much notice. *The Devil's Hat* is a story of the Pennsylvania oil regions, overflowing with local color; indeed, the story—which is slight enough, but told with intelligence and good-breeding, and quite out of the ordinary line in plot—seems used chiefly as an excuse for descriptions of oil-mining, like the descriptive serials of travel or so forth in the magazines. The title does not indicate any Satanic legend in the story; the "Devil's Hat" was only the name given to a hat-shaped hill, in which the hero of the story sunk his oil well. *The Blind Brother* is also a Pennsylvania story—this time of coal-mining, strikes, and Molly Maguires. It is rather a boys' story than a novel, and is of fair merit in that capacity, but no more. *Cashel Byron's Profession* is one of the Harpers' English reprints, and an uncommonly disagreeable story, in which the heroine, who is the very flower of high civilization, marries deliberately a prize-fighter—and the author approves her choice, and makes the match turn out well. This tale is made acceptable to English ears polite by making the prize-fighter ultimately fall

heir to a title. In spite of its offensive and impossible conclusion, the story is told with unusual intelligence, and the heroine's conversation is really, as represented, very clever. *7 to 12* is a little detective story, the merest trifle, by which a half hour of waiting at a station might be whiled away—rather ingenious, and entirely free from unpleasant qualities, but of no value. *The Jesuit's Ring*, on the other hand, is distinctly second-rate and foolish. It has a pretty plot, too, which it is a pity to see spoiled. In brief, a Jesuit missionary, in search of Norembega, wears an ancient ring that gives its wearer success in his dearest hope. His dearest hope was to die for the cause he represented, on the soil where his work lay; and accordingly he is slain in Argall's attacks upon the French station of St. Sauveur. It is the property of the ring always to lose itself at once upon passing into the possession of an unworthy person, and stay lost until some worthy one seeks it. Accordingly, it slips from the pocket of the English sailor who captures it, and for about two centuries lies hid on the site of the French colony, near Bar Harbor, till a nineteenth century knight, a summer sojourner at Mount Desert, finds it, and puts it on the finger of his sweetheart. The story of the Jesuit Du Thet is prettily enough told; but when the modern is reached, the whole telling becomes hopelessly weak. The grand society is seen so much as the reporter who figures in the story might have seen it, that one cannot resist the suspicion that the oft-quoted "Robert C——, of *The Universe*" is actually the author.

Collections of short stories seem to be coming more into favor within two or three years. If we remember rightly, publishers had for some time looked upon such collections as undesirable ventures, when the Scribners undertook their series of "Short Stories from American Authors"—which series either marked or caused the turn of the tide in popular demand, or in publish-

¹*The Devil's Hat*. By Melville Philips. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²*The Blind Brother*. By Homer Greene. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

³*Cashel Byron's Profession*. By George Bernard Shaw. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

⁴*7 to 12*. By the author of the Leavenworth Case. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

⁵*The Jesuit's Ring*. A Romance of Mount Desert. By Augustus Allen Hayes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Co.

ers' understanding thereof. *Told at Tuxedo*¹ and *Thirteen*² are both of this class. The five stories in *Told at Tuxedo* are linked together by a thread of narration about the people who tell the stories, who are at the time staying at a club house at Tuxedo Park; three of the five are Californian in subject, and written with enough knowledge of the ground to indicate that the author had not been a mere tourist here. All are told cleverly; one is intentionally somewhat cynical and flippant in matter and manner, the others in varying degree sentimental. *Thirteen* takes its name from the number of stories. Indeed, its full name is *Thirteen Stories of the Far West*. The "far West" in this case means Colorado and New Mexico chiefly, with a little of Hawaii. The author says that the stories are "reports of actual experiences, written up from his note-book, with such changes in names, places, and minor incidents as his personal safety seems to require." This may be accepted as true, with the aid of the conjecture that the author's share in the "actual experience" in several cases consisted of sitting in some social circle of the far West and putting into that note-book the "actual experiences" there narrated. He has evidently more than a cursory knowledge of the region he describes, and the stories are bright and readable, marred only by that irresistible imitation of Bret Harte that so besets writers of Western stories.

*Regimental Legends*³ is by "John Strange Winter," and therefore, it need scarcely be said, is made up chiefly of stories of the flirtations and jests of young British officers, in barracks and in India, interspersed with touches of serious love and of tragedy. They are not as good as his — or her — previous stories of the sort; and the flippancy of the love affairs, the heartlessness

of the aristocratic sentiment, and the bad taste of much of the horse play, is unpleasant. The author has undeniably much brightness and a very pretty and pathetic touch on occasion, but it is becoming evident that the promise which this once gave is not to be fulfilled.

Two more volumes of stories are translations, and each in its way something of a classic. *Tales before Supper*⁴ is scarcely a collection, containing only Gautier's "Avatar" and Mérimée's "Venus of Ille." The "proem" by Mr. Saltus with which the tales are "delayed," as the title-page and cover somewhat affectedly put it, is a brief critique of the two writers, ingenious, epigrammatic, rather French in its own manner, luminous in a certain sense, but dimly luminous, bright rather than clear; it characterizes "Avatar" and "The Venus of Ille" in striking phrases, which the reader remembers, indeed — but which he does not find to have much relation to the tales themselves. The one he calls "a dream in black and white;" yet to turn to the other is "like passing from high noon to twilight." It was hardly worth while to delay these two powerful stories for the proem. Whether it be "in black and white" or not, "Avatar" is certainly like a vision (rather than a dream) of real love and unconquerable purity, smiting through and dissolving the illusions of passion. The weird machinery of Oriental witchcraft, which chances to fall in with the fashion of the moment, and may catch the general reader's interest more, is merely subsidiary to the central situation, the purely natural and altogether credible one of Prascovie's unconscious protection through the purity of her own love. "The Venus of Ille" goes into no such depths, but is a very strong and ingenious story — unfortunately anticipated to most people who read

¹Told at Tuxedo. By A. M. Emory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²Thirteen Stories of the Far West. By Forbes Heermans. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 1887.

³Regimental Legends. By John Strange Winter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887.

⁴Tales before Supper. From Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée. Told in English by Myndart Verelst and delayed with a poem by Edgar Saltus. New York: Brentanos. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

English only by Mr. Anstey's wicked burlesque, "The Tinted Venus." If Mr. Anstey informs us truly, however, both his story and Mérimée's are versions from a legend of considerable antiquity, quoted by Burton. It could scarcely be more strongly and tersely rendered than in "The Venus of Ille."

The short stories by Count Tolstōi brought together under the name of *Ivan Ilyitch and other Stories*¹ have all been written in the past few years, and may therefore, as the translator remarks, be taken as the fairest expression of the author's present philosophy of life. The first story, "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" seems to have been written for educated readers; the others all as tracts for the instruction of the peasantry. Curious and interesting though these popular stories are, we think most readers will find a deeper impression left upon them by the one in which Tolstōi speaks from his own mind to his own class. It is probable, too, that the terrible and dramatic study of the progress of the disease, the terror of death, will be that which makes the impression, rather than the moral. Ivan Ilyitch, as death approaches amid pain and terror and intolerable isolation, makes the discovery that his whole decent, respectable, self-seeking, and shallow life has been wrong; but he resists the conviction, cannot understand it, nor see what his life should have been instead, and therefore the vague horror of conscience increases his agony and protest against death. In the very last hour of his life, he ceases to resist, gives way to repentance and humility, sees that his life should have been given to God and the service of his fellow men; and therewith his fear and struggle are gone. This is in keeping with Tolstōi's doctrine preached everywhere that humility is the first step to all rectitude and peace. Humility, non-resistance, absolute self-sac-

rifice, and labor, are the texts of all his peasant stories. It is curious to see our critics gravely discussing these teachings as a novelty, when they are as old as the history of religions. The novel thing is to see them in unfamiliar, Russian garb; and seeing, as the reader of Tolstōi must, that his creed has been developed for himself from his own observations of life, we cannot but find something awe-inspiring in this rebirth on new soil of the same old doctrines preached in so many languages by so many apostles. To his moral doctrines, he adds the economic one of the uselessness of money and the superiority of barter as a means of interchange. In substance, several of the moral tales are not so very different from those that English and American children are brought up on as the Tolstōi enthusiasts would have us believe (what a curiously familiar sound, e. g., have the tales called "If you Neglect the Fire you don't Put it Out," "Where Love is, there God is also," and "Little Girls Wiser than Old Men"): but the quaint vigor of these, and a sort of inherent originality, an unconscious re-originating of what others had long done, make them unique.

Besides these French and Russian short stories, we have some half dozen novels translated from other languages. Two of these are from the German—the second volume of *The Buchholz Family*², and *The Monk's Wedding*³. As the first volume of *The Buchholz Family* has already been reviewed in these pages, it is hardly necessary to repeat our comments for the second. We confess to finding them dull—and yet curiously readable; entertainingly dull, one might say. The impression of Berlin burgher life they give provokes an ennui of the profoundest sort, and we can hardly tell whether it is toward the book or the life that this is

¹*Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories.* By Count Lyof N. Tolstōi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

²*The Buchholz Family.* Second Part. By Julius Stinde. Translated from the forty-second edition of the German original by L. Dora Schmitz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Co.

³*The Monk's Wedding.* By Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1887.

felt. *The Monk's Wedding* is at the other extreme in manner, eminently of the romantic school. It is a German imitation of the mediæval Italian love-story, Boccaccio probably being its model. With considerable audacity, it is put into the mouth of Dante. To us, the imitation seems a little clumsy, the passion impalpably artificial, and the impression left behind not pleasant. It might be said that tragedy is not designed to leave a pleasant impression; but the sadness it leaves in the reader's mind should be of a noble — even, to some extent, an inspiring — sort. The weakling, tossed about by passion, and bringing catastrophe to himself and others, scarcely rises to the tragic height. The monk in this case is granted by the pope a dispensation to marry in order to prevent the extinction of a powerful family; he consents against his own desire (for he is a monk by vocation and choice) as a matter of filial piety. But having once freed himself from his vows, allowed himself to think of love, he becomes the veriest captive of an overwhelming passion, regardless of honor or duty, and reckless of consequence. Whether altogether well carried out or not, this modern venture into the region of the romantic tale is interesting.

*Sigrid*¹ likewise is an old-fashioned love-story; but a perfectly spontaneous and simple one. It comes from Iceland; and the translator assures us in a brief introduction that it is only a sample of an abundant literary product, which has continued to flow forth in that wonderful island uninterruptedly since its earliest appearance in the sagas. The Icelanders seem to be indeed a race of poets and story-tellers: in *Sigrid* a favorite game among the peasant children is to sit and tell each other folk-tales and compete in rhyming by a sort of "capping verses" system. The peasants who figure here are no serfs or mere laborers, but independent small farmers, who work hard, accumu-

late little properties, and respect themselves very sincerely. They come in contact with no nobility; the Danish merchants at Reykjavik are at the top of their social scale, and these merchants are by no means outside the matrimonial possibilities of a handsome peasant girl. Indeed, the simplification of social life seems to be about as complete in Iceland as can be imagined: merchant and peasant, mistress and maid, go to picnics together in as complete amity and equality as in an old-fashioned New England village. The love-story of Indride and Sigrid is pleasant and natural; but the clear picture of this fresh life with its pastoral simplicity is that in the book which interests us most.

The latest numbers of Roberts Brothers' edition of Balzac are *The Two Brothers*² and *The Alkahest*.³ *The Two Brothers* is one of the "Scenes from Provincial Life." It is not entirely a story of the provincial city of Issoudun, however, for the scene of its action is partly Paris, and the two brothers are Parisians born and bred, though their mother is a provincial. Each novel that is added to this series from Balzac unfolds to the reader a little more the marvelous range of the artist's vision, the universality and fidelity of his insight. Saint and sinner alike are comprehensible to him; love such as has given human hearts the material for their saintliest dreams of the relationships of Heaven, no less than love "in his coarsest satyr shape." Maternal love is the theme of *The Two Brothers* — but it is, as presented here, less noble than the typical maternal love, because the mother is herself a weak, dull woman. Strong and unselfish as is her maternal passion, sweet and upright and loyal as is her character, Agathe is not an impressive enough figure to suffice for the story, and it is largely occupied with the drama of Philippe's contest with an inter-

²The Two Brothers. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson and Company.

³The Alkahest: or The House of Claës. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson and Company.

¹Sigrid. An Icelandic Love Story. By Jon Thordsson Thoroddsen. Translated from the Danish by C. Chrest. Edited by Thomas Tupper, Junior. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

loper for the inheritance of his uncle's property. Money, and struggle and intrigue for money, fill the pages. In *The Alkahest* more picturesque and noble figures appear. The wife and the daughter of Claës are among the finest portraits in story; and rarely indeed has love at its most spiritual, its most intellectual, and yet its most passionate height, been better analyzed than in that of Joséphine for her husband. Marguerite is more of a heroine, but she is less human, less real, than her mother. For the alchemist himself we are less able to feel admiration or sympathy than the author would have us, because we believe less than the author would have us, because we believe less than Balzac probably did in the scientific basis of his mad search. There may be a certain grandeur in the passion for scientific discovery that is willing to sacrifice not only self, wife and children, the respect of men, the honor of a family, upon

the shrine; yet if to the moral weakness that accompanies this vast passion be added such intellectual defect as to make in the nineteenth century, a semi-alchemist instead of a sober man of science, it is a poor shred of grandeur after all. Probably the scientific chemist of our day, as of Balzac's, would say that there was nothing intrinsically impossible in the substance of Claës's theories; but that as stated by him, and as investigated, they were from the outset so vitiated either by madness or ignorance that their victim has no more claim to our sympathies as a martyr of Science than any other victim of an illusion. The picturesqueness and vividness of Balzac in all the "properties" of his tale was never better than in the surroundings of this: the House of Claës is a Flemish picture to remain fixed in the mind, not only by its external features, but by its *expression*, so to speak, its significance as the embodiment of a race and a history.

ETC.

THE readers of the *OVERLAND* may be interested to know how the diary of H. W. Bigler, printed in this number, fell into the magazine's possession. Its existence came to light by an incident related in Mr. John S. Hittell's "Reminiscences of the Plains and Mines in '49 and '50", printed in the *OVERLAND* for February of the present year. At the annual celebration of the Society of California Pioneers of September, 1885, Mr. Hittell had delivered an address upon Marshall's discovery of gold, speaking of the date as the 19th of January, 1848. This date had always been the one accepted, upon Marshall's authority. Mr. Hittell sent copies of his address to the surviving members of the group of men who were present at the time of the discovery, asking them to correct any errors therein. Among the workmen at the mill in January, 1848, as related in the diary, was Henry Bigler, who was only temporarily in the State, awaiting a suitable time to join those of his own religion in

Utah. This he did soon after, and still lives at Garden City, Utah. In response to Mr. Hittell's request, Mr. Bigler wrote that, according to his diary, gold was found on the 24th of January. Investigation, as related by Mr. Hittell in the *OVERLAND* article above referred to, established Bigler's diary as the conclusive authority on this point. Meanwhile, much interested to learn of the existence of this diary, covering a period of such importance in the history of the State, Mr. Hittell wrote to ask, in the name of the Society of Pioneers, that it should be given for preservation in their archives. Mr. Bigler, however, declined to send it, because it contained many personal and private entries. He was then asked to send a copy of those parts of the diary relating to California. For a long time he was reluctant to do even this. Finally however, after farther correspondence, he consented, with the proviso that Mr. Hittell should revise his manuscript. It was sent in small installments, from time

to time, accompanied by Mr. Bigler's notes thereon — the last of these arriving a few weeks ago; and through Mr. Hittell's kindness is now given to our readers.

A PECULIARLY simple and happy solution of one of the worst defects in the schools of San Francisco has just been found. Those who have paid attention to the matter have long known that the girls of this city were only nominally given the same High School opportunities as the boys, the grade of the Girls' High School being kept lower in several respects. In especial, the means of preparation for college have been steadily refused. Some years ago, one or two girls in the school did achieve there college preparation, even that in Latin and Greek, by voluntary lessons at recess, under the tuition of a teacher who sympathized with their ambition; but since his departure, the achievement has not been repeated. We believe the rating of this school among those entitled to matriculate recommended graduates at the University without examination, has never even been considered. It has been answered to all protest that there were not girls enough in San Francisco who wished college preparation to justify

raising the grade to the level of the Boys' High School, or employing a classical teacher. At the opening of this school year, however, the Boys' High School — we understand at the suggestion of Mr. Wilson, its principal, — was quietly opened to girls desiring Latin and Greek instruction; and no less than forty-five girls immediately availed themselves of the opportunity. We understand that Mr. Wilson's suggestion was suggested to himself by parents who desired equal instruction for their sons and daughters. The step is an exceedingly commendable one: the girls who wish to, obtain improved advantages; another feeder to the University is practically established, and San Francisco ceases to stand in this respect behind the smaller cities of the State; the principle of co-education is introduced into the Boys' High School — which thus becomes the Boys' and Girls' High School, or, briefly, the High School; — and all without additional expense, or alteration in the school system. It is perhaps *apropos* to add that we just now hear, from the leading Teacher's Bureau of the State, that the demand for women to teach Latin and mathematics cannot be met from the present college graduates on the coast, but others must be sought from the East.



BOOK REVIEWS.

Richardson's *American Literature*.¹

This book is so intelligently written, and with so excellent a purpose that we are not disposed to be very critical in estimating the result of the author's performance. But we cannot help thinking, in reviewing the field over which he has carefully gone, that he has written overmuch to demonstrate that his theme was not nearly so great

as this only partial accomplishment of his work would, from its size, seem to show. In this volume of 528 quarto pages, the author reviews only a part of the field of American prose, for he has left the work of the novelists to be narrated with that of the poets in a second volume. It may be a matter of pride to the literary novice that the history of his countrymen's literary accomplishments should require such weight of volumes; but it is questionable whether as a fact this particular workman has not brought up in his bucket something more than

¹*American Literature, 1607-1885. Vol. I. The Development of American Thought. By Charles F. Richardson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.*

can be found in the well of pure American literature, and whether a complete history of American prose (including fiction) and poetry might not easily be included in a volume at any rate no larger than this one. The question of what is literature should not be complicated with any provincial considerations that call upon the world's charity, or any others than the high and rigid standard by which the literature of other nations has been judged. The author of this volume himself perceives this, when in the course of his introductory chapter, which is a somewhat complacent perspective of his subject, he writes: "If we think of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, the seventeenth century choir of lyrists, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Swift, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, and the eighteenth century novelists, what shall we say of the intrinsic literary work of most of the books written on American soil by writers who inherited and shared the intellectual life of England?" A historian of literature must weigh every book to ascertain its intrinsic worth, and the questions of locality, or environment, or precedent conditions of civilization and enlightenment, should not influence the scales. The curious result of the work of the intellectual babes, who in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries essayed to write history, or poetry, or touched dully and autocratically the loftier theme of theology, may be left with other valueless work to reward the search of antiquarians, but they should not waste the hours of critics or students seeking the work of men of matured minds, learning, and genius. Mr. Richardson has himself asked a question which he should not have forgotten in all his work: "What have American writers thus far done, worthy to be mentioned beside Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot, and all the great writers of this and previous centuries?" But instead of holding to his own standard, as indicated in the two queries quoted, he lays the groundwork for apology for lack of accomplishment by a chapter upon what he calls the race elements in American literature, and goes back to the Mound-builders and the Indians, and what he calls aboriginal American literature and Indian character, and the infant utterances which are entitled specimens of Indian literature, with much profane history concerning the Pilgrims and Puritans in New England, a treatise upon the Puritan character, and the settlers in the various colonies of the Atlantic Coast. Then he gives under the head of "The New Environment of the Saxon Mind," an estimate of the religious and intellectual spirit and condition early and recent of the whole country North and South.

Scarcely anything in so-called literary work can

be more utterly valueless than the work of the early descriptive and theological writers of the first century and a half of the settlement of this country. The work of the former did not rise to the dignity of history, and the most pious readers look only briefly and with a smiling and pitying curiosity at the theological fulminations of those men of pious prominence, John Cotton, the Mathers, Jonathan Edwards, and their forgotten successors. Of all the books that figure in the history of those days, John Woolman's Journal alone has any right to ask any of our leisure, and then we for a moment give way, not so much for the intellectual treat, as for the right which a man of singular purity, sweetness, and serenity of soul has to our tenderest sympathies and kindest consideration. It was of the author of that Journal that Charles Lamb said: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," and Dr. Channing "called the Journal beyond description the purest and sweetest autobiography in the language." There is apology enough for the fact that the first makers of books in this country were not contributors to literature, but we are not looking for excuses, but for literature.

Benjamin Franklin is almost the only American writer of the eighteenth century whose works claim our attention to-day. Not to appear to slight the fathers of the republic, Mr. Richardson makes a chapter upon Political Literature, which title is a trifle incongruous, politics and literature, in the intellectual history of this ambitious world, ordinarily being very wide apart. We do not willingly make room in literary niches for the builders of the nation, the makers of the Constitution. They worked in fields but little literary, and having our admiration for the splendid work they did, claim no place among the makers of literature. So we do not read, save as a part of constitutional history, the writings or speeches of Samuel Adams, or James Otis, or Josiah Quincy, Jr., or Patrick Henry, or Thomas Jefferson, or the writers of the Federalist, or the several orators and statesmen, who, from the beginning to yesterday, have figured in our political history. The rule may have its exceptions in the works of such as Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett, masters of English, and teachers of eloquence.

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was the first to claim from Englishmen the right to their attention, and under a critical estimate of his writings, "The Sketch-book" is his card of admission among the Immortals; in which book are his essays, which were his best work, and the stories of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which will never die from our literature. After a

chapter upon Irving, Mr. Richardson brings us among the ministers again, and — with that respect which is eminently due to them all, the Unitarians, (who more than any fostered literature,) the Andover theologians, the Beechers, Doctor Hodge, Horace Bushnell, Theodore Parker and the rest—they were makers of books and pamphlets, most of which lovers of literature only will never know, or will speedily forget. And with all proper patriotic pride, it seems to us that we might modestly forbear to claim much, if any consideration, as a nation of philosophers, for we cannot help thinking that rather as orthodox theologians than as pure philosophers will be remembered, if they are long remembered, the names that Mr. Richardson endeavors to cherish, — Dr. L. P. Hickok, Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter, and Doctor James McCosh. It certainly seems a little hard to the ordinary layman that he must read more than half through this volume, before he can part company with the preachers, who as lovely as many of them are, contribute so little to what is considered literature. But we finally come to the essayists and critics, the historians, and those who, in the classification of this volume, stand on the border lands of American literature. The Essayists — Emerson is there *facile princeps*. Following him are Longfellow, who was at first a writer of excellent and instructive essays, Edgar A. Poe, H. D. Thoreau, Dr. O. W. Holmés, Geo. W. Curtis, John Burroughs, and (once much known, but to Mr. Richardson apparently wholly unknown) Henry T. Tuckerman, and Henry Giles, who wrote of the characters of Shakespeare and “Illustrations of Genius.” First among living American Essayists is James Russell Lowell. E. P. Whipple long held an honorable place, but far above him Edmund Clarence Stedman.

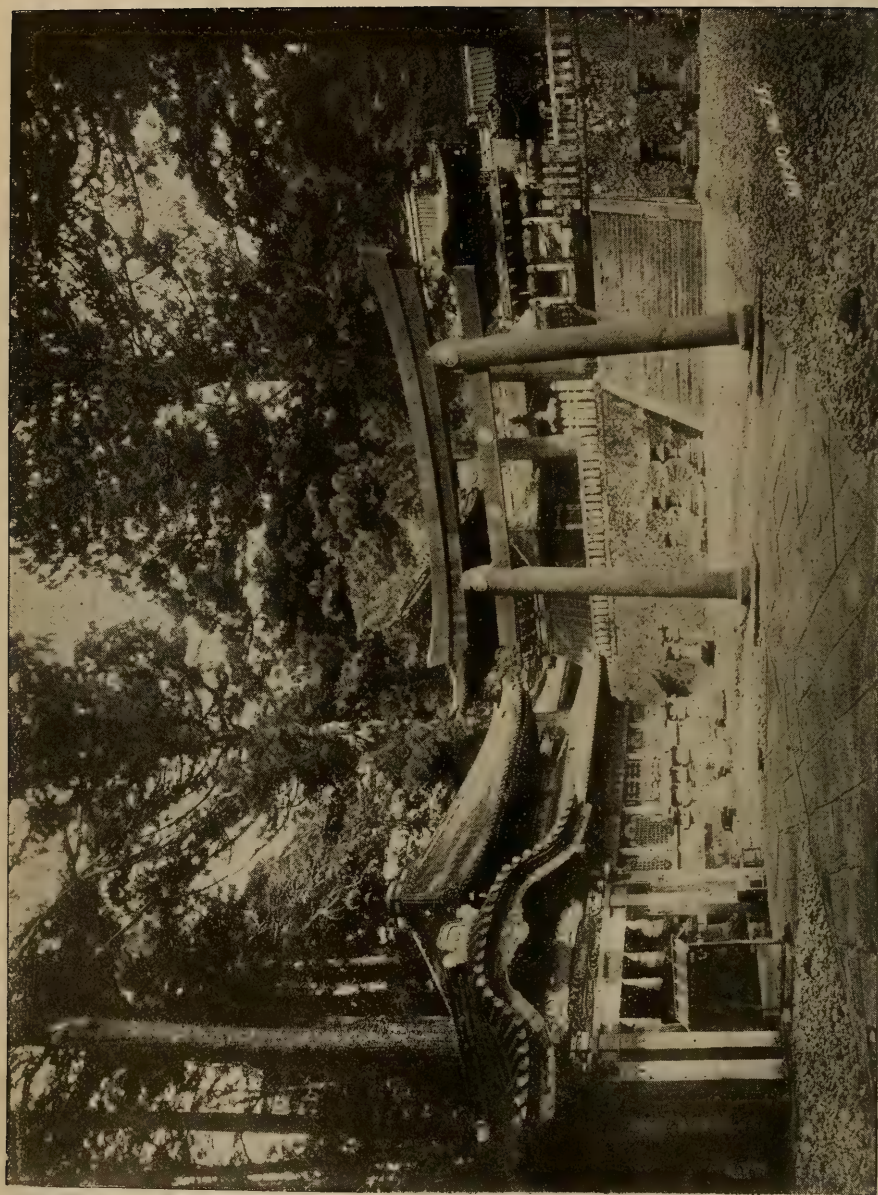
America seems richer in historians than in students of almost any other field, and has a right to be proud of such names as Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, Motley, Palfrey, Parkman, and Ticknor. The specialists, scientists, philologists, grammarians, and humorists claim a chapter in Mr. Richardson's book, and considering the otherwise bulkiness of the volumes, it seems very generous in the author to give it up to them. Instructive and useful as they are, they are not makers of literature in any fair sense of the term. He places them in the border lands of literature, but if he was generous in letting them fill his space because they had a right to mention, he was not half generous enough, for there are many who, by the same token, have a right to battle against him for his failure to name them. Mr. Richardson has, apparently, a clear idea of what literature is, when he calls it “the written record of valuable thought, having other than merely practical purpose,” and, says plainly enough,

that all books do not belong to literature. In the task of writing a history of American literature, however, he has found it impossible to subject himself to his own theory, and has made a gigantic undertaking of what, by an absolute rule of criticism, is one of by no means large measurement. He would have been helped in his labor if he had kept in mind Doctor Johnson's test, uttered in his preface to Shakespeare: “He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit,” or that plainer limitation conveyed in the common understanding of literature, as that which is read by intelligent people, and is worth reading, outside of the curriculum of instruction. Mindful that he has reserved the novelists and poets for the second volume, the remaining harvest of literature is gathered from the Essayists, Philosophers, Critics, and Historians. Are there more than half a dozen of either class that have a certain place in American literature? That allowance would be over-generous to most of them. The writer's critical sense does at times stimulate his independence of judgment to protesting against the need of discussing works that in earlier days tickled our provincial pride. A keener sense of literary worth would have excluded the other large multitude, whose works, he well enough knows, are not now read by intelligent people with pleasure, and never will be read again. From this we may conjecture the charities of his second volume, which he promises for another year. A conscientious answer to his own query quoted above will lessen his labors as a historian and critic, and later will abridge his two volumes into a single volume of lesser bulk than this.

*Talks about Law*¹ is a plain and interesting statement of so much of the law as every man and woman ought to know. It touches almost every topic of interest to people who have property, or who are engaged in any occupation that makes their rights a matter of interest to themselves. It will not make a lawyer of any one, but it will clear every one's mind of those endless and various vague ideas that cling to most persons, who run from a law book as from a Chinese puzzle. The style is agreeable. It is not so weighty with learning as to be burdensome to read, nor forbidding by reason of citations. It has no page without some facts worth knowing, and if the principles are a little dry, they are made agreeable by some illustration or application. It is divided into forty-three chapters upon different topics, giving not too much upon any topic to weary the reader. It is good to win the attention of the student, and pleasant to refresh the mind of the lawyer.

¹Talks about Law: a popular statement of what our law is and how it is administered. By Edmund P. Dole. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.





TORII OR ENTRANCE TO SHINTO TEMPLE AT NIKKO, JAPAN

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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JAPANESE HOMES AND TEMPLES.

Though Japan is on the whole as yet partly secluded, enough can be seen by foreigners visiting it to gain a good idea of the interior, as a peculiar feature is that one town or hamlet, is so much like every other, that if you have seen a few you know the main features of all. The seven treaty ports open to foreigners are Yokohama, Tôkyo, Kobe, Osaka, Nagasaki, Niigata, and Hakodate. In all but the last two of these Western civilization has crowded upon Orientalism and destroyed much of the native charm of Japanese life. A Japanese who looks dignified in his loose national costume loses much of that dignity in the unbecoming European garb. Japan transformed by its whole population's adopting the conventional dress of the West would be Japan stripped of all its poesy, all its picturesqueness. It would, however, take centuries to bring about such a change and it is to be hoped that it will never occur.

One of the most striking traits of the

Japanese, especially away from treaty ports, is their simple heartedness and childlike manner. Wherever you go, you meet with kindest courtesies. The essential spirit of the Japanese is gentleness. I never in all my travels in Japan heard a voice raised in scolding, never saw a quarrel or fight; little children and young boys and girls at play are always smiling, romping, and shouting, evidently amusing themselves royally—but angry words or gestures I have never met with.

The children are a great feature of Japanese life. They swarm everywhere; the houses are full of them, the streets overflow with them. They seem a blessing vouchsafed in a peculiar degree to the Japanese. Little tots hardly able to walk themselves carry, fastened to their backs, tiny infants, for whose heads I often trembled, as they are allowed to hang down in such a fashion as to seem on the point of breaking off any minute. The rising generation of Japan seems

to delight in mere existence; these tiny atoms of humanity sport in the sunshine, as a rule most scantily clad, roll over in the dust, run and skip, all overflowing with the jolliest mirth. Their parents seem to idolize them; nowhere have I seen so many men occupying themselves with children as I did in Japan. The whole character of the people is childlike, especially in the interior where they have had no chance to be infected by the superior knowledge of their Western brethren.

In the villages men can be seen carrying in their arms babes, leading one or two at the same time. The smallest hamlet has shops where nothing else is sold but toys, and these luxuries are lavished on every Japanese baby. The children are as a rule pleasant to look upon, with their little round and plump faces and short hair—which on boys' heads is allowed to grow all around the head shorn to about two or three inches in length, with a round spot in the center on the top of the crown shaved bare. The dolls that come to our toy stores from Japan are faithful images of their children. Flying paper dragons is one of their favorite games, and the skill expended on the ornamentation of these is astonishing. A peculiar custom is the hoisting of an immense paper fish, painted elaborately, on a pole in front of a house where a baby is born.

The children of small and of larger growth all seem equally happy; a spirit of rest and content seems hovering over the nation, and sad will be the day when this is taken from them. It is probably due to their wants being so few and easily satisfied.

Their houses are only a flooring raised about eighteen inches above the ground, and a few vertical beams filled in on the sides with split bamboo, and coated with loam, which is allowed to dry, and a roof sometimes covered with tiles, but in the poorer villages with a thick coating of rice straw. The fronts are mostly light wooden frames, with paper panes instead of glass, which

slide in grooves, and are at night enclosed with the *amado*, or wooden shutters. The whole thing is a mere shell. A popular superstition leads many peasants to allow the *iris tectorum* to grow on the upper ridge of the roof, and the flower when in bloom looks very pretty. It is a species of iris with dark, velvety purple blossoms, and very delicate green foliage. So much for their houses—their food consists mainly of rice, millet, an unlimited range of fresh and salt fish and shell fish, seaweed, a great variety of beans, bamboo shoots, pease, and a large number of other vegetables. Chickens, eggs and especially meat are rare articles of food among the poorer classes. The clothing of the majority is of the scantiest and cheapest kind, made of dark cotton stuff, home-woven from the fibre of the *gossypium Indicum* cotton plant, dyed with a species of indigo grown in with their beans. Thus the providing of food and raiment does not cause the Japanese mind much anxiety; and they lead on the whole a happy, dreamy existence, working on from day to day, rearing and fondling their children, until these in turn build nests of their own in which the old parents are treated with the greatest respect, the son's wife being really a servant to her mother-in-law.

Religion—mostly of a superstitious sort—enters largely into Japanese life. Their gods are many, and their temples innumerable, though all alike in the main features. Having visited one of them, you have a correct idea of all—allowing for a few more or less images, and more or less decoration and gilding; for plain as are the homes of the Japanese, their places of worship are as a rule gorgeous in the extreme, some of them, as the famous temple at Nikko, perfect dreams of barbaric splendor. The approach to a temple is always marked by the *torii*, (literally “bird's rest”). This sacred gateway consists of two uprights connected by an upper horizontal beam mortised into the vertical, and surmounted by

a second finishing cross piece. Through this we step into a paved temple court, or at least, a stone-paved center path, leading towards the main temple. This courtyard is generally crowded with bronze or stone lanterns, the stone effigies of mythological dogs with queerly shaped heads squatting on stone pedestals, and stone-curbed and stone-roofed wells whose water is considered sacred. Often this water spouts from the mouth of a stone dragon. The inevitable bamboo dipper is fastened there, for the worshipers to drink the holy fluid from. Some of these yards, as that of the temple of the sacred bull in the vicinity of Kyoto, are planted with a mass of the most beautiful trees of Japan — huge cryptomerias, giant camellias, daphnes, azaleas — the never failing *haname*, or flowering plums, and cherries, stately pine trees, etc. A flight of steps, more or less steep, leads up to a veranda, which runs all around the temple. The main entrance opens into a hall, stretching the whole length, behind which a coarse wire netting shields the altars from the common herd. In many temples I observed a center altar, flanked by side altars, which, with their gilding, flowers, censers, votive offerings, priests in flowing chasubles, holding rosaries, and dim mysterious light pervading the whole, reminded me forcibly of some ancient cathedral in Europe. In front of the high altar is a box with a slit in the center into which the faithful drop their offerings. In every temple I visited I saw crowds of worshipers. Here, as everywhere where sorrow is known and humanity seeks for help from the powers above, the weary and heavy laden come to ask for comfort.

A peculiar feature of their ceremonial is the clapping of hands to attract the attention of certain deities. The presenting of gifts or votive offerings seems most prevalent. These offerings are often hung up in the galleries connecting places of worship, and their nature and significance are manifold. They consist of pictures recalling the occa-

sion of divine help commemorated, boats carved in wood, artificial flowers, limbs carved in ivory or other material, tresses of hair, articles of clothing, and so forth. The sacred lotus flower is everywhere — beaten out of bronze and gilded, carved in wood, painted, represented on the walls in price-less lacquer. It is the holy flower of the East, as the crane is the sacred bird; and this too is met with on all sides.

The priests are generally rather pleasant-faced men, evidently chosen from the better classes, as their more regular features and better proportioned and nourished bodies show. They steal about noiselessly everywhere amongst the temples with smooth shaven heads and in flowing garments of a transparent texture, like a close mosquito netting, varying in color according to the divinity they serve. I have seen these vestments of yellow, purple, blue, black, and white. These priests, as a rule, are very courteous, and lead foreign visitors all over their premises with every attention — which courtesy is generally rewarded by a *pour boire* exactly as would be the services of the beadle of some ancient structure of Europe.

An enumeration of the divinities worshiped in Japan would be impossible here. The many sects, chief of which are the Buddhist and Shintoist, would also require a volume, to be properly described. Buddha is always represented as a figure of great majesty, with an expression of profound rest, sitting on a lotus bloom. These figures are met with all through Japan, many times in gigantic proportions, as is the celebrated Daibutsu in the neighborhood of Yokohama. The principal goddess of Japan worship is Kwan-non, the goddess of mercy, whose statue and image is in every temple, and little figures of whom are sold as amulets against disease. She is represented with one pair of arms, the hands of which are generally folded in repose, or holding some emblem; but out of her shoulders and the sides of her arms project many others,

the hands of which are holding objects relative to daily life — such as daggers, swords, mallets, axes, palm leaves, fruits, even skulls; and the inevitable lotus flower. At Kyoto we visited a temple in which three thousand three hundred and thirty-three figures of this goddess were to be seen — all of them life size, carved, we were told, out of one enormous willow tree. They were heavily gilded and arranged in rows on narrow platforms, raised one above the other, and were flanked by hideous representations of other deities — a blue devil with a satanic visage, a copper-colored monstrosity standing on a huge serpent, a warrior clad in armor in the act of killing a dragon, which if transported to any church in our country would be accepted as St. George. Whence arises this striking similarity of popular worship? These figures were all carved at a time when Japan was to us little more than a myth, yet on all sides we meet familiar features in their religious ceremonies and plans of worship.

The temple roofs are mostly of enormous weight and size, of a peculiar shape, and are always either one large, ponderous structure, curving upwards at the ends, or built in diminishing squares till the top is reached, each separately ornamented in the style of the Chinese pagodas, from which the idea was probably taken. The pillars supporting the roof are in most cases heavily gilded, and ornamented with flowers and foliage in bas relief. All possible gorgeousness in architectural and ornamental work seems to be lavished on the temples.

The neighborhood of a temple is usually a resort for numerous booths, displaying all kinds of Japanese wares — china, bronzes, ornamental gourds (indispensable articles in Japan for holding their favorite saké). Some shops contain nothing but paraphernalia for smoking — pipes, tobacco pouches, cigarettes, cigarette cases, etc. A Japanese is happiest when smoking — tobacco is

to him indispensable. Many times as we rode long distances through the country in one of the famous jinrikishas, our runners would beg for half an hour's rest, which was invariably filled in by a smoke. Every man carries suspended from his waist the pouch containing his tobacco and pipe.

But little ornamentation is found in the interior of houses among the poorer and middle classes. The rooms are bare of furniture of any kind, except the chest of drawers containing the clothing. No chairs or tables are used; food is served on lacquer trays deposited on the floor, and the family squat on the floor, which is covered with thick matting. Each person, however, has a small, silk cushion thinly wadded, to sit on.

A notable feature of Japanese homes is the unfailing presence of flowers in some shape. However poor the household, and however simple all its appointments may be, some floral decoration is sure to be there — either a growing plant in a pot, or a branch of flowering shrub. The chief favorite in spring is the flowering cherry or plum, and during summer and fall the chrysanthemums, whose beauty is unequaled in color, size and shape. The love of the beautiful in art too, seems inherent in every Japanese. But with the great and increasing demand from our western hemisphere for the curios of Japan, their native art has greatly deteriorated; cheap imitations abound on all sides; and it is only farther in the interior, or in the homes of wealthy Japanese, that real treasures are still to be met with — except as they are held at fabulous prices in some of the curio shops of Yokohama and Tôkyo. How long will it be before the poesy of the Orient will be overshadowed by the prose of the Occident? How long before the iron horse traverses the length and breadth of the eastern island, crushing out old superstitions but also killing much that was bright and beautiful in old Japan?

H. H. Berger.

JAPANESE GHOST MYTHS.

[AMONG the young men who visited me in my study in that Oriental home within the moats of the old city of Tôkyo there were some so grateful for the talks on science, philosophy, and religion, that they brought me gifts of old *Kakemons*, curios, and volumes of the folk-lore of their country, — volumes no longer printed, and centuries old. From these ancient tomes I translated in my leisure hours among others the following myths and stories, none younger than 500 years, and some dating back to the ninth century of our era. My first translations were made in German and were read, by request, before the *Deutsche Ostasiatische Gesellschaft*, where they were so well received that I did as suggested and published them in pamphlet form. In this shape they found their way into the German-Japanese schools of the Empire, and were adopted as readers in some of the classes.

There is no special moral or intellectual merit in ghost stories or tales of magic, but it is interesting to trace the similarity of ideas in different nationalities as portrayed in these household legends.

These stories have never been translated into English before, and I have endeavored to follow the Japanese text as literally and idiomatically as possible. With the advance of Japanese intellectual culture these quaint old myths will soon drop out of sight, as foolish superstitions of the past. And so it may be pleasing to students of comparative folk-lore to preserve and compare them with the legends of other ancient lands.]

LOVE CONQUERS DEATH.

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Kyôto a poor samurai, who could find no employment or means of support. On account of his poverty he determined one day to go with a friend to a distant province. Now this friend had just been appointed governor of the province and promised, when they arrived, that he would find work for him to do.

This samurai had been married to a young, pretty, and charming lady; but misfortunes overtook him, and when his wealth was lost he divorced his young wife, and alas, after a brief interval, espoused the daughter of a well-to-do nobleman; and now, starting on his travels from the old city of Kyôto, this second wife journeyed with him. After many months had passed he became a



rich and honored man and then began to long for his first fair wife, whose gentle ways and graceful form were ever in his mind. The remembrance that he had driven her from him in poverty and sorrow, and her patient resignation, gentle obedience and falling tears, cut him to the heart. He felt

that he must see her once again, no matter how far the journey. His constant thoughts were: "What is she doing now? Where is she today? Does she still remember her unfaithful husband who drove her from his side?"—All the old love blazed up anew, and his one hope was to return to the old home.

Just at this time his kind patron, the governor, was called to Kyôto, and the samurai learned with delight that he was to accompany him. Only a few days passed on the journey, and yet they seemed like so many centuries of time. At night he could not rest, for he was forever torturing himself with the thought that he had sent her away from him without any just cause, and more than this, that since that day he had never made any loving inquiries about her. So soon as the governor and his suite arrived in Kyôto, the samurai, still in traveling costume, hurried to the place where his house had stood so long ago. The gate was bolted and everything looked neglected and distressing. The house itself seemed deserted as though no living being occupied it. "Unhappy wife," thought he, "how great have been thy sorrows," and he wept bitterly. It was at the close of the November month, and night had settled upon the place as he stepped across the well-known threshold. The pale moonbeams shone through crevices in the walls, and the night wind sighed as it circled round the lonely dwelling.

Startled, yet determined, he entered the room where formerly he had spent so many happy hours with the loveliest of wives, and there, see! in the corner, bending above the hearth, stood his dear, lost wife. She was quite alone, and a strange silence pervaded the room. Roused from her dreamy thoughts by his footfall, the poor lady saw before her the husband she still loved so dearly, and without a word of reproach, her face beaming with joy, she sprang towards him.

"Ah, my beloved one," she exclaimed, "whence comest thou, and what brings thee to me?"

"I have been far from here," he answered, "but my heart has never forgotten its love. I come back now, patient wife, to turn thy sorrow into joy; from this time thou shalt never leave me, and I will keep thee and cherish thee until I die. I have not come to tell thee the story of the years away from thee, but to make penance for the wrong I have done thee and implore thy forgiveness." These tender words made the poor wife exceedingly happy and she entreated him to sit at her side, and then began mutual confidences in which they spoke of the incidents of their sad separation.

Every where the samurai observed evidences of the greatest poverty. "Hast thou no one to help thee?" he asked. "No," she softly replied, "No one has been in the house except myself, for I am very poor." The whole night slipped by in questions and answers and tender plans for the future. Sleep did not visit their eyelids until the gray dawn.

The sun stood far above the horizon when the samurai awoke. He raised himself to look at his beloved, still sleeping wife; but who can describe his horror when he saw the stiff outline of a crumbling corpse instead of a being warm with life. "My eyes deceive me," he thought, and again gazed upon the terrible figure. Alas, at his side lay only a corpse.—Half dead with fear, he ran out of the ghastly chamber and soon reached a neighbor's dwelling. In answer to his loud knocking, the owner of the house came to the door; and when the almost breathless samurai asked, "Who lives in yonder house?" he answered, "No one, the house is quite deserted." "Are you quite sure," said the samurai. "Certainly," replied the neighbor, "some time ago there lived there a poor lady who had been separated from her husband. The husband went to a distant province and left her in great poverty. She mourned for him so constantly that she became seriously ill; but as no one offered to help her she died alone there last summer, and so far as I know, her corpse

may still be there, for no one offered to pay her funeral expenses."

A great fear fell upon the samurai upon hearing these words, and he fled like one crazed with terror, for now he knew what had happened. The dead wife had not forgotten her love even in that land beyond the grave, and the gods had permitted her spirit to stay on earth until her husband came back for forgiveness. A sad story!

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

THERE was once a man, in the country of Yamato, in good standing and respected by all his fellow citizens. He had an only daughter, a neat and pretty maiden, whom every body loved. At the same time there lived, in the province of Kawachi, a handsome young nobleman, who went to the capital city to enter the service of the emperor. He was a wonderful performer on the flute, and in many other things exhibited unusual talent.

Now, as this young nobleman had reached a marriageable age he wished to win a wife worthy of his rank and position. And so one day he heard that a most respectable gentleman living in Yamato had a finely educated and beautiful daughter. Without lengthy consideration he sent a letter to the parents, in which he most politely asked for the hand of their daughter in marriage. At first the young girl resisted all overtures and refused to become a bride; but because the young man bore such a good character, and held such a high office, her parents finally persuaded her to become his affianced. Then it was discovered that the bridegroom, in earlier years, had been the playmate of her childhood, and it soon followed that they loved each other with an undying affection. Three blissful years of married life passed, when the husband was seized with a sudden illness. Quickly the fond wife summoned the most celebrated physician, purchased the most costly medicines, and did all in her power to check the cruel disease.

But all efforts and her untiring devotion proved unavailing, for in a few days her beloved died. Months passed, but the grief of the wife was just as intense as in the first days of her terrible bereavement. From morning until night she wept over his untimely death, and withdrew herself entirely from society and the world. Thus passed three long years. And so it happened in a month of autumn, at midnight, the grief-stricken widow lay in her bed weeping bitterly as though her tears would flow forever; when suddenly, hark! the sweet tones of a flute floated through the window. "Ah," sighed she, "my darling used to play just so," and the ache in her heart was overpowering. Nearer and nearer the sounds came, louder and clearer each dulcet note, until the flute-player seemed to halt just beneath her window.

"Open, open!" whispered a well known voice. Hastily the wife sprang from her bed, rushed to the window, threw open the casement, and beheld her long-lost husband standing before the house. He had not in the least changed, only that he looked pale and anxious. And as she stood undecided, half joyous, half alarmed, the stately figure began softly, softly to sing these words:
Shide no yama koenishi hito no hakanaki wa
Koishiki hito ni awanu nari keru!

"Your husband's greatest pain since death, is this: that he cannot remain near you, heart's beloved." So they stood opposite each other spell-bound, when, suddenly, his form was enveloped in lurid flames, and puff! — a cloud of smoke issued from his breast. Dumb with horror, the wife still stood at the window. "Why do you fear, asked the figure?" "I came to you because your tears followed me beyond the grave, and because your love is so true. For very pity, the king of purgatory has permitted me to visit you for a few brief moments; but I see that you are frightened and so I will at once return to my place. But remember, dear wife, that three times

daily my body must burn in flames because of my return to the earth and to you. And in an instant he disappeared. So reads the old legend.

THE BURIAL AT MIDNIGHT.

NOT far from Kyôto, in the smiling hill-lands of Harima, there is a broad, open plain known as the "Field of Inami." Although surrounded by verdant hillsides, this plain is bleak and barren; great gusts of wind sweep over the long, dry grasses, and no farmer or peasant has ever found a home in this desolate spot. Yet the great highway to Kyôto runs just along one side of the plain, and on this road a postman used to carry his load of letters once or twice every week. A little by-path leads across one corner of the plain, lessening the distance to the city, and this path was a great favorite with the postman, as it made his journey so much the shorter.

Going one day as usual to Kyôto, he reached the field a little later than was his wont, and night came on before he had advanced very far. Without a light or the means of procuring one, he wandered aimlessly on for a while, but finally seeing that he had missed the path in the darkness resolved to pass the night where he was, with the sky for a coverlet. Without giving a second thought to all the ugly stories told of the field, the ghosts and malicious fox-sprites said to hold their revels in that spot, the postman bravely determined to make the best of it and was just looking for some sort of shelter when he caught sight of a little, half-ruined hut. Drawing nearer, he found that it was a sort of watch-house, such as the peasants build near the rice fields in order to protect the growing grain. Overjoyed at having found even this poor shelter, the postman entered the little hut, and throwing himself on a heap of dry grass, was soon fast asleep. Perfect silence reigned over the sterile plain, only every now and then the far-off hoot of an owl or the plaintive cry of

some night bird broke the stillness of the night.

Several hours had passed, when the sleeper was suddenly awakened by the deep, sonorous note of a bell. The sound seemed to come from the western portion of the field, and all at once the startled sleeper heard the tramping as of many feet, and a confused murmur of Buddhist chants and prayers. Nearer and nearer came the crowd of people, to the listener's great astonishment. "There are no houses in the field," thought he, "and anyhow no one would think of going at midnight to such a deserted and ill-omened spot." The stars were shining brightly, but no moon illumined the scene, so that the trembling postman could only see objects very near him. Nevertheless he peeped cautiously out of his hiding-place and saw, to his unbounded surprise, a long procession of men bearing torches and lanterns. In front of all marched a tall priest, reciting the Buddhist invocation, *Namu Amida Butsu*, in a loud, clear voice. "It is a funeral procession!" thought the frightened listener, and crept farther back into the shadows of the hut.

As soon as the mournful company reached the little hut a halt was made and the coffin-bearers stepped forward. Scarce five paces from the hut the grave was dug and the coffin placed in it. The priest then threw the earth back into the grave, built a little mound above it, and placed a few sticks covered with Buddhist characters in one end of the mound. Without further words the sombre procession turned back, and walked slowly off in the same solemn and impressive manner, leaving the poor postman in a most pitiable frame of mind. It was bad enough to have to spend the night in such an uncanny and gruesome spot; but the late hour, mysterious burial, and the proximity of the freshly dug grave were enough to frighten the bravest heart.

As if chained to the spot by some evil

spell, the postman kept staring at the little mound before him. Suddenly, while he was gazing fixedly at the grave, it began to rock slowly from side to side. Quicker and quicker became the rocking, while the involuntary spectator underwent an agony of terror. Faster and faster still, rocked the mound, until it fell over with a great shock, and a naked, horrid thing jumped from the grave and ran towards the postman. In an instant he remembered that horrible ghouls always attend a burial and that these ghouls often kill and eat living beings. There was no time to lose, for the creature had reached the entrance of the hut. Crazy with fear, the postman drew his sword and made one desperate cut at his enemy, and then, without daring to give a second blow, ran out of the hut and into the night.

Hours seemed to have passed before the postman arrived, half-dead with exhaustion and panting for breath, at the house of a peasant just beyond the outskirts of the field. He knocked again and again, but no one came in answer, and so he had to wait for the day to dawn. Shortly after sunrise, the people in the house arose, and hearing the knocking took the still breathless wanderer into the guest chamber, where they attended to his pitiable state and then begged him to relate what had befallen him. This he did, and the peasants at once determined to go to the little hut in the field of Inami, which was well known to them. Upon arriving at the spot, they found no signs of a burial or of a grave. Mound and coffin had utterly disappeared. But just in front of the hut lay the body of a huge badger, killed by the one cut of that good steel. At once they saw what had happened. The evil beast had wished to frighten the belated wanderer; and funeral procession and priest, coffin and grave, had been merely the work of magic.

THE RED MANTLE.

SEVERAL hundred years ago there was an old building, known as the Sôzudono, at the

south end of the Reizei-in temple in Kyôto. At one side of the mansion grew an enormous *enoki* tree, which was famous in all the country round about. Every evening, just as the sun sank beneath the horizon, a red mantle used to fly, just like a bird, from the window of one of the upper chambers in the old mansion. Slowly and with a mysterious rustling noise the cloak sailed out into the night as if impelled by some invisible power, flew high through the air and perched finally on the topmost branch of the *enoki* tree.

In the neighborhood of the great house lived a knight named Minamoto no Koresuke, who bore a high reputation for his coolness and bravery. One day some persons who lived in the lower rooms of the old mansion told this knight the strange story of the flying mantle, and he instantly resolved to discover the secret of the phenomenon. His comrades begged him not to set out on so foolish an enterprise, and assured him that he would never be able to touch the mantle either with sword or spear.

After the knight had made all the necessary preparations, he went, just before sunset, to the foot of the *enoki* tree and there awaited the appearance of the mysterious mantle. The sun set, and as the last rays faded in the twilight, the red mantle floated slowly towards the great tree. In an instant the watcher fitted an arrow to his string, then drew the bow until its horns kissed and sent a barbed arrow straight into the centre of the red mantle. Without stopping, however, the mantle flew to the topmost branch of the tree. Only where the arrow had wounded it one could see large drops of crimson blood.

Proud of his successful shot, the marksman went straightway to the house of one of his friends, where he told his story to a wondering crowd of those who had believed the red mantle invulnerable. In silence they listened to what he had to say, and then, having taken full credit for his

skill, the knight returned to his dwelling.

Early next morning several inquisitive neighbors came to the house to congratulate the knight and hear the particulars of his lucky shot. But no one replied to their repeated calls, and when they finally forced open the door and entered the room there lay the proud marksman stiff and cold upon his couch. He had died in the night.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

MANY years ago, an aged couple had occasion to leave their home in a far distant province and travel to a southern city. They were poor and had to trudge wearily along on foot, and were only too glad to rest at night in a deserted house or under the roof of some friendly shrine. The people along the road were kind and hospitable; but the old couple came of a noble family, and preferred rather to trust to their own scanty store rather than accept the hospitality of their would-be entertainers. For this reason, too, they often passed the nights in lonely spots, and sometimes in haunted rooms which no one else dared to approach after nightfall. Many strange sights had they seen and even met with goblins, sprites and pixies; but their guileless life was their safeguard, and an invocation to Buddha always kept the fiends at a distance.

After they had traveled more than half the journey, they came one evening to a little village in the hills. They were made welcome, as usual, by the simple cottagers, but refusing all proffered hospitality, asked if there was not an old temple or ruined house near the hamlet, where they might spend the night without incommoding the villagers. "Yes," was the reply, "just on the outskirts of the hamlet is an old temple, known as the Kawara-no-in. But it has long been avoided by all prudent people. For some time ago a wicked priest lived there, who did many evil deeds. When he passed away a malicious demon of prodigious

strength took up his abode in the temple, and those who have passed by the ill-omened place after nightfall tell strange stories of dreadful sounds and sights." "We fear nothing," replied the old man with dignity. No fiend can harm us, and there will we rest until the day dawns."

The villagers urged them not to go thither, and prophesied all manner of evil if they should persist in their reckless determination. But the old couple would not listen to their friendly counsels, and took the road that led to the unholy shrine.

The temple was half-hidden by dark groups of giant cedars and fir trees, while tangled vines and dwarf shrubs grew along the unfrequented path. The man strode on ahead, and pushing aside the great temple door entered into the gloomy rooms. The pale moonbeams threw an uncertain light into the ruined temple, and disclosed two large chambers, in one of which the couple resolved to pass the night. Strange wailings as of unhappy spirits swept through the sombre trees, and no bird or beast ventured to seek shelter in that mournful spot.

Undismayed, yet with an awful sense of the loneliness of their situation, the old travelers made their simple preparations for the night, and being tired from their day's journey were soon sound asleep. Just as the midnight hour arrived, the huge bell on the temple porch began to vibrate and ring as if tolled by invisible hands. "Come here, come here," whispered a hoarse, hollow voice. Springing from their couch, the couple looked around to ascertain whence the voice came, but could see no one. At last the old woman resolved to enter the adjoining room to discover whether any one might be there. Her husband bade her stay by his side, but she resolved to confront the demon, if one was there, and pushed past him into the fatal room. Instantly the door closed behind her, and then the husband heard wild shrieks of agony and cries for help. Exerting all his strength he tried to

force the heavy door aside, but it was held as if by some mighty hand, and with a fainting heart he was compelled to listen to the pitiful cries of his wife until the dreadful sounds died away to a whisper and all was still again. At this moment an armed band of villagers, carrying flaming torches, burst into the temple. They had heard the distant cries for help, and had resolved to save life if they could. Their united strength finally forced the door open and then — dreadful sight! — they saw what had hap-

pened. Hanging from a tall pole were the bones and skin of the wretched woman, but every bit of her flesh had been eaten by the demon, and large patches of blood on the floor and walls marked the scene of a desperate conflict.

Turning to the old man they carried him gently away from the fearful spot. But when they lifted him from the ground they saw that he, too, had passed the river of death. His spirit had already followed the pale shade of his wife.

F. Warrington Eastlake.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS.—VI.—BIRCH CREEK.

WE READ of the wild tribes of Siberia, who, mounted on swift horses, were more terrible in their retreats from steppe to steppe than the cavalry of a Stuart in the advance; also of Arabs, Bedouins of the desert, who could hide horses and luggage in some deep cut of the plain, spring up suddenly and fight furiously, and then disappear with the rapid motion of a wind-cloud. Our Piutes and their allies had some of these characteristics. Thus some years before, by quick ambush and swift retreat, they set a high officer and all the cavalry with him afoot; so that crest-fallen, defeated, and half-starved, he and his found their way to a distant frontier post, and were forced to begin their campaign over again. Some gray heads around me, recalling this incident, when it was known that Chief Egan was leading the hostiles, and that some smart Umatillas had joined him, predicted similar results. "Ah, General, Indian Egan is great on hiding and running. He always takes to the wooded mountains. He is wary and swift!"

We have noticed Pilot Rock, a little hamlet north of the famous Blue Ridge —

not far from the present charming town of Heppner — as the place where my pursuing column formed junction with Colonel Wheaton's men. Our scouts told me that I had passed the Indians, that is, all except those before named, who were farther north and trying to cross the Columbia. There were two streams of water that had their rise in the Blue Ridge, a few miles southeast of Pilot Rock, and ran northeasterly, and emptied into the Umatilla, and swelling that bigger stream, passed on into the grand Columbia near Umatilla Town. The mouths of these two streams or creeks (called Butter and Birch) are miles apart, but their headwaters are near together; so near in fact that the numerous little rivulets coursing around among the abrupt hills and tumbling down the mountain cañons hardly can determine which creek-bed to take, till some chance knoll or rock has checked and turned their course to its proper destination. O, how rough that foot-hill country! There high knolls rounded off between the creeks; deep ravines and high bluffs to the right and left; and behind all these, higher and higher steepes, with an open grazing space, the

open ever diminishing in the distance, till you attain the mountain crowned with its dense forest. It was delightful then to behold this lovely country with its hundreds of hills rising rank above rank, to the kingly crested summit. Chief Egan, where two of my diligent scouts in the night had found and "placed" him, had chosen a broad and rugged height. It was favored with many large and dark-colored rocks. The Indians in motion on the top were multiplied in appearance by these natural shields. The slopes in front, after the large detached hill was reached, were steep, stony, deceptive and difficult. The chief had woods on his right a few hundred yards away, and hills as good as his and other woods behind him.

On paper and according to the maps I had the hostiles pretty well hemmed in, for Bernard's and Throckmorton's battalions were with me in front, Captain Miles's 21st Infantry battalion not far to his left and behind him; and Sanford with his column coming up from Grande Ronde towards his right. Strategically, as a soldier would say, the sunrise of July 8th (1878) found everything most favorable for ending the campaign. True, Sarah Winnemucca said: "No, they will not stop long. The timber is near and the Piutes will get away." I believed not; for when an enemy has chosen a good defensive position, and put everything in order to deliver battle, he, be he Indian or Anglo-Saxon, hopes to conquer and must stay to carry out his plan. I really thought that I had already cut off Egan's retreat and that he had determined to make the most of his mountain fastness and give us a heavy blow.

On that beautiful morning, as the sun was coming up bright and clear, my columns were already in motion. Throckmorton, with a well reputed guide, took the Butter Creek route. He had some artillery, infantry, and volunteers. Bernard, with seven troops of his cavalry, and Robbins, with

civilian scouts and a Gatling gun, accompanied me. We went on up the foothills, between the two creeks before named, passing rapidly from knoll to knoll, striking as directly as possible for the rocky height which the scouts again said was held by the Indians.

There is always a feeling of dread in view of an approaching field of blood. It takes but a bullet to kill you. The thought of the fall of a comrade is not a happy one. Even the flowing blood of your country's foe has no attraction. The distinction, the glory, the reward — they are no compensation. What spirit, then, animates an officer in such a contest? Well, however men may cavil, it is mainly a sense of duty. It is the feeling of the policeman on his beat; the sentinel at the prison door; the juryman before his final verdict; the judge in delivering his charge; the father at a night robbery, guarding wife and child, or the executive pondering a long petition whose last word sends a mortal man beyond the gates. The call of duty is imperative, unrelenting. The Indians, whoever is at fault at first, strike to destroy women, and children, and homes. We, the soldiers, at once take the field to stop the murders and cause the malcontents to submit to the arbitrament and authority which we represent.

Behold us then, that lovely morning, under some exhilaration and excitement, which such action produces, pushing rapidly forward. After three miles of march, and seemingly about three miles still from the objective hill, as we rose upon a high crest, we could plainly see the Indians, and discern their ponies among the rocks with the mountain forest for their background. They did not act as usual; they kept moving about; some jumped up and down as if in defiance. True, this was not like Apaches, hidden so that you do not catch the sight of a head or a hand till they have had the first fire. It was, however, like Joseph's Nez Percés at the Clearwater the year be-

fore, when with blankets tossed high over their heads they danced around far to our left, looking and acting like dervishes in their fêtes; and doubtless hoping to inspire terror in the breasts of their foes. Just at this point of the picture my own official language, taken straight from a war paper, has in it some vividness. "Bernard,"—he was always large enough for a general,— "taking the trot, moved quickly into position over these troublesome foot-hills, the last of which is fenced by a cañon, and over a mile in ascent. The cavalry sped from hill to hill; till it came into the vicinity of the enemy, strongly posted on a rocky crest."

On our advanced men reaching the base of this occupied foot-hill, the Indians with their sure rifles from between the rocks, there high up, began to fire at Bernard's soldiers as well as men could, down such an unpropitious grade. All the companies, six of them in number, were deployed and used during the engagement. See the long, irregular, broken line of horsemen ascending the hill, as steep as the famous Maryland Heights; with every man in place! They veer to the right and left and they go up from different sides. It is a fine display—it would be formidable to any adversary. The fire of the Indians continues with briskness. Several men are hit, and several horses fall under the men, who with difficulty extricate themselves from their stirrups and save themselves from being crushed. Still the troops did not waver, but worked their way to the very summit. It was speedily done, wave after wave striking the Indian's position front and flank in quick succession.

But Egan and his warriors understood well their part. They were too quick for our breathless horses. They had already abandoned their stone-crowned hill, leaving there only a few old horses and "played out" mules to fill the gaps between the dark rocks, while they appeared triumphant on the next height in the rear, and one as

good as they could desire, prepared for them by a natural distribution of lava beds. Bernard was disappointed, for he had frayed away his game. Like a flock of birds they had gathered on this pinnacle; and like a flock of birds they had flown to the next. Sarah kindly says: "Dear reader, if you could only know the difficulties of this wilderness, you could then appreciate their [the soldier's] loyal service. The fight commenced at 8 A. M., under a hot sun and with no water. The whole of it was watched by the General Commanding. The bullets were whistling all around us, and the General said to me and Mattie 'Get behind the rocks; you will get hit.'"

We heard the old Indian dreamer, Oytes, calling loudly. Sarah said, "Oytes says, 'Come on, you white dogs—what are you waiting for?'" She then begged to be allowed to get nearer so as to be sure of what he cried out. I let her go on and she galloped to the place where our Gatling gun was in vain trying to throw its shower of bullets upon the lofty crest. Though the distance was favorable enough, the elevation was too great for effective firing. I joined the party at the Gatling, observed and listened, but the Indian dreamer did not call again; probably he was badly wounded at the time, for his arm was after this a long while in a sling.

As soon as our horses had rested and gathered a little strength, we struck for the next height, in the same order as before, only endeavoring to fetch a compass and cut off their retreat, should the Indians fly again. But they were too wary. They would not hold the lava beds, but rushed for the thick pines farther eastward where they now made a brief stand and fired weakly upon our men.

Again the cavalry came on, plunging their spurs into the sides of their tired horses; but again the Indians eluded the charge, and this time soon disappeared altogether. My record says: "The rough

country and the great exhaustion of the horses and men caused a cessation of the pursuit for today." On our side, wonderful to tell, we had not one man slain, because the Indians fired at us very far off. They killed for us, however, upwards of twenty horses and wounded five enlisted men. We captured from them at the first charge two hundred Indian ponies, mostly lame and worn, and considerable ammunition, food, and camp material. Their women, children, and best horses in droves, were placed beyond danger before the battle began, and they left on the field and in the woods no dead or wounded men.

The Indians now ran through the thick pines toward the southeast and were reported to be aiming for Joseph's old haunts in the Wallowa country. Throckmorton's guide, a volunteer from Heppner, for some reason led his column farther and farther from us. I could not reach him with a dispatch. This disappointed me, but it served an effectual purpose to keep Chief Egan from taking a turn in that direction, and probably helped on the final consummation.

I felt that night tired and chagrined. To compare a greater with a less, it was like a huntsman chasing antelope all the day, with several beautiful chances in his favor; but their quick ears and native fleetness had divined his approach and eluded his shots. My desire was not to kill but, like my father chasing bees, *to hive*.

Another day dawned upon my disappointment. It is said that General Robert E. Lee said at Gettysburg, "We cannot always expect to win battles." In similar phrase I said to myself, "We cannot always expect to catch Indians." But I bent myself again to the slippery task. The Piutes, Bannocks, and a few Umatillas, had divided into small parties and broken back along the head waters of the Grande Ronde River, following its left bank, and thus keeping under cover of the forest that skirts the western slopes of the Blue Ridge, a

wild, rough, dark trail, difficult to find and troublesome to follow. Should you join the points held by my nearest battalions, you would make a triangle, and the Indians were still within its sides; therefore all hope of forcing a decisive battle had not yet been abandoned. Captain Miles must turn slightly eastward and run up the Grande Ronde, Bernard sending one troop, Bendire's, to get on the main trail, if there was one, and follow it till Miles and he came together. Sanford, coming from the opposite direction (Grande Ronde Valley east of the Blue Ridge), was to move straight on till these three forces came together; and if Chief Egan still escaped from them, Sanford commanding the combined troops, was to push the pursuit wherever it led him. With Throckmorton's battalion and the remainder of Bernard's cavalry, I undertook to fill in the other, or northern, side of the triangle.

I hurried along the northern base of the Blue Ridge, watching against the Indians' possible turning towards the Columbia, and hoping that Miles or Sanford, or both, might scare them towards me. It did seem that such a complete plan must win; but how many successes in war or peace hang more upon prompt and faithful execution than upon correct planning! Listen to the excuses: First, the couriers carrying dispatches for once failed me. They started up the old stage road toward the Mechem ranch. They saw some Indians, or imagined that they did, and so returned without delivering my orders. Again, some Indians whom we had deemed friendly went directly to Chief Egan and told him where I was and how to elude the nice traps that I had set for him. Next, Captain Miles's march was dreadfully delayed by a foolish guide, who led him for a long time along the wrong bank of the Grande Ronde, where a practicable route did not exist.

With Bernard and mine, I set out to perform our part. Passing from Birch to McKay Creek, Bernard with five companies en-

camped at night and patrolled and scouted away up into the mountains, watching all tracks and trails, large and small, whence an enemy might break out of the forest. One of the troops (McGREGORS) went on with me still further, almost to the Umatilla valley, to the Cayuse Station, where the old stage road running eastward begins to ascend the Blue Ridge. Here I put Major E. C. Mason with headquarters, in my place, and set out with Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, my aide, and Mr. Holland, the operator, to ascend the Umatilla some six miles farther into the mountain to the point where the telegraph line crossed the river. Mr. Holland, a skillful man, believed he could attach his little instrument and thus communicate with the outer world. There was considerable risk in this journey made after night, and it was not a success. We tried again and again, but could get no reply. At last in despair I decided to gallop over to Weston.

Here again we found the wires down — but my trip was not in vain, for I was fortunate enough to meet there the two governors, Chadwick of Oregon and Ferry of Washington Territory. I laid before them the scheme that I have named, of clearing this part of the country of hostile Indians. One can hardly describe the feeling of the people in such small settlements as that of Weston. One can never hunt Indians or conduct battles to suit a frontier population; but I had the satisfaction of satisfying the governors and securing a co-operation with them in all matters.

It had become of the first importance for me to communicate back and forth with my headquarters at Vancouver, with General McDowell at San Francisco, and through these with Washington, so that, still trusting my admirable officer, Major Mason, to act for me in the field, I myself with my little party hurried on to Walla Walla, while all the battalions were as best they could carrying out such instructions as they had

actually received. My information was so direct and so positive that the hostiles were making their way toward old Joseph's Wallowa country, that I acted upon this as upon a fixed fact.

During Major Mason's stay at Cayuse Station, several Umatilla Indians professing great friendliness came into camp. They were kindly received, and stayed with the soldiers over night. They gathered much knowledge that they ought not to have had. Now, I have since learned, a few of these visitors went the next day into the mountains and found Egan and told him the situation. These treacherous spirits were in some way connected with the Columbia bands that were fired into and stopped by the gunboats. Balked in their proceedings and in their designs to help the hostiles, they determined to injure us as much as they could. Therefore they hurried back to the Blue Ridge. Soon after, having conveyed all the information that they could gather, they hid among the trees on the side of the mountain, and started out, as soon as it was safe for them, under the cover of the night. They burned up the the buildings and forage belonging to the Cayuse stage station; murdered a prominent citizen, whom they caught driving along the road in that neighborhood; and finally, to the number of thirty-eight, united with the Piutes and Bannocks to aid them in the next battle. All this took place between the 9th and 12th of July. Had I known of this treachery, or even suspected it, it would have constrained me to change my plans completely, for the hostile Indians whom we have represented as pushing on, men, women, children, and ponies, along the blind trails and through the rough forest of the north slope of the Blue Ridge, apparently making for the Wallowa country, then almost uninhabited, were suddenly arrested in their journey and turned back toward the overland stage road. They were not far from the treacherous Colum-

bias, whom I have just named, that is, not far from the Cayuse Station, the evening of the 11th of July.

But I did not know these facts, for I was at Walla Walla that night. There Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth of the 1st Cavalry, who had just come from the East, joined my command. He was at once directed to take charge of the several troops that the sturdy Bernard had been leading. To prevent the Indians from escaping through the Wallowa to the north, I organized another column, and as I was more familiar with the ground I wished it to pass through than any other officer, it was decided at this time to put Colonel Wheaton in charge of all the operations near by in the Blue Ridge, and to proceed myself as far as steamer could carry me to Lewiston. I reached Lewiston at 4 P. M. of the 12th, and had not gone upon the little steamer "North-west" many miles up the Snake River — for the current was strong — before an Indian courier riding furiously across the country, overtook the steamer. His message was: "Indians have turned back and have burned the Cayuse Station!" The same report came from my aide-de-camp

who was with the governors, and from Colonel Wheaton still at Walla Walla.

Wheaton had been directed to move Forsyth's cavalry toward the Wallowa very slowly, and to turn it back towards the Umatilla reservation in case the Indians changed their course and turned that way. So, regretting a personal absence, but feeling sure that Wheaton had troops enough for a battle and would safely attend to everything the crisis demanded, I simply sent him words of encouragement, while I gathered two companies of the 8th Infantry under Captain Worth, two of the 2nd under Captain Drum, and a detachment of twenty more men to march at once westerly across the Wallowa to the Grande Ronde country. Those acquainted with the roughness, the mountains, the forests, and the extent of this region, will have some idea of the energy and animation of the campaign.

These were the preliminaries to what had been called Captain Miles's engagement, a short, blind contest, but one quite effective towards breaking up the unity of the Indians, and bringing our trying campaign against the Piutes and Bannocks to a speedy and decisive conclusion.

O. O. Howard.

A PRAYER.

A LITTLE time for laughter,
A little space for song —
And tears that hurry after, —
Ere we too go along.

Like ripples on the river,
As light on wind-swept grain,
So passes our endeavor :
We go, nor come again.

Then make me, O Eternal,
Still, as thy forces are :
We thrive as grasses vernal,
We fade as fades the star.

G. Melville Upton.

THE ACEQUIA MADRE OF SANTIAGO.

VII.

The cacique made straight for the pueblo, driving his wretched prisoner before him. The poor girl, sick at heart and stupefied with grief and fatigue, picturing to herself Felipe dead of his wounds or drowning himself in his despair, submitted unresistingly to the blows and the reproaches of her father. He was the stronger; how could she resist? She let herself be driven back like a strayed beast of burden over the same leagues of burning mesa and sandy ravine that she had traversed in the coolness of the night under the silence of the stars. Then she had her lover's arms round her and his voice whispering words of love in her ear; now she shrank before bitter curses and the stinging lash. Yet never did she open her lips to utter a word in self defense or a plea for pardon. Only she kept saying over and over to herself in time to the hoof beats of the horse, "He may beat me, he may kill me, but Ignacio I won't have." Even sunk in misery as she was, she found a surprising comfort in steeling herself to endure and swearing to be true to herself and to Felipe.

At last the well known step-like outline of the terraced roofs of Santiago showed sharp and clear among the peach orchards ahead of them. As they entered its precincts they passed through quite a crowd of onlookers; they had been observed descending from the mesas and natural curiosity had brought numbers to see the excitement. Poor Josefa drooped her head in shame to escape the hard inquisitive looks.

They stopped at her father's door. He pulled her roughly from the saddle, pushed her inside, and giving the horses to two of

the boys, he entered after her, shut the door and bolted it. He advanced towards her with glowing eyes. The blows he had given her on the road had only whetted his passion. "Now, you she-devil," said he. "I'll teach you to run away from me."

He flung her to the ground and stood over her. The cruel raw-hide descended again and again. The eager crowd outside was squeezing up against the door and the little close-barred lattice window, anxious to see as much as possible of the exciting scene inside. They had no notion of interfering. On the contrary, it seemed to them entirely natural that a father should chastise his disobedient daughter. "If he did n't, who was to?" — That was the way they would have put it.

Among the crowd was Tito. Tito was a friend of Felipe's, and what was a source of curiosity to others was maddening to him. In despair he flew to Stephens and rushed in, forgetful of Faro, to the room where the old prospector was cleaning his rifle. "O, Don Estevan!" he exclaimed breathlessly, "Salvador is back and is beating his daughter like fury. Perhaps he will kill her."

"The dickens you say!" said the American, dropping his work abruptly and making for the door. "Where's Felipe?"

"I don't know," answered Tito. "He's not there. Perhaps the cacique has killed him." Tito knew nothing of the sort, but the temptation to deepen the shadows of a harrowing tale is quite irresistible.

"Where are they?" said Stephens, as soon as they were in the open air.

"Here, in his house," cried Tito eagerly, leading the way.

Stephens paused and stood irresolute. "After all, its none of my funeral,"

growled he to himself. "I hain't no call to interfere. And I hain't got no weapon on me neither." He turned back to get his pistol, but paused again. "No," he said; "I don't want it. May be I sha'n't do nothing, and if I do I'd better go through on my nerve." He knew that an appeal to physical force was idle where the odds were one against a hundred, and that his only chance lay in moral influence.

He followed Tito. It was plain enough where the scene was taking place by the crowd at the door. Stephens went up. The sound of blows was audible from inside, but no cry was heard from the victim.

"Where are the chiefs? Where are Tostado, and Benito, and the rest?" he asked. Authority was shared among several of the wisest and richest of the seniors of the village; but they were much too dignified to appear at this performance. The mob consisted of boys, young men, and some of the poorer and less well thought of people.

No one answered Stephen's question. He listened; the blows continued. "He can't be allowed to murder her," he cried. "The whole pueblo will get into a row with government if that happens." He collared two or three boys out of the press. "Here you, Jose, Miguel, Juan Antonio, run and fetch Tostado here and the other chiefs. Say I want them to come."

The boys obeyed him; and the American, squeezing into the gap he had made in the crowd, knocked loudly at the door. There was no answer to the knock, but the blows stopped. He knocked again, calling, "Hullo, Salvador! Hullo there!"

"Look out, Don Estevan," called out some of the boys. "He's furious. May be he'll go for you."

He listened for an answer, but none was given. Then came the sound of the whip again. Stephens shouted again, but in vain. He looked round for the chiefs. There was no sign of any of them yet.

"I can't stand this any longer," said he.

"Give me room, you fellows." He stood back four or five feet from the door, and raising his right foot dashed it against the lock.

The fastenings were old and the door flew open. He stepped over the threshold and entered. The crowd behind him hung back. In the middle of the floor, full length on her face, lay the form of Josefa. Her arms were bare: she had thrown them up to protect her head, and the marks of the whip were only too visible. She lay perfectly silent and still, a slight quivering of her limbs alone showing that she was alive. The Indian stood across her with his uplifted whip in his hand. He glared fiercely at the American who advanced towards him.

Stephens did not meet the cacique's eye. He was looking down at the prostrate figure on the ground. "So you've brought her back, Salvador," he remarked in an unruffled, every day voice.

"Yes I have," he replied brutally; "and I've given her something to keep her from ever running away again."

"It looks like it," said Stephens.

He took one hand out of his pocket, stooped down, and felt her head. "It looks like she'd never run anywhere again," he said.

He did not really believe that she was killed, but he thought it politic to assume so. His position placed him absolutely at the mercy of the Indian; but his voice, his manner, and his action, conveyed the assumption that it was absolutely impossible that the Indian should dream of attacking him.

His coolness succeeded. The cacique lowered his whip and stepped back, while Stephens moved the girl's arms gently from her head. They fell limp on the earthen floor.

Stephens had seen some wild doings in Californian mining towns but he never had seen a woman beaten in his life. Those limp arms sent a queer thrill through him. A sudden fury rose within him, but he mas-

tered it. He felt her head all over slowly and carefully to see if the skull was fractured — as indeed it might well have been, had she been struck with the loaded whip handle. This gave him time to think of his next move.

"If you've killed her, you'll be hanged for it, Salvador," he said at last, in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone. "You and she are not citizens, but you'll be hanged all the same. The law of the Americans reaches here, understand that."

The Indian, whose passion was really more under control than seemed to be the case, was somewhat cowed at Stephens's deliberate statement, but he rejoined sullenly, "She's not dead. Lashes don't kill."

"You will have to answer for it if she dies," said Stephens getting up. He had satisfied himself that the girl was not seriously injured.

"Not to you then," said the Indian, his courage reviving when he realized that the threat was after all blank cartridge, seeing that the girl was alive. He tried to work himself into a rage again, "What do you break into my house for and interfere with me? I'll do what I like with my own." He stepped forward close to Stephens, between him and Josefa. "Go out or I'll kill you," he said, raising his voice to a tone of fury.

For a moment the American paused uncertain. The Indian was a powerful man twenty years younger than himself, well armed with knife, pistol, and loaded whip, to say nothing of his fifty friends outside the door. The hesitation was momentary. "I can't leave this girl to that brute's mercy," he said to himself. "Perhaps I can back him down."

He looked Salvador square in the eyes. "Where's Felipe?" said he calmly. "You must answer for him too. Have you killed him?"

"None of your business," said the Indian roughly. "Be off!" and he raised his hand.

At this moment Josefa, hitherto as still as a corpse, turned her face from the floor, but without rising. She looked up at Stephens. "He gave him two shots," she said, in a voice wonderfully steady considering the pain she was enduring. "I saw him fall."

"Then I arrest you for the murder of Felipe. You are my prisoner. Give up your arms."

The only answer the cacique made to this demand was to take out his revolver, but instead of surrendering it he thrust the muzzle in Stephens's face, cocking it as he did so.

The steady gaze of the American met without quailing the black, flashing eyes of the Indian. Gray eyes against black, white man against red, the strife is as old as the history of the continent they stood upon: perhaps it will last as long.

"You can kill me, I know, of course," said the American speaking very slowly and distinctly; "but you can't kill all the soldiers of the government. You may kill me today, but tomorrow the soldiers will come from Santa Fé and take you prisoner; and if you make your people resist they will destroy you. The Navajoes were twenty thousand, but the soldiers conquered them. You are only three hundred. They will conquer you and take you away as they did the Navajoes, as they did the Ticarillas, as they have done the Modocs." He raised his left hand very gently and took hold of the pistol barrel. "Don't destroy your people, Salvador," he continued. "You know I wish them well. Loose it."

The Indian's grasp relaxed; he drew a deep breath and stepped back. Stephens lowered the pistol to his own right hand, muzzle upwards, uncocked it, and placed it in his waist belt.

"Now come with me to my room," said he, taking him gently but firmly by the arm. The struggle for the mastery was over; the Indian had yielded; he obeyed unresistingly. As they stepped out of the house,

Stephens said to Tito, "Tell the women to see to the girl."

Outside they found Tostado and the other chiefs approaching—not too fast. It was very plain that they did not want to interfere in the matter. Stephens took his man towards them.

"Look here, Tostado," said he as soon as they met. "I have arrested Salvador for shooting Felipe. I am going to take him to Santa Fé, to the agent and to the governor. Now I want some of you to go along and see that it is all right and square."

The Indians began to converse among themselves.

"Come along to my room then and talk it over," said Stephens, and he went ahead with his prisoner, reluctantly followed by the chiefs.

VIII.

The whole party came into Stephens's room and settled themselves round the wall on the floor, much as they had done the night before. Stephens seated his prisoner on a stool in the middle, and taking the cacique's revolver from his belt laid it on the table. As he did so, he drew the attention of Tostado, who was next to him to the two recently discharged chambers in the cylinder. "Those were the shots," said he.

"May be so, Don Estevan," answered the Indian, a very fine, dignified-looking old man, with great suavity of manner. "We know that your honor is very wise and very just. But before we do anything about it we want to know what Salvador has to say, we have not heard him yet."

"I do not want to conceal anything," said the cacique abruptly. "I saw them from the top of the hill that leads down from the mesas to La Boca. I went straight to the river to them. He was on foot driving the horse, trying to drive him into the river. I fired at him once, twice. He ran away and stopped. I took my horse and

my daughter, and I brought them home. He ran after us, but he fell down. I saw him lying there the last thing from the hill. If he is dead, he is dead. I do not know any more."

His story was so straightforward and simple that it was convincing.

"Where did you say all this happened?" asked Stephens.

"On the river, down below La Boca a league," answered the Indian.

The chiefs began to question him about the details of the affair. He described to them the position of the fugitives when he overtook them and the refusal of the terrified horse to enter the swollen river.

"Then Felipe was not riding your horse," observed Stephens, who was listening, for in deference to him they spoke in Spanish for the time being.

"No, he was on foot. He was driving the horse," was the reply of the cacique.

"I suppose your daughter was on the horse?" said Stephens.

"Yes, he was taking them both along," answered the Indian.

"How old is she?" asked the prospector. "She looks almost a woman grown."

The Indian reflected a little while. "She was a little child so high," he answered at last, "when there was the great war in the States"—and he held his hand at a height to indicate a child of two years old.

"She must be eighteen now, then," said Stephens.

"I suppose so. Yes, if you say so," admitted the Indian.

"Then she is not a child," said Stephens, "and she can marry him or any one she likes. You have no right to prevent her. Understand that. This is a free country. By the law a woman is as free as a man; she may go where she likes and marry whom she likes. She is not a slave and don't you fancy it. No American can strike a woman; that is the deepest of shames."

He paused after this, for him, unusually

long speech, which was intended quite as much for the benefit of the other Indians as the cacique. The American felt a little elated at the thought that single-handed he had been able to arrest their cacique in their midst, and he could not resist improving the occasion.

There was a minute's silence, and then Tostado fixed his keen black eyes on the American's face. "Listen to me, Señor Don Estevan," he said. "The Americans have their way; that is good for them. The Mexicans have their way; that is good for them. And the wild Indians, the Utes, and the Comanches, and the Navajoes too, they have their own ways. And we, we have our laws. We don't change them. I know if one Indian kills another then the law of the Americans is to judge him; but the rest of the things, we manage among ourselves. The government gives us that right. We have our own alcalde. We have our own customs. And when men and women do wrong together we beat them. Then they are afraid. That is why our women are so good. Not like the Mexicans. That is good for us. We do not want to change."

"But," cried Stephens, "if it is your custom to beat the women like dogs, you ought to change it. Everybody knows that that is shameful."

"For the Americans," said the old Indian, with the air of a man making an extremely reasonable concession, "I do not say anything. Let them have their ways and treat their women as seems good to them. So they are content; that is right. But we have our ways; we do not want to change: we are content to be as we are."

Stephens felt nonplussed. It seemed to him that he was not much of a success as a missionary on the rights of women, and he felt too that in this discussion he had wandered from the main point. After all, he had arrested his man for the murder of Felipe and not for beating his daughter,

though his motive in doing so had been to rescue the helpless woman.

"You have heard Salvador's story," he said to the chiefs abruptly. "Suppose we go and hear that of the witness, if she is able to speak."

They assented at once, and Stephens, bidding Salvador himself remain where he was, led the way. On arriving at the house they found the girl laid on some skins in an inner room. Stephens went into the room and knelt down beside her, the others remaining beyond the open door.

She opened her eyes, and perceiving who it was gave him a meaning look. "You have saved me once," she whispered. "Can you save me again? *She* is making poison for me. I have seen," and her eyes turned towards her stepmother, who was mixing something in a gourd at the end of the room.

Stephens gave a low whistle. "This is a queer business," he muttered to himself. "I wonder if the girl's telling lies. Maybe she's gone off her nut. Likely enough after such a hammering. The old woman does n't look such a bad lot. After all," he went on thinking, "perhaps I had better get her away. These folks can be pretty low down when they try."

"Can you move?" said he to the girl. "Can you walk?"

"Yes," she answered. "I am quite strong. Only I am looking how to escape."

Neither fatigue, nor bodily pain, nor mental torture, had robbed her of her senses or tamed her spirit. Since the blows which she had endured with such stoical courage had ceased she had been collecting herself, conquering the pain and trying to think. She had recognized a friend in the touch of Stephens's hand and in the tones of his voice. She had made up her mind to appeal to him if possible for aid, and now here he was at her side.

"Can you take me away?" she whispered.

"All right," he answered. "I'll see what I can do."

He got up and went to the door and addressed Tostado. "She is able to get up and to talk," he said. "It will be best to have her come over to my room there and hear what she has to say."

They assented. The American felt all through that though the chiefs did not directly oppose him their feeling was against him. He led the way and they followed reluctantly. Josefa, a blanket thrown over her and drawn over her head so as to conceal her face all but the eyes, accompanied Stephens.

They entered the American's room and sat down as before, the girl sitting on the ground near the fireplace. She answered the questions put to her in a low but firm voice.

Her statement tallied exactly with the cacique's. She had seen her lover's blood flow, and the last she had seen of him as she looked back was his figure stretched on the sand. After hearing her, evidence Stephens felt no doubt that Felipe had been murdered.

"I must secure her somehow," he said to himself. "She'll be wanted as a witness. I suppose his confession alone won't be enough. And she certainly believes the cacique's wife'll kill her if I leave her there. She ain't fit to go to Santa Fé and there's nothing for her to ride, if she was. I'll have to try another plan."

"Tostado," said he addressing the fine old man, whose wisdom and force of character made him by far the most influential of the chiefs, "you told me just now that you had your own customs that you did not want ever to change."

"Yes, señor," said he.

"Well, it is your custom, is it not? that an unmarried woman belongs to her father and that he can give her to any one he pleases."

"Yes," said Tostado. "That is, he can give her to any man in the pueblo that has no wife already. But we should not allow

him to give her to any man in another pueblo. We do not allow the women of Santiago to go away."

"Well," continued Stephens, "last night when I had blasted the ditch for you, you all came here and wanted me to stay with you always; and you said that everything you had was mine, and that whatever I asked you for you would give me. Is not that so?"

"Yes," said Tostado simply. "You speak the truth." A general murmur of assent confirmed his statement.

"Now," said Stephens, "I'm going to ask you for something, and I shall see whether Indians mean a thing when they say it. I ask you for the daughter of Salvador — for Josefa."

There was a general movement of surprise. The Indians talked eagerly to one another, but in their own language, so that they were unintelligible to the American. Presently Tostado spoke.

"How do you mean?" said he addressing Stephens. "As your wife?"

"As wife, as servant, as anything I like," he answered. "You say now she belongs to Salvador. I want her to belong to me."

The Indians again conversed among themselves.

"But she's promised to Ignacio," said her father to the others. "The padre's coming tomorrow."

"That makes no odds," said one. "Ignacio does n't want her, now she has run off with Felipe."

"It does n't make any difference if he does," said another. "He's a cowardly old creature; he won't do anything."

"Give him another daughter," said a third, "instead. One that won't run away," he added in an aside for the benefit of the rest. "Perhaps he will give you six cows if you warrant her to stop." The three cows of old Ignacio's bargain were no secret in the pueblo.

The general opinion seemed to be that af-

ter the affair of last night both Salvador and Ignacio would be well rid of Josefa on any terms.

"Besides," said the first speaker, with a meaning look towards the American, "if he really wants her, so much the better for you. He will be as good as your son-in-law. He will never give you up to the agent and the governor then. Much better do it at once."

Salvador rose from his seat and going towards the fireplace took the girl by the shoulder.

"Come here," said he.

She winced at his touch, but she got up and obeyed him. He took her to the American. "Here she is," he said aloud before them all. "I give her to you. Keep her and do what you like with her. From now on she is not mine any longer but yours."

"Do you all agree to that," said Stephens turning to the chiefs.

"Yes," was the reply. "Yes. It is good."

Stephens turned to the crowd, who were peeping in at the door. "Tell Reyna I want her, some of you," said he.

In a minute the old squaw was fetched, and pushed, looking rather sheepish and surprised, into the middle of the room. While she was coming, Stephens had disappeared into the inner room and now came out again with some bags in his hands.

"Look here, Reyna," he began. "They have given Josefa to me. She belongs to me now. I want you to take care of her for me. I'll pay you for your trouble. Here is flour, and meat, and coffee, and sugar for the present."

Reyna was taken aback and looked shyly round at the company. The Indians at once confirmed what Stephens had told her. She took the bags from his hands, and made her way out again through the crowded doorway with a queer look on her puzzled face. She did not quite know what this unaccountable American was up to.

Stephens followed her with the girl. They entered the house of Reyna together.

"You will be quite safe here with her," he said in a kindly voice. "I'll see that you come to no harm."

The girl turned to him to thank him but no words would come. She was fairly worn out with the strain of this last trying scene, added to her fatigue and cruel anxiety about Felipe's fate.

"Here, Reyna," said the prospector, noticing her condition, "this girl's about played out. You had better see to her at once," and turning on his heel he left the house, closing the door carefully behind him.

As soon as he was outside he looked closely at the group of young men. "Tito," he called.

Tito came to him and they walked together a little apart from the rest. "Look here, Tito," began Stephens, "I've got a job for you. I know you are a friend of Felipe's. I want you to go and look for him. Take my little mule and put your saddle on him. Go over to the Rio Grande and look along near the river about a league below La Boca. If you find him dead, get a man from there to help you with the body. If he's only wounded, have him taken care of or bring him back if you can. Tell him he need not be afraid now. Here's two dollars for expenses. Mind you get some corn for the mule at La Boca. Off with you as soon as you can."

Tito did not need telling twice. "I'll do just what you say, Don Estevan," he said, as he stowed the money in a little pouch on his belt, and away he flew like the wind.

The American returned to his own house. He found Tostado awaiting him at the door. The other chiefs had disappeared. Salvador's wife had come with food which she had prepared for her husband.

"It was time for dinner, Don Estevan," explained Tostado, "and they have gone home. The woman has brought Salvador's here."

"He could have eaten with me for all that," said Stephens, "but we hadn't decided about who was to go to Santa Fé with me. Will you?"

"Well, I have no horse here, Don Estevan," said the old man. "After dinner we will see about it."

"Very well," said Stephens in a grumbling tone. "I suppose we must wait their pleasure. It is n't much running off to dinner there'd be if it was anything they wanted to do."

However, there was nothing to do but wait, and Stephens had plenty of time to do his own cooking in the interval. It was more than an hour before the chiefs were reassembled — having indeed to be sent for by Stephens individually; but by persistence he got them together at last and proceeded to business.

"Now friends," he began "who is going with me to Santa Fé? — Don't all speak at once," he added in English for his own benefit, smiling grimly as he saw the blank look on their faces as he renewed his unwelcome proposal. "Will you go, Benito?" he said determined to press them one by one.

The Indian instead of replying conversed rapidly with the others. They had hoped that the transfer of Josefa to Stephens might have modified the American's absurd passion for what he considered to be justice.

"Look here, Don Estevan," began Benito, "It is better to wait. Tomorrow, when Tito gets back, then —"

"O, nonsense!" broke in Stephens impatiently, "Tito may n't be back for a week, and it makes no odds about him anyhow."

"But," interrupted Ramon, another of the chiefs, "we have got no horses here. You have your own mare and the mule for Salvador, but we have none. When Tito comes back with your other mule —"

"O, Tito be bothered!" said the American. "I tell you we don't want him."

Suddenly there was a shout outside: "Tito! Tito! There he is coming."

"Talk of the Devil!" exclaimed Stephens

as he hastened to the door to learn the news.

"Here he is! He's got him! He's got Felipe!" cried the Indians, as a mule carrying double was seen to pass rapidly round the corner of the corrals and make straight for the door where the prospector was standing.

IX.

When the triumphant cacique rode off with the daughter he had recaptured on the banks of the Rio Grande, he left Felipe stretched upon the ground, breathless from his last desperate rush and half stupefied with despair. The angry voice of the cacique sounded farther and farther off; the hoof beats of the horses died away in the distance. Felipe lifted his head from the sand: he was alone under the wide sky by the great river. The monotonous rush of the water seemed to intensify the stillness; the sun blazed down out of the blue sky; everything was at peace except the despairing, rebellious heart of the boy alone in the desert. How could everything go on so quietly when such a wicked thing had just been done? Why did not the cacique's horse stumble and fall and kill him as he deserved? Why was life so full of injustice and cruelty?

Poor Felipe! The first time that it is brought home to us that the scheme of events has not been arranged for our personal satisfaction, nay, that it may involve our extreme personal misery, is a hard trial — too hard sometimes for a philosopher; how much more so for a poor, untaught Indian boy.

"Cruel, savage, barbarous," he groaned, as he thought of the blows that had rained down upon the shrinking form of his sweetheart. "Poor little thing! Poor little Josefa! I can do nothing for you now; I had best go and drown myself — there is nothing left to live for." He got up and walked deliberately toward the river.

But before he reached the brink he had had time to reflect. "Nothing left to live for?" he thought. "Yes, there is. I could kill Salvador first. I could get my father's gun and do it. I don't care if they do hang me afterwards."

He knelt down on the river bank, and bending his head over the water he dipped his left hand in, and by a quick throwing movement of the wrist tossed a continuous stream of water into his mouth in the wonderful Indian fashion, which gives quite the effect of a dog lapping. As he quenched his burning thirst and felt the cool, refreshing dash of the water against his face, his spirit rose.

"I'll go straight back," he said to himself, with a dangerous expression on his set face. "I don't need any rest. I'll be there before the sun's much past noon, and he'll be dead before night."

He washed the blood from his right arm and examined the wound. The bullet had struck him between the elbow and shoulder and had passed out again without touching the bone. The second shot had missed him. He tore some strips from his shirt, and bound it up as well as he could with his left hand aided by his teeth.

He drew his belt tighter to keep off hunger, and drank again before facing the nine leagues of waterless desert between him and Santiago. He looked at the rolling river and at the farther shore where he had so longed to be. "*Rio maldito!*" he cried. "Accursed stream, what happiness you have robbed me of! what misery you have wrought us! Why could you not wait only one day longer?" He turned away, set his face towards the pueblo, and began his weary journey.

He soon found the weight of his arm grow more and more painful as his pulse beat faster with movement, and he had to carry it across his body, supporting it with the other. But he pushed on with a steady untiring gait, showing the marvelous power of

his race to bear pain, and fatigue, and hunger, and thirst. On all the Western frontier there is no white man that is not proud to be credited with "Indian endurance."

Curiously enough, he felt no fear. The cacique's threat to kill him did not affect his purpose in the slightest. He had recoiled from instant death when the pistol cracked in his face, but that was only instinctive, defenseless as he was against a man with fire-arms. He felt no shame at having done so. It did not seem to him cowardly to avoid being killed if he could. But he did not flinch for a moment when he thought of returning to the pueblo. No doubt Salvador would try to carry out his threat. "Well," thought he, "I must be beforehand with him. If I can't hold my father's gun with this sore arm, I must get Tito's pistol; Tito is my friend; he will not be afraid to let me have it."

The sun rose high in the heavens and beat down upon him as he toiled along, parching him with thirst. He was traveling the same trail back to Santiago that he had traversed the night before. The tracks of the horses going and returning were plainly visible. But what a change for him! A few hours before he had ridden that way feeling every inch a man, with his sweetheart in his arms and the happiness of a lifetime within his grasp; and now — ! As the thought stung him he pulled himself together and forced his weary feet to carry him on faster.

When he reached the edge of the mesa he was crossing he looked down into the sandy valley that separated him from the next one; and there right below him, coming at brisk pace, was a mounted Indian. He instantly crouched down to watch if the new comer were friend or foe; but in a minute he sprang from his concealment. It was Tito, Tito on the mule of the American.

With a joyful cry he ran to meet him. Tito knew him and shouted back in welcome. "Why Felipe!" he cried, "I was looking

for your body, and here you are alive. Jump up and I'll take you right back. But you're wounded," he added, seeing his arm bound up. "Is it bad? Let me help you up," and he jumped off to help his friend to mount to the saddle.

"Salvador gave me a shot," answered Felipe as he got on with Tito's help; "but it's not very bad."

Tito turned the mule's head round towards Santiago, and jumping on behind struck out for home. The tough little mule made light of the double burden and rejoicing in the prospect of going back to his beloved mare, set off briskly.

"Now tell me all about it," said Tito eagerly.

"Tell me first," answered Felipe, "where is Salvador? What has he done with Josefa?"

"Salvador is made prisoner by the Americano," replied Tito, "for killing you. They think you're dead over there, and they've given Josefa to Don Estevan to keep him from taking the cacique to Santa Fé. He asked for her." Felipe's heart gave a sudden bound. He knew of course that there were white men in many of the Indian tribes with half-breed families, but he had never thought of Don Estevan as that sort of man.

"*Valgame Dios!*" he cried. "What does he want her for?" "Who knows?" replied Tito guardedly. "Perhaps he wants some one to cook for him, and to take care of the house when he is away. It was he that stopped the cacique from beating her."

"*Valgame Dios!*" said Felipe again. He hardly heard the rest of Tito's story. He was filled with new fears. Was every one against him? Was the Americano, of all men in the world, to be the one to supplant him? He remained silent a while, but his suspicions were too strong to be entirely concealed.

"How did he ask for her?" he inquired. "Tell me, Tito."

"He said the pueblo had agreed to give

him anything he wanted for blasting the rock," answered Tito; "and he said that he wanted her. So Salvador gave her to him. They all told Salvador to do it, for they thought then he would n't want to take him to Santa Fé. They all agreed to it. Don Estevan put her with Reyna. She's there now."

"Tito," said Felipe very earnestly, "will you lend me your pistol?"

"What for?" said Tito.

Felipe hesitated. Two conflicting plans of vengeance were struggling within him. Then he answered, "The cacique said he'd kill me if I came back. If he has a pistol, I ought to have one. It was n't fair there by the river."

"Nonsense," said Tito. "He's not going to kill you. Did n't Don Estevan make him a prisoner because he thought he had? Why, he was going to take him to Santa Fé to be hanged for it. The cacique was frightened, I can tell you. He won't touch you now, Felipe. Don Estevan won't let him."

"O, I'm sick of hearing of Don Estevan," broke in Felipe impatiently. "Why won't you lend it to me, Tito? You used to."

"That was to go after wild cows," said Tito. "Now I don't know what you want."

"I want to defend myself," said Felipe in a hurt tone.

"But there's no need to," said Tito. "Never mind what Salvador said. He was angry then. He is frightened now. Don't you mind him. It'll be all right. I'm taking you straight back to Don Estevan, just as he told me. He'll manage it."

It was easy to see who was Tito's hero just now.

They came to the edge of the last mesa and looked down upon the Santiago Valley. Tito jumped off to ease the mule, who cleverly picked his way down the steep, rocky escarpment. At the bottom he sprang on again and they cantered in the last league over the lowlands.

Felipe resigned himself to fate. "If he wrongs her, I'll have his heart's blood," he thought, but the imaginary "he" was not the cacique.

They reached the corrals, and they heard the cry raised of "Tito's coming! Tito's here!" They pushed on through the crowd to the American's house, and Tito, proud of his success, sprang off as Stephens appeared in the doorway.

"I have brought him, Don Estevan," he said, as he aided his friend to dismount. "Here's Felipe. He's not dead, but he has a bullet wound."

"Well done, Tito," said Stephens, "good for you."

Felipe looked haggard enough as Stephens put his hand under his left arm to support him into the house—but the pallor he showed was due not alone to his exhausted condition or to his wound; he doubted whether the man who was supporting him so tenderly was not his worst enemy. And yet it was on this very man he was depending now to save him from the other, who had sworn to take his life. Felipe's heart was torn by conflicting emotions, but he made no sign; all he could do was to wait.

The American brought him in and set him down on his own bed. Felipe saw that the chiefs were in the room, and that Salvador's cruel eyes were fixed on him. But Salvador remained sitting; he seemed in doubt.

"Where are you hit, Felipe?" said Stephens.

"Here in the arm," said the boy, pointing to the place.

Stephens noticed his parched lips and brought him a dipper of water. Felipe drank it eagerly. "I wonder what makes him so kind," he said to himself. "He never did such a thing before." It did not occur to him that he had never before come to see the American with a bullet hole through his arm. His suspicions went on working. "If he means to keep Josefa

himself, perhaps he wants to make friends with me."

Stephens took the dipper from him when he had finished drinking, and then said, "I thought you were hit twice."

"No," said the boy. "The second shot missed. This was the first."

Suddenly the cacique sprang up and stood in the middle of the room.

"I'm not your prisoner any longer, Señor el Americano," said he abruptly in his old defiant tone. "This boy is all right. And I want my daughter back."

"You can be punished for trying to kill him though," said Stephens, "whether he dies or no. But if he proves not to be badly hurt I have no wish to make more trouble about it, if you promise to be peaceable. As for Josefa, she is mine. You have no claim to her at all now. She is mine as payment for blasting the rock. Is not that so?" he asked turning to the chiefs.

"Yes, yes, that is so," they assented promptly. And they gave Salvador to understand that he must abide by his own act.

Salvador, though cacique, was very far indeed from being a despot. He might almost be said to reign but not govern. He was the titular head of the pueblo, but without the support of the chiefs his power amounted to little.

Stephens examined Felipe's arm and satisfied himself that the bone was not broken.

"I'll find some one to do it up for you directly," he said when he had finished; and turning to the chiefs, "The wound seems not to be very bad," he observed; but I shall send an account of the affair to the agent and tell him all about it. If Salvador will undertake to keep the peace for the future, and not to interfere with the boy or his family in any way, I think I can say that as he acted under provocation he shall hear no more of it. But let him understand that if he gives them any trouble, he can still be punished for it, and the soldiers shall be sent from Santa Fé to fetch him."

This threat was a considerable stretch on the part of Stephens, as he himself knew that the odds were that the agent would entirely decline to be troubled about the matter; but none the less it made an evident impression upon the company. The fact was that though they sided with their cacique when he was in a dangerous position, they were not sorry to see him receive a decided snub; for he was far from popular, owing to his bullying manners towards the poorer Indians.

"Finally," said Stephens, "when the padre comes tomorrow, I mean to give Josefa to this boy to wife."

At this startling announcement Felipe sprang up. He threw himself on his knees as if he were going to worship the American.

"I am going to buy ten cows with young calves, and let Felipe have them on the shares; so they will have plenty of cows to milk, and in a few years they will have oxen and cows of their own. I shall come back here in the winter as I have been used to do, and see how they are getting on; and then I can blast the ditch for you again when you want it."

At this there was a murmur of approbation from the crowd in the doorway, upon whom rather than on the chiefs the labor of

repairing the acequia had hitherto fallen. "Now, Felipe," he continued, "I've got something to show you. Come along. I've got some medicine for you." He led him to Reyna's door, opened it, and pushed him gently inside.

"Here, Josefa," he called out; "here's a wounded man for you to mend."

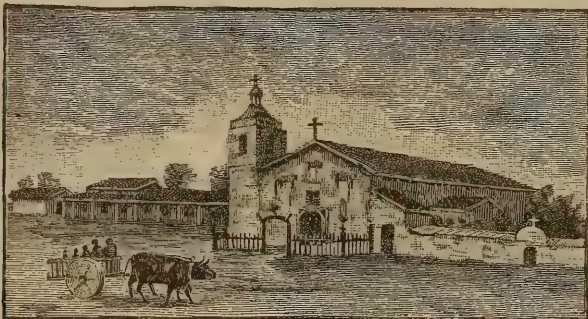
The girl sprang towards him, "O, Felipe!" she exclaimed, "Then you were not killed!" And with a cry of joy the lovers fell into each other's arms.

The American closed the door with a curious smile on his face. "Bless you, my children!" he remarked, "as they say at the variety theatres. I hain't been a 'heavy father' long, and I ain't sorry to be quit of the job. Now I wonder who's going with me to the sierra? One more good man undone, so I s'pose I've got to look out for a new boy."

The padre came next day and married the pair; and they lived happily enough in the house of Athanacio till his death, as the cacique had the discretion to leave them severely alone. But the cacique maintains to this day that the Americano maneuvered him out of the value of three cows, and that the pueblo ought in fairness to reimburse him for the expenses of blasting the acequia madre of Santiago.

R. B. Townshend.

[THE END.]



CHRONICLES OF CAMP WRIGHT.—IV.

THE REDWOODS.

Scattered along the banks of the South Eel from its confluence with the Tom-ki to the main Eel River, lived the Redwoods, or Moigh-nomes, as they called themselves. When this tribe came on the reservation they were classified as the Redwood Indians through a clerical error of the reservation authorities, and Redwoods they have remained ever since. Properly speaking they are the South Eel River Indians.

They are very intelligent, proud of the traditions of their tribe and endowed with a fair share of poetic fancy. In their account of the creation they hold that a Supreme Being has always existed, and that he will exist until the end of time, or forever. This Being made the earth and everything that has life on it, in the waters and in the air. When the earth was made he stood at one end and from thence stepped upon the morning star, and bade it move onward toward the sky, that he might gaze upon his work; and when the star reached the other end of the world he rose from upon it and went up to his home on high, beyond the clouds. Ever since that time the sun, moon, and stars have gone onward on their way in the same manner, circling the earth as it were, each in its own time as ordained, and they will do so until God wills it otherwise. These celestial bodies watch over the interests of human beings and rule the destinies of mankind. All the different kinds of animals having existence on the earth, in the water, and in the sky, have each a king, or master, who remains always near the Supreme Being and who rules from thence and watches over his kind. The master of the Indians, no matter of what color, is God.

Their traditions tell of a great fire and of a deluge, which at different times destroyed all living things on earth. These scourges were sent down by the Almighty as punishments for the wickedness and sins of his children, who became bad through the wiles of Coyote, the embodiment of all perversity. Coyote will live until God gathers all his children around him, those who have passed and those who will come hereafter, to live happily forever and ever, when Coyote will cease to exist and will never be again.

It is astonishing how closely some of the legends of the Redwoods resemble some of the superstitions still existing in many parts of Europe. Often at night, in the early spring and late fall of the year, a sound is heard in the mountains like the rush of a great wind moving onward; the dry twigs break as if beneath the hurrying of many feet; the baying of ghostly hounds is borne upon the breeze; and the Indian who hears it coming throws himself down upon his face, for the chase of the wild huntsman is nearing him — “die Jagd von dem wilden Jäger” — of the Rhinelands and the “Schwarzwald,” the “chasse du Grand Ven- eur” of the South of France. The bed of the Eel Rivers, thickly strewn with gigantic boulders, looking white and ghostly under the moonbeams, is the home of the dreaded sad white lady, the “dame blanche des marais” of the Redwoods — a belief somewhat similar to the Okah-tuh of the Yukas and known by the same name, but far more poetic. Long ages since, when the Redwoods were a powerful tribe, a religious custom obtained among them of going down into the sweat-houses in the spring of the

year or early summer and worshiping therein for a certain number of days. Upon coming out the worshipers did penance for their sins, which they had confessed in common, either by preserving a complete silence for two days from sunrise to sunset, or by not looking up to the sky for the same length of time.

There lived in those days a fair young maiden, whose skin was almost white, with long silky hair coming down nearly to her feet and covering a slender form proportioned as if from a divine mould. She was the beauty and the pride of the Moigh-nomes. One early summer day, just after the yearly worship, having chosen the penitential silence, she went with her mother to gather the budding clover, which grew in abundance on the sunny slopes along the banks of the river.

Strolling here and there, filling their baskets as they went, they came at last upon a pleasant greensward overhanging a deep pool in the river walled in by immense bowlders, the submerged parts of which were thickly covered with marine moss. On one side grew clusters of madrone and manzanita interlaced with boughs of hazel, dwarf-oak, and larch. The water was exceedingly clear and the many colored pebbles at the bottom sparkled like rubies and emeralds, just as if a basket of precious gems had been overturned to make the spot still brighter. Flecks of sunshine and fluttering shadows of myriad leaves lay on the untrodden grass around it, and not a sound save the song of the birds broke the stillness of the place.

As the two women gazed into the limpid water a large white fish threw itself sportively half out; and the young girl forgetting her penance cried aloud:

"O, mother, if we only had that beautiful fish to take back with us, what a good supper my father would have — would n't he, mother?"

"Child," answered the mother, "what have you done? You have forgotten your

vow of silence and must go back to the sweat-house again and pray to be forgiven; besides," she added, "who knows but that this fish may be the king of his kind or a water-god?"

As the maid listened to the chidings of her mother she became very sad, but consoled herself at last with the thought that her vow had been broken inadvertently, not willingly, and that perhaps she would be forgiven on that account; and as the sun went down behind the mountains they hied homeward with well filled baskets and forgot all about the matter, except that the young girl kept on regretting within herself that she had not the fish.

That evening, as they were sitting after supper around the fire in the centre of the wigwam, they heard, all at once, a sound as if of advancing waters, gradually becoming louder and louder until it sounded as if at the very door; and looking up, the terrified listeners beheld a large wave advancing, until it halted near the fire in their midst. Upon its crest it bore a large, white fish.

Then a voice spoke, a voice sweet but peculiar, as if heard through water.

"Fair flower of the Moigh-nomes, your wish when looking down upon the river pool was heard, and I bring you the fish. Do with it as you will."

But the young girl had become speechless from astonishment and fear; and as no answering words came from her lips, the voice spoke again:

"The water king has looked upon your fair, young face, and the love in his heart is strong for the daughter of man. Your silence refuses the gift for which you wished; but hereafter your home must be with me beneath the deep waters."

As the last words were heard, in the place of the fish stood a tall, sad-faced being, far handsomer and nobler looking than the sons of man, despite the sadness on his face. Claspings the young girl in his arms, he was borne back by the wave, which at

once receded, and the shrieks of the maiden were heard afar off calling for help from her people. But they remained horror-stricken and too much frightened to offer a resistance, which would in any case have proved unavailing. Afar off her white form was seen in the arms of the spirit, standing upon one of the bowlders walling the river pool, and her last shriek was drowned in the sound of splashing waters as the water god sprang back to his home.

But since then the white lady often revisits the surface of the earth. In the winter nights, when the rivers are high and swollen by the mountain torrents, when the wind dies away for a time in the lulls of the storm, the sound of her moans startles the momentary stillness of the night, and comes upon the ear with inexpressible mournfulness, like the sound of a passing bell heard at sea, when the hearts of mariners returning home are fevered and anxious. And in the waning light, or when the moon shines forth for a moment through the thick clouds flying athwart its disc, a white robed form with long disheveled hair is seen wailing and despairing upon the gray bowlders; and woe to the poor belated Indian who gazes into her mournful eyes; like the sound of the flapping of the wings of the Aupal the eyes draw him on and on until clasping him in her arms she springs back to her home beneath the deep waters, and her prey is never seen again; for the white lady never forgets that her shrieks of terror and her cries for help were once unheeded by her people.

The descendants of the white lady and of the water-god are many, and like her, fair to look upon. They do not live in the water, but remain in the mountains, and whenever the game gives out all at once in places where it was plentiful before, the Indians know that the "white folk" have been there, for they are famous hunters—male and female—and can charm the game at will. The medicine men only can look upon these

people; to all others they are invisible. Unlike their mother, having no wrong to avenge, they are harmless, although powerful.

Not many years ago, but before the whites came to California, a medicine man of the Moigh-nomes was out hunting with a companion, and they halted to rest at the junction of the South Fork with the Eel River, where the present trail to Cahto crosses them both. As the medicine man was sitting with his back to a tree, looking toward the mountain down which the trail is now wending and on the side of Round Valley near the Weston Peaks, he perceived a white woman coming down the mountain toward him evidently making for the river between them. She was beautiful to look upon, with long black hair hanging down behind her in neatly braided tresses, and clad in a long white robe thickly embroidered with many colored beads and the feathers of birds.

Having reached the river she selected the spot where the water was clear and deep, and unrobing, bathed her limbs in the cool water. She then replaced her garment, and having dressed her hair was about to return whence she came, when she was met by the hunter, who by this time had determined to kill her with the view of possessing himself of her beautiful beaded robe, and who had advanced upon her unperceived while she was bathing, having already fitted an arrow to his bow.

The arrow struck her shoulder and a stream of blood ran out of it, discoloring the white robe with a long red streak, which soon reached to her feet. As she felt the wound a cry, half of pain and half of anger, came from her lips; and raising her hand she drew from the bosom of her robe a large-sized, sharp-pointed flint stone, attached to a string, and threw it with all her might at the hunter, who sprang behind a large tree just in time to save himself.

The stone struck the tree making a deep indentation, and a quick pull at the string

brought the missile back to her hand, and with it she chased the hunter around the tree whirling and throwing the stone as she ran, missing each and every time, but leaving the marks in the tree, which was soon circled with deep cuts as if with an axe. The hunter, dizzy and almost tired out, succeeded at last in fitting another arrow to his bow, and turning about quickly in his tracks sped the arrow through her bosom. She fell down at the foot of the tree, to all appearances dead.

As she fell, a long, mournful cry came from her lips; and at once, from every side, the cry came back, as if in answer. Trembling with fear and forgetting his cupidity, the medicine man ran away with his companion, who had not seen the woman but had heard her cry and the answers resounding all around. As he ran, the hunter bethought himself of the White Lady, and dire forebodings of coming evil passed through his mind at the thought that, in all likelihood, the murdered woman was one of her offspring and that evil fortune would follow him wherever he went.

Having at last placed a long distance between them and the haunted spot, the two men halted, made a fire, and holding their heads above it, burned off their hair—the great preventative in those days against enchantments. When they came to the rancheria of their tribe they related the circumstances; and the whole tribe, believing that there is strength in numbers, went to the spot in a body to look upon the mysterious woman and the wonderful beaded robe.

The tree bore the marks of the conflict, but neither corpse nor woman was there. The blood also had disappeared. Only the tracks of two small feet were visible, pointing in the same direction from which they came when the medicine man had seen her coming down the hill toward the river, and the Indians went back as they came, empty handed and with unsatisfied curiosity.

But ever after this the luck of the hunter

was gone and his fame as a medicine man went with it. No matter what he shot at, he always missed, and his presence in the wigwam of the sick was equivalent to a death warrant. He died at last broken-hearted over the many misfortunes that sprang up around him wherever he went.

His bad fortune died with him, for his son was singularly fortunate, especially as a hunter. Hunting one day toward evening on the north side of Mount Ethel, he saw the light of a small fire burning in what appeared to be the opening of a cavern on the side of the mountain; and advancing cautiously he discovered several of the "white folk" sitting near it with their backs toward the opening. Near each, lying carelessly on the ground, was a stick or cane some three feet in length, covered with deerskin, with a tuft of bird's feathers at one end; it was nothing less than the famous charmed hunting wand of the descendants of the White Lady.

Crawling warily on all fours the man succeeded in possessing himself of one of these sticks and making his escape unperceived by the elfin family. From this time forth he was looked upon as the mightiest hunter in the tribe. He slew game at pleasure and supplied the Moigh-nomes at all times with as much meat as they could eat. When he whirled the charmed stick around his head, the deer gathered about him half-tamed, and even the ferocious grizzly stood still and allowed itself to be killed. When he died he bequeathed the wand to his son, who in his turn handed it to his eldest son, the father of the last chief of the Moigh-nomes, Tony the Redwood.

But Tony never saw the far-famed hunting wand of the descendants of the White Lady—he only heard of it. Some years after he was born, his father, while hunting, fell asleep under the lee of a large rock on Mount Ethel; as he slept he dreamed that somehow, he was receiving a terrible beating at the hands of some one, and at last he

opened his eyes moaning with pain. As he rose from the ground it almost seemed to him as if, Rip Van Winkle like, (not that he had ever heard of Irving's honest Dutchman,) he had been asleep for twenty years, for he was so stiff and sore all over that he could hardly move. The stick was nowhere to be seen; but the hunter was one mass of bruises from his head to his feet, as if the virtues of the hunting-wand had been tried upon him while asleep — and that is the reason, said honest, delightful Tony to me, that he could not produce the stick as collateral evidence in support of his word.

Ah, Tony! bright-eyed, silver-tongued, cheerful, honest Tony. I believe you without the stick; if truth ever had a temple on earth it was in your heart, simple-minded child of the mountains! And besides, have you not shown me the still remaining evidence of the conflict between the beautiful descendant of the White Lady and the brutal medicine man? Have I not placed my hand upon the still distinguishable cuts in the tree around which the hunter was chased?

One evening, in the latter part of the autumn, as Tony, sitting at my fireside, was eagerly relating the story to me, he noticed a peculiar twinkle in my eyes, which to him seemed to imply some doubts in the case, and he became very much offended, — or rather, to do him justice, his feelings were very much hurt, — and he offered to guide me to the tree in order to judge of the truth in my own person by looking at the still remaining marks of the flint stone in it. So the next day, more to humor him than anything else, we started together upon our tour of verification — Tony assuring me again before starting, that he was sure of his vindication in regard to telling the truth.

Leaving Round Valley by the Cahto trail, we ascended the Black Hills, turning the brow of Mount Ethel near the Lone Peaks, and thence down the mountain side to the junction of the South Fork with the Eel

River. The days were already short, and we reached our objective point late in the afternoon. Sure enough, here was a tree, "And better than all," shouted Tony, much elated, "here are the signs!"

Circling the tree at irregular intervals were the marks as if of a sharp instrument hurled against it, covered with new bark and looking as if made many years since.

I was convinced. There was no refuting this evidence, for the cuts were there.

I would, at least, make a show of resistance to lead Tony on. "The marks are here, Redwood, but where is the murdered White Woman?"

"The White Woman, the White Woman," murmured Tony impressively, almost fearfully. "She may be here, looking at us now."

I confess that I could not help casting a quick, half-startled glance over my shoulder; for I began to place a great deal of faith in Tony.

As I was at that time making a topographical map of the country I began taking field notes of the vicinity; and this done I made a sketch of the spot, for it is interesting and weird. As a touch of the pencil here and there rounded a mountain into shape or brought out the light and shadows about the large bowlders, the eyes of Tony looking over my shoulder rounded into saucers; and when the sketch was completed he complimented it by saying that it was "pretty good."

To please him I added the "White Woman" coming down the hill; and as I gave the last touch to her long hair, Tony, unable to hold out any longer, shouted, "That's her, that's her!"

"But, Tony," said I, "how do you know? You have never seen her?"

"O, but I have, in my mind and in my dreams, as my father told me the story!"

I gravely gazed into the Indian's earnest face and as gravely took off my old campaign hat in a bow to the child of nature; I doubt if ever a more sincere compliment

was ever paid me or if ever I appreciated one more.

The evening shadows were falling fast, and Tony was, somehow, very eager to leave the spot at once. But I bade him kindle a fire while I smoked a pipe and awaited the rising of the moon, for I did not want to go up the narrow trail again until it was lighted by her beams; and Tony, very reluctantly it seemed to me, fulfilled my wish.

While we waited for the moon, I asked Tony to tell me more stories. But he was singularly reticent, and his answers came in whispers, as if fearful of disturbing the stillness of the evening fast closing down. To bribe him I brought out a solitary Havana, which had come to me all the way from Washington, and which I had stowed away in my overcoat pocket that morning to enjoy during the day. But Tony was not to be outdone in generosity. I liked cigars, did I not?

"Yes, very much."

"Then keep the cigar and let me smoke the pipe."

"No, Tony, you must smoke it to please me."

Tony's scruples went up with the smoke of my pipe, and he eagerly reached over and took the cigar out of my hand. Judging from the look of his face, as he watched dreamily the scented smoke gently ascending in fast disappearing spirals, the Havana pleased him. Between the puffs he told me the story of the Ka-mets in the rocky cave above the Tom-ki, until the moon was sailing in mid heaven with the clouds chasing each other slowly across her face, and it was near midnight.

There are few places more lonely and weird than the Eel Rivers by moonlight all the year round, but especially in the late autumn, when nature slowly and reluctantly is about to sink into her winter sleep. These mountain streams are tolerably wide, but seldom filled from bank to bank, except at times in the rainy season after a severe

winter storm, or in the early spring, when the mountain snows are melting and every streamlet has become a torrent, helping to swell the rivers. Abrupt bends and sharp turns occur in their whole length, strewn with white and gray bowlders, or large rocks of all sizes, with deep, dark, mossy holes or pools among them, which under the moonlight or starlight assume all imaginable shapes, strange, weird, and often ghostly. As we started homeward the signs of the approaching yearly rains were beginning to appear: the night air had grown damp and chilly; thick clouds, obscuring every once in a while the face of the moon, were flying northward; while the wind moaned in the tree tops, with the mournful cries of the wild geese going south passing over our heads. The time and the scene were calculated to impress one with gloomy fancies and despite myself I felt oppressed, as if by an unseen influence gradually attaining a mastery over me, and I began to regret having delayed so long.

Crossing the South Fork we had reached the middle of the dry bed of the Eel River, amid the bowlders, when a moan struck upon our ears; and with a low cry, "The White Lady!" Tony Mectock, the last chief of the Redwoods, fell flat upon his face.

I have often heard the expression "one's heart in one's mouth," but I never thoroughly appreciated the saying until then. It is very much like swallowing a large raw oyster, only that it feels as if the operation was made from downward up instead of from upward down. What was it? As I asked myself the question I stood rooted in my tracks as it were, with parted lips and strained ear, catching my breath as I listened for the sound again.

Before us, sitting on a dark bowlder, looking darker by the contrast, was the dim form of a white-robed woman, gazing sadly into the deep pool at her feet, moving as if swaying herself in grief; and the moan came again with horrible distinctness,

What was it? Had the fair and ill-fated daughter of the Moigh-nomes come in person to chide me for my disbelief of the words of the last chief of her people? Was there truth, after all, in the mystic legends of these children of nature and of the mountains?

I took two or three steps to the right. Yes, she was there still. The form appeared more indistinct, but that dark shadow upon the white robe was certainly her long black hair, moved to and fro by the wind.

Another change of position, and it seemed as if the White Lady had thrown herself flat upon the rock to escape my observation.

I stooped and picked up a tolerably large pebble; and with this as an offensive or defensive weapon, as the case might be, I sprang for the boulder.

As I seized hold of a sharp projection to help me upward, I heard a splash as if something rather heavy and swift had sprung or rolled into the water; and in the same moment I stood upon the top of the boulder, looking down upon a deep pool, its surface still agitated by the circling waves of the displaced water, looking silvery in the cool light. On the rock upon which I stood, was a large patch of bluish-gray moss, looking pure white in the moonlight, bright, and obscured again as the clouds passed over the disc of the moon, and as the shadows and light chased one another over the spot, moving as if by life.

"Tony!"

A groan answered me.

"Tony!" this time sharp and clear, the tones liberally seasoned with impatience, for I felt a little ashamed of the queer feeling that but a moment before had possessed me.

The Redwood rose, veiling his eyes with his hand.

"Come, Tony; there is nothing here."

I reached my hand to help him up. He stood by me and I pointed to the white patch — now bright, now dark, as the light fell on it or the clouds swept over it.

"But the splash in the water?" he said.

"A water rat, Tony; or perhaps a rock displaced by my hand, rolling down into it."

We slid down, reached the trail, and looked back. The White Lady sat on her rock again, but this time very indistinct and undeniably like a patch of white moss with the moon shining upon it.

"See, Tony, nothing but the moss on the rock: no White Lady."

As I spoke, the moan came upon our ears again — this time with a slight cadence in it like a croak. Tony looked up into my face inquiringly, and still half fearfully.

"A tree frog, Tony" — and we started homeward.

The entire Redwood tribe has fully discussed the Eel River moonlight episode since then. They have great faith in Tony, for he is their chief, and has been six years at school in San Francisco among the white people. There is no such thing as difference of opinion on the subject among them. The White Lady was there upon the gray boulder looming above the deep river pool. It was her form swaying in grief under the moonbeams; her moans that came to us upon the midnight wind; and as she sprang back, empty-handed, to her home, came the sound of the splashing waters; for, as Tony tells them in mysterious, impressive whispers, she evidently has no power over the whites — only the Indians need fear her.

But sometimes in my own musings I have asked myself if I would not prefer wandering among the Eel Rivers on bright summer days, rather than in the cold moonlight nights of the fall of the year; and the answer has been decidedly in the affirmative.

Tony is as thoughtful as he is honest and kind-hearted. One day in summer we started together for the mountains, the object in view being my initiation into the mysteries of snaring deer and rabbits. Tony entertained the laudable ambition of explaining to me the difference between a

fence snare for rabbits and a snare fence for deer. His endeavors having been successful, I paid my initiation fee, and as the day was very warm — ever so much beyond the “hundreds,” judging from our porous thermometer — the first thing I did upon coming to a little mountain spring was to throw my hat on the ground and myself alongside with the view of allaying my thirst in the pure cold water.

Just in the moment of anticipation, as the water was about to touch my parched lips, Tantalus-like, I felt two strong, supple hands grasping my ankles, a quick backward jerk, and there was the little bubbling spring at least six feet off, and my thirst stronger than ever.

I sprang upon my feet angrily and turning toward Tony, the author of this retrograde motion, fiercely demanded an explanation of this heretofore unheard of liberty on his part — one of which I should have thought him utterly incapable had any one told me of it.

Tony, blushing through his dark skin, apologized humbly; but these mountain springs were uncanny. The *Sakl-choon-cha*, or sucking water babe, was exceedingly dangerous — another moment perhaps and he would have been too late; that was his excuse for his action.

“Oh! thought I,” very much mollified, “a story! I would gladly hear it; but not until after quenching my thirst.”

At Tony’s suggestion I punched with a gentle tap of my hand an indentation in the crown of my hat for a cup; he made a trough of his two hands; and both of us drank, each in his own manner.

“And now for the story of the sucking water babe,” said I.

But not a word would Tony say until we had placed at least fifty yards between it and us; and then, sitting down at the foot of a dine with a cluster of manzanita between us and the sun, he began his story.

Long ago the Yukas had a rancheria on

the west side of the Sanhedrim, just below the point where the road from Covelo to Ukiah now turns the brow of the mountain. One morning one of the best hunters in the tribe started out to hunt the game toward the South Eel. He had made a head-dress of deer antlers as a decoy and through this hoped to be very fortunate. But contrary to his expectations he met with very bad luck; and as the shadows of night began to fall he hied homeward in the twilight, empty-handed, and in an exceedingly bad humor. As he came down the mountain toward home and reached the place where the rancheria usually stood, he found that it had been moved to another place during the day, and that he would have to go some distance yet, fatigued as he already was, before he could rest. This added considerably to his ill-humor. But his angry exclamations were interrupted by a low, wailing cry; and turning he saw a little naked baby crawling on the ground toward him. “Now, upon my word,” exclaimed the hunter, “this is too bad! Here is my lodge gone and my wife with it, and here is my little baby left behind all by himself, and tired out as I am already, I shall have to carry him all the way.”

He advanced his foot toward the babe, intending to raise the little fellow upon it in this manner toward him, and then pick it up with his hands, instead of stooping for it. He no sooner did so, however, than the little thing opened its mouth, closed it again upon the hunter’s big toe, and began to pull backward, crawfish-like, toward the spring near by.

The babe was exceedingly strong, and as the hunter fell on his back and was dragged onward he held on for dear life to everything that came in his way — but unavailingly. If he threw his arm about a rock it came with him, if around a sapling it was pulled up by the roots, and finally the babe and the hunter disappeared in the spring.

Long afterwards his head-dress of deer

antlers was found bubbling out of a spring clear on the other side of the Sanhedrim, toward Elk creek ; but the man was never seen again.

And every once in a while, said Tony, some Indian who forgets his caution for a moment in his thirst and drinks, as I had attempted to do, disappears in the same way.

"Well, but Tony," said I, "if the sucking babe caught hold of the hunter by the big toe, it may do the like with the hands ; of what need, then, being so careful ?"

Tony was puzzled for a moment, but a smile soon chased away the perplexity from his face.

"Well, at any rate," answered he, "it would be better to be pulled by the hand than by the nose,"—to which I agreed without debate.

Dear Tony, classical scholar of the Redwoods! how often have I watched in his wigwam the different emotions succeeding one another upon his honest face as he related to me the stories of his people, and the perplexed expression in his eyes as he wondered how it came about that the old men and crones of his tribe told stories so similar, with precisely the same ideas, that the Reverend Mr. Burchard, the Indian agent, read out of his Bible.

And shall I ever forget how he transferred the perplexity from his face to mine as he told me the story of the two brothers and the bad woman, and how the soul of the young Chil-la-ya was placed for a time on the boughs of a pine? That, certainly, was not very far from the allegorical meaning of the Eastern legends "in the top of the cedar blossoms." Precisely the same ideas are related by Doctor Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist of Berlin in his "*Aus dem Orient*," in the oldest fairy tale in the world, written by a Pharaonic scribe for the edification of the young crown prince Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses

Mi-anum, the founder of the cities of Pithom and Rameses, who ruled in Thebes, B. C. 1400, at whose court Moses was educated; which was first brought to modern light by the distinguished scholar Vicomte, the Rouge, director of the Museum of Oriental Manuscripts of France in 1852.

Tony had a singular habit: he insisted upon telling the truth always, and the truth in full; for, as he expressed it, "If you take truth from a man there is nothing left." I have often told him that I put more faith in his unsupported word than in the oath of all the whites in and about Covelo taken collectively; but he is still unsatisfied. One morning he awoke me in the gray daylight, shouting as he burst into my bedroom, "I've found them!"

I had been dreaming of the "lost tribes," and as I gazed on him open-mouthed, I wondered if he had succeeded where so many had failed! The tribes were not in question this time, however, only the tracks of an enormous grizzly, the scourge of the sheep raisers in the vicinity; and I pulled on my boots in haste, ordered my horse, and galloped fourteen miles before breakfast to look upon another indisputable evidence of Tony's veracity.

It appeared that near the head of Salt creek, which may be called the wildest part of a wild country, then roamed an enormous bear, "the king of the grizzlies," as Tony says, who had committed many ravages, and for whose skin the settlers had a standing reward of a hundred and fifty dollars. This valuable gentleman, whose given name is "Baldy," has been known to come into a corral and slaughter dozens of sheep, and then go somewhere else and repeat the operation the same night. So far he had been successful in evading his foes, for no dog in the country would track him. Tony had seen his majesty "as large as the reservation bull, with his neck and head as white as snow; been within forty yards of him." As I had hunted far and near, and never, to

my own knowledge, had seen anything larger than a jackass rabbit, I was astonished; and astonishment in a listener, in Tony's way of thinking, implies disbelief; but the track was there, *thirteen inches* across.

"Eh!" said Tony, "What you think now?"

As I have mentioned Salt Creek it is but just to state that, thanks to Tony, I believe I hold the key to the riddle of the congregation of rattlesnakes there¹, and that I was mistaken in my theory that they patronized the place for political purposes. Like Tony, I have a singular principle rooted in my nature — it is an earnest desire to see justice done to all, even to snakes. They meet there for a nobler purpose, something like a funeral ceremony, to commemorate the death of the king of all the snakes; for Tony says that he was killed where I found the snakes, "right there."

Many years ago an Indian rancheria was located on the narrow plateau where the creek empties into the Eel River. An epidemic raged for a while among the inhabitants, and it was at last ascertained beyond doubt that the fish caught in the creek and in the river pools near its mouth were poisoned, and that this was the cause of the great mortality. One morning the daughter of the chief, having caught a nice salmon and eaten of it, sickened and died. Her father, almost wild with grief, determined that the next day he would go up the creek with all the men in the tribe. "For something," he told them, "must be up there that poisons not only the fish but the water."

The night was spent in preparing and sharpening the points of their arrows and other weapons; and the next morning, leaving the women and children in charge of a few old men, they started on an exploring expedition.

Some miles up, the creek makes a sharp turn to the left, an absolute change of direction at right angles. When this

¹See article on Yuka Legends in the *OVERLAND* for June, 1884.

angle is reached, the impression upon one's mind is that the spot is decidedly romantic; that is, it was so to me on that bright summer day. But now, after listening to Tony's stories, with the north wind moaning in the night outside and the rain beating dismally against the panes of my solitary window, I changed my opinion, and looked upon it as a haunted, ghostly place.

When I went up the stream, before I noticed the sharp turn I saw before me enormous, almost perpendicular, bowlders, covered in parts with bluish gray moss with innumerable little flowers of all colors growing out of it, none higher than the moss, but as if strewn upon it. From my standpoint the creek appeared to take its source at the foot of these rocks in a little lake or pool, clear as crystal and full of beautiful speckled trout. The mountains on each side sloped down somewhat abruptly to the water, and the little sheet of crystal looked as if walled in with bowlders that had rolled down the slopes; but immediately in my front — terminus of the creek as it seemed and just beyond the pool — rose the abrupt wall of flowery, moss covered bowlders, overlapping all the others, with a labyrinthine opening here and there among them, through one of which I passed to obviate climbing up the slopes to circle the pool.

Having headed the basin (I felt even then as if I might meet with something as I passed in and out among the rocks) I found myself standing on a narrow ledge on the other side of the pool, near a large rock, shelving above another, leaving an opening or cleft like a large mouth, some three feet in length and two in width, between them; through which I peered into a dark hole half full of water, and running as it seemed underneath the mountain. My fishing pole, tolerably long, could find neither end nor bottom. Influenced a little by the solitude and peculiarities of the place I found myself thinking, as I gazed into the dark opening of this

unexplorable hole, how convenient it would be as a home for some haunting spirit or some horrid fabulous reptile, and instinctively I moved away from it. Attracted by the murmuring sound of a little waterfall, to the left of this hole, I discovered a deep, very narrow channel, cut or worn through the solid rocks, overhung with willows and larch, broadening some forty yards above as it ran through long grass and ferns, and there was my creek again, coming down the cañon.

The Indians having reached the place, beheld the uncoiled folds of a monstrous serpent with long gray hairs growing out from underneath the scales. The tail was loaded with great rattles; the body was as thick as a medium-sized tree, and just then motionless.

Nearing him with great precautions, they saw at least one hundred feet of his body, but no head; and they discovered that it was in the dark hole we have just described, with in all likelihood an additional fathom or two of the body. Everything considered, this was rather fortunate; and distributing themselves as noiselessly as possible along the whole length just then visible they began the assault at a given signal.

From the end of the tail to within a short distance of the opening — for they were not at all eager to adventure themselves too close to an unknown and unseen head, which for all they knew might vomit fire and brimstone; — it looked just like blacksmiths hammering away on a steamboat boiler, so says Tony; and as the blood began to run in streams, dyeing the limpid water red, the dreaded head came out.

To describe it in Tony's words is, to me at least, simply impossible. Milton might have done it, but I give it up — it was terrific! Two dark, malignant, baleful eyes, freezing the blood; between them a single saber-shaped horn, flexible and erected at will; an opening beneath it for a mouth strong

with saliva, that emitted a sickening effluvia, and long stiff bristles on each side as hard as quills and looking like bony daggers. As the head came out, he sprang his rattles, and the sound was heard miles away, terrifying the women and children left at the rancharia almost to death, and their terror was not lessened when they saw the water red as blood as it came down the creek.

The fight lasted until nearly sunset, when the king of all the snakes gave up the ghost — not, however, until he had succeeded in procuring the services of at least twenty attendant Indian ghosts as a body guard to help him across the Styx. The body was burned, and it took a whole moon to reduce it to ashes. Since that time the water has been good.

"But then," says Tony, "no wonder that there are so many snakes there now — and, for that matter, any amount of other things besides; for the Indians have often heard at night, coming from away up the creek, queer noises and sounds, just like children coming out of school."

I do not advise any one to presume to doubt for a moment the story of the Poit-ka-ya in Tony's presence. It is an article of faith with him; for he will not take anything on hearsay, but where the proofs are good, as in this matter which he has thoroughly investigated, the case is settled forever in his mind. The *pièce de conviction* in this instance is the undeniable fact that the Indian tribes in this part of California have, although speaking different and distinct dialects, all heard of the Poit-ka-ya.

I loved Tony personally, and as the reader perceives I love to linger upon him. My love is based upon respect, since I was told that he was a competent engineer and could, and did, earn four dollars per day, but gave up all to be with his fast dying people, and ameliorate their condition, if possible, by his teachings and his example.

Sorrow's sad wing has touched his heart

—not much Indian stoicism there, Tony, as the tears ran down your cheeks when you told me how your brother lost his life. Yach-mohl was hanged—hanged by the whites.

Some years since the rancheria of Tony's people was located in the northern end of Potter Valley. Yach-mohl had a beautiful wife, and one of the whites deserved death of him for her sake; yet he refrained from redressing her wrongs knowing the destruction it might bring upon his whole tribe. The white man, not satisfied, became jealous of the Indian and openly threatened to kill him. Tony's brother was aware of these threats, but he told his friends and people that if it came to this he would defend himself, for even the wild beasts were allowed that privilege.

One morning the man came to the rancheria with his rifle on his shoulder, and asked for Yach-mohl. He was told that he had just gone up the creek hunting, and started in that direction, saying that he would try and kill him this time. Some distance up stream he halted to rest for a while; laid his rifle down near him; took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and began to wash it in the water. As he did so he heard a slight noise, like a dry twig breaking under the pressure of a foot; and raising his head, he saw Yach-mohl standing near a large rock at a short distance, watching him, and as he thought, unarmed, for the Indian had laid his rifle upright behind the rock against which he was standing. The white man sprang for his rifle and brought it to an aim—but Yach-mohl was too quick for him—a sharp crack echoing among the trees, a puff of smoke above the leaves, and Yach-mohl's enemy fell dead with a bullet through the heart.

Some days afterward the body was discovered by the whites, where it had fallen, and suspecting Yach-mohl they arrested him. They never considered that he had suffered the bitterest of wrongs, that the

deed itself was simply in self-defense. Why should they? he was only an Indian. So they blindfolded him, with his hands tied behind his back, and placed him on a horse underneath an overhanging limb. A sharp cut with a whip, and the horse sprang away—but Yach-mohl remained behind, dangling from the limb at the end of a rope. I have already said that I place a great deal of confidence in Tony's word—and I re-iterate it.

There is only one thing that puzzles Tony very much and that has, so far, proved a stumbling block to him; not for want of energy and perseverance on his part, however, for he has asked for information on the subject for years from all the whites between San Francisco and Round Valley—those, that is, who he thinks may be able to answer, for Tony is not a despicable student himself by any means. All these Indians of Mendocino, Humboldt, and Trinity Counties say that as far as can be ascertained—and they are remarkably unanimous on the subject—about one hundred years since, a body of some six hundred white men, having women and children with them, appeared on the coast, (although no ships were seen,) assembled in Long Valley and proceeded thence in three parties toward the east. One of these passed where Ukiah now stands; another through Potter Valley; and the last through Round Valley, in which it camped several days. They did not molest the Indians—in fact paid not the slightest attention to them.

They were all mounted on horses—which, as well as white people, the Indians had never seen before—and had pack-animals, with wire baskets on each side of the pack-saddles to carry the children. All the saddles were made of iron, but not heavy. These people had plenty of jerked meat, but ate acorn mush, like the Indians. They were dressed in furs all over, wrapped around their feet for shoes, and around their heads for caps, with the tail of the animal hanging

behind in the manner of our Western hunters. They were all armed with flint-lock muskets but each had bows and quivers full of arrows besides.

The Indians are very observant, and took notice of every thing; they were not Spaniards—these came long afterwards, and never as far as Round Valley. Tony did not believe that they were Russians; but he will never rest until satisfied on the subject. Can any one give him the information?

For a long time, for some reason, the belief existed among the Indians (and many believe it still) that they were people who had died beyond the sea, and who in their spiritual state, under bodily form, were traveling over the world. And here comes another piece of Tony's logic. He ridiculed the idea of their being dead people, for, as he said, it is all very well and reasonable to believe in ghosts in solitary haunted places, anywhere, in fact, at night; but when they come in regiments in the daytime, why that's a different thing. This was quite an admission for Tony, for like all the other Indians, he was the most inveterate believer in ghosts that ever existed.

Speaking of ghosts reminds me that we were informed by Tony that no man among the Indians can be a medicine man unless he has seen one. Not only that, but the ghost must throw some influence upon the seer, who under it falls down in a fit, and becomes spiritually wise. It appears, however, that in the spirit world they do not call things as we do in our humble sphere, for their "wisdom" is called temporary insanity in all the medical books I have read. When this madness passes away, the patient ceases to be a doctor—to the tribe at least, for they lose all faith in him. This applies only to the medicine man, and not to the poison doctor, who belongs to another and secondary grade in the art of healing. Women, in Tony's tribe and in Tony's way of expressing himself, may see as many

ghosts as they please, but ghosts cannot make them medicine men.

Tony's grandfather became a medicine man in the following manner: One night, while the tribe was in Potter Valley, he went to a dance; and as he traveled homeward in the small hours of the night he came to a creek and saw a dim form before him, right at the crossing, looking like a man with his hands folded upon his breast. The grandfather was very brave and strong: he addressed the man before him, and asked why he did not go about his business instead of standing motionless in a lonely place at night frightening people out of their wits.

But no answer came, and Tony's progenitor without more ado advanced and clasped the form in his strong arms. He distinctly felt it for a moment as if struggling, and then it melted, as it were, and sank into the ground, while the ghost-catcher stood with his arms forming a circle, and nothing in the circle. The thing had disappeared, and with it the courage of the man; for he at once took to his heels for home. But before he reached it he fell down senseless upon the ground in a fit. How long he lay there he knew not, but he was brought to himself by a sound kick; there stood the ghost again, wanting to know what he was doing there instead of going home.

When Tony's grandfather at last reached home he fell down before the fire in another fit with the blood running out of his nose, mouth, and ears, frightening his wife and children almost to death, for they thought that he had gotten into a quarrel at the dance and that he had been severely beaten. Between the fits he tranquilized them by saying that he had not quarreled, but had met with a ghost, and that when the influence wore off he would be all right again.

"And sure enough," said Tony, "the next day he was well; but he acted queerly, and as long as he lived was the greatest and most potent medicine man in the tribe."

A. G. Tassin.

SHOTGUN BILL.

Dead, stranger, as dead as a nugget;
We planted him thar on the hill
Just under yon clump of buckeye.
Your knowed him? Well, Shotgun Bill
Was a man to know — and a good un;
He guarded the treasure box
For twenty years on the stage line
That crosses the ridge to Locks.
And he never came in empty,
Tho' they rattled him some at spells,
And his hide was as full of buckshot
As a pine cone is of cells.
The woods were full of agents
Them days, but they learned to know
When Billy was with the boodle
They must play it mighty low!
For he rather liked a scrimmage,
And shootin' — that was his trade:
He could squint more ways in a minute
Than any three men that 's made;
And the pop of his gun was persuasive
When it chirruped along the grade.

But they like to fetched him one time.
It was June, if I haint forgot,
For the hills was red with posies
And the days was long and hot.
The stage came in one evening
With a passenger inside —
A pretty gal, with big, sweet eyes
That was honest-like and wide.
Plump as a quail — and just too fine
In her dainty city gown,
And you should 'a' seen her smile on Bill
When the rascal helped her down.
The boys was green with envy,
And they all came in that night
To eat their suppers the second time
For to get a better sight
Of her rosy face in the dining room;
And you should have seen 'em stare

When Bill waltzed in with her on his arm
And his head way up in air.
She come a seekin' a friend, she said —
Which he had a high-strung name —
But no one knowed him, altho' we 'lowed
He might be here just the same.
However, next morning early,
When the stage was 'bout to go,
She come a trippin' down the steps
With her pretty cheeks aglow,
And 'lowed she 'd go back with it,
A seein' as no one knowed
The whereabouts of this friend o' hern
Who was somewhere on the road.
So Bill went off in feather;
But his smile was not so gay —
If you are notin' my gentle voice —
When he ambled in next day,
And the boys, they done the smilin'
For a week at least 'thout pay!

The gal, Bill said, seemed scared-like,
So he rode inside a spell
To soothe her droopin' spirits
While they passed the chaparral;
When whoop! bang! on a suddint
The stage came to a stand
With creaking jolt. Bill made a spring,
With shootin' rod in hand,
To clear the door — when like a flash
That gal was on her feet,
And with a pistol to his ear
Bade William keep his seat.
An instant, clean dumfounded,
He stared into her eyes,
Now sudden changed from cooin' doves
To flashing dragon flies,
Then struck the weapon from her hand
And bounded through the door;
'Twas time, you bet, for hell was loose,
And odds was two to four!
The driver was not idle
Meanwhile, but crouched beneath —
A derringer in either hand,
The lines between his teeth.

He held them off — don't you forget —
 Till William made his rush,
 When flurried-like, the gents turned tail
 And scurried to the brush.
 The gal — well she skipped also;
 When Bill got back to see,
 The bird had flown, nor taken time
 To make apology!
 Now that 's what riled poor William.
 He after did confess
 He 'd asked the gal to marry him,
 And she had answered yes.
 And what is more, he once declared —
 Half sorry to forget —
 If he could find her once again
 He 'd hold her to it yet!
 A cocktail? Thanks, I 'm with ye'.
 And if you climb the hill
 Just drop a posy where he lies.
 Here 's lookin' to ye, Bill!

D. S. Richardson.

A SHADOW OF GOLD.

"WHY, auntie," said I, "you have never showed me this before."

I was sitting, my lap filled with odds and ends of sketches, in the sunny window of Aunt Ellen's bright little study. She was not much of an artist, this dear old aunt of mine; but she took an unflinching delight in the laborious production of the stiff, minute little pen and ink drawings that had been the fashion in her girlhood. Disconsolate elms always waved in feeble and feathery manner in these landscapes, while beneath their shadow cattle of remarkable anatomy gazed at themselves in preternatural pools. It was with a good deal of surprise that from these familiar productions, to which I was awarding absently the praise that rejoiced auntie's heart, I saw fall one of a very different nature. Not a feather-

elm this time, not even a pen and ink sketch; but a girl's head, outlined by vague, fragmentary touches, and defined mainly by faint washes of soft color.

"It's because you never finished her, I suppose," I remarked critically, "that she has such a curious expression of suspense — what papa would call a look of arrested development. I don't see what there is in the face that repels me so strongly. It is rather weak, of course, but that may be because the washes are so faint. She seems to be looking through a mist, and she lacks form. But she's pretty, very pretty."

"Yes, that's just it; but she could n't have much form, you know," said Aunt Ellen, absently; "and she *is* pretty, poor child."

"Is, auntie? She does n't look real. I

ever thought of her being a portrait. Is he still alive?"

Aunt Ellen's knitting dropped in her lap, and she looked straight at me. Aunt Ellen always answered the exact truth to a question.

"I don't know, my dear," she said seriously.

"Why, auntie! Who is she, and how did you come to know her?"

"Her name was Martha Clinton, Alice. I do not think that I will tell you the story of our acquaintance."

"Oh, but you must; for your hints are so mysterious that she'll just haunt me night and day if I don't know all about her. Is she one of your numerous adopted daughters? And did she tell you her love affairs, and all the secrets of her heart? They always do, you know, dear little Mother Ellen. You say you don't know whether she is alive or not? How dreadful!"

"After all, why not?" asked auntie of the calla lily. The calla had no possible reason to give; so after an abstracted little pause, she settled her cap — auntie's dainty caps were apt to be a trifle awry — and began: —

"It was about four o'clock on a January afternoon that I first saw little Martha. You were a child at school and don't remember; but your Uncle Henry had invited us all that year to spend the holidays at the old homestead farm at Bayford. Your cousin Harry was at home from college, and we had quite a company of young people, and a very jolly time. Pretty Mabel Lee was there among the others — such a fresh, sunny, wholesome child! She was my great pet, the prettiest of all the girls there in my opinion, and I could see that Harry, for one, quite agreed with me.

"Well, a mild, sunshiny afternoon had come, and I was taking a stroll along the river path with old Mrs. Shrieve. We were chatting away cosily, when Bridget came running from the house with a big yellow

envelope in her hand. I hate telegrams, and our family is so large that something may always have happened to somebody. But I pulled it open; and I'm ashamed to say that the first thing I felt was a sense of relief.

"My old uncle, Stephen Hunt, is dead, Mrs. Shrieve," I said, 'and I shall have to go to Oakton to settle his affairs. He was on my father's side, you know, and I am the nearest living relative.'

"As I spoke my eyes wandered to the little river, which had not frozen that winter, and was flowing peaceably by the side of the road. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the smooth surface reflected perfectly each snowy twig and shriveled leaf of the bushes on the bank above. There's nothing but pen and ink to render effects like that. But to my surprise and perplexity, I saw amid the reflections of the low alder bushes, that of a slight girlish figure, dressed in a clinging garment of a peculiar reddish tint. I saw at once that she was not one of the girls in the house. She had no wrap on, not even a hat, and my first thought was that she was a very imprudent child. Her attitude, so far as I could judge it inverted, was that of arrested attention, surprise, and it seemed to me, delight.

"How did a graceful young girl come to be standing in that thicket of snowy brambles on the other side of the river? I looked up quickly, meaning, whoever she was, to order her to go straight home and wrap herself up.

"There was no one to be seen! The branches of the alder thicket shone lustrous black beneath their white burdens; the late sunshine slanted quietly across the frosty ground, and in the spot where I had looked for a young lady two wee sparrows were peacefully hopping and twittering. Thoroughly bewildered, I caught a last echo of good Mrs. Shrieve's rather lengthy condolences.

"Did you know your uncle well?" she was saying.

"Now I am forced to confess that I had forgotten all about Uncle Stephen and the telegram. I had n't met him for years, and he had been a very disagreeable old man, whom I had avoided thinking of as much as possible. He lived all by himself in a forlorn old house at Oakton, and people said that he was a skinflint, a regular miser of the old-fashioned type, who spent all his time fingering and patting the piles of money which he had accumulated. There were some excuses for him, I suppose. My grandfather had been a hard man, and I had heard people say that Stephen's moroseness and meanness had developed themselves rather late in life, after some contest with his father. But I always remembered him as I had seen him once when I was a little girl — an old-looking man already, with an evil, pinched face, patting a bulgy pocket-book from which he gave me with much preamble a two-cent piece. I know I threw the penny away and rubbed my little hand hard when I left him.

"But of course I was not going to gossip with old Mrs. Shrieve about my dead uncle; so I went back to the house, and soon after supper left the young people playing dumb crambo, and climbed up to my room. I had chosen to be in an L all by myself, for dearly as I love young people, I was n't young myself, even then, and I love to have my quiet, especially at night. There was not much furniture in the room, I remember, except a tall, old mirror in the corner opposite the fire.

"Well, when my packing was finished, I sat down before the fire with my Emerson. To tell the truth I did n't expect to read much; for I was very sleepy, and thought it likely that I should take a series of nice little naps, until it should be ten o'clock and my principles should allow me to go to bed. But I grew less and less sleepy every minute, and yet I found it absolutely impossible to fix my attention on the 'Over-Soul.' My thoughts would persist in

wandering off in the least agreeable direction. I had never remembered my uncle Stephen's existence when he was alive; but now that he was dead, some power external to myself forced me to think over one scene after another in his forlorn old life. I saw him chuckling as he smoothed dirty money against his wrinkled cheek; or hiding it with a hideous leer in a hole in the wall; or finally dying, parched and dreary, with no companion but his shining coins. The strange thing was, that whereas I had known my uncle, and had always thought of him, as an elderly man, his ghostly face seemed in my vision to be constantly struggling after youthfulness. One moment it would appear to me smooth, handsome, almost merry; the next, the lines of care and avarice would creep into cheek and forehead, and the gay smile become fixed in a thin-lipped, greedy grin. But at last these horrible impressions faded away, and were succeeded by another, even more unpleasant. I felt that some one was looking at me; yes, my dear, I felt it so strongly that I put up my hand and straightened my cap. I stood it as long as I could; but I never did believe, as some women do, in enduring things just for the pleasure of the discomfort. So I pushed away my chair, and stepped back into the room.

"Of course there was no one to be seen. But as I now stood, I could look straight into the depths of the corner mirror, and became aware of a slight disturbance there. A puff of smoke had blown out from the fire, and hung poised, a delicate veil interposed between my sight and the reflected wall behind. As I looked, the smoke, instead of being dissipated, seemed to become more dense, to take upon itself an opaline and rosy tint. A moment more, and I saw — I cannot say distinctly, yet I saw — emerging from faint wreaths of fire-lit smoke, a face. A girl's face, whose wistful eyes, fixed firmly on my own, gazed at me through a shifting veil of vapor, and whose pale

cheeks glowed as if illuminated by the very heart of the fire behind. The golden threads of her curling hair floated away from her and vanished, melted into the circles of shining smoke which had spread through all the room. The contour of her face evaded me constantly, lost in the thin veil that hung before her, swayed by an unfelt breeze; but the soft eyes and yellow hair, gleaming vaguely through the dimness, reminded me of the old, half-effaced frescoes of saints that one sees on blurred Italian walls. Yet there was in the expression, despite its girlish pathos, an undefinable but disagreeable suggestion. Now and again a quiver of suffering would run across the pale cheeks and lips; and as I looked more carefully, a shuddering sense of horror seized me—for it was evident that the fire light, which pervaded the smoky haze and shone with dusky effulgence through the girl's fair youthful face, did not proceed from the cheerful little blaze that crackled on my hearth. I knew at once that this was the same girl whom I had seen in the river; and as I watched longer the tremulous, searching face, I perceived that the lips were moving. Soon I became aware of a voice, a whisper, a breath; it came, not from the mirror, but from a point a little behind me, in the room itself.

“‘Pity, pity, pity,’ it was saying.

“‘Who are you that I may pity you?’ The words must have been mine, for I could see my lips moving in the mirror.

“‘An instant's dispersion of the smoky veil; a flicker of little white hands clasped in triumph, and the voice went on, low, musical, monotonous.

“‘At last, at last,’ it said: ‘I knew that you must hear me and see me at last, for I have willed, and you are kind and good. You saw me for an instant in the garden, but I could not stay. Now you will not leave me till I have told you, and you will help me. You must, you shall, for there is no one else, and the time has come.’

“‘Who are you, that I may help you?’

“‘Oh, you must know my story, for I have been telling it to you all the evening.’ As the voice went on, its strange, unearthly monotony gave place in a measure to pathetic cadences, to sweet, girlish breaks and delicate inflections; and at the same time a quieter steadfastness crept into the mirrored face. ‘Perhaps you thought that it was only about him; but what has been my life, ever, but a part of his? And I have waited, waited so long! But now he is coming back to me; death has brought him back, and the waiting is over. You told me that this afternoon; and for the news I thank and bless you. He is coming back to me, my lover, and it is you who shall show him the way.’

“‘He! I! Of whom are you speaking?’ I was completely bewildered.

“‘Who? But I have been telling you about him all the evening. Stephen Hunt, my Stephen, my noble young lover. . . . Once I seem to remember that I had thoughts and even feelings that were not his: but that was long ago, before I stepped into the water. It was dark and cold, the water; but the letter burned and burned till I was glad of the coolness. It was such an unhappy letter—my poor Stephen! His father forbade him seeing me again, ever, and he said good-by. He did not know, nor did I till after I stepped into the river, that the time would come when no father could prevent him, yes, when he would be sent to me. We all come where we most want to be, you know, after the change. And so I have stayed here, where I had known him and been happy; and the time has been filled with hope and memory. And now he is dead, dead at last, and he can come to me.’

“‘As she spoke, the dim haze that shrouded her grew fainter and fainter, till her eager young face looked out from its dark background glowing with lovely life.

“‘But you must help him,’ she resumed:

‘He will want me, but he will not know where to find me; and I cannot go to him. We are so weak; we who are no longer men and women. But you can go, and this is what you shall do for me. In every room in the house, but chiefly in the room where he lived and died, you shall say: ‘Martha Clinton waits, and loves, and remembers, in the old homestead at Bayford. Come to her, come!’

“The sweet, young lips ceased moving; once more dense waves of shining smoke rolled up and wrapped her in its misty foam; slowly the atmosphere cleared, and the familiar pictures smiled at me from the walls; and I—well, Alice dear, I sank in my arm-chair by the fire again, and cried as hard as I could cry.

“The next day at noon I found myself at Oakton, in the desolate, rickety old house where my Uncle Stephen had lived his miserable life. Not the commonplace detail of the journey, nor the dreary round of duties to be gone through with on my arrival, lessened for an instant my belief in the reality of my night vision. My heart was filled with tender and solemn pity for the sad young spirit whose secret was in my keeping, and the unseen world seemed very near to me. Every whisper of the wind was a message from the invisible; in the depths of every mirror I sought for shadowy figures, and in every room of the deserted house I repeated the message that had been given me: ‘Martha Clinton waits, and loves, and remembers, in the old homestead at Bayford. She calls you to her, come!’

“But if I looked for any answer, I looked in vain. I did not even feel that sense of an invisible presence so common in houses lately visited by death. I am an old woman, my dear, and that sense is well known, almost welcome, to me; but never before had I felt this terrible impression of utter lifelessness and desolation. In bare, dismantled

room and gusty passage I called aloud, but there was no answer. I waited, but there came no sign. At last the hollow emptiness grew simply unbearable. I felt haunted by sheer vacuity; the horror of solitude gathered around me; and as soon as the funeral was over I collected the papers—that it was my duty to examine, and hastened back to Bayford. I did not dread the place where Martha’s fair young spirit had showed herself to me; I felt that the companionship even of one long dead would be a comfort and a blessing.

“The family at Bayford, busily popping corn about the great wood fire, gave me a hearty welcome. Pretty Mabel flew to me and laid her warm little cheeks against mine; Harry saluted me directly after, with more gallantry than the occasion strictly demanded; and all the young people begged that auntie would sit down and toast her toes with them. But auntie was tired and soon excused herself—I was shattered and weary, and the contrast between this bright, full young life and that of the poor, waiting spirit who might, for all I knew, be standing in their midst, was more than I could bear.

“Once in my own room, I settled myself to the reading of Uncle Stephen’s letters. They were for the most part insignificant, but I found one old yellow package carefully tied with string and labeled ‘M’s letters,’ which I eagerly opened; but out of it fell a tress of hair, which gave me a shiver, so like was it to the ghostly gold that I remembered. There was a daguerreotype, too, of a man, young and handsome, with a weak mouth, and eyes in which I traced a curious, cold glitter. With a sense almost of desecration I unfolded and began to read the letter.

“As I read, the indications that they furnished, joined to hints heard in by-gone years, made clear to me the whole sad little story. It was not an uncommon one, that of the pretty, poor young cousin, beloved by the son of the house, and separated

from him by the anger of a practical father. I saw how the girl's essential weakness of character had caused her to succumb, selfishly and completely, as soon as her hope of personal happiness was crushed, and I saw also how her death had hardened my uncle, and determined for evil a character that a strong and pure love might have saved. There was something very touching in the childlike trust of her letters, far more convincing than the fiery protestations of his answers, which were also in the packet. It was with no surprise that, glancing up, as I finished one of these last, I saw in the mirror the dim image of the girl herself leaning over me. The look of unrest in her troubled eyes was greater than before; but she smiled faintly as I looked into their depths.

"'I have not seen these for so long,' she said with subdued pathos. 'Show me more, please.'

"I turned to the next letter, which was in my uncle's bold but rather undecided hand. 'Life of my life,' it began.

"'You see how he loves me,' she murmured; and together we read the letters, which during her brief life in the flesh she had written and received. It was strange enough to catch glimpses in the glass of her slender, shadowy figure, behind my wrinkled face, and to remember that while she was writing these musty yellow pages, I had been a baby girl, scampering after butterflies.

"As silently we turned from sheet to sheet, Martha's quiet content changed for a vague uneasiness. She would lift her head every moment, and glance about with a troubled air of expectation. Once she glided to the window, and looking out into the night, called gently, 'Stephen! Stephen!' Then she returned, and looked once more over my shoulder in silence.

... "'a love that time cannot alter, nor death destroy,' said the letter.

... "'that time cannot alter, nor death destroy,' she repeated softly. 'Ah, he understood it, even then.'

"'May I come in, Aunt Ellen?' said a ringing voice at the door — and Mabel Lee, bright with the freshness and life of the present, came dancing into the room. As she entered, the face of the spirit-girl grew grey and faint; softly she vanished from my sight, and nothing was left me but Mabel, holding my cheeks between her two warm little hands.

"'I knew you were busy, but I could not wait another moment to tell you. Auntie, dear auntie, can you guess what I have to tell?'

"And looking at her fluttering lashes, and rosy, uplifted face, I felt that indeed I needed no words to tell me of the young delight that had come to her and to my nephew Harry.

"The next morning I spent in wandering through the farm, trying to overcome the great sadness that filled my heart. I would have rejoiced in the happiness of Mabel and Harry, echoes of whose clear laughter floated to me through the keen, frosty air; but I could not think of their bright young faces without seeing between them the vision of another face, on which the look of youth remained, without that ineffable charm of promise which is the essence of all youthful beauty. The ghostly girl whose life had lost all noble purpose, all thought, all memory, to whom nothing remained but the glowing heat of her selfish passion — could my bright Mabel ever be like her? As I thought of the two with equal tenderness, I found myself on the little bridge that spans the river, watching listlessly the world reflected in its depths, broken and blurred by the slight breeze that played upon the surface of the water. On a sudden beside my own I saw the dim and wavering image of another face, so distorted with despairing wonder, that I should hardly have recognized it but for the golden glory of silky hair that melted into the sunlit water. The ripples danced, and rose, and sank, in points

of shimmering light and the face of Martha Clinton came and went, one moment clearly seen in almost terrible beauty of illumined color, the next all but hidden by shifting and tremulous shadow. At the same time the sighing of the breeze resolved itself into a voice, charged with agonized suspense, now rising to a wail, now sinking to a shuddering whisper.

“‘What have you done with him?’ it cried. ‘He has not come. I have waited, and looked, and called, all night, and he has made no sign. I trusted you; I thought you kind; and you have played me false. You never gave my message!’

“‘I did, I did, poor spirit. In every room I repeated the words you taught me; but there came no answering sign.’

“‘Yet he is there,’ she murmured. ‘He is surely there. And if he knows he will come, for there can be nothing in the way.’

“‘But you, my dear. Can you not go to him?’ I asked, pityingly.’

“‘It is forbidden,’ she murmured, with a sideways look of what seemed rather fear than reverence.

“‘And if one disobeys?’

“A gleam of light passed across her face; then a quivering sigh breathed in my ear.

“‘I have not life enough.’

“‘As the words died away, the face in the water turned slightly. Was it the flickering sunshine, or did there flash into the narrowed eyes and contracted lips a look of hate, of cunning, and of power? An instant more, and it was gone, and in its place I saw the frank blue eyes and rebellious curly hair of little Mabel. She was laughing musically at my surprise and discomfiture; and in her sweet, wholesome presence I strove to banish all thoughts of ghostly visitants, of ghostly joys and sorrows. Yet I shivered with a vague apprehension that was not for myself, as I remembered that the next day would find me far away from Bayford and its dear inmates. My hurried departure from Oakton had left many things

undone, which would take at least a week to attend to; and I had no adequate excuse to give for neglecting my duties there.

“The day after my last interview with Martha found me accordingly once more an inmate of the damp, rickety house at Oakton. I found awaiting me the same sense of blank emptiness, which oppressed me even more than before. All my time, except my working hours, I spent out of doors in the quiet village street. There at least the birds twittered, the squirrels chattered, the wind swayed the branches, and I could escape from the death-like immobility within.

“On the third day after my arrival, I was strolling down the street, when I saw a slight figure advancing towards me with a swift and easy motion. At first I resisted the conviction borne in upon me that to none except to her who was a woman, yet not a woman, could that gliding step belong; but as she approached there came over me for the first time in all this strange experience, a shuddering thrill of horror and of supernatural fear. I felt in every fiber of my being that she who stood before me did not belong to the dear world of human life. Yet how did Martha Clinton, seen heretofore only in the shadow-land of mirror or of river, come to confront me here, in the world of realities? There was a subtle change about her, too. In spite of the sense of mystery, remoteness, almost of terror, that grew upon me in her presence, she appeared far less removed than formerly from the world of sense. Coloring and outline were no longer vague or blurred; she stood in the twilight air so distinct against the dusk of the evening that I could almost have touched her, had not an undefined shrinking held me back.

“‘Your suggestion was a good one. I have broken the rules.’ There was a new and curiously metallic ring to her voice.

“‘And the means?’

“‘They were not easy.’ The light faded

from the sky, and around us there gathered the sense of separation from the world of men. 'But I am here; I have come to him.'

" 'And can you stay — until the end?'

" 'There will be no end; we shall be together forever and ever. Take me to him, you. To the room where he lived and died.'

" 'Silently and swiftly we walked up the tranquil street. Here and there on the steps an old woman sat knitting. The bells of the church were tolling for an early evening service. The great sun hung poised in the west, a fiery ball of light. Long shadows from white houses and spreading maples slanted across the fields; but below the feet of Martha Clinton the grass lay bathed in unbroken sunshine, and as we advanced the depth of color and clearness of form which I had noticed in her, waned with the waning light, and left her once more mist-like, shadowy.

" 'Yes, the strength is passing,' she answered to my look. 'But it has done its work.'

" 'As we entered the hall of my uncle's house, I made a strange discovery. Instead of shutting out the light of the late evening, the walls seemed to enclose and concentrate within themselves the red glow of the sunset; and the house, which had oppressed me with its emptiness, was filled by ghostly life, bathed and irradiated with this unearthly and lurid radiance. Everywhere they crowded and jostled, confused, uncertain, shadowy figures, a shifting vision of light and color. I recognized them all; the remembered friends of my childhood, the ancestors familiar to me through family legend, from the time when the old house was built — they drifted past me, a changing phantasmagoria of vaporous, luminous forms.

" 'My grandfather was one of the most upright of men,' I exclaimed involuntarily. 'But where is he? My Aunt Margaret was a saint upon earth. I do not see her here.'

" 'They are — elsewhere,' said Martha impatiently. 'Have I not told you that where the heart was, the spirit will linger? This is the room. Come.'

" 'It was indeed the room in which my uncle Stephen had passed his sordid days. But on the threshold she paused with a shiver, as if struck by an icy blast.

" 'It is cold,' she murmured — 'cold as life.'

" 'As we entered, there became visible to me, as through a pale gray haze, a ghostly shape seated by the table — the shape of my uncle Stephen; but alas! not that of the gay young lover of Martha's memories. He was a man old, bent, and withered, with an ugly look about the half-closed eyes and the corners of the flabby mouth. Cold indeed was the figure, with the chilling cold of those dense fogs that seem sometimes to be eating their way into the heart of the world. Before him on the table lay a heap of shadow-gold. He was clawing it with greedy fingers, and counting in a hollow voice.

" 'Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen,' he said with a chuckle.

" 'I looked at Martha. She was standing, drawn to her full height, her dark eyes fixed with perplexity, sorrow, and dawning recognition on the forlorn old ghost. Turning to me she said imperiously:

" 'Where is my lover? Where is Stephen Hunt?'

" 'I pointed silently to the figure at the table. Silent she too stood for a moment, with all the woman in her face; then with a sudden rush of pity and tenderness she glided forward and laid her hand on his shoulder, and called him by his name.

" 'Stephen,' she said. 'Stephen!'

" 'He did not move, nor notice her in any way. Still the dimly shining coins dropped one by one from his grey fingers.

" 'Twenty-one — twenty-two,' he counted.

" 'Dear,' she murmured, slipping down on her knees before him — 'dear, do you

not know me? Stephen, it is so many years, so many long, long years! I know it now. I did not think the time had been so long until I saw you. Time passes quickly when one loves and waits. And you have grown gray, dear, quite gray — did you know it? and your face is wrinkled, that was so fair and smooth. Have they been hard years, my Stephen?’

‘She paused. There came no change in the old ghost’s sullen form, no answer beyond the sound of the dropping gold and the monotonous count. It was a strange sight. Through the face of the spirit-woman there passed as she pleaded flushes of lovely color, deepening and paling like the fire in the heart of the opal; while the gray, vague, cruel figure beside her remained untouched, unmoved.

‘After an instant, she resumed: ‘They are over now, those years of waiting, Stephen, and I have come to you at last. Ah! I know now why you did not heed my message. It was because you feared me, dear, feared that I should not love you now that your back is bent and your beard is white. You did not know, you did not understand. It was your very self whom I loved, the thought of whom made the years of waiting pass like one weary night. And if I cared for you then, oh! I care for you now so much more tenderly! And I will be with you and cheer you and love you, and never leave you again forever, dear.’

‘“Twenty-nine — thirty — thirty-one.” That was all. Not a look, not a sign, to show that he even saw the kneeling spirit at his feet. She laid her hands about his arm, her face upon his knee. He never turned. She implored him with passionate beseeching to give her one word, one glance. His words and glances were for his gold alone.

‘Then, soft and low, she began to recall to him the memory of their dead love. Of the day when he had first seen her; of that when they had looked into each other’s eyes and known the truth; of the dream-world

in which they had lived, oblivious of all, indifferent to all without.

‘And as she spoke, slowly a dim uneasiness crept into the shadowy form. From time to time he raised his head, and passed his claw-like hand across his deep-set sunken eyes. The look of greedy contentment gave place to one of struggle, of vague and clouded effort. ‘What was it?’ he murmured to himself once or twice. ‘What was it? I can’t think.’

‘But the struggle always died away; and bending once more over his gold, he resumed his dreary count. Then as the sweet voice pleaded, he would raise his head and gaze at her with dim, unseeing eyes.

‘At last a look of dull, faint recognition came across him. His troubled glance remained fixed on the gleaming head at his knee, on which the last slanting sunbeam had settled. She waited breathless. Slowly, with vague, uncertain motion, he stretched his hand to the table and gathered in his skinny fingers one ghostly, golden coin. For one instant, he laid it gently against her shining hair, and gazed at her with pitiful, bewildered eyes. Then the cloudy darkness gathered once more about him; he gave one tremulous sigh, and shaking mournfully his withered head, laid the coin on the table.

‘“Thirty-three —” he counted.

‘Then she sank on the floor beside him, with a wailing, sobbing cry. ‘He does not know me; he does not even hear me!’

‘The light died out of the room, and left it damp and dull. Fainter and fainter grew the figures of the lovers; and as they faded from my sight, there came to me, I know not whence, a word to say:

‘“He does not hear you. He never will hear you. You fixed your love on the changing, and it has changed. “Where the heart has been, there the spirit must abide.” His heart was with his gold, and his gold he will finger forever, blind and deaf to all beside, while you, poor ghost, forever struggle

in vain to recall to him the dead love that died with his youth.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I hurried from the house and took the train for Bayford. The evening air restored me, and it was with a sense of sadness and of solemn calm, that I got out six hours later, at the little station. At the door of our house, my brother Henry met me, with strangely troubled face.

"'Ellen!' he exclaimed. 'But I am grateful. We need you here.'

"'What has happened?'

"'I hardly know. Everything is in confusion, and no one understands. Dear little Mabel fell into a swoon at four o'clock this afternoon. No one can rouse her, and she lies as if dead.'

"I sent them all away, even my poor Harry, from the room where the white, lovely form was lying. For nearly an hour I worked and watched her. At last the pale lids quivered, the dilated eyes met

mine, and she put out feebly a transparent little hand, which looked as if every particle of blood had been withdrawn from it.

"'What does it mean, Aunt Ellen?' she sighed. 'I—we—were talking, Harry and I,—on this sofa. And as we talked, there glided into the room,—Aunt Ellen! I do not know what she was. She came straight to me and hissed in my ear. 'Why should you rejoice while I suffer?' she said,—And——'

"The awe-struck little voice died away. The death-like swoon had gathered her again.

"But she did not die. You have heard, Alice, of the long and terrible illness that followed so mysteriously on her engagement, and of how she was won back to life again by the tenderness and devotion of your cousin Harry. You know too, how frail ever since has been her hold on existence. The doctors call the trouble nervous prostration, I believe. A convenient word, my dear, that covers a great many things."

Vida D. Scudder.

AN OLD CALIFORNIAN'S PIONEER STORY.

IN the year 1848 the news of the discovery of gold in California was substantiated throughout the States east of the Rocky Mountains, and it was not long before the wildest excitement seized upon all classes throughout the principal cities. Ambitious and determined young men especially, were ready to endure any privations in order to reach the land of gold. Thus it was that the nation's younger life blood left homes and kin to obtain the treasure each and every one believed was to be had for the seeking. It is needless to say that there were no roads across the continent at

that time—except those made by herds of wild buffalo, or the trails of the Indian; and not even the organized steamship line was then in existence. So every mode of transit that could be devised by man's ingenuity was brought into requisition;—while the older heads were shaken ominously at the recklessness of those who ventured upon so dangerous and distant an expedition, and all manner of burlesque songs were written and sung about "the California man," as they termed the adventurers. There were not ships enough in the harbor of New York for over a year to get the pas-

sengers away as fast as they wished to go.

Companies were organized in every conceivable form. Some chartered vessels for their individual companies, numbering from thirty up to two hundred persons, stocking the vessel with all manner of supplies, sufficient to last from one to two years; while others were only too glad to pay a large sum to get passage on any kind of a rotten hulk—a schooner of fifty tons, or an old whaler that had been condemned years before. Owners of good seaworthy craft were unwilling to send out any of their ships, even at fabulous prices for passage and freight, believing as they did that it would be impossible ever to get them manned for a return voyage. There was another class who wished to go by land, and there were plenty to organize companies for that purpose also, engaging to transport the men to certain points in Texas, on the outskirts of civilization, where they would make an encampment, and when numerous other companies had come up, they would move on together with guides across the unknown country.

It was with one of these latter expeditions that the narrator had to undergo his experiences. I was engaged as secretary with what was termed the Whiting expedition, commanded by Colonel Sam Whiting, formerly of Texas—the duties being to see to the enrollment of young men who were able to pay for admission to the company, and to furnish themselves with a good outfit of everything requisite for the journey, including arms and ammunition in abundance, provisions, mules and wagons for transportation across the plains, tents, etc., etc. Within a few days after organizing (in the early part of January, 1849) we had one hundred men all ready for an immediate start, and others to join us after we had started, at St. Louis or other points. All being in readiness, I was dispatched ahead to make arrangements at hotels from day to day as we progressed. At Philadelphia I met Captain B. F. Maulden, who was also

engaged in getting up a company for California, but had not been very successful in the staid old Quaker city. He had once removed some Indians for the government west of the Mississippi, and therefore knew the country well, and was specially able to pilot a company through. The following day brought our captain and company from New York, and here Captain Maulden's proposal that I should leave my own company and join his caused high words between himself and Colonel Whiting, who in a very few minutes locked the door of the hotel parlor, produced pistols, and called for a duel on the spot. I, unaccustomed to this method of settling disputes, interfered vehemently, and after some parley the quarrel was bridged over. The same afternoon we left for Wheeling, where we were detained several days by an ice gorge in the river, thence followed down the river till we came to Cincinnati, thence on down the Ohio to Louisville, where we were again detained for some days getting further supplies of provisions; thence down the Mississippi to Baton Rouge, where we made preparations for our final river journey, up Red River to Natchitoches, whence we went a short distance to Nacogdoches, where we found the ruins of an abandoned stockade or fortification. Here we made our first regular encampment, and were put under discipline; and it was here that after a few days we all discovered that our captain had come to the end of his knowledge of the road, and everything else pertaining to our further progress.

Matters began to look rather dubious. We found that we had burdened ourselves with quantities of useless material. Our anxiety to proceed on our journey was getting the better of our judgment. The camp very soon became demoralized, and things looked as if a general break up was impending, when some straggling companies from the Southern States came along. Joining forces with these we made up our minds never to turn back, come what might.

Having thoroughly rested, and prepared pack saddles for our mules, we started in to learn from dear bought experience how to proceed.

We were loaded with about five tons of panoche (a mixture of ground parched corn and sugar), which we were advised we must take, as it was the best and most substantial food we could use, requiring no cooking, only putting in a cup with water, to be ready to use. We also had some fifteen hundred pounds of bacon, and other provisions in proportion. Now as our train consisted of about two hundred mules in all for riding and packing, we were compelled to get a large United States wagon and about twelve yoke of oxen. This made our travel very slow; and occasionally some of the cattle would give out, so we were compelled to drop some of our provisions all along the road. As panoche was in greatest abundance, that was the article that marked our track behind us, and brought up a goodly number of coyotes and large, brown wolves in our rear, which at night gave us the benefit of their discordant howling, keeping the guards busy in driving them away, and not tending to help our sleep very much.

As we got out of the settlements many were our trials and tribulations; yet there were many amusing incidents. We had for our bull driver a man of stentorian lungs, who always made it a point when wishing to urge up his team to commence upon a low scale ascending in pitch and voice until he could be heard a mile, with his "Whoa, haw — whoa, haw — whoa, haw — , ——— you"; until he had the whole of them on the jump, as long as it lasted. One day we began to apprehend that Indians were around, and we must get ahead, where we would have a better shelter. But when about to start our driver was taken very sick, and totally unable to go through his usual scale with the bulls. Some one must take his place; and unfortunately out of the whole crowd, I was the one selected for the

job. Now, never having driven such animals, and not understanding the necessary vocabulary at that time, I had to invent some plan to urge the brutes along, particularly as the Indian scare was on the whole crowd at the time. So happening to be-think me that we had some fine copper wire in the wagon, I took a piece of it about two feet in length, and tied it on the end of the long lash at the end of the whipstock; and going ahead to the forward yoke I began yelling, at the same time fetching the lash down on them. By the time I had got to the last pair, near the pole, I found they were getting very frisky all along the line; so when I jumped into the wagon and plied the lash to the last yoke, and they boosted the ones ahead with their horns, you can well imagine I soon had a circus. They spun ahead across the prairie, stampeding every living mule. It was a ludicrous sight enough — six yoke of cattle on the rampage, with tails in the air, horns toward the ground, and going like wild buffalo or a scared wolf, outrunning the whole train, horsemen and all, leaving behind flying kettles, pans, stores, and such general devastation that I knew it was safer that I should never be found out, and made haste to take the cracker off my lash, and plead ignorance of the cause of the stampede. But they concluded they could dispense with my driving; it was my last as well as first attempt at driving bulls.

We not infrequently came upon other parties bound for the same destination. Many of our original company had split off from time to time. Some had joined speedier parties and pushed on, while others had taken the back track for home, disheartened at the delays and deprivations we had to undergo, with the chances of getting through safely very much against us. There were no boats to cross streams, which we had to do sometimes as often as every day. We had to improvise rafts from such materials as we had, using parts of the wagon and canvas. There was no wood on the broad

plains and we had to use buffalo chips, or dried droppings, for fires to cook by. Not infrequently we had no water for perhaps twelve hours, and when we did find any, perhaps it was foul and full of bugs and animalculæ, and had to be strained and boiled before it could be used. At other times we would come to camp where by digging a foot or two, we obtained water that after standing an hour was so alkaline that it would turn everything green. As we did not know the country through which we were passing, we had to carry along in our canteens and India rubber bags, water enough not only for ourselves, but for our animals. It shows the superiority of perception that animals possess, compared with ours, that repeatedly when we had been twenty-four hours without water and knew not which way to turn to obtain it, our horses would all of a sudden quicken their pace and turn toward a certain direction, indicating that they smelt the water. It might be several miles distant; but men sent out with canteens always returned with them filled. On one occasion after traversing a desert of burning hot sand, we lost the lives of three of our company by pursuing a mirage for nearly half a day; while some four others never fairly recovered from their experience.

We now began to get into the Indian country, and occasionally would see bands at a distance; while at night strict guard had to be kept, as they would appear toward midnight as if by magic. Finally one night we arrived at a pass in the Guadalupe mountains, where we supposed we were in perfect safety, at a place called the Tanks, because the place had reservoirs of water in deep recesses of the rocks, over which projected large, flat slabs, which partly covered these natural wells and protected the water entirely from the sun's rays. I think it must be at what is now called Waco Waco. I recollect also seeing here enormous footprints, apparently human,

of about three feet in length succeeding each other as if striding across soft clay or lava. It was at this place that we were surprised one night by hearing the howls of numerous coyotes around and near us, quite inside of our picket lines, where our animals were grazing. The guard saw that the mules and horses were restless, but did not wish to raise an unnecessary alarm by firing upon coyotes. As most of our animals were hobbled, they thought there was no danger of losing them. But to our dismay upon the appearance of daybreak, we found that a great number of them were gone. The coyotes heard and seen, had been Indians on all fours, with the skins of wolves on them. They had slowly grazed the animals outside of the lines, and then disappeared with them. This loss meant to us a delay of several days, and a chase in pursuit of them through the mountains. So saddling up as many of the best animals as we could spare, a party well armed, started in pursuit; but although they found the fires still smoking where some of the horses had been killed and roasted, they could not overtake the Indians. Many of us were thus left afoot, and we had hardly enough mules left to pack our provisions after we had thrown away everything it was possible to dispense with. We lost about a week in getting ready again, and resting the fatigued horses for another start.

We had not gone on far before we saw that we must abandon our wagons also, as there was no road and we were approaching the mountainous region. Moreover, we were eager to move on faster than was possible with oxen. So we drove them along, and killed them as needed, for beef. It was all sirloin off the horns, as regards tenderness or sweetness, but it was meat nevertheless.

In addition to being many of us now afoot, we were for the most part badly off for foot gear, and had to improvise some-

thing in the way of shoes to enable us to travel at all. We shod ourselves after a fashion by using the green raw hides of the oxen killed, sewing them with buckskin thongs. With the prospect of some hundreds of miles to travel thus shod, the outlook was not very encouraging.

Our company had continued to dwindle — some had joined others; a few had died of fatigue on the road; and still others had pushed ahead on their own account and were never heard of more. Occasionally we would meet small parties on their return from Mexico. On one occasion we met a party from California. They had not been very fortunate, and their report had rather a dampening effect upon our spirits. However, all of us that were now left had made a firm resolve never to turn back, but to brave it through as long as life would permit.

Our captain was one of those who had dropped out. We separated by mutual consent — he preferred to join another company, and we had previously concluded to leave him in a body.

We were now unable to make over fifteen miles a day. When we found a good camping ground, with feed for the mules, and a secure place from sudden attacks of the Indians, we would make a halt, tired, footsore, and weary. From this time on we had our endurance tried sorely, crossing rivers. We had heretofore crossed the Brazos, Colorado, and Concho; we now had the Pecos to cross, with its steep banks and swiftly running stream. Not knowing at what point or when we would fetch up on the opposite bank, we would construct our raft of anything and everything that was buoyant enough to hold up the chattels we had to take over; while as to ourselves, we had to swim by holding on to something that would float us over, with small ropes to keep us from going too far down stream. Sometime our animals would fetch up at a distance of over a mile below where they

started in. It generally took a day or two to dry our effects before we could resume our journey.

In many places we found miles of ground so broken up by the caving in of the prairie dog burrows that it was almost impossible to proceed. Add to this that the entire surface of the country abounded with rattlesnakes and tarantulas of the largest size, which seriously increased the danger of traveling. We saw here the often noted phenomenon of snakes, prairie dogs, and owls, all inhabiting the same holes; but what they lived on has always been a mystery to me, for apparently there was scarcely a spear of grass within miles.

One day, on a small prairie of perhaps thirty miles or so in extent, we saw in the distance what at first appeared like a cloud of dust. We supposed it might be a large herd of buffalo coming towards us. But the clouds rolled up in blacker and blacker columns, until we discovered that the prairie was on fire; and as the wind was towards us it advanced at the speed of a horse. We instantly gathered together all our stock, goods, and men, and set to work with all our might lighting the grass in patches where we were, and as soon as it had burned short distances beating it out around the edges with sacks, clothing, and whatever we had, until we united the burnt patches of ground and had cleaned a space large enough to remain upon until the vast prairie fire had passed us by. On came the hissing, roaring tongues of flame, leaping high in air with a sharp crackling noise. It seemed as if no power on earth could stop its course; and thus it went for miles ahead leaving a blackened mass of ground with its sharp stubble for us to pass over, without any chance of food for the mules until we had got through the range.

So various had all our experiences been that it seemed as if human nature had quite exhausted itself, and utter selfishness had taken possession of nearly every one. The

sole thought seemed to be how each one could preserve himself. Provisions were getting short, and how we were to get more was a question. Our whereabouts was also a matter of serious doubt; for although traveling by compass, as there were no roads, and all traces of human habitation had been left behind long since, we were at times puzzled to know just where we would come out in the end. Thus we wandered on, compelled frequently to make stoppages to rest ourselves and the animals, sometimes for a week at a time. We had already been six months on our journey, and were not yet half way. At times despair almost took possession of us. Then again we would take fresh courage and push on; for in any case we were now at the point where there was no turning back. At last we began to come occasionally to a small opening under slight cultivation, — such as it was, — which told us that we were coming once more into a country that was inhabited. This infused new life into us and we renewed our efforts to get where we could procure something to eat and find out where we were. Coming through what is known as Carrisso Pass, and thence around Mount Blanca we came out at the settlement of Isleta on the Rio Grande, about fifteen miles from El Paso. I thought then that this place was paradise itself, so beautiful did it seem after our long, desolate tramp across the prairies and deserts of Texas, without a cheering sign of life all the way.

Here we procured some jerked beef, some fresh-killed goat meat, and abundance of green vegetables, with which we surfeited ourselves; and camping right here cared but little for a few days whether we were left or not. But restlessness soon took possession of our band, and we pushed on to the river, where now stands the town of El Paso. It was then only a few adobe houses and thatched huts standing amidst a vineyard; and I believe then held the name of some government fort. El Paso proper,

was across the Rio del Norte, and is now called Paso del Norte.

Here I was taken sick with the *calentura*, and in a few days prostrated so that I was totally unable to help myself; and my companions being rested, and provided with a new supply of animals, started on — leaving me to take care of myself as best I might.

It so happened that there was a woman known to history during the Mexican war as the Great Western, who was with the army at that time, and being of remarkable stature (over six feet), and strength in proportion, took it upon herself to carry in wounded soldiers during and after the battles, and thus became known far and wide. She had after the close of the war settled down here, and kept a kind of inn, being able to hold her own under all circumstances. She was held in dread by the Mexicans who lived about there; and as she was usually armed whenever she went across the Rio Grande to El Paso, no one ever thought of troubling her.

The roving bands of Indians, who frequently made raids through and around that part of the country, seemed to hold her in perfect awe, and had a superstition that she was a supernatural being. So as I lay in my bush hut on the bank of the river, I was found by the Great Western, who upon learning that I was an American took me in charge, brought me all the necessary remedies at hand, and prepared food that I could eat when able. Thus I had every care and attention that it was possible to obtain under the circumstances.

I had not been here a week before the Indians made one of their raids into El Paso, plundering the town of everything of value they could carry off, killing many of the men and taking many of the women prisoners. The Mexicans raised the cry of "*Los Indos*" and fled, leaving everything, trusting to the mercy of the savages for the lives of their families. The booty carried off at

this time was immense. A few of the Indians came across the river, and one of them entered the hut where I was lying. He asked me if I was an American and sick. I said that I was, and he answered that he did not want to harm me, but if I were a Mexican he would kill me; with which remark he passed out and on with his booty. Immediately after this I was moved up to the inn of the Great Western, where from day to day I met some of the characters of this State, many of whom were not the choicest spirits in the world; yet I found them kind and hospitable.

After recovering sufficiently to proceed on my journey I found it necessary to part with almost everything except what I stood in, aside from my rifle and ammunition, in order to get on. Fortunately there came a large train in from Santa Fé for Chihuahua in Mexico; and I made an arrangement to travel along with them, taking my chance of getting from there to California as best I could. I now felt that it was somewhat dubious whether I should ever get there. But my determination was never changed for a moment.

Everything seemed different from this point on. The houses and people had all taken on new aspects to me, who had never before been in a Spanish or Spanish-American country. I could not shake off the idea that I had been set down in the very heart of ancient Egypt. The swarthy complexions, the antique carvings on many of their churches and public buildings, the grated bars for windows, the primitive pottery, and all the cooking arrangements, even to the grinding of the corn on *mattattas*, or by hand between two stones, at every meal—all were like my preconceived ideas of Bible lands. The dresses—the women with their rebosos over their head and shoulders, showing only a portion of their faces; the men with their serapes, (when they could afford it,) with broad sombreros on their heads and flashing rows of brass

buttons down the sides of their pantaloons, while many of the lower classes were almost in a nude state in numbers of the small towns, full dress consisting of a sombrero, a girdle around their loins, and a pair of *veraches* or sandals. All this was strange and interesting to me.

When you hire a servant in Mexico it is expected that his or her entire family will reside with you. The husband of your cook may be a shoemaker, or a hackman, or a saloon-keeper, but when his day's duty is done he goes to the house where his wife is living, sleeps there, and takes his meals at your table; and the same rule applies to children. You may hire a chambermaid, and board her husband and eleven children. There is no alternative; no evasion of the customs of the country. This system is not so expensive as it seems, however, for a whole family will sleep in a single room, and they don't need much but corn bread and beans to eat.

The peons, as all Mexican Indians are called, make excellent servants. They are respectful, obedient, and obey instructions implicitly. Like the Chinese, they learn by imitation, and seldom need more than one lesson, doing the same thing over and over in the same way until they are told to stop.

The Mexican stage-coach always has two drivers—one to hold the reins and the other to do the whipping. The latter carries a bag of stones to throw at the leaders.

At the city of Chihuahua I found much to interest me, and got some ideas which in after life were useful to me. One of these was suggested by the grand old cathedral, whose solid walls of stone are about twelve feet in thickness, built of stones, the like of which are not in the country, many of them so immensely large that it is a wonder by what process of civil engineering they were ever raised there, as well as where they came from. I puzzled much over the problem, and made up my mind (and I have since been told, correctly) that the stones were raised to

their places by rolling them up on an earthen embankment, that was made all around the rising walls on an inclined plane, until they were finished, after which the earth was all taken away from the outside, leaving this most beautiful and substantial pile of architecture, one of the finest of the old Spanish style in all Mexico. And I thought further that this same suggestion might solve the problem of the building of the pyramids and the Sphinx.

When I add that this cathedral was built by a tax on one mine, called the Santa Eulalia, a short distance from the city, which paid not quite one per cent on the product, it will readily be seen what an immense amount of silver the mine has produced, for the church cost a million of dollars. Twelve miles southeast of the city of Chihuahua is the marvelous Santa Eulalia mountain which has produced the enormous sum of \$447,000,000, according to Leonidas Haskell who bases his statement on the records of the tribute of mines and of the mint at Chihuahua;—the Church records lead to the belief that much more was extracted. These mines were opened in 1703. The great cathedral was built by a levy of seven cents on every *marca*, or eight dollars of the product of the Santa Eulalia mine. Thus the product of the same while the cathedral was building, was over \$103,000,000. The report of the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1860 states that a census was taken extending back one hundred and thirty years, showing that \$430,000,000 had been extracted from the district alone. Wilson, the historian of Mexico, says that Don Domingo Asmendi paid duties on one solid piece of virgin silver weighing 275 pounds, and the king's attorney brought suit for duties on several pieces which weighed together 4,033 pounds, and a certain piece for a curiosity which weighed 2,700 pounds—the largest piece of pure silver ever found in the world.

The famous La Veta Negra took over

\$7,000,000 from a space less than a hundred feet long, in seven months. The ores were principally ruby silver. The slag from those mines is piled around the city of Chihuahua where it has lain for many years. It has been worked over by Mexicans by hand, and yielded them from \$2 to \$4 per day. This group of mines was abandoned by the Mexicans on account of striking water, which they had no appliances for taking out.

I believe at the present time the population of the city is only about 20,000 inhabitants. At the time I was there it rated some 60,000, showing that with all the improved facilities of travel they have retrograded in the past forty years.

In Chihuahua I learned that I could get on in my journey by proceeding to Durango, and thence going to Mazatlan and taking vessel up to California; so I waited only for the first opportunity to start for Durango. It was but a few days thereafter that another young man bound for the same place proposed that we start out together, and take our chances of getting through—and here is where the crisis of an adventurous life came in for me.

We started with two horses for riding purposes and two mules for packing our traps. We soon missed the trail. After we had gone about seventy miles I chanced to be ahead chasing an antelope to provide us with fresh meat. I was under the brow of a flat-topped range of hills, or "bench," when I suddenly saw something like pebbles in showers coming down upon me over the cliff. I turned to look for my companion, and saw him going in the opposite direction, on the back track, leaving the pack animals to move forward alone. Suddenly, I found to my horror that I was wounded in several places in the body, and was surrounded by Indians, who came over the bluff,—and I was *their prisoner*.

Then it was that my whole past life came up before me, and my thoughts were as to what

was in store for me. Was it to end in tortures and death, without a single being in the world to know my fate? or did it mean captivity and slavery for an indefinite time, and then death at their hands? Is there a being living, who unless he has experienced it, can possibly have the faintest imagination of the torture of mind one must endure in such a situation? No, let me tell you, no; it is impossible. Here I was in the midst of a band of about thirty savages, all in their war paint. In a condition of semi-unconsciousness, and weakened from the loss of blood, I was taken by them to their encampment.

I was placed in a wigwam, where I was given in charge of a squaw who I suppose was the daughter of the old chief. She cared for me kindly enough in the way of binding up my wounds with pounded roots and other soothing remedies; and when I was able to eat she gave me parched corn and a sort of mush made from grass seed, with square chunks of dried buffalo meat. The wounds, being made with arrows, suppurated considerably, and caused frequent vomiting. I was stripped of all my clothing except an old pair of overalls, and laid on a stretcher about eight feet above the ground, so that I could not very easily get down without help.

After I had been kept here several days and was beginning to get a little easier, I was brought into the midst of a council, where the old chief sat, all marked up over his body with paint and ashes in various shapes and figures. He was surrounded by his tribe, numbering in all about five hundred to six hundred. I afterwards learned that they were the Apache Mescalales, then known as among the most merciless and blood-thirsty of all the Indian tribes. After a long pow-wow had gone on, the squaw who had had me in charge, apparently made an appeal to the old chief, whose frowns were of such a forbidding aspect that they made me quail, and almost blotted

out all hope for anything better than torture and death as soon as the council was ended. But it seemed as if woman's influence in this case prevailed; for shortly after I was again remanded into her custody and taken in charge by her — for what purpose I knew not; but from that moment I made up my mind that I would escape if possible at any hazard.

The first thing to do was to pretend to be even much worse than I really was — although I was bad enough at best. So I at once set about complaining of weakness and would not make any effort to move about. This threw them off their guard, and I was not looked after so closely, as otherwise I might have been. This gave me hope of an escape; but how I could not determine, for an attempt once made and a failure I was satisfied meant sure death, with perhaps the most cruel tortures. Then again once free, which way to go and how was all an enigma. I should have neither provisions, clothing, or money, in any event; so the chances were very dubious at the best. Yet to remain with and among these daring savages, after having in early life known not only the comforts, but also the refinements of life — it would be a living entombment. All these thoughts were continually in my mind.

But at the expiration of about twelve days, I found some great preparations were going on, which proved to be for a grand hunt. Everything being in readiness, most of the bucks were up one night, and mounting their horses and ponies, with their firearms and bows and arrows, were soon off and away. When the campfires were burned almost away, and only a few straggling Indians around, I carefully surveyed in the darkness the situation. I had been left alone, apparently asleep. I cautiously got down from my high perch, slipped out, and found staked back of the wigwam a good horse. It was with the utmost exertion that I could mount him, owing to the

nature of my wounds; but I succeeded after a few snorts from him, that even then almost made me give up the attempt to get away. Twisting a part of the riata around his lower jaw, I plied the balance to his side and was off with a bound, not having roused the vigilance of my keeper, or any of the few lazy savages around the dying embers.

I calculated that it must be about midnight, and that in order to get to a safe distance before morning, when they could track me, it was necessary to make all the time I could, and get all the travel and speed possible out of my animals; and this you may be sure I did. I several times came very near fainting and falling off my horse from the effects of my wounds, which broke with the jolting of my ride; but it was for life or death, and I knew it.

After going aimlessly for a few miles I found a pass leading down into an arroyo, which my horse seemed to know; and down this declivity by a sidling pathway I went in safety till I reached the bed of the cañon. Perhaps I should explain to some of my readers that an arroyo runs between high perpendicular banks of alluvial soil, which has been cut away from time to time by freshets until finally the bed rock is reached, some times at a depth of eighty feet or more, leaving the banks perpendicular for miles, without any chance of getting up or down or out of them. Through this gorge I continued in the darkness, not knowing and scarce caring where I would bring up. But after a few hours, and as the day was breaking, I began to see an opening ahead. Coming to this, I urged my horse for all he was worth and all I could endure, not daring to get off for fear I could never get on again. Thus I continued to ride on until I found my animal had about run his course. Neither urging nor anything I could do would get him out of a walk, and a slow one at that; until shortly after, he dropped.

This was the last of my ride; and show-

ing my gratitude to my faithful steed, as I had to the Indian maiden who cared for me while in their camp by taking French leave, I now began to wonder what was the next move. But as there was a sort of blind trail near by, I took it; and sometimes limping along, sometimes crawling on all fours, I continued until about midday. Then to my great relief, I heard the braying of a donkey, and a Mexican put in an appearance.

When he found I had escaped from the Indians he said, "No white man ever got away from them before. You are the first"; and then he loaded me on the jack, and took me on with him.

He took me to a small ranch, seemingly completely isolated, and there I remained with him for a few days. Then he showed me a road that was traveled by traders and packers to Durango. Falling in with a packer I accompanied him to the city; and there I met some Americans, who took an interest in me on account of my Indian escapade, and furnished me with some clothing and money; for you will recollect when I was taken in hand by the Mexican my sole attire consisted of a pair of overalls — neither shirt, hat, shoes, or any other article that goes toward the make up of a gentleman in full dress. I learned that the Indians had tracked me to the little ranch of the Mexican who befriended me, and had offered him ten of their best horses or mules, or one thousand Mexican dollars, for my recapture.

After being comfortably housed and cared for, I found myself again in circumstances that permitted me to enjoy all my surroundings. I saw some entirely new customs. Among others was Beggars' Day, which I believe comes once a week, when all the blind, the lame, and crippled of every description, each wearing a large tin badge about the size of a teacup, assembled together and with one at their head, whom I took to be the king of them all, as he rode a burro, went in procession all over the city, stopping from place to place to gather what-

ever was given them, — either victuals, rags, or the smallest of small coins. Again, the marketing was interesting. At the dawn of day the populace in most places is astir to get its supplies — and such a scene! Vegetables are cut and sliced into the smallest of small pieces, and to get variety one has only to ask for it, when with half an onion, a thin slice of squash, three or four of the smallest of potatoes, a few radishes, a saucer of green beans, and all other vegetables in the same proportion, and a strip of meat from six inches to three feet in length, (for it is never cut in steak or cuts for roast,) you have your day's fare; while the poorer class are content to get the entrails according to their means to purchase. Among the lower orders it will never answer to give presents, unless you never expect to see them again: as, for instance, you think one has done you a favor, and to show your appreciation you give him a dollar; the next day should he do anything for you, he naturally demands a dollar, thinking that as you gave him one before, he is now entitled to it anyway.

After I had regained strength enough, I again started out on my journeying. Once more hope sprang up anew, and with it my original resolve to reach California or die in the attempt. Believing — as I then did — that the fates had given me a charmed life, and that having passed through such ordeals as I already had since starting, I could not possibly have any others as bad, I once more endeavored to reach the seashore at Mazatlan, where, I was told, vessels were going up of late to San Francisco. Not knowing the geography of the Sierra Madre Mountains, I would travel in company of any straggling party of two or three that was going my direction, and try in this way to get on a direct road.

The scenery of these mountains was awe inspiring. They towered up like vast cathedral spires upon top of one another against the blue sky, all varied with the colors of the rainbow in the sunsets. Thus time

passed from day to day as I journeyed along, not unpleasantly — sometimes alone, sometimes in company, coming from time to time to some little hut of thatch and a small patch of vegetation, corn, sugar-cane, or sweet potatoes. No matter where I stopped at night I could always get something to eat, and one real was always the cost, (twelve and a half cents). The food was always the same, — frijoles, tortillas, and jerked beef and red peppers, with milk or sometimes tea or coffee — occasionally eggs or a piece of chicken, but this was the exception. It is a custom throughout Mexico never to have anything left after a meal is over, whether among rich or poor; for whatever the rich have left is given away to the peons about the place, who are all in a starving condition at the best. On going into a small place where there are only a few families living, you go to any one of them to get you a meal, and they are only too glad to get one up for you; but it may take two hours, for their supplies are so very limited that it is necessary to go to nearly every one in the place to get enough together for a meal. Thus they borrow from one another, an egg from one, another from the next, a piece of meat from others, a handful of beans or corn, a little coffee or tea, and so on, until they get sufficient.

They are the most improvident people in the world, the poorer classes living sometimes on the wild fruits of the country. I have myself seen families camped under what is called the guarmuchil tree, with an olla, or earthen jar, of water, and their only food the guarmuchil bean, which grows in great abundance on the tree overhead. Here they would remain with no bedding but a serape, or blanket, for their bed on the ground; and when the tree was stripped of its products, they would remove to the next one and seem as content as the prince in his palace. Happening in a small town of perhaps two hundred inhabitants, when the rainy season was coming on, I

found they were nearly all preparing to leave. I asked, why? They coolly told me that they were going to Durango, where they could get into *casas* that the rain would not come through — never for a moment seeming to think that they could fix up their own houses. They would travel sixty or eighty miles first to get into a good shelter. This seems rather a tough story; nevertheless it is true, and not of rare occurrence either, even to this day.

All these little happenings took my attention, and gave me subjects for meditation through all my life since; and they are as strongly photographed upon my memory to this day, as if they had been but yesterday.

But to proceed on my journey. After deviating from any laid down route, I found myself jogging on alone near the city of Paral, a great and very rich silver mining district. From the earliest days of the Spanish regime, the mountains hereabouts have been pierced through and through, and worked to great depths; and the old archives show that millions upon millions of dollars have been extracted therefrom. Leaving Paral I soon found myself in what was known then as the Valley of El Bayou.

When I was about three miles from the city I was met by an old Spanish priest, who advised me immediately to turn about and go back, as the cholera was raging fearfully at that place. However, his advice was of no avail; to California I was bound, or die in the attempt, and nothing could induce me to turn back. Moreover, I had no fear of the disease; I had seen much of it in New York and had had an opportunity of closely observing the method of treatment, while living with a kinsman there, (Dr. J. S. Oatman).

This relative's medical knowledge at second-hand, came in good play for me. It happened in this wise. Upon entering the city, I was met by an old darkey, who taking me at once to be an American approached me, and speaking English asked me where I

was from, where going, and numerous other questions — all of which I answered. He then told me that he had been a body servant in his young days to General Jackson; that he was living there with his present master, a retired Santa Fé trader, who was rich and had a big store there and a fine house; that he was delighted to see an American after having long seen none except his master, that he knew if I would go home with him, his master would be very glad to see me. So to please him I went along to the store, where I was soon received with one of the warmest of welcomes, and was at once requested to go up to the merchant's house with the old man, who had instructions where to put me. I accordingly went, and was ushered into a handsome court filled with tropical trees and flowers, and soon found myself domiciled in princely style. The old darkey was as delighted as I, and only too proud to do me any favor. When the hour for dinner came, I was summoned into the dining hall, when I again met my host, who introduced me to his wife, a Castilian lady, whose complexion was as fair as the lily, her hair of the most golden hue, and her eyes of blue.

After a sumptuous dinner—such a meal as I had not enjoyed since leaving the Southern States, I retired to my room in the court. Shortly after, just as the shades of evening were setting in, my colored friend came in, and asked me if I would not accompany him down the street for a walk. As we walked along, he asked me the cause of my wounds, and I gave him a brief history of them. Then he took me to make a call on a Mexican family. One of the ladies chanced to be ill with a severe headache and I was casually asked what they should do for her. Supposing it was some simple and passing matter, I suggested that they might put cold cloths to her head and bathe her feet in mustard water, or if mustard were not handy, then use some red pepper instead; and thought no more of it.

But you can imagine my astonishment the next morning, at the breakfast table, when a young man called, asking for the young American doctor. I undertook to explain to him as best I could in Spanish, but he would have none of it. He said that he had come from Senorita ——'s house, that she had been ill for a week with her head, and I had cured her in one night; that I must go with him and see his brother who had the cholera, and would die unless I went immediately.

Here was a nice fix for me to be in; but again my colored friend came to my aid. Said he, in English, which the young man did not understand: "Mas'r, you's a fool if you don't go. You's got no money hardly — how 's you goin' to git to Californy? Dese people is rich, and p'raps you can do 'em some good. Try, and ef yer do, I know dey'll pay you handsome. Don' make a fool o' yerself. I tell yer dey all tinks you is a doctor now, and I'll tell 'em you are, anyhow, so now go on. Dey'll die anyhow, if ye don't." I reflected a few moments and I began to think over what I knew of cholera, and wondered if I could not utilize some practical home remedies. Immediately all appeared clear: I could do no harm, and perhaps by using good common sense and judgment, with my slender knowledge I might do some good. And my colored friend's logic touched me in my tenderest spot: "How's you goin' to git to Californy?"

That settled it. "I'll go with you, young man; but stop, before going I must stop at the drug store on the way." Here I laid in some camphor, opium, alcohol, and a few other things, and we proceeded to his house. A hasty look, and I found the sick man's lips and finger-nails blue; his eyes were sunken, his flesh cold and damp. I thought, "No hope here. Not a ghost of a show," but I set all in the house to work, took some red pepper and alcohol, mixed them up well, had hot flannel cloths

dipped in the mixture, and ordered them to rub him hard. This they did with a will. Meantime I had hot bricks placed around portions of his body, gave him an opium pill or two, and left.

I expected that would be the last of the business; but imagine my surprise three hours later at receiving another call from another party, requesting my immediate presence. I tried my best to get out of it, but it was of no avail; and a gold doubloon placed in my hand then and there had an immensely stimulating effect in deciding what to do. I went, and pursued about the same method of treatment.

On my return to the house I found word had been left that my first patient was so relieved that he could talk and was considered as out of danger. Then the calls became so numerous that I was at once involuntarily a full-fledged doctor without diploma or question. I was unable to get to places as fast as called for, was compelled to send back to Paral for necessary supplies of drugs by special messenger. The pestilence raged, and every morning found corpses of various poor unfortunates wrapped in black muslin and laid out on the edge of the sidewalk until the dead cart came along to take them out to the pit, into which they were dumped in a pile.

I was wonderfully fortunate; out of over a hundred cases I did not lose over seven or eight. Meantime all who came for me brought their offerings. One would give me money, another a mule, another a jack, and others handsome serapes, until I had of the serapes a small bale; while the corral at the hacienda made a goodly showing of horses, mules and jacks, and my purse held over twelve hundred dollars.

In the latter part of my practice I had the assistance of the bishop, who accompanied me to give his blessing; and this perhaps had much to do with curing many of the patients — through their faith. Before I left this part of the country and went on

my way rejoicing, a grand display of fireworks was given me, and the old adobe church (over a hundred and twenty years old, and in a good state of preservation throughout) was illuminated all around the piers at the cornice, as also the entire dome.

I regret, however, to say that the principal agent in this chapter of my experience, the faithful old servant, was taken sick with the pestilence, and all that could be done for him was of no avail; he was too old and feeble to withstand disease, and he died before I left. Peace to his remains.

But a few short weeks sufficed to bring all these things about, and during that time it was not only by day but by night also that I was constantly at work until I was tired out; and being anxious now to proceed, I once more made a start—under more favorable circumstances by far than I had ever before since leaving New York, for I was able to get a good and presentable wardrobe, and took two as fine horses as one would wish to back. Thus equipped, I once more prepared to leave this busy and ever to be remembered place; and leaving all the accumulation of the corral, and other things, for the benefit of my kind host, to do with as seemed best, I bade him a kindly adieu, and departed toward Mazatlan, where after a month's more travel I found myself—thus reaching the other side of the continent some ten months after I left New York.

At Mazatlan, I was again among Americans, for there were at the time about seventy of them there awaiting the sailing of a French barque. We were compelled to wait here about ten days before all was in readiness; and I assure you a rougher experience among men I never witnessed. There were a number of old Texan rangers there, and it was so soon after the close of the Mexican war that no very good feeling existed between gringos and greaser; and no occasion for a quarrel, no matter how small, was let pass by either American or Mexican without taking advantage of it. Gambling was car-

ried on to a very great extent, and almost every one would play at monte.

One night a row occurred in one of the houses, in which a Mexican was killed. Immediately the whole town was in a commotion, and no American could pass along the street without being stoned from the tops of houses and also arrested by the guards. The next day the guards from the old *cuartel*, with all the troops about the city, were drawn up in front of the hotel—or rather caravansary and corral—where we were all stopping, and a twelve pounder cannon stood in front loaded with grape, while the commanding officer with his squad proceeded to demand all our arms. This we knew meant a wholesale slaughter afterwards if we acceded, and the rangers were not in any mood to submit; so a party, getting between the soldiers and the officers, managed to get a rat tail file with which they quickly plugged up the vent hole of the cannon, thus preventing the soldiers from using it upon us until all the Americans were free to get together for protection. This they did by taking possession of the gun and putting it into the ocean in front of the city. The next twenty-four hours were spent in guarding against any attack from the soldiery, who were only too glad to remain in quarters at the *cuartel* until we got away, which we speedily did. Embarking on board the barque *Abeille* we set sail for San Francisco.

Nothing of interest occurred during the monotonous life of a sea voyage of about four weeks, with the exception that it was rather a rough one for the Pacific ocean. Scarce a day passed that we did not meet vessels bound our way. There were at that time twenty vessels bound for California where there is one now. There were not vessels enough afloat to bring the passengers from all parts of the world desirous of going to the land of gold as fast as they could get there.

Having thus given the story of one man's

journeyings and adventure across the continent, let me here say that varied and wonderful as much of it seems, yet there are numbers of the old pioneers of this far West who could relate incidents much more strange and startling. Many of our early comers could, if they would, give us tales of their experience and adventures that would curdle one's blood to read; the incidents here related are not of unusual character for the times in which they occurred.

At last after my journeyings and wanderings of eleven months duration since leaving New York City, I found myself sailing into the harbor of San Francisco, on the 27th of December, A. D., 1849. (This has saved me in the eyes of the old sticklers of the Pioneer Society of San Francisco for strict constructions as to what constitutes a pioneer proper. For it matters not when one started for California or what disasters may have overtaken him on the road to prevent his reaching there — he cannot become a *pioneer* unless he got here in '49.) Upon arrival we found the bay studded with every conceivable description of craft that could sail the ocean. As there was but one wharf, Long Wharf as it was called, at the foot of Clay Street, extending from Sansome Street out into the bay, all passengers were compelled to come ashore in small boats with their luggage. This took time, and the wildest excitement meanwhile prevailed aboard, all wanting to get on land immediately; and all manner of wild questions were asked of those who came aboard: such as, "Are they mining in the town?" "How much can you make a day at mining ashore?" and, "Where is the best place to go to mine?" none seeming to have the slightest doubt that they could go to picking up gold in the streets or roads anywhere. Once landed, and what a sight!

There were but few houses at that time. Tents were everywhere, even up the sides of Telegraph Hill. Everybody seemed as busy as possible — no time to stop for anything.

Every man was employed at something; anyone who could drive a nail and saw a board was a carpenter, and could readily get his sixteen dollars a day, while a laboring man would not look at you for less than twelve dollars a day, and everybody's motto was, "Move on. Keep pushing." Turn which way you would, old familiar faces that you knew away back in your Eastern home would spring up before you. Those that started long after you did to come here had arrived and become duly installed before you.

But if the ways were so extravagant, what was the surprise of all new comers to find when they wished to purchase anything that prices were so exorbitant that they almost held their breath. Potatoes one dollar a pound; onions one dollar and a half; ham or bacon one dollar to one dollar and a half a pound; eggs twelve dollars a dozen; a paper of tacks their weight in gold; a plank twenty feet in length ten dollars; laudanum one dollar a drop or twenty dollars a dose; pills five dollars each. I purchased a small loaf of French bread of Woodward, at a tent on the street where the What Cheer House now stands, paying therefor the sum of seventy-five cents; and for a cup of coffee, it was fifty cents everywhere, except at the fine restaurants, where it was seventy-five cents. Well I remember my first meal. It was taken in company with an old chum of mine at home, whom I met within a few hours after getting ashore, Josiah J. Lcomb. He wished to chat with me, and communicate my arrival to our old acquaintances in the East, so we went up to the Wend House, then standing on Clay Street hill opposite the upper end of the plaza; and there we ordered a dinner for two, which was very soon ready for us and consisted of ham and eggs, with a beefsteak and coffee, boiled potatoes, and a piece of pie, washed down with a bottle of French claret. After our repast came the bill — thirty-two dollars or sixteen dollars each; and I can safely say I've eaten many a meal since in San

Francisco that was better at a cost not exceeding thirty cents, wine included, and on table linen not done up in colors of beet juice and meat gravy either, but as immaculately white as the laundry could make them.

The city limits proper then only extended within a space bounded by say Pacific Street on the north, and about to California Street on the south, while the water front came up to Montgomery Street in many places, and Dupont Street was quite up town on the western limit. I could have purchased 25x100 lots there at \$25 each. The ground where the Palace Hotel now stands was purchased by Jacob P. Leese in 1839 for the sum of thirty-two dollars, and was then a sand-hill covered with chaparral. Mr. Leese is still living; old Father Time has silvered his locks of seventy-nine winters, while Dame Fortune has not rained her showers of gold upon the old pioneer. He has lived in California since 1833, — a period of over half a century. Could he have held this property till now, it would have numbered him among the millionaires, as the bare ground alone is now worth over two million dollars. The post-office was on the corner of Clay and above the plaza, the court was in an adobe building where the fire department house now stands on the upper side of the plaza. Juror's fees were then fixed at \$8 a case. People who expected letters took their stand in a row, and often waited for hours to get their letters. Men made their living by getting into these lines and then selling at \$5 for their place. I once waited for over three hours, and got letters addressed to my name and initials, amounting in all to \$4.00, (for postage was then twelve and a half cents a half-ounce,) and of all those I got, only one belonged to me. Some other person of the same initials was here also.

I well remember how the so-called sidewalks were constructed. Coming up Clay Street they were made of boxes of heavy merchandise that had been dumped over

from the ships. Boxes of plug tobacco, weighing a hundred pounds each, were common stepping places to walk on and keep out of the mud or clay, while hardware of every description was frequent. The ships Apollo, Niantic, and Tehama, were never taken from the spot they lay at, until broken up after the city front was filled in from Sansome Street down to the bay, as at present. The old ship Tehama was once afloat where the Bank of California now stands, I believe. The Niantic was built over at the northwest corner of Sansome and Clay Streets, and was kept as a hotel until 1876, when the present building was put up. To lay its foundations they dug down and cut out the hull of the old ship, at the same time taking out portions of the old cargo that was left in the ship at the time. It consisted of champagne in cases, (over one hundred of them,) and also quantities of oil cloth, together with other articles, which I do not now remember. People think champagne improves with age; but if they could have tasted any of this, although the seals were unbroken, they would say, "Bilge water — and very bad at that."

One could not but notice the class of people who first came to California — all young men, the flower of the nation; no beggars, no lame, no blind, no crippled; all was young blood, full of life and activity. I met gentlemen here at every turn, whom I knew at home to be in good circumstances, and many of them quite wealthy for the times then. But here they were dressed in blue flannel shirts, and looking as if they were in disguise; but they were all busy at something. No distinction was then made as regards dress, for perhaps the poorest dressed man was the one who had the most money, and no one could tell.

Nearly every one who came out brought introductory letters. I had taken the precaution to have three trunks sent out by sailing vessel around the Horn, and found upon my arrival that they had been here in a

storeship for some months. Upon getting them I found quite a number of introductory letters to different persons here — upon presenting which I got an entirely new insight into life here. I went into a gentleman's store and presented my letter to him. He said: "Well, young man, how much do you want? Have you any money? How much do you require?"

Astonished, I told him I was not begging for money, but wished advice as to what to do, as employment, until I could go to the mines.

He replied, "Well, I have no time to spare. If you want a hundred dollars, you can have it, but I must not waste a moment. Keep moving, do anything, no matter what. Everybody else did."

So I took his advice and moved on — rather indignant at the time at his manner and sayings. But I soon found that that was almost the universal interpretation put upon letters of introduction.

So I started out and kept moving as advised; and the next merchant I called on was a Mr. Caldwell in the vicinity of Clark's Point, (on Montgomery Street then.) I presented my letter of introduction. He at once said, "Do you think you could take a boat, a small, five-ton lighter, and go up with the tide, keeping clear of the vessels, as far as Rincon Point, a distance of not over two miles and return by the next tide, bringing down some canned goods consigned to me?"

I replied that I thought I could.

"Well," said he, "I'll send my son along, and you can both together get the things soon without much trouble."

So we started, keeping close in shore, and got to the vessel, got the boxes in the lighter, and were all ready to return when we found the tide was again coming in, and we were on the mud flat. So I had to wait out there for another down tide. This we were unprepared for, but patiently waited, and in returning, rather cold and quite

hungry, found the old gentleman had provided some hot coffee and a substantial lunch for us. After this, without any further words, the merchant asked me how much I wanted for the job.

I replied, "You know what it is worth to you, and anything would be satisfactory."

Without any hesitation he gave me fifty dollars — two twenty-dollar gold pieces and one ten, asking if that was enough. It was far in excess of my anticipation.

This job over, I pushed on the next day for another. I went down on Long Wharf, where the newcomers were getting ashore in small boats. I found that there was much difficulty to get their baggage and trunks off the end of the wharf, as the 'longshoremen of those days asked five dollars for each trunk they carried up to the storeshop or storehouse at the head of the wharf, and would not touch any for less.

So I watched the accumulation of baggage on the wharf. A man approached me and asked if I would help him up to the storehouse with seven trunks he had; he would pay me \$2.50 apiece for the lot. I at once adapted myself to the situation; I was quite unused to such manual labor but I took in at a glance the necessity of making all I could, and in as short a time. I managed to get through the job, with his help, and after getting his warehouse receipt he paid me my \$17.50, and I was on the lookout for something else.

Evening was coming on, however; so after getting a place to tent in, and something to eat, I started in to see the sights. Gambling was then in full blast everywhere, and every game that was ever played on earth was to be found here, although Mexican monte was the favorite. The Parker House, as it was called, stood where the old City Hall now stands, and I believe brought a rental of \$10,000 a month. There was also a saloon on the corner of Washington and Kearny where the old Hall of Records last was; and in this place I re-

member was a French woman who played the violin, receiving \$100 a day therefor; and as women were so scarce in those days, whenever she left the saloon to go out on the street every saloon around the square was emptied to get a look at her. In these saloons there were piles of gold, both in coin and in sacks of gold dust, that would put some of our commercial banks of the present day to the blush, and long tables that had their croupiers ready to rake in or pay out as fast as the cards were turned off. I have often watched some novice who was putting down his first ventures at play. On one occasion I saw at the same table two clergymen shove their coin under another man's arm on the table. I knew them both, and know of what I speak—we are all mortals after all. Among other noted players was a judge at that time, who made it a point every evening to go around from place to place and make high play. Upon entering with his attendant, who carried the sack, he would first sit down at a table and bar off every other player; then set his time of play at a limit, say twenty minutes or half an hour, the stake, from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars, with the bank. Meantime to keep the crowd that would be in at the time, which would number from three hundred up to near one thousand, he always asked them all to take a drink, which meant twenty-five cents a head for the bar; and if he won he paid for the drinks, if he lost, the bank had them to pay for.

And now for another day's hunt for work. But before starting out I met a young man whose parents lived in New York; and he had left a beautiful home and found his way out here, his name I omit out of respect for his parents—suffice it to say he was the son of a leading business man in New York, and he will figure hereafter in the course of my story. He proposed to join me in anything I undertook to do. I told him I was intending to go up in the mines, where I had some friends who

wished me to come immediately; but that I wanted more funds first. So we started out; and the first place I came to to ask for a job of some kind happened to be just where the Cosmopolitan and Crocker's buildings are on Bush Street. At that time there was an immense sand-hill there about as high as the present buildings. Here a Mr. Graham, a Philadelphian, had taken a contract to grade down the hill, and wanted about one thousand men. So going up to him I asked rather briskly if he could not give us a job.

He replied by asking if we had ever shoveled sand before; he did not think from our looks and build that we had.

I told him No, but we were willing to try. He replied that he thought it would blister our hands.

I thought his intent was to be sarcastic, so I mustered courage to make the remark that it might, if it did not blister his hands to pay us when we were done.

That settled it. He told us to come the next day at eight. We did so, and worked till twelve—when out came the gold watches from the pockets of numbers of our fellow workmen (many of them, I learned, were worth their thousands when at home), and these men sang out, "Quitting time, boys." In the afternoon we worked again, but were favored by having light shovels, while the heavier men handled the barrows. At 5 o'clock all hands passed to the cashier, who paid every man each night. The next day we only worked about four hours, when Mr. Graham told us there was to be an election held for some municipal office, and he wished we would vote for his choice. As we knew nothing and cared less about the matter, we all did so; and there was a puncheon of punch and liquors on the ground for every man to help himself. All were paid their wages the same as if working all day.

Three days of this gave me funds enough for a trip to Sacramento, where my friends

were waiting for me, and I began to make preparations to leave my numerous acquaintances in the city. Meantime I had been very comfortably housed in a one-story wooden building on Clay Street, which had been put up by David and James R. Garniss, old friends in New York. David returned East very shortly, while James is still in San Francisco. Before going up the river I thought I must have a pair of mining boots; so I cast about and found a pair of high top Hungarian boots that had been worn a few times but were as good as new yet. These I bought, paying for the same the sum of \$120.00.

The old steamer Senator was then running up to Sacramento, and I engaged passage for myself and chum, paying \$60.00 therefor, and a further sum of \$2.00 for the privilege of putting my blankets under the table to sleep there. This old steamer if loaded with the coin she had made for her owners would sink with its weight.

Arriving at Sacramento we found the city flooded, and most of it four feet under water — and this, too, long before any debris from the mines was put in the river, for at that early day no mining had been done on the hills, only on the basin of the river and in the gulches, and only with small rockers at that. We took up our abode about three miles from the river, at Sutterville, or rather back on the high ground, where my friends were encamped. They had a good wall tent, about six by eight feet square, and into this we all crowded — there being five of us then besides our luggage. The winter of 1849 was an unusually rainy one, and the mountain streams were swollen, so that the whole lower country was flooded, and much of the goods in Sacramento, as also the shanties and tents that contained it, was floated off down stream; and I well remember that we were all busy as bees at our encampment on the bank of the stream, picking up lumber and boards as they floated by.

Out of these we soon constructed a small scow boat; and this proved to us a rich bonanza, as we began picking up things that floated by. This kept us busy from morn till night. Among other things, houses were shipped out to California from the East, all ready to put up, but strapped together in long bundles of joists and plank marked for putting together properly; and of these it was our fortune to get one entire two-story house in sections, which we hauled ashore as it floated by. This we sold to some parties in Sacramento city afterwards for a good sum. The building was put up on the lines, where I saw it still standing some fifteen years later. Among other things we picked up were two tierces of hard bread or sea biscuit of a good quality, about 1000 pounds in all, and it was in such air-tight tierces that it was in good preservation. We kept a good supply of this, while we exchanged the rest for flour, which was worth fifty cents per pound then in the city. We also recovered two barrels of pork. It was fat and none of us liked it — particularly, as we could get all the fresh meat we wanted at very low prices; so we concluded to make the most we could out of it, and improvising a stove out of an old iron pot we found there, by knocking the bottom out and placing it on bricks above the ground, we took an old tin boiler, and after cutting up the pork in small pieces filled the boiler, keeping up a good hot fire in the pot, or stove, and tried out the fat for lard, which was in great demand in the city. This we again put in clear fresh water to take out the color, as also the extreme salty taste, and sold the whole lot of it to a restaurant at sixty cents per pound.

We found that our camping ground was a very profitable one, being put where everything would float by, and we had the opportunity of catching flotsam as long as the flood lasted. Then after it went down, we turned our attention to the shooting of ducks and mud-hens, which were in such abun-

dance all around us that we could almost knock them over with stones. These we sold to restaurants in Sacramento. The proprietor of which would come out as far as where the graveyard now stands on the knoll, and to this point we rowed our boat every morning, loaded with game—for it was a very poor morning, that two of us could not shoot enough before the others got breakfast ready to yield us fifty dollars for the morning's effort; and this continued as long as we remained there.

Meantime, after the subsidence of the flood, the cholera broke out most violently at Sacramento, and the living of today were tomorrow in their graves. I remember well the extreme scarcity of women in those days, and among the few there was one, a most

beautiful girl, who in spite of the life she led, lacked neither in refinement or genuine womanly sympathy. This frail girl made it her study to seek out cases of want and try to help their sickness and suffering. She extended her sympathy also to such as were dying. I was myself attending at the bedside of a gentleman now living in San Francisco, who has been engaged on the *Morning Call* for years past, Mr. John J. Hutchinson, when she came in, a total stranger, to bring something to try and make him better and speak a few kind words of cheer to him we thought dying. Alas, poor girl, a few short hours after she herself was taken out, and buried with all her jewels upon her, while the one we thought must die, still lives, active and esteemed.

W. Augustus Knapp.

I SHALL NOT SAY HIM NAY.

A snow-white gown, and a bride-flower crown,
 Idle hands as a high ladye,
 And ne'er a care for the red monie
 That I've toiled and wept for,—my bit of soil,
 With never a weariful tax or toil,
 A rest for my foot, and a roof for my head,—
 All shall be mine when we are wed,
 For so hath my true love promised me.

And shall I flout him, and say him nay?
 And turn with a dainty scorn away,
 Because men hush and hold their breath,
 And fearfully name him — grisly Death?
 Good faith! He is not fair to see,
 A twining worm will his bride-ring be,
 And his clinging arm is green with mould,
 And his love-tale in grave-silence told,
 And he doth not wear Love's shining eyes;—
 But he doth not wound with Love's sweet lies.
 And so, I will not say him nay,
 But will rise when he calls me, and go his way.

M. S. Paden.

THE DEMON OF THE PINE HILLS.

There was nothing particularly demoniac in his appearance. He had in fact, rather the air of the *caballero*—and once upon horseback, he was a superb centaur in palest bronze. He was small, rather under the medium height, a true descendant of the *conquistadores*. His face, changing and flashing in expressions vivid as light-rays, was dark—but it was not olive brown, nor the duller dusky color so common with his race. It was rather the shifting yellow light and darkness seen in superbly cut tiger-eye cameos. The features were strongly leonine, splendidly chiseled, classically regular—and no spire of whisker or mustache marred the outline. From the depths of dusky caverns below the brows, glowed two coals of reddish fire—moving always restlessly. Great waves of glossy coal-black hair grew low upon the temples—half concealing the daintily curving ears. The forehead was low, broad, slightly retreating—an Indian forehead.

The small head, daintily poised above a pair of sloping shoulders like a woman's, was supported upon a neck veined like old marble. His body was slight, sinewy, agile—and upon the ground he moved with the soft, stealthy grace of a panther; a grace that at once concealed and expressed great physical strength.

On horseback, he was a demon—reckless of life and limb, brutal to the horse he bestrode—but he rode like a cavalryman. Clothe him in a blue flannel shirt, laced at the front with a bright red string; a broad sombrero flapping in the wind; rude overalls and high boots, to which were fastened cruel spurs that jingled at every motion; tie about his neck a green silk kerchief—always green silk—with its ends brought together in front and secured there by a pin in which flashed

a glorious ruby, glowing upon his heart like a third deep eye; cover his legs with immense *chapparajos*—a kind of half trousers, much affected by native Californians in riding, made of undressed ox-hide and laced on the inner side with raw-hide thongs;—mount all this upon an enormous Mexican saddle tight cinched to a black mustang, and you have a very fair likeness of Pedro Flores,—Pedro *Diablo*,—the Demon of the Pine Hills.

He was of a worn-out race,—a *paisano*,—a half-breed,—a greaser,—riding across country madly in chase of his cattle, leaping *barrancas*, tearing through scrub-oak and chaparral like a mounted fiend; and the black horse under him was of worn out stock. But as the animal showed the short quarter, untiring endurance, and unquenchable fire of the barb of Andalusia, so the man displayed under all his ignorance, his brutality, his demoniac temper, something of the old gentle courtesy that graces the grandees of Castile. It was like a belt of sunshine tinging the edges of a dark cloud, this touch of softness.

The Flores had been a great family in the old days, before *los Americanos* came and brought with them laws and lawyers—synonyms for ruin and poverty to Spanish land-owners. The Flores had boasted that they could journey from San Diego to Yerba Buena, and camp every night on their own land—and it was not an idle boast. In 1850 old Pablo Flores had ridden from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles in his coach and six, with four gallant outriders in silver bells and flashing livery. The coach was a heavy, jolting, lumbering vehicle, imported direct from England by sailing vessel; but old Pablo was known to have a room stored

full of bright Mexican dollars, and a man with a room full of Mexican dollars may do anything. The Flores had owned the rancho called "From Sunrise to Sunset"; a valley long and wide, with mountains round about it so lofty and so precipitous that to a man within it the sun seemed to run its whole daily course above the rancho. They had cattle on *ten* thousand hills; horses in countless numbers; sheep whitening many and many a square league of land.

And all this wealth in land, and live stock, and silver dollars, had gone — where? Ask of the American law courts, with their tales of misery and sin and wrongdoing hidden under the velvet-clad relentless claw of legal forms. Ask of sneaking lawyers, drunken with the frailties of fellow-men. Ask of usurers, fattening upon weaknesses which themselves had pampered. Ask of systems, cruel as death, relentless as fate which conquerors have imposed upon a once contented people. And Pedro Flores, grandson of Pablo, the only direct descendant of the old family, — his wealth was a thousand head of long-horned cattle and — the Pine Hills.

Agriculture he scorned. It was the province of the hated American. Sheep raising he left to the Basques. No Spaniard, no man of any race under the sun, could compete with the wily Biscayans — stealing in and out upon the edges of their neighbors' pastures, saving for emergencies the feed that themselves had rented; making long journeys with their herds up and down the coast, escaping taxation and availing themselves of the privilege given by law of feeding for one night upon the land whereon they encamped.

Pedro's cattle were not of great intrinsic value. They were agile as goats, and as tough and sinewy. Tallow lay not thick on their ribs. Their hides were apt to be difficult of tanning. The Pine Hills might have been a prince's legacy — in extent and in poverty of resources.

It was a range of mountains five miles long and of varying width under two miles, fifty miles from the coast of Santa Barbara, and accessible only by pack train over trails devious and difficult. Approaching from the coast, the south face of the hills seemed to settle heavily down among the surrounding lower mountains, and to shut off all the world beyond them. It was a succession of bold, bare heads, massive and rock-ribbed, with an average altitude of five thousand feet. In winter the snows lay deep upon them — a crown of hoary age — and in summer they renewed their youth, swimming in warm floods of sunshine, or wrapped themselves in mantles of black cloud, fastened from each to each by vivid lightning flashes, and shook the rolling thunder down from their great sides in reverberations of demoniac glee.

Upon the north sides of the Hills were the pines — and here the trails wound up to the summits of the peaks; here the hills were easy of access; here were little valleys, of too great altitude for farming, but abounding in rich bunch-grass; here were the camps of the shake-makers — the scrub pine upon the Hills was valuable only for shakes, even had it been accessible to a lumber market; and in one of these little valleys, where a spring bubbled from a rock at the foot of a great pine, stood the adobe hut of Pedro Flores.

He dwelt alone there with his herder, — an aged Indian, Cholo by name, who was also cook, housekeeper, and dairy-maid. The dairy, by the way, was a couple of she-goats kept in a little brush corral behind the hut. Cholo and his master would as soon have thought of milking a mare as a cow. Let such filthy practices be confined to *los Americanos*. The goats furnished milk and cheese enough. In another and larger brush corral were the saddle horses — half a dozen mustangs, besides the black stallion that Flores habitually rode.

One fair evening in July old Cholo bustled

about a little fire, built down between two small bowlders in front of the hut. From a little swung gypsy fashion above the coals came a savory odor—a compound of jerked beef, garlic, and red pepper. A pot of coffee steamed upon a rock near the fire, and a tin plate held a stock of thin, wafer-like tortillas.

Pedro Flores sat in the door-step of the hut smoking, and inhaling the smoke of a brown paper cigarito. He arose, at last, and walked out toward the larger corral. In a little while he returned, leading by a riata the black stallion.

"*Padrone*,"—Cholo spoke very respectfully in the soft half-Indian, half-Spanish tongue of the country—"the meal is served."

"*Esta bueno!*" Flores said, carrying the riata with him into the door of the hut. He dropped the rope upon the floor—and the horse stood motionless as a statue carved in ebony.

Within, the food smoked upon a rude table, and for a chair of state the lord of the Pine Hills had a cracker box. Without Cholo saddled and bridled the black stallion—but in some marvelous way seemed to anticipate the wants of the *padrone*, for at the same time he waited upon him.

The faithful servitor had no thought of food for himself. The large, yellow dog, half coyote, half blood-hound, sitting now beside the box of his master, was vastly more familiar with the descendant of the Flores race than was the dusky human retainer. Cholo had bred into him the patient servility of five generations of degraded humans—a vastly lower, more brutal, more faithful animal than a half-wild mountain dog. To the dog, Flores was one of a superior race—the especial one it is true, but after all only one; Cholo also was a master, and a superior. To Cholo, Flores was all the world. Other men there might be, but only Pedro Flores was to be loved, adored, respected, served.

All passions, all influences, all feelings, must bend to this one idea of service to the *padrone*. Even his religion—for he was very religious—yielded to this paramount duty.

Perhaps it will be well to go into Cholo's religion a little. Like all his class, he was outwardly a very devout Roman Catholic; very punctual in monthly attendance at the Mission San Buenaventura for performance of his duties. But he in no wise surrendered that dark and bloody mythology that the Spaniards found among the Indians. He was an apostle among his kind, and annually gathered about him all the Indians in that region that could assemble upon the highest peak of the Pine Hills without exciting suspicion. Here, in a shallow cave, an idol of burned wood was set up and sacrificed to. Here offerings of money, and gay cloth, and food, and animals were brought—and nothing ever taken away. Here in a sheltered nook stood a hollow pine, a magic tree, and round about it in the moonlight were enacted dark rites and mysteries.

But like most converts to an alien faith, Cholo would neglect no chance of salvation. If the old was right, then his secret adherence to the old would stand him in good stead; if the new, no God in existence could find fault with a man who went to confession once a month, and to mass whenever time served. Thus he maintained a sort of debit and credit account between two systems, trusting to death to strike a favorable balance sheet.

Cholo was an authority among his people; highly revered by the few of them yet remaining. He was deeply skilled in Indian magic. He knew to a day when the *piñones* (pine-nuts) would ripen. He was expert in the manufacture of that virulent poison which, thrown upon a person's face in the form of fine powder, causes paralysis, decay, a lingering, loathsome, agonizing death. The secret of this powerful preparation is

still sacredly guarded among the California Indians—but it is believed to be made as follows: A rattlesnake and a large toad are placed together in some sort of a closed vessel and the venomous reptile, being irritated, is made to strike the harmless one again and again. Then, when its venom is exhausted, it is taken out and killed,—and the toad is sealed up and allowed to decay until only a dry, putrid mass remains, which is pulverized with a stone pestle. The touch of this powder then is said to cause death, and no Indian will carry it except in a buckskin sack. When it is to be thrown upon an enemy, a portion is wrapped in paper and carried in the hand.

I am not responsible for the accuracy of the above formula. It was given me by a chemist, who has made a study of this subject. I do know that the Indians about Santa Barbara possess a knowledge of some preparation which is very fatal, very readily administered, very easily carried about.

It is needless to say that the possession of this secret gave Cholo great power among his own people, (for not all Indians are trusted with this knowledge,) as well as among the Spaniards. Perhaps even the demon of the Pine Hills stood a little in awe of his dusky servitor. More than one paisano had warned him that Cholo was a dangerous fellow to affront.

Flores finished his evening meal and came out of the hut, rolling a cigarette. The dog followed him.

Coiling the riata upon his arm, he made it fast to the saddle horn, and then in a moment, had mounted upon the black stallion. A few directions in Spanish to Cholo—and one cruel spur sank into the stallion, and he bounded away along the trail up the mountain side. The tawny hound went before him in long springing leaps, like a California lion.

In and out among the pine trees, whispering weirdly in the night wind that was springing up, for a few miles, and then the

trail opened into a tiny valley, in which were spruce trees. Down the center of the valley went a little singing stream—cold as a rich man's heart, clear as an honest man's conscience; and near the head of it was a hole of pine bark, in the open air before which was a fire about which a woman was cooking. The night had fallen rapidly upon the sheltered spot, but from the lighter heights beyond still came floating down to camp the peculiar cracking sound of the shake-splitting machine.

The woman in the firelight heard the sound of the horse's feet, coming more slowly now, and stood shading her eyes with her hand. She was not an ordinary-looking woman, standing there with the firelight flickering upon her worn sun bonnet and faded calico dress. There was something statuesque in the figure—a touch of the open-air grace about her that one sees in mountain animals. In the pale, worn face there was a tender pitifulness—in her light blonde beauty a clinging softness, which nature had taught her. There was something incongruous, yet weirdly fitting, in seeing her standing thus alone in that ghostly light among the young pines. And when she moved about she might have been the spirit of the mountain, coquetting back and forth with her shadow wavering among the trees.

Only for an instant did she stand shading her eyes, and then the tawny hound came forward and fawned upon her. She knew the man upon the black horse now; and again she began burning her eyes above the fire.

Anna Wilson was new to California—and she had never liked dark men. Above all she distrusted this swarthy Antinoüs, who had of late displayed an especial fondness for Spruce Valley. And yet despite herself the man fascinated her, though she was half afraid of him. For her life she could not have told where his charm lay. It may have been in the red-brown eyes; possibly it was

the darkly changing light of his complexion; or perhaps the ruby always worn at his throat was charming away her senses.

Yet her heart was never touched. That had been given to John Wilson years ago, when they were happy together upon their Missouri farm. It had clung to him through prosperity and adversity, and her great love had led her to this wild mountain life in the camp of the shake-makers because John was there. Her allegiance never wavered — but then, that ruby. She had the superstition of her ignorance: and to her eyes it seemed a great gleaming drop of blood, and she could almost feel the effort that the jewel made to engulf her soul.

Flores rode forward into the circle of firelight, saluting her as deferentially as if she had been a queen; and the great ruby flashed dazzling into her eyes as he bowed before her.

"John ees not here — no?" He spoke with a strong accent. The Flores family had not been given to education — particularly had they neglected the study of language.

The woman, after one hasty glance, went steadily on with her preparations for supper.

"John, he's up yander on the maountain yet," she said, using the plaintive twang peculiar to her class and section.

"Ver' well; I wait for *heem*."

The Californian dismounted, dropping his riata upon the ground at the same instant. He sat down upon a boulder, leaning back in the shadow of a young pine, and the horse stood motionless just within the circle of the firelight.

For half an hour he sat there, and the woman, moving busily about her work, was conscious that from out the darkness that burning ruby gleamed upon her. From the mountain side above them came steadily the sound of splitting shakes.

Then through the dry pine needles, two men were heard descending the mountain. The tawny hound, lying beside his master,

started forward with a low growl, but was quickly repressed. John Wilson with his assistant, Joel Sharp by name, came down into the circle of the firelight.

"Supper ready yit, Annie?" he said cheerfully.

He crossed in the firelight, making for the little creek, saw the black horse standing there, and stopped abruptly. Flores stepped out then from the shadow of the pines.

"Hello, Flores," Wilson said. "I didn't see you. How long yer been up yer?"

"I hap come thees meenute," the Spaniard replied courteously.

"Well, excuse me 'bout a minute." And Wilson, going on toward the creek, proceeded to towel his great brown head and face vigorously. He was a shaggy giant, showing unmistakable traces of a former quinine and black coffee diet in his somewhat gaunt figure and sallow complexion — but unmistakably healthy from six months' exposure in this mountain sunshine.

He came back to the camp-fire, saying to Flores, "Well, Mr. Flores, what kin I do fur yer?"

The Spaniard ground his teeth silently. The one thing which he could not endure was these American titles of honor. But he preserved his composure and answered quietly — and all the time he was speaking, the gleam of the ruby and of his red-brown eyes were flashing upon the woman so quietly laying the rude table for supper just without the door of the bark shanty.

"Cholo ees going een Santa Barbara to-morrow. I come see eef you want saind for sometheeng."

"I don't reckon we do. How is it, Annie? Yer want sumpin' in town?"

"Nothin' —" very quietly. She went about her duties like one in a dream.

"Much obleeged to yer, jist the same, Mr. Flores," said Wilson. "Won't yer stay to supper?" — for the Spaniard had again mounted the black stallion.

Possibly he did not hear the invitation, for he rode away into the shadows without replying, the hound leaping before him again along the trail.

After supper that night, John Wilson and his wife had a long talk within the back shanty.

"John," she said, "I wisht you'd git away from yere."

"Well," he replied, "this yere season 'll let me out. Me an' Joel calkerlates to git out 'nuff shakes ter pay fur a good farm in the valley."

"Well, I wisht the season was done over then."

"I reckon 't is a little rough on you, Annie. I'd oughter thought o' that. Yer might go down and live at Ventury, now —" with the air of a man who has solved a knotty problem. "Me an' Joel could git along, I reckon, — er hire a Chinyman."

"O, John," she said, and her voice was full of unutterable pathos; "'taint that. Anywheres where you air is heaven fur me, an' I kin stand the work. But thet there Spaniard!"

"Well, what about the Spaniard? He ain't up an' said nothin' to yer, has he?"

"No, he ain't said nothin' —"

"Well, he better not."

"But he makes me feel kinder crawly when he comes a-nigh me — jist like a rattler'd teched me, er sumpin'."

"Well, I don't fancy greasers much, myself. They's a bad lot, mostly. But ef he ain't done nothin', they ain't no sense up an' rilin' him. He's our landlord, yer know, an' he's been mighty accomodatin'. Yer need n't ter sense him none ef he comes snoopin' 'round yere. There, there!" — for she had thrown her head upon his breast and he was soothing her as one might soothe a fretting child. "'Taint no use bawlin' about it. I reckon I better tell the feller to stay away from yere."

"No, no," she said, striving for calmness.

"I'm clean beat out tired, I reckon. I

did n't mean ter up an' cry, but I feel better a' ready. It's silly ter let sich little thing upset me that-a-way. You won't see n more sich foolishness, John, I don't reckon."

"She bustled out of the hut and began cleaning away the supper dishes, singing to herself softly in a sweet untrained contralto

"Women is cur'us critters," John Wilson mused softly; but he had lived with one of the "critters" too many years now to disturb her with sage reflections upon the sex in general when she in particular seemed contented.

He smoked his pipe very quietly there fore before the camp-fire, and Joel Sharp — a short, thick-set, taciturn fellow, brother to Mrs. Wilson, who had come out from Missouri with the couple, kept the shake maker company in this post prandial rite.

In very short order the pipes were smoked out, dishes cleared away, and Joel's gray blankets spread out on an aromatic mattress of dry pine needles heaped upon the ground. Wilson and his wife retired within the hut, dropping before its door a curtain of canvas; and the dead silence of night settled down upon the Pine Hills.

Without, his Winchester lying close beside him, Joel heard only the night wind whispering to the pines messages from the distant ocean — messages carried rustling from tree to tree. He was a natural poet, this thick-set taciturn Missourian. In outward appearance a boor, a clown — and yet the rhythm of nature's lullaby among the pines lulled him to sleep as softly as ever babe was hushed upon a mother's breast.

The summer wore away, and it came to be September. Then the long golden days of October, and the blustery November.

Winter comes down early upon the Pine Hills and in November there was a fall of snow upon the pines soft as the rustle of angel wings. John Wilson began making hurried preparations for departure to the sea-coast.

Almost daily now the black stallion and

the tawny hound, and the bronze rider, came and went along the trail leading up to the little valley. The ruby flashed and glowed like fiery blood before the dazzled eyes of Annie Wilson. The very soul of passion seemed congealed in the gem.

The shake-maker had surrendered his lease — and in the spring would return with only Joel to get out his shakes. Meanwhile the summer's work must be put under shelter and made snug for the winter. It was easy for Flores to come up and lend them a helping hand occasionally — and then there were cows with calves to be brought down from high places before the snow began to fly in earnest. Somehow the little valley where Wilson's camp was lay upon the most convenient road to the mountain top.

One morning, the morning following the snowfall, Wilson and Joel left camp early. They were to cover the last pile of shakes that day. Alone, the woman tidied the little cabin, and then began the preparations for dinner. The men had provided her wood in abundance, and a brisk fire soon set the blood tingling in her partially benumbed fingers — and the sun growing warm in the clear sky overhead was doing his best to melt the few white patches that lay covering the dry pine needles here and there.

The sun was warmer as the day grew noon. A savory cloud arose from the steaming kettle, loading the still air with fragrance.

Suddenly there was a sound of a horse's feet upon the trail, and the yellow hound came leaping into the little valley. With a dash as of wind-gust the black stallion bounded across the little creek — and a touch by the rider upon the Spanish bit brought the animal to a sudden standstill within a foot of the camp-fire.

The woman had started to go into the hut, but paused now just upon its threshold. Alone she hardly dared face that gleaming ruby and those red-brown eyes — but she half turned to nod good morning.

In an instant there was a light touch upon the stallion's rein, a bending of the rider's lithe body in the direction that the animal was to take. The horse, obedient to the slightest gesture, dashed forward, swerving past the fire, and bore down upon the woman in the hut door.

Terror, something, held her standing there. The black whirlwind was upon her. The rider bent forward to one side, leaning half out of the saddle. The baleful ruby gleamed close to her eyes, and her head seemed reeling. It was all done in a flash. She felt an arm touch her waist, and was lifted easily through the air. Then she was conscious of a singing in her ears, and of a rushing motion taken on by hills and sky and pine trees. She lifted her eyes — a gleam of dazzling red light darted down into them; and with one long, quivering sigh she dropped the lashes and a brief unconsciousness came.

The bracing air revived her, but with eyes yet closed she tried to collect her senses. They were galloping swiftly along a mountain side spurning a cloud of pebbles and dry pine needles at every bound, and Pedro Flores was holding her firmly before him on the black stallion.

With something that was almost a shock her self-control came back to her — and the blue eyes met fearlessly the red-brown ones. Even the gleaming ruby lost its weird power for a moment in the light of that clear, womanly honesty.

"How dare you!" she said, struggling against him with all the strength of her indignant womanhood. "Lemme go this minute!"

She only felt the clasp of the sinewy arm tighten about her — and he bent down to speak, very gently:

"John ees seeck — he tail me breeng you heem."

She ceased to struggle in an instant. Nay she heaped inward blessings upon the black horse flecked with foam, and upon the

swarthy rider. For a moment the blue eyes closed again — and when she summoned courage to re-open them this strange couple had reached the summit of the Pine Hills.

The black horse paused for a moment now, breathing heavily. Fifty miles away, beyond a tumbled mass of blue hills and ridges, across a score of fertile valleys, resting fallow after yielding up their rich harvest, the blue sea glimmered in the warm sunshine of the southland winter. But upon that dizzy peak the north wind from the desert struck cold and cutting, baffling the sun's rays. The woman felt a deathly sickness come upon her — a horrid suspicion. They were higher now than ever shake-cutter came.

Again she struggled with that sinewy arm — but very feebly. She felt the horse bound under her, and heard the rolling rocks, detached by his swift hoofs from the peak's crest, leaping and crashing down into the awful depths. Low words of love, broken, inarticulate, only half understood, were breathed hot into her ears. Again her eyes unclosed. They were tearing down a slope, which was all but precipitous, loosening great boulders at every stride. Surely no animal before was ever mad enough to attempt this descent. Surely no animal could ever make it successfully at a less fearful speed than that of the black stallion. The horse seemed literally to fly, only grazing the steep slope with his hoofs to gain renewed momentum. Down, down, — more and yet more swiftly — but always downward. Watching, fascinated, the miraculous skill of the rider, surefootedness of the brute, Annie lost all sense of bodily peril.

Then there came a rushing consciousness of a black abyss yawning before them; a momentary sense of relief that the grasp of the arm about her waist was loosened; a sensation as of being whirled through vast distance of space; one gleam of the red

ruby as she lost consciousness upon earth; and then nothing. Silence, — unconsciousness, — death!

The black stallion, but now so full of life, seeming to spurn the earth, lay cold and dead at the bottom of a rocky ravine; a pallid woman and a dusky man, silent now as bronze and alabaster, heeded not the bright sunshine beating down upon them; the gleam of the ruby was drowned in a flood of richer crimson; and upon the brink of the abyss a tawny dog, half coyote and half blood-hound, raised his black muzzle to heaven and mourned and mourned.

The best mountaineers, alas, must sometimes miss the trail.

Far off upon the north side of the mountain, away from the cattle trails running down into Spruce Valley, John Wilson and his assistant toiled cheerily through the long morning — housing the results of a summer's labor. The shadows shortened, and the day grew apace toward the nooning.

John whistled blithely as he shouldered his axe, made all snug, and turned his face toward the little valley.

"Seems kinder still down thar," John said, laughing uneasily.

"No stiller'n usual, I don't reckon," Joel responded.

Down, down they trudged into the little camp and found — desertion. The stew for dinner, half-cooked, swung in the pot above a mass of smoking, ash-whitened coals. Dishes, camping utensils, were scattered about; and there were marks of a struggle — of horses' feet. The canvas door of the little hut flapped weirdly in the gentle wind, and a deep silence was over everything.

Like a madman, John Wilson tore aside this curtain and found within — nothing. Hastily they searched about among the trees, whither they hardly knew, calling on the wife and sister. Only a silence that grew deeper answered their calls.

Only for a little time their bewilderment

endured. John Wilson's mind went back, with fierce rapidity, to that conversation with Annie concerning Flores.

Seizing his Winchester, lying against a tree, he examined again the horse tracks about the fire and the hut door and betook himself to following hastily that fresh trail up the mountain side. Whatever were his thoughts, he breathed no word of them to Joel, who, rifle in hand, was also following the trail. It was easy enough to follow for the black stallion's rider had made no attempt to cover it.

Neither white man noticed that behind them a dusky, noiseless shadow dodged swiftly from tree to tree. Impossible to say what thoughts had penetrated Cholo's stolid brain, causing him to follow his master, witness the abduction, and linger about the shake-cutters' camp until the men returned to dinner. He had carefully secreted himself there, watching, watching silently. He saw the men come down the mountain, saw their agitation, and their hurried pursuit of Flores,—and unseen, went with them. Who knew but his life might yet save that of the beloved master? At all events there would always be revenge—and the Indian muttered to himself, caressing with one hand a buckskin sack in the pocket of his trousers.

Up, up, tireless as the black eagle poisoning dizzily above vast mountain abysses, the shake-cutters reached the highest peak at last. Yes, there was the track. Could it be possible that ever man was reckless enough to ride down that fearful slope? But there could be no mistake. Here was the wide track left by the flying horse—and yonder, fluttering from a bunch of chaparral, a fragment of a woman's dress.

Hark! What was that strangely mournful sound, like the echo of the night wind's wail, that came up to them from the depths? It was no human cry—and no wild animal ever yet gave forth sound so woful.

The two men paused, standing together

in hushed expectancy. Mechanically their eyes took in the broad expanse of sea and tumbled mountain chain before them. Every sense was subordinated to the strain upon the auditory nerve. The sound was borne to them again. Something, a sense of self-distrust, caused Wilson to hand his rifle to Joel—and thus unarmed, he continued the pursuit. Sharp was close upon him—and the dusky shadow was still following.

Down, down, through the chaparral and scrub oak, following the mad course of the black stallion. Involuntarily these strong men shuddered as they followed that awful trail. The horse reared in his course here—and just around that jutting rock point the tawny hound sits upon the edge of a deep ravine.

The men advanced rapidly, fearing they knew not what. Unheeding their presence, the half-wild dog raised again that blood-curdling wail. The men advanced to the brink of the chasm—and upon the boulders fifty feet below them lay the pale woman, the swarthy man, and the jet-black horse—all stark, still, rigid. The dog had ceased his wailing now, and was giving vent to short, piteous barks, which were half moans.

The men stood there for a few moments silent and awe-struck; and now Cholo had joined them and gazed down also upon all that was mortal of his worshiped master.

A little way up the ravine the descent was gentler, and here Wilson and Cholo very readily made their way down to the bottom. The white man was too much pre-occupied to demand of the Indian a reason for his presence there. Grief had absorbed every other feeling.

Cholo, more agile, reached the bodies first, and bent above his master. There was no sign of life. Then he approached the woman, knelt beside her, and bent his ear close to her bosom.

Wilson had thrown himself upon the rocks

beside her and was chafing her cold hands. A world of agony was working in his features, but the pain was dumb. Why, I wonder, is there no natural vent for the sufferings of an ignorant man?

Cholo, rising to his feet, took from a pocket of his overalls a tiny buckskin sack loosened a string at its mouth, and deliberately sprinkled the woman's face from it with a fine, impalpable powder.

"Eet make heem leeve," he grunted, grinning satirically.

Whatever the powder, its first effect was certainly to cause the woman to open her eyes and stare vacantly about her. Then recollection seemed to come into them, and throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she breathed one long, shuddering sigh, "O, John!" and relapsed into unconsciousness.

It is just three years ago this month that my business — I am a surveyor — quartered me in the Ojai valley for three lonely weeks.

On account of the nearness to my work, I had taken up my abode at the house of a farmer named Wilson, who had recently established himself upon a quarter section of government land, and was diligently clearing brush from it. His house, of redwood boards, was rather larger and more commodious than was usual in that country at that time — although his family was small, consisting only of himself, his wife, and a brother-in-law by name Joel Sharp. I had, therefore, a large room to myself.

Here in the evening Joel Sharp would very frequently visit me, smoke my cigars, inspect my maps and drawings with the air of a connoisseur, and amuse me vastly with the homely shrewdness of his remarks upon matters and things in general.

The Wilsons seemed to be in very comfortable circumstances indeed for people in their position. They were not in any manner remarkable, as distinguished from the people about them — and yet there sur-

rounded them that nameless something that is always breathing of the mysterious. Wilson had the air of an ordinary squatter — yet in his face there were lines that age had never placed there. One could very easily imagine that only intense agony could give full play to the deep lines about his firm-set mouth. His wife, a fair, pale woman might easily have been very lovely in her younger days, but was now seemingly in the last stages of some fatal disease, probably consumption, brought on by overwork and carelessness of health. God knows there are hard-working women enough in this fair land going toward the same goal. What impressed me most was the care Wilson took of her, saving her, as far as he was able, the drudgery of housework.

Joel Sharp was by far the most remarkable member of this family circle — and him I cultivated. My cultivation was rewarded eventually. I happened, one evening, to notice upon his finger a very handsome ring, set with what, but for a strange kind of blot which seemed to half subdue its radiance, might have been a ruby of rare size and brilliance. A remark on the rarity of the gem, a skillfully-expressed wonder at his possession of it, and a few well-timed questions, brought out the pith of the story of the Demon of the Pine Hills.

I had heard before of Pedro Flores, and very vaguely of the incidents surrounding his sudden demise. The whole tale is collated now and given for the first time.

Annie Wilson, almost a shadow, died very shortly after my sojourn at the Ojai ranch-house. A failure of the vital forces, superinduced by a great bodily and mental shock, is what the doctors called it, I believe.

Wilson sold his government claim and became, for aught I know, a wanderer upon the earth — and a crudely spelled letter from Joel Sharp lies before me upon the desk as I write. He is deputy sheriff in Kern county, a terror to Mexican horse-thieves.

S. N. Sheridan, Jr.

A QUESTION.

Ah, whither go the souls that are called lost ?
Is it to some dim land
Round which huge waves, in storm-vexed fury tossed,
Roar madly up the sand ?

Are there no blooms nor grass to make it fair ?
No birds to waken song ?
Do they walk sadly, with disheveled hair,
The cold, bleak hills along ?

Is there no hand-clasp given, no word of love,
No smile, nor look that cheers ?
Silent and lonely do these lost souls move
Through multitudinous years ?

And do they dream of the refulgent days
That in this life they knew ? —
Of brooks that murmur on through fragrant ways,
And skies of limpid blue ;

Of the glad roses blooming in some June
Made sacred by a kiss,
When all the world with beauty was a-tune —
Ah, do they dream of this ?

And then to see the gray clouds gather round
This drear, waste land, the rain
Falling, forever falling with sad sound,
The storm-wind's weird refrain, —

To have the memories of sunny hours
Like vague dreams throng the mind,
Bringing from days remote the thought of flowers
They never more may find, —

To feel the wind made by an angel's wing
That passes by unseen,
And hear the echoes of sweet words that ring
Their home and heaven between, —

Is this their fate ? O vast and sombre sea,
No mortal yet has crossed,
Rise in wild wrath, that there may no more be
Souls that are known as lost !

Thomas S. Collier.

CHATA AND CHINITA.

XLII.

UPON the very morning that Doña Isabel and her companion left G—— news which might perhaps have changed their movements had they heard it, flew like wild-fire over the city. The convents throughout Mexico had been simultaneously opened under a decree of the Liberal government, and thousands of women, dedicated to a cloistered life, were set free to choose anew their destiny.

Women who for half a century, perhaps, had lived apart from life and love were returned to die amid the turmoils of a home where love for them had ceased, or to pass over seas to seclusion in strange lands. Others, in whom the voices of demons were but just then ceasing to tempt the memory with whispers of the world and its alluring joys saw those joys actually in their reach, and with dismay sought to turn their eyes away, and prayed for strength to brave the perils of the deep, and bear the homesickness that in a strange country would torment the soul of the cloistered nun as surely as if she had been free to gaze upon the valleys and mountains of the native land she left forever. Younger women, those to whom the early years of seclusion had brought but disenchantment, were cruelly roused from the stupor of habit, which was succeeding pain and presaging content, and with secret regret now clung to the vows they fain would have cast aside forever; or in a few — a very few — cases, became that shunned and despised creature, a recreant nun. That night was the signal for horror and tears throughout the land. A wail arose from thousands of families, about to catch

a glimpse of their consecrated dear ones, and then to know them banished forever. Such uprooting of ties, such griefs, such domestic woes, are inevitable in all great national or social revolutions.

A certain secrecy had been observed in the preparations and execution of this *golpe del estado*, which had indeed been threatened and openly urged as a political necessity, but which in spite of the exile of the archbishops and the suppression of monasteries had been thought — even by those who acknowledged its probable benefits to the nation — too daring a measure ever to be carried into effect. It was thought a dream of the arch-iconoclast Juarez. But he was a man whose dreams were apt to come true: and so it happened upon this summer night, and struck admiration and consternation to the hearts of Liberals and Conservatives alike — for there was scarce a family of either party throughout Mexico that was not represented in the vast *casas de religiosas* which abounded in every town. Into these, overcoming their superstitious scruples, the populace for the first time now penetrated, and learned something of the surroundings and consequent life of those whom for centuries they had supported as saints, dedicated to prayer and fasting for the sins of the people.

To their disenchantment and surprise, they found many of these gloomy piles filled with wide and beautiful chambers, where flowers and musical instruments stood side by side with the altar and *prie Dieu*, and *salas de recreo* and refectories which opened upon gardens planted with the choicest and most luxuriant shrubs and flowers. There were kitchens too where the choice conserves were made which sometimes found a way to the outer world, and where doubt-

less other savory dishes were prepared for the saintly sisterhoods. In many of these retreats each nun had her servant, who came and went at her command, and life — if one may judge from the inanimate things and the low whispers that sometimes reached the outer air — was made a soft and sensuous prelude to the celestial harmony of eternity.

But there were others — and they were many — where the utmost austerity pictured by the devout secular mind was practiced; where entered the poor daughter or she whom the priests perceived had a true vocation, or a deep and agonizing grief, which would keep her faithful to the vows of poverty, of devotion, and obedience. Here were none of those amiable daughters of rich families too bountifully supplied with girls, and for whom a dowry to the Church provided a safe, and pleasant home, whence they might easily glide through this life into another, where female angels would never be esteemed too plentiful; but the poor, the sorrowful, — the despairing, and the well filled vaults beneath the gloomy chapels attested how rich a harvest death gleaned in those dreary abodes of penance.

For many days the officers in command at various points had been in possession of orders — which it is to be conjectured were in many cases transmitted to the abbesses of the principal nunneries, that they might take advantage of this notice by quietly disbanding their sisterhoods and send each member to her family, or in communities to the United States or some foreign land. But the opportunity for moral martyrdom was not to be destroyed by a mere concession to convenience, and not in a single case was the knowledge acted upon — except perhaps that in a few convents upon the designated night the nuns refrained from repairing to their dormitories, but, prepared for exit, awaited the mandate praying in the lighted chapels; and where this occurred the mothers superior afterwards acquired rep-

utations of special sanctity, for the supposed spirit of prophecy which had moved them. But in the majority of these establishments so absolute was the belief that the threatened invasion would never be attempted, or if attempted would bring upon the intruders the instant vengeance of the Almighty; that no change was made in usual habits, and an outward composure was maintained, which we may believe among the initiated at least, disguised many a beating heart, filled with genuine horror, or with a wild guilty anticipation, from which it shrank in remorse. The world — the world! With a turn of the lock, with scarce more than a step they would be in it — and then — then!

G — was not strictly speaking a convent city. The few small retreats within it were vacated, with so little commotion that except in the houses to which the sisters were removed, nothing was known of the measure until the following morning. But in the much smaller town of El Toro there were whole streets lined on either side with high, massive, and windowless walls, which were the façades of vast cloisters. It was with feelings of intense though repressed excitement that Vicente Gonzales placed himself at the head of a small force, which was to demand entrance to those formidable but peaceful structures, while the mass of the troops remained at the citadel, ready upon a signal to enforce his authority, whether questioned by Church or people. It was true the populace had declared itself Liberal in sentiment ever since the defeat of Ramirez had left them under the guns of the Juaristas; but bred as they had been under the very shadow of these colossal monuments of the Church, it was not unlikely that when their sanctity was threatened, their momentary conversion to patriotism might yield to zeal in the defense of institutions that had appeared to them as unassailable as the very heavens.

Vicente Gonzales might readily have sent another to fulfill the dubious task be-

fore him—in fact in most cases men of dignity unconnected with the army were chosen as peaceful ambassadors of the power that held the sword; but the hour had arrived for which this man had prayed and fought—for which he would have prayed and fought had no individual suffering added sharpness to the sting of the thorn that for so long had tormented his nation. He himself would execute the decree that should sweep this great incubus from the land. Perchance among the released, he might find one whom he had never consciously for one moment forgotten. He might see her, if but for a moment, as she passed in the throng. He had never ceased to see the yearning, despairing, yet resolute expression upon her young face, as amid clouds of incense it faded from his sight behind the iron bars that separated her and her sister nuns from the body of the church, whence he had witnessed her living entombment. That was in a city far away; most likely she was there now—yet there was a chance—a mere chance!

Strangely enough, Ashley Ward had never spoken the name of Herlinda to him; the rapid events of the war, which had given full occupation to body and mind, had prevented discussion of domestic matters, and there was something in the reticence of Gonzales that forbade aught but deeply serious investigation; and for the present Ward was unprepared to attempt this. They were friends, but there were depths in the nature of each that the other made no attempt to fathom. Upon this night Ward knew the mind of Gonzales perhaps better than he did himself; and throughout the unwonted scenes of which he was a mere passive spectator, to him the most engrossing were the emotions that betrayed themselves upon the countenance of the commanding officer.

As they left their quarters together, behind them followed closely a man in a ser-

geant's uniform, who halted painfully, and across whose face was a livid scar. To those who had heard nothing of the torture he had undergone, Pedro Sanchez would have been scarcely recognizable, for besides the disfiguring scar, there was an expression of vengeful and ferocious daring where before had been but dogged obstinacy and a certain rough kindliness; and to those who had believed him dead, his appearance would have brought a superstitious horror as that of one escaped from the torments of the damned.

Besides these three, several officers and other gentlemen, with a small guard, of soldiers, passed out of the citadel afoot, and at a short interval were followed by all the available carriages of the town. What occurred thereafter may perhaps be best described by a translation of the chronicles of the time.

“One night—one terrible night—a long and unusual sound, a prolonged rumble, was heard in the streets. It seemed shortly as if all the carriages in the city had become mad, now rushing hither now thither, waking from sleep the peaceful neighborhood; so that each person demanded of the other, ‘What is this?’ ‘What has happened?’ and no one could answer with certainty the other.

“While the people wondered, the carriages stopped at the doors of the nunneries, and the gentlemen charged with the commission demanded entrance, and intimated to the nuns the order to leave their cells and refrain from re-uniting in cloister.

“‘But, gentlemen, for God’s love—!’

“‘How can this be?’

“‘His will be done!’

“‘But where can we go! O what iniquity!’

“Such were the phrases that broke the startled stillness of the cloisters. But the commissioners were deaf to all appeals—merely rubbing their hands and saying,

“ ‘*Vamos ! Vamos, señoritas !* We have no time to lose !’

“Truly the time was limited—that night only—for perchance by day the gentlemen commissioners would have had a distaste to penetrate the convents ; or perhaps only by night can certain mischievous deeds be carried to the desired exit.

“It is said that some naughty novices, upon hearing themselves called *señoritas*, forgot for an instant their grief and smiled. There did not lack also those who had entered the category of *madres graves* who did the same ! And after all was not this a venial and excusable fault ? Should not a girl, beautiful and fragrant as a jasmine become tired of hearing herself addressed every hour and every day in the year as ‘Little Mother,’ ‘My Reverend Mother,’ ‘How is your Reverence ?’

“This was an event which each one was obliged to accept as she would, but none the less surely. ‘Came it from God ? Came it from Satan ?’ By either it may have come ; but is it not true that Satan is——ourselves ?”

The party headed by Gonzales asked themselves no such questions as these, but cautiously, swiftly, and effectively did the work, which history might criticise. No time was allowed the nuns for preparation. Even from the richest convents, few articles were carried away—perhaps more previous preparation than was suspected or afterwards acknowledged had been made ; certain it is the most magnificent and valuable jewels had disappeared from the vestments of the Virgins and Saints upon the altars—but as quickly as might be the weeping and lamenting sisters were placed in the carriages and conveyed to houses ready to receive them ; though many in the confusion wandered out into the darkness and rain afoot, and gave a pathetic chapter to the tale of bloodless martyrdom. As one by one the convents were vacated, the party passed on ;

until the smallest and dreariest, that which nestled beneath the shadow of the parish church, was reached.

Throughout the work Gonzales had spoken only to give the necessary orders. The actual execution of the measure that had been so dear to his soul was repugnant to it—the tears, the sighs, the long processions of black-robed and wailing women. As it proceeded his face darkened and a profound melancholy oppressed him. It was raining dimly. In other towns doubtless the same scenes were being enacted. He turned faint, his eyes filled as with blood. Even Ashley Ward, amid the intense interests of the scenes around him—the views of those grand interiors lighted by the candles borne by the retiring nuns, and the red glare of the soldiers’ torches—felt the influence of the deep sadness of this solemn exodus. The clouds of incense sickened him, and through them the glorified Madonnas, the bleeding Christs upon the altars, the troops of black-robed nuns themselves, seemed alike beings of another world, into which he had stepped unbidden. The light shone upon rows and rows of white faces, which looked forth from their wrappings like faces of dead saints. He seemed to see each individual one. He was excited to the utmost ; the blood pulsed hotly through every vein, yet a sense of keen disappointment chilled his heart, and unconsciously to himself something of what he read upon the faces of Gonzales and Pedro was reflected upon his own. A profound quiet and solemnity fell upon the party, as they passed the vestibule and penetrated the dim recesses of the convent *de los Martires*.

There the nuns were all gathered in the chapel, praying and waiting, and the wail of the Miserere stole from the great organ through the dim arches and bare cells. Here there was nothing of beauty, of grace, of sensuous luxury. The stern austerities of an asceticism scarce surpassed in mediæval days was found behind those massive

and windowless walls, which shut out the light, material and moral, of the nineteenth century.

As the men entered the chapel, the nuns fell upon their knees and covered their faces — all except the abbess, who remained standing to hear the mandate of expulsion.

"Blessed be God!" responded her deep, pathetic voice, "*Alabado sea Dios en todas sus obras!* Sisters, let us go hence"; and taking up the woeful strains when the organ ceased, with each nun adding to them the weird beauty of her voice, she led the way to the portal, and the sisterhood passed into the bleak darkness of the unfamiliar street.

By this time the wind was blowing — a summer's wind, yet it pierced the frames upon which for years no air of heaven had blown — and it was raining heavily. Fortunately many vehicles had gathered at the curb, and ere long the banished nuns were under shelter; and the work of the night was accomplished.

Ashley Ward, with other officers and gentlemen, had busied himself in bestowing the poor ladies as rapidly and commodiously as possible in the carriages, and as the last one turned the corner of the great building, the soldiers fell into line at the word of command; and in a few moments he found himself alone. He discovered this when he turned to speak to Gonzales. He was nowhere to be seen, and Ashley remembered that when he had last seen him it was at the chapel door, watching with pale and anxious countenance the exit of the nuns.

Gonzales had been suffering from a recent wound. Had the fatigue and exposure, and that deadly sickness of crushed and dying hope, overcome him? Ashley caught up a torch, which was sputtering and about to expire on the dripping pave, fanned for a moment its flame, and then made his way back into the forsaken building.

His supposition proved correct. Gonzales stood on the spot where he had parted

from him and before him stood a man with a flickering torch. Both were in an attitude of extreme dejection, both started as his footsteps broke the stillness. Pedro — for the second man was he — led the way into the outer darkness, and Gonzales, having in his hand the heavy key, which had been delivered by the Abbess, turned to lock the abandoned house. He paused and looked to the right and left. The street was utterly forsaken; the rain came in gusts, and it was with much ado that Pedro, turning hither and thither, kept alive the flame of the torch.

Once as he turned the light fell full upon the face and figure of Ward — and at the instant an exclamation of incredulous joy, followed by a groan fell upon their ears. Gonzales dropped the key, and it rang sharply upon the stones at his feet.

"There is a woman here!" he ejaculated breathlessly. Something in the tones had drawn the blood from his heart. "Here! here — a light, Pedro, *en nombre de Dios!*"

The senses of Pedro were even more acute than those of Gonzales and Ward. Not only had he heard the voice, but knew whose it was, and whence it had come. His torch flashed upon an alcove of the deep wall; and there ensconced, they saw the sombre and meanly clad figure of a nun. She had covered her face; her form shook violently.

"Señorita," said Gonzales, recovering himself and respectfully approaching her, "forgive us that you are left behind. We thought all had been provided for — all."

"It is I who would have it so, I who promised myself I would escape," answered the nun brokenly, yet with an almost fierce intensity. "Have I not prayed and wept for this hour? Could I let it pass? No, No! I lingered — I fled — I could not, would not, go with them. They would have dragged me with them across the seas — away — away from her — my child! my child!"

She uttered the last words almost in a scream, yet her gaze followed Ward. "Who is he? who is he?" she asked in a feverish whisper. "It is not my murdered angel — my love, my husband — it is not he; and yet so like! O my God, is it because thou hast forgiven me that thou bringest this vision before me?"

Gonzales started back — then rushed to clasp the coarse folds of her drapery. Pedro dropped at her feet. Ward alone uttered her name — "Herlinda!"

Gonzales bent over her hand, uttering inarticulate words of greeting. She scarcely seemed to hear them. "Vicente, is it thou?" she said faintly. But he, the man of the yellow hair, with the face that at prayer and at penance, asleep and awake, has ever haunted me?"

She stepped nearer to Ward. Her lips were parted, her eyes aflame; never in all his life before and never again saw he a woman so beautiful as this one in the unsightly garb, so coarse it grazed the skin where it touched it, "No wonder," he thought, "my cousin loved her, even though he was doomed to die for her!"

Ah! she was far more beautiful that night than ever John Ashley had beheld her. Suffering first, and now the divine inspiration of hope, illumined those perfect features. Ashley Ward comprehended this; but Gonzales with horror recalled her words and thought her mad. "*Maria Sanctissima*," she cried. "I am forgiven, that I behold the living likeness of his face."

Ward bent before her, inexpressibly touched. He would have spoken, but at this instant her eyes fell upon the kneeling man at her feet. "It is Pedro — yes, it is Pedro," she said in a low voice, "Perhaps he knows of her — yet, my God, he dares not look at me!"

"Niña, Niña!"

"Speak, Pedro, speak — thou must know of her. Tell me, Was Feliz faithful? Is my child well, happy?"

"Merciful God, she is indeed mad!" interjected Gonzales, "O, Herlinda, know you not you never were married, never had a child?"

Herlinda turned on him a glance of mingled entreaty and impatience, then raised her eyes piteously towards heaven. "They said I was not married," she said brokenly; "but oh, I had a child — and they took her from me. O, if I could have died!"

Gonzales turned from her with a groan. How bitter was the revelation! Married! It could not have been! And a child? Ah! he knew then why a convent had been her doom.

In a broken voice Pedro began to speak. Ashley, with the red glare of the torch he held falling full upon him, seemed to Gonzales a mocking witness of the shame and woe which from Herlinda were reflected upon him, the man who loved her; yet he felt instinctively that the American had a right to hear, to judge, as well as he. Ah, it was an American who — "An American!" he gasped, and his hand touched the hilt of his sword.

"Niña, Niña!" Pedro was saying. "They brought the child to me. O, the sweet child, with its soft, dark eyes — O, the child, with its ruddy curls! and I remembered all that you had said, my Señorita. I watched over it, I cherished it, it was my own!"

"Thine! thine!" cried the nun, clasping her hands, and in her excitement even thrusting him from her. "It could not be! O Feliz, Feliz, thou couldst not be so false!"

The tone of incredulity, of horror, in which she spoke pierced Pedro to the quick, yet he answered humbly, "I thought to please you, Niña, to keep her from those you distrusted; and she was happy, O quite happy, all through her little childhood. You know one can be quite happy playing in the free air."

She burst into sudden tears. Happy in the free air! "O yes, yes!" she cried.

"O if all these years I could have begged even from door to door with my child, even with the brand of shame upon me! O the suffering, the suffering of these long, desolate years!"

Gonzales stepped to her side, and placed her arm within his own. "Thou shalt be desolate no more, Herlinda," he said, "thou betrayed angel of purity!"

"Betrayed, no!" said Ashley Ward, looking up. "Deceived perhaps they both were, but the man who was slain as her betrayer believed himself her husband, as she believed herself his wife. Thank God I am here to champion their cause and that of their child!"

Gonzales left Herlinda a moment to embrace Ward in his southern fashion, then supporting her again listened to what Pedro had to say.

The mother's face grew whiter and whiter as the tale proceeded. "That, that my child!" she murmured at intervals, and her head sank lower and lower upon her breast. Even Gonzales and Ward heard with amazement the story of Chinita's appearance at the cave where Pedro had lain wounded. "What!" one cried, "Has she not been in the house of Doña Carmen? Did you not tell us that in a strange freak of impatience she had hastened there?"

"It was you, Señores, who affirmed it must be she, when you heard of the young girl from the Indian whom you captured as a spy of Ramírez," answered Pedro, with the humble cunning of the true ranchero, "and why should your servant contradict you? when Chinita herself had commanded otherwise."

"And where in God's name is she now?" demanded Ward. "You know who I am. You know all this time I would not have rested tranquil had I thought—"

"*No hay cuidado*, Señor," answered the man, with his old sullenness. "I swear to you, niña, she is safe, quite safe. She is with a woman who can guard her well.

She is gone to seek the man who murdered her father. Ah, niña, your daughter has the blood of the Garcia; she will avenge you!"

Herlinda sank with a moan. Ashley would have raised her, but Gonzales motioned him back. There was a house at a little distance, where a widow and her daughters dwelt, and thither he bore her.

It was then at the middle hour between midnight and dawn; and long before light, after a hurried consultation, the three men met again before the widow's door. All arrangements had been made for the brief transfer of the command of the troops. Gonzales, Ashley, and Pedro, acted as outriders for a strong military coach, drawn by four fleet mules. Into this stepped Herlinda and the widow, both dressed as respectable gentlewomen; and before the people of El Toro wakened from their deep sleep that followed the excitement of the early night, the travelers were far upon the road, and though the way was long and rough were gaining fast upon the diligence which bore Doña Isabel, her daughter, and Chata.

XLIII.

The evening upon which Doña Isabel and her companions set forth from the *pueblito* upon their toilsome pilgrimage to Las Parras, two women leaned against the gate posts at the entrance to the garden where the mistress of Tres Hermanos and the mother of the administrador had parted so many years before, and looked wearily along the silent road. One would not have been surprised to hear that during all these years no other mortal had approached the place, for the air of neglect it had worn then had deepened into that of utter abandonment. It looked not merely disused, but actually shunned. The gate had fallen from its hinges, and lay broken upon the rank, coarse grass and weeds, which thrusting themselves between the bars filled the paths. Thick clumps of cacti and stunted unculti-

vated fruit and flowers, with manzanita and other common shrubs of the country, had outgrown and outrooted the feebler growths, and almost hid the low front of the solid but dismantled building, upon which the iron-ribbed shutters hung forlornly, like broken armor on a battered image.

The sun and wind and rains had done their work unchecked in all these years, aided by the revolution, which had torn and scathed whatever had attracted its greedy hand and then passed on, leaving desolation to continue or repair the work of destruction. The vines, which had at first served as a graceful drapery, hung so heavily on every porch and wooden projection that they had broken down the frail supports, and added to the general appearance of riot and disorder; and their matted masses offered a defiant obstruction to any adventurous comer. Yet these women had forced a way into the dark and mouldy rooms, and found a certain pleasure and security in their seemingly impenetrable and forbidding aspect.

"We have been here three days, said the younger, who even in the declining light one might see was a mere girl, while her companion, though small, was old in face and figure—not with the dignity of actual age, but with a sort of lithe grace and abandon, which comes from years of free and careless action. "We have been three days waiting, yet he has not come! You may be mistaken. How can you reckon upon what a man like Ramirez will do? He is not like a blind man, always led by his dog upon the same round."

"Necessity and habit are the dogs that lead him," said the woman with a slight laugh. "Fortune is against him; he has been beaten from every stronghold. I know the hole he will creep into at last."

"And the people here, they would save him?" said Chinita musingly. "He has ever spared them, ever protected them, that he might have a safe refuge in time of need.

Here, here, but for us he would be safe?—but for us, Dolores?"

"Ah, he is not the first who does not find even nests where he hoped to find birds," answered the woman called Dolores. "Today he is laughing at the little troop patrolling these hills—he will make a way between them, yes, you will see, here, here, upon this very road, we shall see him flash by like a meteor, and then be lost. But my eyes can trace him; my hand will be able to point the way he has gone."

The woman had unwittingly conjured up a vision that thrilled the imagination of the listener. "Oh!" she cried with a sudden gesture of repulsion and weariness, "I am sick of this mean and miserable life. Would to God I had done as I vowed to do. Do not tell me he would have laughed at my rage! No, no! a man could not laugh at the girl who accused him of the murder of her father, who stood before him to remind him of all his secret and unnatural crimes! Ah, I cannot endure this silent, creeping enmity. Three times already by our means he has been tracked and driven from his stronghold—once but for Pepé he would have been killed, Ruiz himself would have killed him!"

"Fox against tiger!" cried Dolores contemptuously. "Bah! the *imbecile* might have known that with the smell of blood in the air, not even the shadow of the cross would save him. And for Ramirez there waits a fate more just than death on the battlefield, though you, who warned Pepé to save him, are but a faint-hearted weakling."

"Would you have him die without knowing the revenge that followed him?" cried Chinita. "What would death be to such a man as he? It was you, yourself, who first urged Pepé to leave us, not that he might kill, but if need were save, Ramirez."

"It is true," answered Dolores, mollified; yet she fixed upon Chinita a long and penetrating gaze, which seemed to read her very soul. "But you are a strange, strange crea-

ture — a *ranchera* for all your pride. He is more *caballero libre* than murderer and robber to you."

Chinita's face turned white. The reproach of the woman stung her, yet she felt it was just. "O, if I were a man!" she presently muttered. "O, if I were a man!"

"Yes, the way would have been short then," said Dolores. "Just a knife thrust and the debt would have been paid. But the revenge of women can be a thousand times more deep, more sweet, if one has the patience to wait."

"Patience!" exclaimed Chinita in that shrill, metallic voice that indicates a mental tension so violent and long continued that every chord of the nervous system vibrates painfully at a word. "Have I not had patience? Have I not waited at your bidding until I seem to live in a frenzy of fear lest he should escape, and never hear, never see me, never know who I am? And what have I gained? Ruiz is dead; Pepé perhaps is dead. Ah, if I had spoken! had Ramirez known that I live, it might have saved them both!"

The woman's answering laugh had more of scorn than mirth in it. "*Calla criatura!*" she said. "You are young. You think Ramirez has a conscience, and that you would have roused it to torment him. Pshaw, I will arm you with a better weapon; a little patience — perhaps tomorrow — and you will see!"

"Mysteries! always mysteries!" exclaimed Chinita, with increased impatience. "*Santa María*, why do you not push back that black kerchief from your brows? Have you the mark of a jealous woman's knife across your forehead? Is your hair white, or — or —?" She paused, with a horrid suspicion flashing through her mind. Was this woman, with whom she had daily and nightly associated for weeks, a victim of that species of leprosy known as the *pintado*? Was some dread trace of it to be seen upon that constantly covered head? Dolores with care-

less grace had raised and unclasped her hands above the unsightly kerchief. The bared arms were clear and fair; only the deep-lined face they encircled looked old, and care, not disease, had marked it. She looked at Chinita through the growing dusk with an inscrutable expression in her almond-shaped and beautiful eyes. They were eyes that still might fascinate at will. Chinita drew a little nearer to her and sighed deeply. There was a sense of guilt upon her since she had heard of the death of Ruiz; a sickening apprehension, too, for the fate of Pepé Ortiz.

Dolores read her thoughts. She dropped one hand from her head, upon the young girl's shoulder. There seemed something magnetic in the touch. Chinita, though she would rather have resisted, yielded to it — like a nettle grasped in a strong hand. "*Tontita,*" said the woman soothingly, "fret not yourself for Ruiz. Ramirez knew him better than you. He had had long years to con the lesson in. It is well for the weak defenseless creatures of the earth that these *fieras* attack and destroy each other!"

Chinita looked unconvinced. In spite of doubts, she had had a certain pride and solace in the belief that Ruiz would prove true to Ramirez — true in his love for her. She had purposely left him ignorant of the change in her own views and feelings that he might be free. She knew not what she would have had him do, yet all the same he had disappointed her. She had no clues to his motives, other than those Dolores suggested to her, and there was an uncertainty and vagueness overhanging him, which made him in her eyes, a victim to his love for her, and a fresh cause for accusation of the man who seemed destined utterly to bereave and despoil her. Strangely enough in her wildest excitement she had never formulated to herself any definite form of action when she should see Ramirez, as see him, accuse, defy him she would. There had been a conviction in her mind that in

her the ghosts of the innocent he had slain, the shame — which with strange perversity he had shrunk from when it menaced his family pride in the person of Herlinda Garcia — the contempt and hatred of his wronged sister, would all rise to confront and overwhelm him. That which should follow, time, circumstance would determine; but that the wild fever of her passion would be satisfied she would not doubt. She had longed with an ever increasing excitement to find herself before Ramirez, and to pour forth her wrongs in burning words. Yet this woman, with a fascination even greater than the unconscious one that Ramirez himself had exerted over her, had withheld her from her purpose, had even led her to gain the secrets of the chieftain's plans from his most trusted confidants — the young girl reddened with shame and anger, yet with flattered vanity when she remembered that the sight of her beauty had been more potent than the gold of Dolores. She had not guessed that she had been purposely employed to act the part of a spy, and had resented deeply the fact that her discoveries had more than once been transmitted to Gonzales, and that her revenge was supposed to be gratified by the consequent defeat which had overcome Ramirez. Her longing was for a more dramatic, more direct revenge. Pedro and Dolores could plot and scheme for the silent overthrow of him who had wronged them; they gloried in their astuteness that made him an unsuspecting victim; while Chinita writhed under it, and only the promise that in Las Parras she should accuse Ramirez face to face had made enduring to her the life of secret intrigue and absolute disguise, and constant change that she had led for weeks. The element of peril, it is true, had stimulated her adventurous spirit; but she would fain have been in the midst, not hovering a ready fugitive upon the edge of the fray.

When weeks before she had, after her faint-

ness, opened her eyes in the low, rocky cave in which Pedro lay, it had been to find him, an almost unrecognizable mass of wounds and bruises, lying on a sheepskin pallet, gazing at her with wide distended eyes, and ejaculating in tones of dismay, mingled with incredulous delight, "What have I done? *Ay Dios!* is it possible that she has come to me, the miserable, dying Pedro?"

"Yes, yes, Pedro, I am here!" she cried staggering to her feet. "Ah, the American thought I had forgotten thee; but thou wert in my heart all the time that he talked. Ah, though I am of other blood, it is thou that hast saved me. They would have thrust me out to die. I will cling to thee while thou livest; I will avenge thee when thou diest!"

"Hush!" muttered Pedro faintly as she stooped and kissed his hand, bedewing it with her tears. "Ah, I shall not die, now you have come. Did I not tell you?" he asked, turning to a figure beside Chinita, "that I should live if I could know she loved me?"

"And this is the girl you have nurtured?" asked the stifled voice of a woman. She was not as tall as Chinita, and she held a candle up close to her face to look at her. Chinita was spent with fatigue, moreover there were tears on her face, and she resented the inspection, pushing away the woman's hand rudely. Yet it was not that of a servant, not of a woman of the lower class. Even in the excitement of the moment Chinita was conscious of wondering who and what she was. How came she there in the cave among these fugitives?

"But for her I should have been dead already," Pedro was saying. "She has wondrous skill and knowledge of surgery and herbs. But," he added, in a low, apologetic voice, "she knows all. I have talked in my delirium. I could not help it. You will pardon me — if I die you will pardon me!"

"I have nothing to pardon!" cried Chin-

ita. "What! you think because my mother lives I will hide her name? No, no! I have endured enough for her cowardice and the shame of Doña Isabel. No, no! let me but see Ramirez — this Leon Vallé — and though it be before all the world, I will declare who I am. The American, Ashley Ward, says he will claim me as his cousin. Pepé must ride and tell him I am here, and we will have vengeance together for the cruel deeds of Ramirez. You shall be avenged, Pedro, you shall be avenged!"

The sick man's eyes glistened. As she spoke, Chinita's face had glowed with an unrelenting and cruel intensity of purpose. The woman at her side had never once removed her eyes from her. No one was noticing her; had they done so, they would have beheld an extraordinary series of changes pass over her dark but mobile face — suspicion, delight, doubt, alarm, conviction. Suddenly she seized Chinita's hand, and pressed it to her heart; it was beating so tumultuously that the young girl drew back startled. The woman thrust her hands under the loose folds of the black kerchief that draped her head with a sombre yet oriental grace; then withdrawing them caught a stray lock of Chinita's hair, and burst into a long, low, triumphant laugh.

Chinita drew herself away, alarmed and offended. Pepé had come in; and looking at her anxiously he said, "*Niña*, do not mind her. Esteban tells me she is *una loca* — she does not know what she talks of, and one moment denies what she has said at another. It would not be strange if she should tell you some dreadful tale, and afterward laugh, and say grief had made her mad!"

"And so it has," cried the woman. "Ah yes, I have been mad, but that is past. Yes, yes. *Vida de mi alma*," turning to Chinita, "how beautiful thou art! and the hair, *que miraglo!* in all the world there should be no other with such hair. Thou hast had good fortune, Pedro, to bring up such a child. She is an angel. Ah, it is

as if I had seen her all my life! And thou hast a spirit to match thy face," she added, turning again to Chinita. "Thou canst not brook a wrong. Well! well! we will make common cause, and some day, soon, soon, we will stand together before Leon Vallé with such a tale, such a revenge, that even he will sink before it. To think that after all these years, I shall turn against him the dagger with which he has pierced me!"

"Who are you? What do you know of me!" cried Chinita shuddering — though she understood that the weapon of which she spoke was no material tool. "Why should you join with me or I with you? No, no; when Pedro is able, we will go away, you your way and I mine!"

"Our ways lie together!" cried the woman excitedly. "The one without the other would fail. Oh! you think me mad, but I am not. I could tell you things, — but no, I will wait — perhaps thou hast not even heard of me. Ah! how many years is it since I disappeared from the world, that I have been forgotten?"

Pedro raised himself upon his elbow painfully, and gazed at her with a long and eager scrutiny. "I know you now," he said, "though I never saw you but once, and you were beautiful as the *Santa Madona* on the high altar at Pueblo."

"Yes," she interrupted, "I am Dolores whom Vallé loved. Ah, you think that strange, because my beauty is gone, and I am old, and like a witch, living in this murky cave! Where else should I go to? I, whom he stole away and betrayed, and despoiled, and forsook."

"But you are rich," said Pepé in wonder, and in a tone that seemed to condone the rest.

"Rich," she said scornfully. "Rich — yes, for such needs as mine. Rich! he used to give me jewels a queen might have been proud of. He thought I wasted, lost, destroyed them, as he would have done, but I kept them. Kept them for my child —

ah, I knew she would be beautiful, would be worthy of the rarest and costliest I could give her. Ah, I would give her jewels! such jewels they would buy her love, were she as capricious, as hard, as Ramirez himself."

Chinita drew back from her, with a certain hauteur, a certain loathing upon her face. "I have heard of you," she said coldly. "You chose your lot. If you have wrongs they can be nothing to mine. See"—and she pointed to Pedro—"what he has done but now; and but for his murderous knife my father would have lived, and my mother would not have been obliged to hide her disgraced head in a convent, and I should not have been left a pauper at the gate of my mother's house."

"There can be no wrongs greater than these?" said the woman half interrogatively, half affirmatively. "Yet listen! He stole me away from my husband; I swear I did not go willingly, though I loved him—O my God, how I loved him! For him I died to the world. I forsook the father who was dear to me as life. I lived a life of infamy, hiding in obscure villages, in mountain huts, in caves when need were. I bore him children; but they died, all died as though there was a curse upon them. That angered him; then he grew cold, then false and cruel. One day a captive was brought into the camp for ransom, a captive he himself had made. He sent me to look at the man and set a price upon his head. I went, as he told me, in gay attire, with jewels blazing on my arms and neck, a diadem upon my head. When the prisoner looked up and saw me, with the price of my shame, as he thought, upon me, he staggered, gasped, and fell down dead. He was my father. My senses fled, yet when my child was born they returned to me. She was strong and beautiful. I clasped my treasure, but my heart burned against its father, I swore I would leave him, that I would hide the child where he never should

discover it. Fool, fool! that I was! When I woke next day—for in my weakness I slept—the babe was gone,—dead they told me; gone too the pretty clothing I had made, the little trinkets I had placed about its neck. But the blessed prayers I had bought from the holy nuns of *La Piedad* were not in vain! No, No! wretch, demon that he was."

Chinita's heart beat suffocatingly. "What! you think the child was living?" she said.

"I know it! I know it!" cried Dolores. "I feel it here, here in my heart, which beats for her. And sometime, when I find that child, if I do find her, think you she will love me? think you she will hate her father as I do? think you she will avenge my wrongs and hers?"

"But if he loved her," said Chinita; "if he meant to separate her from—from such a woman as you had been. Oh! I know you have suffered, that you have reason for vengeance; but—" she cried hysterically, striking her hands together, terribly moved, she knew not why. The strange woman broke into sobs, piteous to hear. Chinita clasped her hands. "But you would not have her—your child—his child—hate he man you loved?"

"Hate him!" echoed Dolores. "I would have her hate him with such hate as she would bear toward the fiends of hell. I would have her know him as you know him, the insatiable monster who wrecked the happiness of a sister too fond, even when most foully wronged, to seize the vengeance that was within her grasp. Ah, Doña Isabel it was who set him free to murder, to betray, to wrench the child from its maddened mother, and cast it out by the first rude and careless hand that would do his will. My God! were you his child could you have pity? Would you not feel your wrongs—the wrongs of the mother who bore you?"

She spoke with the wild excitement of one who for years had brooded on this

theme. It seemed to Chinita that she was struggling with some fantasy of a disordered brain. The woman actually glared upon her, as if on her reply hung her destiny. Chinita, overcome by the unexpected demand upon her sympathy—a demand that the peculiar circumstances of her life made irresistibly impressive—shrank with horror at the tumult of emotion, which revealed to her mind the possibilities of her own passionate nature.

“Tell me no more! Ask me no more!” she said. “Ah, if I were his daughter. But no, I am the daughter of Herlinda Garcia, of the man he murdered in secret. Yes, I will seek him out. I—I—O God, I know not what I will do, but I will have justice! revenge! revenge!—”

She ended with a scream, and fell down, burying her head on Pedro's shoulder. The wounded man, his ghastly face pressed close against her twining hair, looked appealingly to the excited woman who stood over them. There was scorn, rage, intense offense upon her face; but slowly they died out, and she turned away with the weary air of one in whom some periodic excess of passion or madness had wrought its work and brought its consequent exhaustion. A half hour later she brought the girl some food, wonderfully dainty for the place and its resources, and gently fed and soothed her. Pepé and Pedro looked on wonderingly. All that had been said had passed so quickly that they had not realized that aught of consequence had happened; but in the quiescent attitude of Chinita, the strange calm that had fallen upon the excited and erratic woman, they instinctively felt that a new phase of life had begun for them. A new spirit was in future to lead and rule them, and it dwelt in the frame of this half-crazed woman, who had declared herself mistress of the cave. The men thenceforth seemed led by a spell, and to the same spell Chinita gradually succumbed.

This had been the first meeting of Chin-

ita with the woman who stood talking with her nearly two months later at the garden gate of Las Parras. They had left the cave weeks before, Pepé and Pedro—the latter still bruised and maimed—to join the troops of Gonzales, and Chinita, rebelliously, yet unable to resist, to follow with swift and unerring movement the fortunes of Ramirez. By what arguments Pedro had been won to consent to separate from his fosterchild, and to maintain silence concerning her to Ashley, can be but guessed; though certain it is that Chinita on her part reminded him of the promise he had made Herlinda to protect her child from Doña Isabel—to whose care she justly suspected Ashley Ward would strive to return her. Meanwhile Dolores adroitly fostered that hope of a peculiar and swift revenge, which was to satisfy at once the many wrongs that in those diverse lives were clamorous for justice; while an intense anticipation urged the immediate presence of the gate-keeper with the Liberal army—the anticipation of that event which presented to his mind such wondrous possibilities. The convents once opened would Herlinda claim her child? Would she by some strange miracle confront Leon Vallé and her proud mother with the proof of that which Ashley Ward had in spite of adverse law and custom declared still possible—the proof of her marriage with the American who had been slain without accusation, without the possibility of defense?

Pedro could not reason; he could but doggedly wait, and guard with silent fidelity and ferocity the charge that had been given him. That a superior intelligence, an undeclared authority potent as an armed power, had for a time wrested her from him, made him only the more tenacious, when once more he held her in his grasp. Chinita in the mountains with the woman whose life was bound in the same interests, the same mysteries as her own, was safe from the possibilities of removal from his cognizance.

He was asked no questions. Ashley, tranquil in the belief that Chinita was with Doña Carmen in G—; avoided even the mention of her name; and Pedro jealously guarded his secret, and patiently waited the moment he superstitiously believed would come—the moment which when it came gave him the sharpest sting he had ever known in his stoical existence, when Herlinda Garcia cried in uncontrollable horror and dismay, “What! you! You have brought up my child? It was given to you?”

On the journey from El Toro there was but one thought in his mind. For the first time a doubt tormented him. “Would the beautiful, uncontrollable idol of his heart satisfy the longing—the years of longing—

of the woman, who freed from her bonds was hastening to claim her daughter and acknowledge her before the world?” As the hours passed Pedro shunned the eyes of Herlinda, though they looked upon him with a grateful affection that should have been at once an invitation to confidence and a recompense of his long fidelity. Yet with the remembrance of Chinita ever before him, the glance of Herlinda seemed that of accusation and reproof. Her words rang like a knell in his heart. He, who knew the vices and virtues of the two castes, knew that like oil and water they were irreconcilable, and understood the full significance of that involuntary cry: “What! you! You have brought up my child!”

Louise Palmer Heaven.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

RECENT POETRY.

The poetry that has been for a number of months accumulating before us is for the most part 'prentice work, one-half of it counting by volumes, and two-thirds counting by authors, coming under the head of “first books.” Several of the writers of these first books, however, were more or less known before by magazine poems or in other departments of literature. John Vance Cheney has for some years been well known through the leading magazines; David Skaats Foster and Margaret B. Harvey slightly; and Oscar Fay Adams has been an excellent compiler of books, as such work goes, besides having printed a few fugitive poems.

Thistle Drift,¹ Mr. Cheney's pretty volume, calls first for notice, if for no other

reason, because the author is a Californian, and of somewhat eminent literary position among Californians. As California poetry, however, his book has no claim whatever: the land of his present residence seems to have contributed not one memory of sight or sound, not one faintest breath of inspiration, to his poetry; it is absolutely of the Eastern States. Icicles and denned snakes and bears asleep, brightening beeches, and meadow rills, fire-flies and summer rain and cedarn shade, accompany the seasons through the year. This is said rather as a passing comment than a criticism, however: a poet should write of whatever aspect of life or nature moves his genuine impulse of expression, and an affectation of local color is as bad as an artificial avoidance of it. To come to serious criticism,—we find these poems (they are eighty-eight in number) very une-

¹ *Thistle Drift*. By John Vance Cheney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1887.

qual in merit. Now an exquisite note will be struck; and again a poem will have little besides a certain happy freshness of rhythm, a light and pleasing gayety of phrase, to justify its existence; and still again, one will occur that would have been ruled out altogether if poets could exert full critical discrimination with regard to their own poems. Undoubtedly the lyric mood is Mr. Cheney's best. His mastery not merely of rhythm, but of the subtler matters of vowel and consonant tune, of the song-spirit in the turns of thought and phrase, is really unusual. It is more evident in his book than it has been in his magazine verse, — as one turns page after page, going from one airy tune to another, — and grows upon the reader. One airy tune to another, we say; for it is chiefly in the lighter measures and topics that Mr. Cheney shows any such power of singing words.

"The little leaves, ah me,
Coquetting in the tree!"

is a couplet to cling and ring in the mental ear persistently. Occasionally he achieves a plaintive melody, but still light and fine. Thus:

Ah, Hope, no more — no more
Deceive
That my heart may believe;
For I know that the flake will follow
On the airy way of the swallow,
That the drift will lie where the lily blows,
And the icicle hang from the stem of the rose.
Ah, Hope,—no more!

But this melody is scarcely his own, having in it (in the *tune* we mean, not in the words) a subtle and elusive echo of other poets; while the gayer one is entirely characteristic. The rhythmic felicity, it must be added, is not invariable; there is a certain tendency to exaggerate unpleasantly the favorite tripping movement.

After their lyric quality, the most noticeable trait of these poems is their frequent felicity of phrase. This also is not invariable, but it occurs again and again. Now and again in some description of an aspect of nature it brings the sound and sight and

smell — the "feel" — of the day and season before the reader. Such figures as in

Behind the hill top drops the sun,
The curled heat falters on the sand, —

Hushed earth awaits that second dawn,
The morning of the moon and stars,

seem to us excellent, even though a little wanting in spontaneity. In subject, Mr. Cheney inclines most to "society verse," and, take him through and through, is perhaps at his best there, upon an average. Love at its lightest, the genially cynical laugh, — these he handles for the most part very prettily, and with far more originality, more spirit and variety, less dependence on Provençal metres, than most of the writers of society verse. We select, finally, one poem as an example of Mr. Cheney's best work in this sort:

Dodging the Godlet.

Restring your golden bow,
The silver quiver fill;
You'll hit too high, too low,
Young Rosy-cheeks — you will.

Look to your darts, my lad,
That dimpled arm prepare,
Such mark was never had
Since arrow sped the air.

Your ringlets backward toss,
The silky wings lift free: —
Heaven, let no shadow cross
That shoulder's ivory! —

A very blind man's shot!
One side, too high, too low,
Too something — matters not.
She laughs: I told you so.

Once more; down on your knee. —
How warm his pink heels show,
Shell colors tremblingly
Thro' all his body glow! —

Once more, mine arméd elf —
Missed it! Go, godlet, go.
She'll dodge old Death himself;
Put up the golden bow.

Turning to Oscar Fay Adams's *Post Laureate Idyls and Other Poems*¹ we find

¹Post Laureate Idyls and Other Poems. By Oscar Fay Adams.

more interest than the few gentlemanly sonnets he had previously printed had led us to expect. The "post-laureate idyls" themselves occupy something more than half the book, and are the most noticeable part of its contents—possibly the best. They are Mother Goose rhymes expanded into parodies of the Idyls of the King. The imitation of metres and constructions and manner is very neat indeed, and a few of the "idyls" are admirable drolling. "The Rape of the Tarts," is of course, based on the rhyme of "The Queen of Hearts"; "At the Palace of King Lot" is a version of "The King was in the Parlor"; "Thomas and Vivien" of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son." Of the ten "idyls" half are burlesque in intention; but the other half, among which Jack and Jill, Old King Cole, and Little Miss Muffet figure, are as grave as the Tennysonian idyls themselves—which is a surprising error of critical judgment, and puts them on the level of weak and daring imitations.

Clear with the last line rang her voice, and Jack,
Who heeded not his ways when Gillian sang,
Slipt, as the last notes ceas'd, upon a piece
Of sliding stone, and slipping, fell, dragging
The singer down, and both together rolled
All in a horror of loose stones and dust
And flying limbs and broken bones and crowns
Far down the steep side of that rocky hill.
So perished these two of the fated house
Of Astolat; and in the night that followed,
And near a dawning fierce with wind and rain,
Wherein the sea waged battle with the sky
And both with earth, to final judgment past
Lavaine.

Such writing is neither good earnest nor good fun. More legitimate is this :

'Know then, O kitchen knave,' his words to me,
'Within the dusky shadows of this wood
Have I these forty summers dwelt.'

Then I :

And winters too, Sir Evergreen?'

To which

He answer made :

'Not winters two, dull knave,
But winters forty as the summers are,
Nor have I cold nor rheumatism felt ;

Yet dwelling thus it well may chance I know
But little of the outer world, and thou,
Belike, canst tell me what I fain would hear.'

He paus'd, as one who, at a loss for words,
Doth grope about the chamber of his brain,
And from the quest at last returns with those
He had not chosen were there room for choice ;
So far'd it with Sir Evergreen, who roar'd
Impatiently his eager question forth :

'O kitchen knave, or whatsoe'er thou art,
Make answer truly, hast thou seen the sea?'

He ceas'd, and in the gloomy wood no sound
Was there save faintest stir above our heads
Of half-awakened nestlings in the nest.
Then meekly question'd I :

'The A, B, C?'

'Not so, O knave, the sea I mean doth wind
About the world, as once in youth I heard
Sage Merlin speak, like snake about its prey.
Once more I ask it, hast thou seen the sea?'

'Full oft, in winter storm and summer calm,
Sir Evergreen,' I answered, chill with fear.

'Tis well,' he roar'd, and more beside had said
But that I spoke again, and all in wrath
He heard.

'Strong sir, it is not well if thou
Dost speak thus of the sea, for well and sea
Are vastly different things, tho' water lies
In both.'

I ended; scarce my words were done
When all the temper of the man broke forth ;
Mighty his wrath and gustily he spoke :
'Well me no wells or 'twill be ill with thee ;
Sea me no seas, for I will seize on thee ;
Lie me no lies or soon wilt thou lie there.'

* * * *

... 'There grow within
This wood beneath the leaves and creeping near
The ground, red berries which the seeming wise
Call straw. Full sweet and toothsome to the taste
Are they, and on them have I often din'd
Nigh to that hour in which the golden sun
In high mid-heaven stands, and all about
The leaves hang quiet in the summer's heat,—
My one regret that there were all too few
To satisfy the hunger in my breast.
Now, kitchen knave, if haply thou canst tell
How many of these berries rare within
The sea do grow, it may be I can feed
ereon when these within the woods are gone.

He ended here, and on me bent his gaze
 With all expectancy, as one who sits
 Within a dry and thirsty land, and sees
 The storm-clouds gather in the far southwest.
 He pausing, I kept silence for a space;
 Then, as the shadows darken'd in the wood,
 And owls from out the hollow oak flew forth
 With baleful shriek to meet the coming night,
 Made answer to the question as I deem'd
 It best. 'The sea is wide, Sir Evergreen,
 And hard were it for any man to count
 And number rightly all that is therein,
 Yet near enow for purpose practical
 It chanceth I may answer to thy quest.
 Of berries toothsome, which the wise call straw,
 (Though not a straw care I for what they say,
 Not ev'n the straw which breaks the camel's back,
 Nor that which shows the changeful current's
 course,)
 There grow within the angry-bosom'd sea
 As many as of herrings red are found
 In green and dusky confines of the wood.'

Thus I, and he before me listen'd all
 Attent as child who, by some fireside warm,
 On winter evenings ere the hour for bed
 Heark'neth, delighted, to some fairy tale,
 But keepeth silent lest a word be lost;
 So all in hope heard he, but at the last
 Grew sad and loos'd his grasp, yet gaz'd
 Upon me sternly that I dar'd not stir
 For fear. Then, while I wonder'd at him, gave
 A cry whose tingling echoes reach'd the stars:
 'O knave! I know not what red herrings be!'
 Full bitterly he cried, and turning, past
 Adown the forest, and the forest clos'd
 Upon him, and uncheck'd I went my way.

The rest of Mr. Adams's book contains
 "A Tale of Tuscany," and "The Legend
 of the Golden Lotus," both pleasantly told
 (and the power to tell a tale in pleasant
 verse, simply yet not baldly, is rare) and
 a few lyrics and sonnets. None of the son-
 nets have that single, intense, concentrated
 thought, or that perfection of language, one
 or the other of which qualities is needed to
 justify the carving of one's poem into this
 elaborate form. The lyrics are pretty and
 worth printing—occasionally touching a
 deeper note than of mere prettiness. This
 is simply and strongly put, and has a gen-
 uine sound:

I was so full of my purpose and never gave way to
 a doubt,
 Never looked forward to failure, whatever dark
 clouds were about,
 Always believed in hard fighting, and never once
 trusted to luck,
 Put my whole soul in my doing, and honest each
 blow that I struck.

* * * * *

Why should we look to the future, expecting the
 skies to be clear,—
 Always the strongest are prospered: why may it
 not be so again,
 If there's a heaven hereafter reserved for the chil-
 dren of men?
 Might has the best of us here, and may it not be so
 beyond?
 I who am vanquished in battle have little to do
 but despond.

* * * * *

Beaten am I in the struggle, the doom of the con-
 quered is mine;
 Darkness and clouds are about me, the morrow I
 may not divine.
 Now I await the dread moment when I shall have
 done with it all,
 When the long strife shall be ended, and I turn my
 face to the wall.

In Mr. Foster's *The Romance of the Unexpected*,¹ two or three poems (all of light or even humorous cast) will be recognized by readers of the magazines. Most of them, however, are new to us. The title, *The Romance of the Unexpected*, seems to refer to the fact that many are tales with some romantic coincidence or denouement. In the first one, a five-year-old orphan slips away from his guardians whenever he can, to cry for his parents at the locked door of the empty house where they dwelt, and to climb a tree and look longingly through the attic window at his Noah's ark, "which somehow had escaped the sheriff's hand." Years after a gentle maiden sojourning in the house has occasion to show through it a stranger, who intends to purchase; and she ushers him finally into the attic, unchanged in twenty years, with the little wooden

¹ *The Romance of the Unexpected*. By David Skauts Foster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

figures still arranged for a march, and tells him how a little boy named Paul had lived there before her, and this relic of him has seemed to her so pitiful that she has thought and dreamed much of that little child, and loves him dearly; upon which, grasping her hand,

Said the stranger, "I would have you love him always, — I am Paul."

In the second, an impressible American woos pretty handmaid Mariquita, without waiting to see the mistress, the fair widow, Leonora Cid y Guerra; persuades her in spite of her proud and cruel mistress, of Uncle Pedro and Uncle Juan, to flee with him; and after a headlong ride and hurried midnight wedding, finds that the haughty mistress, Uncle Juan and Uncle Pedro, are a romantic fiction, a whim of Doña Leonora, for she and Mariquita are one. Several such stories probably account for the title. They are told in bright and appropriate verse. There are also a good many half-meditative poems of common human experience; they are pleasant and not dull, of no especial beauty or originality, yet having the very considerable merit of a straightforward simplicity and sincerity. Finally there are a few pages of humorous and "society" verses of fair quality. A couple of stanzas from a poem on an old spinning wheel give a good idea of Mr. Foster's poetic quality:

Through the intricate maze of its pulleys and wheels,
And its oaken frame, a vision steals
Of the long gone years, of the hands that are still,
And the elm-shaded house at the foot of the hill,
Where the child, round-cheeked and wond'ring-eyed,

Watched the old wheel buzz at the ingleside,
With a sound like a far-off muffled drum,
In its "clickety, whir-r, whir-r, hum."

Years come and go; on the porch it stands,
And the pirns fly round 'neath a fair girl's hands.
She watches the sunset's fading rays,
With a far-off, girlish, fanciful gaze,
Till the rose steals into her dimpled cheek,
And the garrulous spinning-wheel seems to speak
Her foolish thoughts to Christendom
With its "clickety, whir-r, whir-r, hum."

In *Lower Merion Lilies*¹ also, two or three poems are old acquaintances. One of these, "Republicanism (Three Generations)," is neat:

First.

Squire Cecil, at his high-arched gate,
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.

And when a neighbor, ragged, sad,
Unlearned, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
These kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

Third.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,
And swept in silken sheen;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beauteous ne'er was seen.

Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes:
"And I must patronize," she said,
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!
In Europe, now,—but oh!
In this republic we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"

A few of the other poems in the book have much merit in expressing deep feeling with penetration and sympathy; and it would be fair to quote these, were they not too long. On the other hand, they greatly lack simplicity, directness, and concentration, and are not free from technical defects; and most of the poems share the faults of these, without having their virtues. Thus:

I know by the lilies which border
The streams in every vale;
They stand, in their sun-burning order,
To tell the wondrous tale;
Each one like the candlestick olden
Which shone in holy place;
And all like the hosts whose harps golden
Resound through heavenly space!

¹ *Lower Merion Lilies*. By Margaret B. Harvey. J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

My dear, you believe me rhapsodic—
 You see but yellow-red—
 My verse, I admit, is spasmodic,
 But wait till all is said;
 Yet stay—why should ladies hate freckles
 To dot their vermeil cheeks?
 The lily superb, not the speckles
 Can mar—you know Who speaks!

It is conjectured by reviewers nearer to Boston than we that the author of *The Heart of the Weed*¹ is a lady of that city already known by certain fine translations from Turgénieff. At this distance, the book comes entirely as a surprise—for to open to such poems in looking through the collection of “maiden volumes” before him is a most unusual experience to a reviewer. They are firm and strong in touch, full of thought and of feeling, grave, pure, and simple in manner. Without the penetrating beauty and power of great poetry, they are nevertheless poetry, real and valuable. They are almost all peculiarly personal, expressing again and again two or three phases of human feeling with a note of *experience* that calls to mind the “Love Sonnets of Proteus,” or Mrs. Browning’s sonnets, and sets the reader involuntarily on the illegitimate effort to distinguish what is personal confession and what dramatic fiction. We prefer to let a few cited poems speak for themselves, rather than comment further:

A Look.

You raised your eyes grown dark with unshed tears,
 With straight sad look they gazed into my own,
 And though till then your love I had not known,
 I know it now and for all coming years!
 A love that asks no hope, but lives by fears,
 And in renouncing is but stronger shown.
 That look struck on my heart as might a tone
 Of some deep solemn bell, from tower that rears
 Its slender height to heaven, calling to prayers
 Those careless souls who sing and dance below.
 So did your gaze of sweet and solemn woe;
 And from my mirth I ceased as one who hears
 With quickly beating heart that solemn call,
 And from my eyes that smiled, slow tears ’gan fall.

¹The Heart of the Weed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Song.

Your eyes are eloquent
 Though your lips silent be,
 And from those eyes is sent
 Sad love to me.
 Sad love that darkens there
 Like violets after rain,
 But renders them more fair,
 Loving in vain.
 Your lips that closed be
 Such piteous sweet curves take,
 As touch the heart of me
 And bid it ache:
 And bid it dream and guess
 Your grieving heart, and share
 Its yearning tenderness,
 Its sweet despair.

My Dearest Sorrow.

These poignant hours of darkest woe
 Are all of joy I ever find;
 ’Tis saddest pleasure thus to know
 That still I hold thee in my mind.
 I hug my pain, since, caused by thee,
 ’Tis all of thee to me is given;
 My memories are more to me
 Than all my hopes of Heaven.

Careless and happy once I seemed,
 Nor knew my heart such grief could fill;
 Then for a few short days I dreamed
 That mine thou wert—that dream lives still
 The joyous heart that ne’er knew pain
 I wish not, since it knew thee not.
 Give me my own sad heart again,
 And let me be forgot.

Wishes and Prayers.

Our wishes and our prayers are not
 Always the same;
 Alas! we often wish for what
 We dare not name.

We strive to pray with bitter tears
 For what we should,
 But sadder than all else appears
 The prayed-for good.

Lord! pardon me if I deplore
 My granted prayer;
 Lord, what thou taught’st me to pray for,
 Teach me to bear.

Switzerland.

Where snowy peaks on peaks reach to the sky,
 And giant solitudes stretch far around,
 Where undulating whiteness on the ground,
 And clouds scarce whiter far above me lie,
 What is it that so lifts my soul on high?

While all is silence but for the faint sound
Of mountain torrents in yon chasm profound
That seek the ocean, though they know not why.

Great Life above us all, does my soul seek
Thee, as the unconscious torrent seeks the sea?
Is it Thy greatness that I feel in me,
This sense of life and beauty, that doth speak
To every fibre of my bounding heart,
That leaps to know *Thee whole*, myself a part?

By a sharp descent, we come to *The Temple of Alanthur*¹ by Isaac R. Baxley, and then to *Poems*² by Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald. *The Temple of Alanthur* contains romantic stories and meditative poems. The opening poem, from which the title is taken, is of the futile love of an Egyptian demigod for a mortal maiden. It is not told in consecutive narrative, but chiefly in a series of songs by the characters. There is a certain vague splendor in these, but they are obscure and confused, and hardly worth the effort of following them. Perhaps this fairly represents the quality of the other poems:

Dark, dark are the eyelids of Islam's sad daughter,
And swiftly her tear-drops encumber the strings,
Low, low is her voice as the moonlit sweet water
That runs where the garden of Dalmedar clings.

Miss Fitzgerald's poems are Californian in many of their subjects, devoutly Catholic, loyally Irish, but also patriotic as toward America, full of amiable and virtuous sentiment, and of no value as poetry. They are the sort of verse that among a circle of not too critical friends are welcome tributes of affection upon a birthday or wedding day; or that give pleasure to audiences of neighbors when read at local celebrations. They are at their best—and that is sometimes quite good—in the simple narrative of ballad; for the rest, they are such as this:

Lo! beyond the stately poplars in their flaming
robes of yellow,
And the grove-like groups of foliage all in autumn
tintings gay,

Rise to heaven the soaring spires and the stately
domes that tell us
We are near our goal and entering thy fair city,
San José!

San José! — the name like magic calls to mind
the olden Pueblo,
With its quaint, white-walled adobes, and its quiet
streets and lanes
Through which toiled the rude carretas, and the
covered wagons bearing
To new homes the household treasures of the Pil-
grims of the Plains.

*Columbus*³ is an historical play, founded on the life of the great discoverer. Mr. Booth (whose letter on the subject is given in part, in an appendix) thought it well adapted to the stage, and expressed a wish that he could take the part; and other critics have praised it highly. It certainly has unity and dramatic force in construction; but otherwise it does not impress us as anything very good. The diction is not simple and forcible, as one expects in an acting drama; there are no passages of real eloquence; and the appearance of Columbia in the clouds, dressed in red, white, and blue, and mounted on an American eagle, to prevent the sailors turning back, seems a pretty cheap effect—still more the more elaborate fireworks of the same sort on which the curtain falls.

We reviewed some months ago a curious book called *The Perpetual Fire*⁴, supposing it complete in the four pamphlet parts we had received. It seems, however, that there are two parts more, which have since been received. The poems, as we have said, are the work of a religious mystic, who believes he writes under inspiration. The topics are the divinity of the visible world and the call of man, especially in New York City, to righteousness and simplicity. The curious thing about them is that through all their crudities, some of the qualities of the genuine mystic, the poetic fervor and insight

¹ *The Temple of Alanthur and Other Poems.* By Isaac R. Baxley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

² *Poems.* By Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1886.

³ *Columbus; or A Hero of the New World.* An Historical Play. By D. S. Preston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

⁴ *The Perpetual Fire.* Published by W. E. Davenport, Brooklyn, New York. 1887.

and the self-surrender and veracity, do appear to be present. This is a most unusual phenomenon for the time and place, and worthy of note. The honesty and the elevation of spiritual mood of a true mystic infuse almost of themselves some element of literary merit into his work; and there is more of this in the portion of *The Perpetual Fire* now before us than in that which we reviewed previously. Thus:

Meditations in the Country.

Once more again I greet the lifted skies
And the still splendor of the hidden Light,
Vailed in the mists that shroud the distant Sound.

* * * * *

What is it that I see beyond this veil
And divine curtain of phenomena?
Another realm where finer sunlight falls.

* * * * *

O dull and blind! O sodden and asleep!
Why can we not behold it? Palestine
And heaven itself lies just beyond our sight!
Rend the great Curtain, draw aside the veil
And let us look! O beautiful and quiet,
Blessed and holy, solemn and religious
Is this world.

* * * * *

Not modern, dull and commonplace and worldly;
But holy still, and solemnly transfigured!
Thence, thence I look, and all forget my sorrow,
The misery of the flesh that shall not hold me,
Now that I turn and cry with expectation,
As if the heavens were surely to be opened.

What is it, O thou Flesh? Beauty and glory,
And the strange wonder full of all suggestion
And meaning deep; and high signification—
What is it? The whole world of sense and science
And men and thinkers, say that it is nothing.
And thou art weak to entertain the feeling.
And yet it is so. *It is my experience!*

* * * * *

So have I founded in me a religion
Not of the church nor history nor reason,
But of my soul in a divine communion
With that great world which sleeps behind the
world.

Lo! in an hour it all shall fade and vanish,
The Light shall have departed out of heaven,
And all the meaning gone out of creation.
And soulless I, shall be no more a prophet,
Because I shall not feel the soul in nature.
Yet I believe! and though distress o'ertake me,
And I profane my soul amid the city;

And live in dullness without apprehension
Of these high states and spirit exaltations,
Yet shall I keep (even as a hidden treasure)
My one faith, my belief, my revelation
Which one made to me and no man takes from me!

* * * * *

It is because this city we call New York
Has no belief, that all men are unhappy.
Would that I had the power of human speech
And an unconscious heart of Christian love,
And thousands might be saved. But I am mean
Because I am not thoughtless of my person,
And who can live who thinks himself important?
Ah, I desire! Give me the power to do!

In *Civitas*¹ is to be found a political allegory that is, to say the least, ingenious. Young Civitas, "surnamed America," at the end of the Revolution, meditates anxiously upon his future course. He is accosted by Anarchia, who urges her system upon him, telling him that as the country must ultimately come to this, she would bring him to his goal without the race.

"Together we will march the nations through
And turn them upside down with manners new,
Our armies singing, as they sweep along,
The inspiring truth — 'Whatever is, is wrong!'"

Civitas repels her and her advice with scorn, and she retires, with threats of return some day. Next Monarchia appears and urges him to take the opportunity to found a powerful empire: he will have to come to it in the end, as a refuge from anarchy, and better now.

"The world is old, has many lessons taught;
I'll tell thee one, though wisdom be unsought:
Start as thou wilt the end will be the same,
A monarch rules or anarchy's thy shame."

Her advice, also, is rejected; and after another argument with one Democrates, young Civitas sets out to woo the goddess Libertas. The goddess is favorably disposed, but remarks that a great many young nations have made vows to her, and when (in consequence of her favor) they grew strong and great, they have invariably

¹ *Civitas*: The Romance of our Nation's Life. By Walter L. Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

proved faithless ; and as another such experience would not only result, as in previous cases, in his government perishing from the earth, but also in *her* death, —

"For this, O Civitas, I say to thee,
In thee's the world's last hope of liberty," —

it behooves her to be extremely careful. He offers to make all possible pledges of fidelity, and she binds him by strait vows to herself, including a specific promise never to prefer riches to her and her laws ; and then consents to wed him. Alas,

As firm as Civitas had stoutly vowed,
Temptation meeting, he as weakly bowed.
Before one century his life had spanned,
Shrewd flatterers his vanity had fanned
Until it burned a furnace, raging hot
Within his soul, condemning every jot
Of aspiration after nobler things
Than wealth, whose seeming strength with poison stings.

His worship of "the almighty dollar" led to very strained relations with Libertas, and to some narrow escapes from destruction for both ; all of which narrated at length, fill out one hundred and thirty-four pages of the volume — which, if it does not contain any poetry, does contain a good deal of political sense on the way to the senseless and pernicious final conclusion that the anarchists should kill off the subsidized corporations, and then Liberty will rule again.

A small book¹ in which a rabbi offers some hopeless doggerel in English as a substitute for the Hagodoh Shel Pesach recited in Hebrew at the Passover, and *I Am that I Am*² and *Glances at the World*³, two all but unreadable volumes, close our list of "first books." *I Am that I Am*—a metrical essay under the nine canto titles, "The Infinite Unity," "The Infinite Plurality," "The Infinite Diversity," "The Idea of Person," "The Idea of Trinity in Person," "The

¹ Easter Eve. The "New Hagodah Shel Pesach." By Rabbi Hull-Bien. Cincinnati: Bloch Publishing and Printing Company. 1886.

² *I Am that I Am* : The Philosophic Bases of the Christian Faith. A metrical essay in three parts and nine cantos. By E. A. Warriner. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co., 1887.

³ *Glances at the World*. By Hieronymus Anonymus. Mundus : Cadmus Faustus. 5878.

Idea of Extension and Diversity in Person," "The Elements of I," "The Elements of Am," "The Elements of That"—fills one hundred and sixty-seven pages with such verse as,

To say I Am, except I Am present
An image to the mind, were meaningless.
Without an object nothing could be meant
By any subject. Subject must express
A meaning, else 't were only emptiness.
Hence, every I must have a that, a way,
And every body must a soul possess ;
Each word or image must a thought convey ;
And I in words and images itself portray.

While *Glances at the World* describes itself on the title page as "a book in which there is something about everything," and proceeds through nearly four hundred pages to "glance" at "America," "Authors," "Lovers," "Politicians," etc., (twelve "glances" in all) in such wise as this :

Were I Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin,
I would record America in music ;
The trumpet, cymbal, and the chord should clang
In harmony ; nor would I set it to *sic*
Gloria transit mundi, with tinkling twang ;
It should resound through heaven's perpetual
blue *sic*
Gloria est perpetua — an anthem
With its thousand strains, and the world should
chant them.

But these burlesques of poetry are pretty sure to avenge the muse upon their author by securing him so blankly indifferent a reception that he is cured, and prints no more. Against vicious and depraving literature, against the dime novel or the novel of gush, against the social science of the fanatic and ignoramus, we seem to have no protection ; but against almost every variety of really bad poetry there is an infallible one — nobody will read it. When, therefore, the writer of such has the audacity to appear again and again, in large, pretentious books, each adorned with a fine portrait of the author (and the latest one with two or three very cheap and worthless pictures beside), the reviewer greets his reappearance

with exasperation. J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D., LL.D., author of "The Bride of Gettysburg," "Betrayed," "The Praesidicide," "The Heir of Lyolynn," "Etc., Etc.," and now of *Arteloise*¹ is the persistent bard of whom we speak. We have had occasion to express a low opinion of one or two of these volumes heretofore, and need not spend much time on *Arteloise*. It is a romance of the Round Table, is nearly three hundred pages long, and is told in such verse as this:

Here ceased the song, but ere had died
Its echoes o'er the valleys wide,
A lay of deeper, stronger tone
Was over all the valleys thrown;
But what spot, or place around
Burst forth that song and music's sound,
The knight and maiden could not tell,
Nor guess the least from whence they swell.

Professor Raymond is doubtless a much more accomplished and critical person than J. Dunbar Hylton; but in following up one dull and ineffective volume of verse by another, he has in his better degree classed himself with that gentleman. *Ballads of the Revolution*² is not worthy of print. The subjects are good, but the verse is halting, involved, and tedious almost beyond patience; and to make it worse, the author attaches to the title a foot-

¹ *Arteloise*. A Romance of King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D., LL.D. Palmyra, New York: The Hylton Publishing Company. 1887.

² *Ballads of the Revolution, and Other Poems*. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

note calling attention to the "definiteness of aim," the "directness of execution," the simple and vigorous language, the "musical swing," "rush of rhyme," spontaneity and vividness, necessary to the ballad. Can it be possible that Professor Raymond believes such writing as this to be definite, direct, simple and vigorous, full of musical swing and rush of rhyme, spontaneous and vivid?

"Our laws are in our charters
For scores of years enjoy'd;
Nor court, nor king, nor mere consent
Of merely King and Parliament,
Has power to make them void."

The ballads are moreover sprinkled to very absurdity with historical footnotes on every page. The "other poems" are somewhat better than the "ballads," but they are too labored and wordy.

We note here, too, a pretty volume of very thin *Society Verse by American Writers*³. The collection is mildly entertaining, but not nearly as good as one would have expected; and remembering the bright things that from time to time appear in the journals, one cannot but suspect that the fault lies with the compiler. Neither F. D. Sherman, John Vance Cheney, nor Joel Benton appear at all; Aldrich only by "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva"; and Helen Gray Cone by "An Ivory Miniature," and "The Ballad of Cassandra Brown."

³ *Society Verse by American Writers*. Edited by Ernest De Lancy Pierson. New York: Benjamin & Bell. 1887.

ETC.

IT NOT infrequently happens to THE OVERLAND to receive contributions accompanied by notes that urge the editor to accept the story or poem, on the ground that the writer is a native Californian, or that he intends hereafter to make California his home. On the other hand, contributors or critics in the East occasionally inquire if THE OVERLAND is not encouraging a provincial spirit by discriminating in favor of Pacific writers and subjects;

if the *best* writing ought not to have the preference, wherever written. It is perhaps difficult for any one outside the active management of a magazine like THE OVERLAND to understand just why or where it must draw its line between the local and the provincial; but there are a few considerations in the matter clear enough, and from time to time we find it desirable to re-state them. One may be very promptly put:

the public would not read *THE OVERLAND* if it were not local in its subjects. The Eastern and foreign readers of the magazine desire it because it gives them knowledge of this region, that they feel they can trust because it is written from the inside, and not by a passing tourist. The Pacific States and Territories of America chance to be just now especially interesting to the civilized world, because they are the goal of the westward migration of the Aryan peoples, a migration now visibly and conspicuously nearing this last phase. They are an intrinsically interesting region by natural endowment; and it always interests readers to see human life depicted under fresh conditions. Our own people desire that the magazine should be local in its subjects for the converse reason: they too desire to read of life at a distance, and under conditions unfamiliar to them; and they too wish to have it described from the inside — and therefore they prefer to seek accounts of Russia, England, or New England in Russian, or English, or New England books and journals. On the other hand, people always delight in truthful representations of the life that they know; and for these, each turns to home sources. Without such absolute exclusion of foreign matter, as would sacrifice variety, and put it out of touch with the literary activity of other places, each magazine is still pretty sure to be most read for that which it has to say about the subjects nearest within its own ken.

BUT how wide a difference between this limitation and that of the purely provincial spirit! The man who writes of his own village with a true perception of its relation to the world's life, with a fine penetration into universal human nature, may never go outside of a radius of ten miles — of one mile — for his subjects, and yet be as far as possible from provincial. The distorted perspective of real provinciality, the inability to free itself from the current opinion of its section on each and every topic, the ignorance of the world's life elsewhere — these are the traits that it is not only the duty of *THE OVERLAND* to reject as far as possible from its pages, but its very mission to eliminate as far as possible from the community. Therefore the writer who supposes he has a right to be accepted because he is California born, is part of the thing to be reformed. Not to speak of the absurdity of supposing that in a State as much given to scribbling as is this a tithe of the work of native Californian youths and maidens could find space between *THE OVERLAND*'s covers, the very service that the magazine is to render to the body of writers of this State is to bring it to the world's best standards — as much by eliminating

from it those that have not worth *in themselves*, apart from any appeal to nativity, as by encouraging those that have.

YET we should not do ourselves justice in the eyes of severe critics not to add that we apply no such standard in determining this worth as if we were in the midst of an old and technically well-trained literary community. There is a finish of workmanship that is attained by almost no one except the professional writer. No literature would ever grow if such workmanship were demanded from the first. No one journal can create the habit of it; it requires the co-operation of many influences for a generation or two. It is as well to frankly confess here to our readers that we receive better work in certain lines from Massachusetts than from California, and that we accept only a small proportion thereof, send the rest back, and take cruder work from Western writers — because this crude work is the beginning of a literature yet to be, which it is our business to help into being; while the Eastern work is a mere overflowing from a literature already created and abundantly fostered otherwise. For farther comment on this doctrine, we might perhaps close by referring the reader to Browning's "Early Florentine Painters."

Alvan Clark.

IN JUNE of last year, I was standing with a friend on the tower in Mt. Auburn cemetery; gazing with delight on the beautiful view from that eminence. Tracing the course of the classic Charles, courteously called a river, my friend thought of the Clarks and their workshop near the banks, and wondered if we could get a sight at the lens they were then completing for our Lick observatory. We had an hour to spare, and concluding that refusal was the worst we had to fear, we descended from the granite pile, sought one of the jingling little horse cars, such as San Franciscans once used, and in due time reached the street that led down to the Charles. A few moments' walk, through a sparsely settled part of Cambridge, and we were pointed out a plain, substantial, country-looking house as the home of Alvan Clark and his son. In the rear of the house was a modest workshop, and we found no difficulty in reaching its door, from which a workman happened to pass out. We inquired if Mr. Clark was in, and if visitors were allowed. He answered that Mr. Clark was in, and he guessed we could see the lens. We stepped into the shop, which was hardly more than a large shed — one-story and divided into two rooms. A man somewhat past middle age, in his shirt-sleeves, came from the inner room to receive

us. He proved to be Mr. Clark, the son. His expression was not forbidding, and when we handed him our cards and explained that we were a resident and an ex-resident of San Francisco, we were made welcome at once.

The flat glass for the telescope was being polished at the time. It rested horizontally on a stand about four feet high, and was being rubbed by an appliance that was kept in a regular rotary motion by a small engine near at hand. The face presented very much the appearance of an enlarged waffle, the bearing surfaces being of beeswax, covered, I think, with rouge, and frequently lubricated with water.

Every few moments the glass was removed, washed, and replaced by Mr. Clark and his assistant, the sole occupants of the shop. This was all that was being done.

In the other room we saw the precious crown glass which was practically completed. We were shown the simple yet delicate instruments by which inequalities of surface were detected, and told that the human touch was the final test, and that the last polishing was done with the palm or finger and fine rouge. In the finishing work the touch of the father was the most delicate.

We noticed a portrait in oil resting on a bench, which led my friend to remark that he had heard that Mr. Clark, Senior, had been painting of late. He answered: "Yes, father had n't painted for years, but my son died a few months ago and father said he wanted to paint his portrait. Mother said she did n't believe he could, but father said he was going to try, and he did so well that he has since painted my picture and my brother's." He turned to a drawer and took out an old case which he opened and handed us.

"There is a miniature father painted many years ago. It was his profession, you know, before daguerreotypes were invented." The painting, on ivory, was an exquisite piece of work, exceedingly delicate and lovely in color.

Our admiration warmed his heart. "Would you like to see my picture? Father usually takes a nap about this time of day, but I guess he must be awake now."

We gladly acceded, and followed him to the house. He tried the back door ineffectually. He knocked and called, "Father, O, father!" but he received no answer. "You stay here, and I'll go round to the front door and let you in,"—and he was gone. Very speedily he re-appeared, and when we entered we found Alvan Clark with a smile of welcome. He was slightly tremulous, but active and in full possession of his faculties. We found the portrait of the son a very lifelike piece

of work. The old gentleman really seemed to take more satisfaction and feel more pride in his skill as a painter, which was great but not extraordinary, than in his acknowledged pre-eminence in preparing glasses for telescopes. It seemed incredible that no one in Europe was thought equal to the highest class of work, and that the lens for the great telescope at St. Petersburg, cast in Paris, was sent across the Atlantic to be ground by the simple-mannered, unpretentious, old man, who seemed not unlike thousands of farmers or mechanics scattered throughout New England. After we had examined the portrait which hung in the family dining room, Mr. Clark said he would like to have us see his portrait of Daniel Webster, and led us into the simply furnished parlor, where hung a truly magnificent portrait of the great statesman. It was a very impressive picture, representing a Webster of most majestic mien. The brow was massive, the eyes deep and glowing, the mouth firm and strong, and the expression of solemn dignity and passive power which characterized the whole face and figure seemed almost oppressive. Our appreciation pleased the kindly old man. The picture, painted in Webster's lifetime, was his pride. He said: "There was a man here from New York the other day who said he had seen them all," but that this was *the* Webster."

And then we took our leave, charmed with the simplicity and genial good-humor of this great man. He was thorough and honest in every fibre. He had simply done what he found to do as well as he could, and by special gift it was done supremely well, but there was nothing whatever to indicate that he felt himself on a pedestal, or looked down on the humblest of his fellow-men.

Charles A. Murdock.

Horace, Ode I, 5.

WHAT youthful exquisite implores a dance,
Clings to your skirt and never leaves,
Smiles when you smile, grows joyous at your glance
And only when you're absent grieves?
For whom do you your yellow tresses bind,
Display your foot, compress your waist?
Alas, how soon, too credulous, he'll find
The diamond of your heart is paste.
Whom do you pet, who calls on you the most,
Who thinks you'll be forever gay
With him at least?—He makes an idle boast,
You're nothing but a flirt, my fay.
Unhappy they on whom you shine untried,
Against their peace your mind is steeled.
'Tis years ago since first you hurt my pride,
I'm older now. The wound is healed.

Fred B. Lake.

John Vance Cheney's "Thistle-drift."

Whither?

Whither leads this pathway, little one? —
Good sir, I think it runs just on and on.

Whither leads this pathway, maiden fair? —
That path to town, sir; to the village square.

Whither leads this pathway, father old? —
Where but to yonder marbles white and cold!

Editor OVERLAND:—This *is* poetry, and this *is* truth. Read it over and over again and it is the story of life in all its pathos and its tenderness. And it is told with such precision and simple brevity, such quiet force, with a whole full volume behind these six lines, that I want to thank this young poet for his work.

No, I think I am not given to overpraise. Many friends of mine have published books, and good ones too, but this is the first time I have ever attempted to call public attention to any one of them.

And I would not now attempt it were not this little book "Thistle-drift" so full of innate modesty. All these precious little poems have so much more in them than they assume to have; so out of fashion are they with the ordinary modern work that, without any ambition to be called a Columbus or any sort of discoverer of this poet, I feel impelled to select a few of the little gems from this casket of song and set them before the people, with the assertion that no book of this year, either in Europe or America, can in any way approach it in the sweetest elements of song. Read the following little story and note how much is told in so little; how much remains untold. And yet somehow it seems as if the poet had told it all in three brief lines.

After the Cows.

"High time, high time the cows were home;
Will lingerin' Jenny never come?"

The father stroked his grizzly head;

The mother, slowly sewing, said,

"Put one and one together:

The bars slip hard in rainy weather."

"Now, mother, do you mean to say
We've had a drop o' rain to-day?"

A little quicker passed the thread,

As quietly good mother said,

"Put one and one together:

The cows climb high in sunny weather."

"But busy Brindle with her bell,
(She knows the hour o' milkin' well,)
I've often heerd her half a mile."

Good mother answered, with a smile,

"Put lad and lass together,

'Tis love, not cows, in any weather."

I am charmed with the serene and sabbath-like quiet of this man's work all the way through. Indeed, I am sure if Mr. Cheney saw a single red or lurid line in his book he would blot it out.

A lady, and one who is most eminent in authority in these things, said to me the other day that the best things in this new book of John Vance Cheney's are his sonnets. These I have not read. I decline to read anything wherein any one attempts to fashion words into thought instead of thought into words. Notwithstanding the authority of the immortal Florentine and his fellow immortal of Stratford, I detest sonnets. Yet there is enough in this little book of Mr. Cheney's outside of his sonnets to make every lover of pure high literature his friend forever. I should like to quote "The Kitchen Clock," which I heard recited at the Mills Seminary last commencement day; but I must leave your readers to the book and conclude with the following little couplet, which might easily be credited to the daintiest poet that ever penned English.

The weasel thieves in silver suit,
The rabbit runs in gray;
And Pan takes up his frosty flute
To pipe the cold away.

The flocks are folded, boughs are bare,
The salmon take the sea;
And O, my fair, would I somewhere
Might house my heart with thee!

And in conclusion I beg to call the attention of the country to the fact that this poet's home is here on the Pacific. He is one of us here by the great white door of the Balboa seas; and if we are wise he will be made to remain with us.

Bret Harte has wandered away, and will not come back to us ever any more. Charles Warren Stoddard, the first singer of all, and the first in something more than point of date, was stoned almost to death at the rich man's door, till he finally had to accept a professorship in a university in the South, where he is now dying from the inhospitable climate. The Pacific Coast had to wait for Professor Sill's death and an Atlantic endorsement before it could appreciate either him or his work.

"The glory of a country is its authors," cries stout old Doctor Johnson. Let us be a bit careful of our country's glory. Let us cherish this new poet and make him remain a poet of our sunset land. Give him the charge of the Mint, the Library, the Custom House, in place of some politician. Let him eat that he may sing. We would do as much as this even for a canary bird.

Joaquin Miller.

OAKLAND, CAL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Roberts' New York.¹

One of the present reviewer's earliest plunges into the deep sea of historical lore, was at the time when he read the History of New York by one Diedrich Knickerbocker. It purported to be a history from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty and claimed in large type to be "the only authentic history of the times that ever hath been or ever will be published." The seriousness of our trust in the authenticity of this new venture by Mr. Roberts comes not so much from the pretensions of the title page of Knickerbocker's history, as from the fourth sentence of this work, wherein, to show that the English title to the domain of the Empire State came not from its discovery by an English voyager, the historian says: "No claim is urged in his [Cabot's] behalf that he entered the broad bay in latitude 44° 40' and longitude 74° 2', in which a great river discharges its flood from the north, and from which a sound tends eastward, separated from the ocean by a low-lying island." Figures do not lie nor do parallels of latitude. An examination of the chart prefacing this history shows that latitude 44° 40' and longitude 74° 2' is in the region of the northernmost spur of the Adirondack Mountains. This in a measure reconciles us to our early confidence in the historian of the Dutch dynasty; and as we progress in Mr. Roberts' work and come across the names of Wouter Van Twiller, called by Mr. Knickerbocker Walter the Doubter, and William Kief, called by the former William the Testy, and Peter Stuyvesant, yecept Peter the Headstrong, we feel that we are getting among names long familiar to us from the early veracious chronicle, and that though Mr. Roberts may be all at sea in placing New York harbor up in the mountains, yet he may be on land again when he gets among the early magistrates of New Netherland.

It seems, however, as if he felt that there was need of a jealous guard over his own reputation as a superior historiographer, for he partially wounds our sensibilities when he says on page 43, "In the administration of Van Twiller, Washington Irving finds the beginning of that historical *opera bouffe* in which he has celebrated the Dutch rule in New

¹New York. The Planting and Growth of the Empire State. In two volumes. By Ellis Roberts. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Netherland. The burlesque has taken its place in our literature, and has colored the estimate of events in that period." That the unhappy color may be taken out of that estimate Mr. Roberts proceeds in the straight march of his history, putting aside all further consideration of the *opera bouffe* historian by the remark that "with much that is quaint and with figures which it is possible to regard as very comical, the Dutch, from the coming of Van Twiller to the surrender of Stuyvesant, did a great deal of practical work in organizing and settling the province, and in establishing, by friendly treatment and fair trade, cordial relations with the red men." This is quite true—the object having been to obtain large landed possessions of the original squatters, the Indians, and the result to two or three shrewd investors, Van Rensselaer, and Genitsen, and Hossett, who came as early as 1630 having been the possession of large tracts (now constituting the counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia), which in later generations gave a deeper blue tinge to the color of their blood.

The end of Dutch rule came in 1674, and from that time to the formation of the Union we are pursuing the interesting history of a British colony, although the part that New York played in the history of our country immediately preceding the Revolution seems to have been, to a certain extent, dwarfed by the historians of New England, who have always felt that no place was ever so patriotic as the colony of Massachusetts Bay, yet the history of New York is all aglow with that generous and active love of country that afterwards spread along the whole Atlantic coast. Boston had its Mohawk tea party in December, 1773, but that was chiefly because they had the tea. Nevertheless, that herb having become the symbol of hatred of tyranny, the New Yorkers were on the alert for the great tea caddies, and "when the Nancy arrived, April 18, 1774, with its long delayed cargo of tea, pilots detained it in the lower bay, and the vigilance committee took possession, until the captain agreed to return to England with the packages undisturbed." The next day the tea party came off, for the London arrived "with tea brought as a private venture by the captain. The vigilance committee ordered it confiscated; and while the Mohawks were getting ready to destroy it, the people seized the chests, eighteen in number, and cast their contents into the

river." The reputation of New York was thus saved. Thereafter we believe the historian to be correct in asserting that New York really bore the brunt of conflict, being "the only State which met in full every requisition upon it for the preservation of the Union," suffering more than any other the burden of hostilities, from the British troops, from Tory marauders, and from hostile Indian allies.

Mr. Roberts writes an interesting history, but without showing any such marked adaptability thereto as to gain for him the name of a great historian. He is not always exact in his statements of facts, as all good historians must be, and he makes some errors in his statement of law, which take from his credit in this department of literature. He suggests to his readers, page 465, that presidential electors are chosen by joint ballot of the two houses of the legislature, while it is common knowledge that they are always chosen by direct vote of the people at what are misnamed Presidential elections, the candidates for president being never voted for directly by the people. He states, page 477, that Madison drew the resolutions adopted by Kentucky and Virginia; but the historical truth is that Jefferson drew the resolutions adopted by Kentucky, and Madison those of Virginia only. Other errors might be pointed out, but they are of minor importance. The general character of the work is truthful, the actions of the prominent men, about whom gather the greatest events, are broadly and intelligently interpreted, and the narrative so flowing and interesting that the attention of the reader is held constantly unto the end.

Mr. Knickerbocker, near the close of his work, apologized for the fact that he had written no better history. — "That many will hereafter spring up and surpass me in excellence," he modestly writes, "I have very little doubt, and still less care; well knowing that when the great Christovallo Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once stood his egg upon its end, every one at the table did stand his up a thousand times more dexterously." The prophecy of the historiographer is fulfilled in this new history, if in the place of dexterously we write, seriously, accurately, or completely. Nevertheless, in one of the largest libraries in the city of San Francisco, in the sober classification and arrangement of its contents, Knickerbocker's History of New York is shelved apart from the other and generally accepted light works of its author, and is placed in silent dignity in its alphabetical order among the grave histories of the collection. By its side will now be placed this new history, and at a later date the intelligent librarian may, in com-

paring the two works, find a humorous character in the elder work which may detract from its value as sober history, but which was not apparent to the immediate posterity of the Dutch settlers of New York, when that work was first published, more than half a century ago, and does not appear to be now to this matter-of-fact curator of books.

Franklin in France.¹

Something of the feeling of a Balboa "silent upon a peak in Darien," must have been that of the authors of this book when they surveyed in its full extent the material to be worked up. The preface tells the story of how the great mass of Franklin's letters and public documents through the mismanagement of his grandson, Temple Franklin, were lost to the world for many years "lying in loose bundles 'on the top shelf of an old tailor's shop in St. James,'" how they were rescued and after passing through several hands were safely lodged in Washington, the property of the government. Limiting their inquiry to the part of Franklin's life spent in France, Mr. Hale and his son have given in the present volume the documents covering Franklin's first visit in brief and in full the more important period of the second visit up to the time of the fall of Yorktown. It must be that a second volume is to appear, dealing with the negotiations for peace that were consummated in the Treaty of Paris, in which Franklin played a most conspicuous part; and yet the present volume bears no number or other sign to give assurance on this point. Possibly the reception given it will determine the continuance of the work. If so it is hoped that no uncertain sound will come from the press and public, for work on such valuable material so wisely and faithfully done is not often found.

The authors do not claim to find in the new documents any cause for the reversal of the previous verdicts of history on main subjects, but they do find an abundance of new facts that cast important side lights on things before seen but dimly, and reveal many new details before unknown. Franklin still shows, as we have known him, the serene, level-headed, clear-eyed, rather cold-hearted, old father of American diplomacy, filling a most difficult position excellently, and taking a good deal of comfort in it in spite of maturing bills and attacks of the gout. The gout was perhaps his own fault but the bills were not, and they were the great shame that marked the beginning of the policy of our government toward its representatives abroad. No sooner was a minister sent to a friendly power, with instructions to raise a loan if possible, than

¹ Franklin in France. By Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr. Roberts Bros.: Boston, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Congress began to draw on him bills at sixty or ninety days. No doubt they were under the most woful necessity, but at the same time it caused the minister the greatest perplexity and embarrassment. Franklin was able by the influence he had with the court of Versailles to meet those drawn on him and to help other ministers not so happily placed, but his tone of indignant remonstrance grew stronger and stronger, until he declared that if any more were drawn they should go to protest, be the consequences what they might. It is not a pleasing thing to look closely into the early financial policy of the country on either side of the water, it hurts the sense of patriotic pride to learn of the abject attitude of the Congress toward the French court to see it begging for money and imploring help and alliance in the humblest terms. Rather is it edifying to think of Valley Forge and Bunker Hill, of brave endurance and bold fighting. But through all these perplexities Franklin commanded the respect and affection of the best Frenchmen, and his wisdom it was that laid down the cardinal principles that have been the redeeming features of our diplomatic history ever since.

The authors have allowed the history to tell itself as far as possible in the newly-discovered documents, chiefly letters to and from Franklin. They deal with a multitude of subjects—for Franklin's occupations were multifarious—with the doings of privateers, some of them very Alabama-like on our part, with the exchange of prisoners and the care of prisoners not exchanged, with the science and philosophy of the day, and something of the society as well; but the recurring note is bills, the financial straits they caused, and the worryment and anxiety. There are three new portraits of the philosopher showing a somewhat different aspect from the conventional one.

A word as to the authors: It is pleasant to find that Mr. Hale has a son that he can associate with himself in a literary work of the magnitude of the present one, and enough of praise to the younger member of the partnership to say that there are no marks of joiner's work in the book—nothing to show that one hand did not do it all. Now and then there is a touch that could hardly come from another imagination than the tricky one that has delighted the world these many years, but Mr. Hale's Pegasus works quite steadily in the heavy harness of solid historical work, with seldom a fling of the hoof that shows his preference for the lighter work. It is to be hoped, then, that the work will be continued by these competent hands until the whole of the new documents are in the possession of the public framed in the pleasing and lucid narrative of the present volume.

Briefer Notice.

*Thirty Thousand Thoughts*¹ is a work evidently designed to aid writers upon religious topics, especially ministers in the preparation of their sermons. Volume V only, is now before us: but the plan of the series seems to be to supply a sort of cyclopedia of extracts upon religious subjects, topically arranged. The range of authors is wide. We note selections from Henry Ward Beecher, Canon Farrar, John Angell James, Epictetus, Augustine, Edwards, Ruskin, etc. There is always a danger in quotations, viz., that they do not fairly convey the *whole* view of the writer: but if not leaned upon too much, or made a substitute for closer reading of authors, the collection is a serviceable one.—Uniform with the edition of the works of Thomas Middleton, the publishers have issued the works of John Marston, another of the old English dramatists. The volumes commend themselves by their beautiful paper and large, clear type. They have undergone the careful editorship of Mr. Bullen, and include all the dramas extant of the author, with the comedy of *Eastward Ho*, the combined work of Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, together with the poem, *Pygmalion*, *The Satires*, *The Scourge of Villany*, *The Entertainment*, *The City Pageant* and the *Mountebank's Masque*. Only a small edition of 750 copies have been printed, 400 for the English, and 350 for the American market. Though bearing an American title-page it was printed by the English house of Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co., and will fill the demand for such fine work from students and libraries.—*A Treatise on the Law of Divorce*² is intended primarily for the "lay" reader, but also for lawyers. It gives a résumé of the statutes of the different States and Territories relating to divorce, of leading decisions of appellate courts, and divorce statistics; condemns the divorce *a mensa et thoro*; discusses the subject of invalid marriages; explains the method of procedure in divorce suits; treats of alimony, the status of the children of divorced persons, resumption of maiden name, re-marriage, etc. Some historical mention of divorce under the Roman Empire, and a consideration of the policy of the Roman Church, and of the Protestant nations of Europe are added. It is an interesting and trustworthy treatise.

¹*Thirty Thousand Thoughts*. Edited by the Very Reverend H. D. M. Spence, M. A., Reverend Joseph S. Exell, M. A., and Reverend Charles Neil. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

²*The Works of John Marston*. Edited by A. H. Bullen, B. A. In three volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilon Beach.

³*A Treatise on the Law of Divorce*. By A. Parlett Lloyd of the Baltimore Bar. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilon Beach.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. X. (SECOND SERIES.)—NOVEMBER, 1887.—No. 59.

PREFECT AND THIEVES.

It was a fair boast of the first Diaz rule in Mexico that under his wise head and firm hand the country was kept from internal strife, the bane of every Spanish state. But Diaz left a legacy to the care of Gonzales, which, as we shall see, fell into proper hands.

If the enemies of political disorder were killed off by kindness—in some cases a share of the plunder and in others army promotion,—there remained still, the system of highway robbery all over the land, nearly as legal as the lottery, if custom make law, and a good deal more certain.

As an instance, whoever traveled in the daily stage from Queretaro to San Juan del Rio learned, by a notice posted in the suburbs of those cities, to have five good Mexican dollars ready at hand for “road tax” to José Murillo. In default of which he was stripped to the buff with likelihood of flogging; and his clothes did duty for the tax. And once it fell out that Don José being absent on higher business, his wife

took his place with sombrero, trowsers, and revolver, and by that token (meaning the revolver) she collected tribute; after which, as the stage drove on, she opened her jacket and jeeringly displayed her sex for the humiliation of the passengers, and then rode off at high speed from their disgust.

It was no odd case, for the robber had the road, and the traveler was nowhere safe. This Gonzales found, and saw there was something to do, and set about it with spirit. He began by appointing as prefects the most active officers of the army. These prefects are commanders of national troops and representatives of the national administration in the States; and they stand so well for the supreme government that generally they manage to send to the City of Mexico just such a vote for president of the republic as the supreme government happens to want. The most wide-awake man among them, Colonel Mariano Cornejo, was sent to Guadalajara, a noted center of thieves; a great city of which all the industries were

suffering by the pest of them: When he had been there a year he had killed four hundred and fifty *ladrones* and thought it might be well for Gonzales to remove him as he felt himself wilting for want of more thieves to kill.

That he disposed of so many before the disorder was stamped out shows what a grip the calling had on the Mexican; for which, too, there is plenty of reason — though not much of it to his honor. There was but little adventure in the life and no chivalry; for he never faced a fair fight. But he lived without work, his first essential; also he lived on horseback, his delight; he traveled in crowds and was always drunken, his paradise.

No woman going home from the market of Guadalajara, was too old and poor for plunder, and no man too rich and grand. Yet "*dos Yankees infernales*" in a stage were its certain safeguard; and no Yankee alone was ever tackled squarely, save by three or four *ladrones* in a gang.

There were comedies and tragedies in the road; and the early work of Don Mariano, before they came to know his meaning, was done upon men who had never doubted that they owned the highway. He began by outlawing certain chiefs and offering cash rewards for every prisoner taken in crime, to whom he promptly applied the *ley de fuga*, shooting him in flight. The opening chapter of his life in the district is worth telling.

Pedro Bareto was returning from the plaza of Guadalajara to his home in the mountain of Mezquital. He rode gravely on one donkey and drove two before him. He had met a good day in the market; had taken under his waistcoat a good half-gallon of new pulque and his *alforjas* contained a bottle of *tequila*; he was contented, and as nearly happy as any Mexican has been since the death of Montezuma.

Pedro was thinking pleasantly of home also, from which he had been absent nearly three days and to which he was now carry-

ing his treasure and tangible evidence of his thought of them all. He had a wonderful new straw hat, trimmed with a fine great bunch of purple grapes, a beautiful sunflower and a smart red ribbon for Mariquita, the mother of his children, which he piled on top of the hat he was wearing as the easiest way of carrying it and showing the people how lucky was the woman of his choice. He had, moreover, a brilliant yellow gown with a red vine running all over it and a pattern flounce, also an imitation amber necklace for Anita; these he felt would finish Pablo, for no other girl in Mezquital could revel in such luxuries. And he was taking a real little poncho for Pedrocito, while in his kerchief was tied up strongly the balance in silver of his sales in the plaza.

If you had met Pedro and his three donkeys in their journey you would not have seen a more decided expression upon one face than another of the four companions, they were equally solemn in their comportment, and equally satisfied with their progress towards home.

The little caravan was turning a point on the mountain above Ocoti, where the narrow mule path winds around a sharp spur, on the lower side of which the sheer cliff, a hundred metres down, falls into the torrent of the Santiago. It must be owned that at this point what with the heat and the pulque Pedro had become a little drowsy, when he was startled by the sudden presence of two masked men in the road before him. He was awake in a second and in that time had compassed the fact: "These men," he said, "are my neighbors; after they rob, they will murder me to save themselves." Before he could discuss the matter he was dragged from the saddle, the contents of his pockets taken possession of by the smaller of the two, while the other, a giant beside Pedro, was hurrying with the struggling Indian to the edge of the precipice.

Pedro knew his fate. Murmuring a few *aves* he silently determined that if he must

go, his captor should go with him to the bottom of the cañon; and when the great fellow standing on the brink, hurled him out over the abyss, Pedro laid his hand on the neck of the *ladron*, who toppled forward and in his efforts to regain his balance withdrew his hands from his victim. Pedro fell close to the edge of the cliff to which he held, while the burly thief tumbled clear over him to the rocks below. But poor Pedro had no hold and his fingers lost their clutch in a few seconds and he too dropped into the chasm. But being, as I said, close to the face of the precipice he brought up on a little shelf less than a yard lower.

He looked down at his feet, not daring to move them, and saw that he stood on a projection from the cliff not longer than his own body and half as wide as its length. Till this moment, he had given himself up for lost; and his present fix, to any but an Indian, promised little better. For stretch himself as he would he could not reach the top; it was too far to spring with such a risk behind him; and the other *ladron*, waiting for his companion would easily finish him with a rock on the head, if he but saw the top of it over the bank.

Pedro thought of Mariquita and the *chicos*, then he called on his patron, San Pedro, and the Virgin. To the former he confessed himself and sought the intercession of Mary. The night fell upon him and the hour passed when he could hope to hear the step of a traveler to or from the mountains.

If he had decided that he must die in that place, he would have seated himself on his little roost, lighted a cigarette and disposed his body in as much comfort as was possible under the circumstances, only regretting that his bottle of *tequila* was not in his pocket instead of the *alforja* on his saddle. But he had no intent to die there, he rolled a cigarette and disposed himself to sleep instead.

At midnight, the full moon shining on

his face awoke him refreshed and ready for work. He sat up and looked at his resting place; it was covered a foot or more in depth with small stones, the debris of the cliff. Pedro now saw his way out of it. He threw one end of his poncho over the edge from which he had dropped, and then loaded it with the pieces of rock from under his feet; a work that kept him busy till morning, when the poncho being safely anchored, he made his way easily to the bank above.

When he straightened up to look about him, he was greeted by the sweet voices of his dear donkeys. This was better than he had hoped, and unaccountable to Pedro, who couldn't see why any man having it in his power to steal three donkeys should so neglect his chances. But when he reached the little brutes he saw it all. The *ladron* lay asleep, the donkeys tethered to his wrist and the *tequila* bottle nearly empty by his side; he was in a drunken stupor.

The donkeys eyed Pedro patiently, while he took a comforting draught from the bottle, after which he gave his donkeys water and a breakfast of corn. Then he lashed the unresisting though grumbling thief to a donkey's back, rolled and lighted a cigarette, and turned back towards Ocoti, where he delivered his prisoner to a magistrate, told his story, and went back as the guide of a squad of soldiers to secure the body of the man who had gone so shamefully into the cañon.

By nightfall the battered corpse entered the *cuartel* of the little town, dragging the dust with its dead hands on one side of the donkey, while the bare feet were torn on the stones of the road from the other. It was to be a lesson to every thief in Ocoti, and doubtless they all saw it. Pedro took his reward, fifty bright new dollars fresh from the mint, and started again for his home, this time with plenty of company for his safety.

In a day or two his prisoner was started

under guard for his trial at Guadalajara. "If he tries to escape, shoot him" was the order to the sergeant of the guard. Of course the wretch did try to escape and was shot; such is the *ley de fuga*. This was the first case under the orders of the new prefect, and was rather well conducted they said.

The same day Rafino Guidino and his partner in commerce, knowing a military guard to be on the road, started from Guadalajara for Ocoti after notifying their friends there to expect them. At about the same hour four men well armed and accoutered for the road, set forth from Cuquio as if to reach Guadalajara without risk of robbery.

Don Rafino and his friend were jogging along discussing the new prefect's reputation for energy and the hope that lay in him, when they met the four men from Cuquio and were brought to a halt by four fowling pieces loaded with buckshot. "Gentlemen," said the spokesman, "have the goodness to dismount and lie down on your faces."

The two travelers obeyed with that alacrity which naturally marks men that are anxious to hide themselves from a loaded gun, and then the head of each was covered with his saddle; after which, the work of search was gone through with in a businesslike method and with the despatch of a well understood system of proceeding.

While this was going on quite in order, mixed meanwhile with good humored gossip and some talk on politics between the *ladrones* and their victims, a low whistle from one of the gang gave notice of another traveler from Guadalajara. The chief looked up, readjusted his mask, mounted his horse and set off on a slow trot to meet the advancing rider; who at the same moment, discovering the irregular look of things in the road and knowing its import, turned his horse at once to retreat.

"Halt there!" cried the captain. "Halt there! or by St. Peter, I'll shoot."

The rider did not halt, and he traveled in

such a wretchedly zigzag fashion along the road that a better shot than old Romero would have been put to it to hit the mark as he trotted briskly away.

"That's Don Enrique," said old Romero to himself, and hesitated; for Don Enrique was an American of whom they said he had shot thieves before and would do so again. But Romero wanted just that man more than any other, and now he found him alone. He signaled a companion to follow him and then rode forward.

They were a hundred yards apart and Don Enrique bestrode a famous horse. He quickened his speed, and old Romero plunged the cruel spurs into the flanks of his poor beast till the blood stained horse and rowel.

Don Enrique looked over his shoulder and saw that but one followed close; and letting his rifle hang by its strap, he covertly drew a revolver from the holster beneath his poncho. He rode hard as if he would escape, but Romero gained on him. "Halt!" again shouted the captain. "Halt! I'm going to shoot."

The traveler made no answer but his horse dodged about the road in such an unsteady gait that Romero swung his musket by the strap; he was now but ten yards distant and the fate of Don Enrique seemed decided, for the captain gained on him at every bound and came on swinging a heavy cavalry sabre above his head; his imprecations were deep and full of assurance; he raised himself in the stirrups close on the heels of the man he meant to kill, drew back the sabre for the blow, when Don Enrique turned lightly in his saddle and drove a bullet through the heart of the captain. At the same moment he wheeled his horse and bounded off full tilt for Romero's companion.

That valiant gentleman had seen enough however, and lost no time in seeking the road to the mountains; while Don Rafino and his friend, hearing the stampede, threw off the saddles, sat up, and looked about them dazed and melancholy.

Don Enrique joined their company and all returned to Guadalajara, stopping only to release the dead man's horse from the clenched fingers of his death grip.

The next morning the sub-prefect left the old capital with a squad of soldiers to look for thieves and care for the corpse of the dead captain. They disturbed the vultures, who were already investigating the quiet figure by the roadside, and relieved it of the embroidered jacket, the decorated, silver-mounted trowsers, the watch, and finally every article of clothing it had once possessed; after which it was pushed naked and uncared for into the fence corner by the roadside, and a notice posted over it warning travelers to pass without "molesting" it. And so the body was left to the buzzards with no burial till the country felt the fact; and no mass for a departed soul unless Romero's friends would buy one.

The sub-prefect was a man for work, and a mighty hunter when the game was an outlaw. He knew where to look for Romero's companions and he went there.

Up the cañon and across the mountain, twenty leagues from Ocoti, is the innocent looking *pueblo* of Tepectitlan. It is so far from all great thoroughfares and so hard to get away from alive that men have been found loose enough in their talk to call it a den of thieves. Who knows? At any rate thither went the sub-prefect with his little troop of soldiers and arrived late the second night.

Corralling his horses at a *posada* in the suburbs, he led his band quietly through the dirty, devious ways in the outskirts, up a long narrow street towards the *gran plaza*, and halted where a beam of light from out an open window illuminated the opposite wall. Through the iron bars he gazed and

across the courtyard pavement, to the great hall in the distance, where a dozen men sat gambling. The great old gate of the *zaguan* gave slight resistance to the band of soldiers but when it opened and they sprang into the house they met silence and a sudden darkness.

Of all the number only two were captured, and the troop departed with their prisoners, leaving two others dead in the gateway. The terse report of the sub-prefect tells the rest of this story in but few words. "I scattered the gang, who fled across the Sierra," he said, "and then proceeded down the valley towards the capital without excitement till I reached this town of Mezquital. While taking refreshments here, the friends of the prisoners attacked us to rescue the two *ladrones* from my custody. The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, after which the rioters retreated; and this morning the curate of this parish celebrated a solemn requiem high mass for the eternal repose of the souls of those two prisoners!"

With such promptness and no responsibility to any law but his own order, did Don Mariano Cornejo fight robbery on the roads near Guadalajara for a year. He cleared the country of its pest, and was then sent to Queretaro to "elevate the morality of that city to a level with Guadalajara," in the language of his commission from the president. This class of robbery is now almost abandoned in the interior of the republic; but the roads are constantly patrolled by armed guards to prevent its recurrence; and the railroad trains carry an "escort car" with a squad of armed soldiers; while at every station the rural guards parade when trains arrive to prevent robbery and all violence.

Alfred Sears.

A PAUSE.

THE poet paused and listless dropped his pen :

“ I ’ll think no more,” he said. “ The world is old,
’Tis filled with thought, and weary-minded men
Have gleaned enough from all that time has told.
I ’ll write no more ; all themes are overwrought
And only wrinkles deck the pale, sad brow of Thought.

“ Why store the brain, to stoop beneath the weight,
Of never-sated reason’s cumbrous load ?
Only to know the fixedness of fate —
To bear the pain and still apply the goad ?
And then, when all the lease of life is spent,
But be more gray than wise, more feeble than content !

“ Why should we reckon of days or years or ages ?
Why note the mysteries each moment brings ?
Why heed the hoarded wisdom of dead sages ?
Why pore o’er histories of fools or kings ?
Away with all the past ! all ghosts of time —
And all the grinning skeletons in prose or rhyme.

“ I ’ll rest me here. The soul most yearns for rest ;
The vacant mind is fetterless and free.
All things that live, save man, live to attest
Unalterable nature’s stern decree ;
Then blest the boor, who lives and dies serene,
Careless and dull, nor thinks what is, what might have been !”

Too late, too late ! The craft once cast adrift
Upon the shoreless sea must restless float :
All points converge and useless every shift
To the blind pilot in each fated boat.
Then spread all sail ! catch every wind that blows
— Sail, bravely sail, and sink, and then, who knows, who knows !

Charles L. Paige.

X, AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

I.

IN the year 1865, Edward Munroe, young, handsome, rich, and clever, was living in San Francisco. Any one who had seen him in his palace of a home with his lovely wife and baby daughter, would have believed him to be one of those mortals on whom the gods will always smile, one of those at whose birth every good fairy was present. But this man had already seen much trouble and was destined to see more.

It had come to him always through women. His mother in a fit of unreasoning jealousy had killed the husband who really adored her; when she discovered her mistake she stabbed herself in an agony of remorse. Her three little children, their youth blighted by their parents' tragic death, had been left to the care of strangers. They grew to maturity surrounded by every luxury, but with no ties of affection except what they bore each other; those who filled the outward place of parents had no regard whatever for them.

Henry was five years older than Edward, the girl a little younger. At the age of twenty-two Henry fell in love. The object of his passion was a woman who was as heartless as she was beautiful. She cared nothing for him except as one of her train of admirers; his devotion amused and flattered her, and as he was richer than the rest, she at length consented to marry him. One week before the wedding day a Spanish nobleman was introduced to her, was smitten with her charms, proposed and was accepted; and on the very day on which she had promised to marry Henry Munroe she became the Spaniard's wife. She sent her discarded lover a gay little note, telling

him that a title had weighed down his claim, —for the present, but she should always value him as a friend, and asked him to be present at the ceremony. When Henry Munroe had read the letter he went out into the street, stopped first at a druggist's, then at a saloon. No one saw him put anything into his glass of brandy, but the coroner's inquest revealed that he had taken strychnine.

Edward, inexpressibly saddened by his brother's death, went to Harvard, hoping that change of scene and hard work would lessen his grief. His sister had governesses at home. When he had half finished the course, he was summoned back to San Francisco; his sister was missing. All private efforts failing to find her, detectives were put on her track. They soon reported that she had gone to Salt Lake with a Mormon elder as his fifth wife.

The wretched brother went back to college to bury his shame and sorrow in books. Here he found a close friendship with a classmate. They were inseparable; it seemed as though all the love he had once bestowed on brother and sister was now lavished on this man. When they graduated they went to a German university; then they wandered over Europe together still Damon and Pythias. In Paris the friend became entangled with an opera dancer, whose heart and reputation were as light as her pretty little feet. He fell in love with her at first sight, so also did an attaché of the Russian legation. The two quarreled over the worthless creature. There was a challenge, a duel early one morning in the Bois de Boulogne; and when it was

over it was not the Russian who lay dead under the trees.

Over his friend's grave Edward Munroe cursed the whole race of womankind, and swore that no one of them should ever come into his life to make it still more bitter. They had wrought him nothing but evil — the mother who had made him an orphan, the sister whose living shame was worse than death, the two women through whom he had lost brother and friend. Never, indeed, had he cared for women. At Harvard no fair, intellectual Boston maiden could attract him into giving her more than passing courtesy; the gentle *fräulein* of Heidelberg had woven their spells in vain; the gay Parisiennes had given him up in despair; and for the *demi-mondaines* of both continents he had nothing but a supreme disgust. His hatred for women now amounted to a monomania. They said of him in Paris that the rustle of a petticoat threw him into a spasm, and that if a lady spoke to him he shuddered and turned white.

Europe grew hateful to him. Everything reminded him of his dead friend; it was like opening the old wounds to go to the places they had visited together. He returned to America, traveled through the East and South, fell sick of yellow fever in New Orleans, and was brought back from the very gates of death by the skill of a poor, unknown doctor and the careful nursing of his daughter.

Helen Marston was beautiful and twenty. Youth and beauty is a perilous combination to leave around in a sick man's room, but Doctor Marston had been so used to having his daughter help him in his private hospital that he gave no thought to the possible danger. He was very poor, his wife was a confirmed invalid, there were younger children growing up, and moreover, heavy debts weighed on him; he needed all the assistance his daughter could give.

A man's vows never mean much anyway,

but they are absolutely nil if there is a woman in the case. If Edward Munroe had passed thirty years of his life without falling in love, it was only because his time had not yet come. Now as he lay there in his darkened room in the suburbs of New Orleans and watched the graceful figure of the doctor's daughter in her plain gray dress as she moved quietly about; as he felt the cool touch of her fingers, when she gave him horrible medicines and disgusting brews of strengthening teas; as her breath stirred in his hair when she adjusted his pillows,— he began to think there might be one good woman left in the world. No sooner had this fatal idea entered his brain, than he began to go on the downward path. The descent is said to be easy; and one day Miss Marston appeared in his room wearing a white dress instead of the gray, and with a cluster of crimson roses in her bosom, and when furthermore perceiving an unusual fever in his eyes and on his cheeks, she insisted on bathing his forehead and singing him to sleep with quaint, old Creole melodies, the work of destruction was complete, and he gave himself up heart and soul to the new intoxication.

Living in Europe so many years he had almost forgotten the American manner of wooing; so when he was driving out with the doctor one afternoon, he told him of his position in life, his wealth, and the love he bore his daughter.

The doctor had had a hard struggle for existence, a long wrestle with poverty; he did not need to think twice. If his child should marry this rich man she could be of great help to her family. He knew of no obstacle; she had encouraged no lover to his knowledge — indeed, he had given her scant leisure for any affairs of the heart; it could not be any effort for her to love this handsome, refined, rich man — O yes, he gave his consent.

In an interview with Helen he set her duty plainly before her — her duty to him, to her

invalid mother and her young brothers and sisters, who had yet to be educated and given a chance in the world ; then he sent her lover to her and awaited the result with a calm trust and assurance that his daughter knew a good thing when she saw it. There was not much sentiment or romance in the overworked doctor's make up.

When Edward Munroe told the young girl that he adored her, she said nothing ; he attributed her silence to timidity. When he asked her to be his wife she consented. When he took her in his arms and tried to kiss her, she shrank away ; he thought it the modest hesitation of a maiden who had never felt the kiss of any man but her father.

The wooing was short : the lover was in haste to secure his bride, the practical father anxious to realize the results of the marriage ; the bride alone was reluctant, but she was urged on. In a month they were married and went to San Francisco to live.

Two years passed happily. Wedded life destroyed no illusions for the young husband. Deeply as he had loved the girl, he worshiped the wife, the mother of his child, a hundred times more. He surrounded her with every luxury that money could buy, and was never so happy as when he was at home with her and the beautiful baby that was so like her. If he could have found any fault with his idol, it was that she was too submissive, too gentle ; few husbands, however, from Socrates down, have made this complaint of their wives, and Edward Munroe did not put the vague reproach into words. She accepted all his devotion with gentle serenity, and seemed like him to find her greatest happiness at home. A man more used to women and their subtle ways would have seen in her eyes the look of one who had known some great sorrow, who had outlived some dream that had been more to her than life itself ; but this man saw nothing in those beautiful orbs but the placid calm with which she returned his adoring

gaze, and the mother-love that answered the smile of her baby daughter.

The child was six months old when the father was summoned to Sacramento on business for a week or two. He bade adieu to his wife as though he were starting out on a polar expedition. He kissed her again and again, and tears stood in his eyes when he finally released her from his embrace. Never had she seemed to him more beautiful, more the type of all that is good and pure in womanhood than when he looked upon her for the last time on earth.

As he entered the house on his return, the old colored woman who was the child's nurse, who had been his own nurse, and who had known all the family troubles, met him at the door with a face so drawn and changed by suffering that he shrieked aloud at the sight, feeling that death had entered his home in his absence.

She gave him a letter and silently watched him as he read it. It was not a long letter.

"My husband: I never cared for you. I married you because you were rich and my father urged me. A year before you met me I quarreled with the only man I ever could love." We parted; he went to Brazil; I heard later that he was dead. Yesterday he came here—to me. He still loves me, and I—I would die for him! We are going to leave the country, and I shall never trouble you again. I leave the baby—she will be a comfort to you; I do not want her, for she is your child as well as mine, and he might hate her for that. I have been a true wife to you, but your affection has been loathsome to me, your caresses a torture; my life with you has been a hell,—with him it will be more than heaven.

"Helen."

The wretched man staggered to a sofa and fell down. The colored woman still gazed

at him; the white, set features and blood-shot eyes staring straight before him, and yet seeing nothing, terrified her, but she never moved her own eyes from him. At the end of what seemed to her an age he rose and went into the next room, where the child lay in her cradle. The nurse followed. He knelt down, drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointed it at the forehead of the sleeping baby; but before he could fire, the woman had hurled the weapon through the window. The child woke at the noise, smiled in her father's face, and stretched out her dimpled arms to be taken. With a cry of anguish that rang through and through the desolate house, he snatched the baby to his breast, and with tears streaming over her wondering little face, paced madly up and down the room. The nurse knew that the tears had saved her master's life and reason, and she silently left the room.

The next day Edward Munroe summoned the woman to his presence and said to her: "Chloe, I am going to leave San Francisco. I shall never live among people again. Somewhere I shall find a place far from a city, in which I can dwell without seeing any one who knows my history, a place where I can bring up this child without having her life spoiled. If you wish to go with us you may; if not, I shall find some one else. It will be a lonely, quiet life, but it is what my daughter's future and mine must be."

Chloe, a grave kindly woman of superior abilities, looked at her master with the deepest pity and respect. "I took care of you when you were a child, Marse Edward. I have loved all your family, and now I would die before I'd leave your baby to be tended by anybody else. I will live where you live till I drop into my grave."

This matter being settled, all the property was sold, and they departed for Central America. There in a lovely valley in the mountains, in a beautiful house, which had been the property of an eccentric French-

man, he settled to spend the rest of his days.

There never was a more charming spot. Shut in by mountains, watered by a clear, sparkling river, with the flowers and fruits of two zones, miles from any white settlement, it seemed an earthly paradise, a new Eden without a serpent. Here he tried to forget the disgrace that had laid waste his life, and the woman that had brought it upon him. Bitterly as he cursed himself for it, he could not wholly cease caring for her, and the thought of another now happy in her love, receiving the devotion which should have been his, was an intolerable torture. But for the child he would have put an end to his life.

The little one grew up in the peaceful mountain home like some sweet flower. She had inherited all her mother's grace and beauty, with her father's qualities of mind and heart. He had looked the future squarely in the face when taking upon himself this voluntary exile; his daughter was all that was left to him, and to make of her when she should be grown up a companion in every sense of the word, he must educate her carefully. She could never have friend or lover; all the more she must find society in books. He had not a particle of remorse in condemning her to this solitary existence; he believed he was doing what would be best for her welfare, for he was a fatalist now and he felt that none of his race could ever find happiness through love and marriage.

The girl had been named Helen after her mother; but when that mother had deserted him he would not suffer even her name to rest upon the baby, lest it bring with it some hideous blight. He had often mused for hours beside her cradle, wondering if purity could come from corruption, honor from dishonor, if the bright, laughing child could grow into a womanhood that would make the waste places of his heart blossom and be glad. He could not be sure—he could only hope; and the springs of hope were so

poisoned by his unhappy experiences that doubt was often stronger than faith. So as he pondered, wondering what the years would make of his little daughter, he called her for the time X, his Unknown Quantity, his Uncertainty who might yet bring him joy and pride, or who might pierce his heart with fresh shame. He did not mean that she should always bear that name; he thought to change it as she grew up and revealed her true character. But after a few months he gave the subject no more thought, and the name given in babyhood clung to her. X she was to be to the end of her days.

The education of the child was carried on with a definite purpose. At the age of ten she had not learned to read, but she had been made to observe the world of nature around her; she studied, all unconscious that it was study, the insects, plants, and animals of her mountain home; she saw the beauty in the sunset clouds, in the clear waters of the rivers, in the trees swayed by the wind, in the graceful movements of wild animals. Then her father gave her books. Living out of doors more than half her time, her physique was perfect, no Indian child, no deer of the forest, had a finer, stronger organization, so her work was a delight, not a torture. German, French, Italian, Spanish, learned while she was yet a child, were almost as familiar as her native tongue; stately Latin and sonorous Greek had their place; history, science, the literature of half a dozen countries, were the amusements of her young life.

As she grew into her teens and began to develop an insatiable curiosity in regard to the people who dwelt in her books and who were all strangely real to her, she became a source of great care and anxiety to her father. He wished her to know nothing of the passion of love and its attendant evils; he would lock the stable door and take every other precaution in season: so he had to make some remarkable changes in her text-

books. There was in her mythology no Venus with her bad blind boy, no Danaë, Semele, Leda; for her Daphne never turned into a laurel tree, nor was Andromeda ever freed by Perseus — Miss X's unkind father permitted the fair Greek maiden to be chained to the rock, and let the sea monster approach, but he never had the slightest effort made to rescue her. The Iliad lost Briseis, Andromache, and Helen herself. History had no Cleopatra, no Aspasia, no Fair Rosamond, no Beatrice, or Laura. Mary of Scotland remained, but was shorn of every admirer.

Mr. Munroe had a terrible time on account of the fair women he did spare, his daughter's questions were so trying; he was often forced to lie outright in order to explain queer circumstances.

"Father," she would say, fixing her great, thoughtful eyes upon him, "I find that by my researches into the past that when Gilbert, father of Thomas à Becket, the great archbishop, went to the Holy Land he made the acquaintance of a young Saracen girl, who, my book says, was sweet of disposition and comely to look upon. After Gilbert returned to England she followed him across land and sea, although she knew but two words of the English tongue, 'Gilbert' and 'London.' The captain of a ship gave her passage for the jewels she wore, and when at length after great hardships she reached the city, she went through its streets calling ever, 'Gilbert! Gilbert!' It chanced that the servant of Gilbert à Becket heard her and he went to his master and told him that the fair Saracen maid whom he had met in the Holy Land had found her way to London. Now, father, what happened next? Why did she leave her home and travel all that distance to search out one man? What principle of human nature underlies that act?"

The answer would come slowly, hesitatingly: "My child, historians have left us in doubt in regard to the Saracen girl. I

always supposed Gilbert owed her people for food and clothing while he sojourned with them, and she was sent to collect the money."

"It may have been so,—I never thought of that; but I am disappointed. I looked for some higher motive, I know not what. Tell me now why Henry VIII. of England was called the royal Bluebeard. I read it yesterday."

"Ah—it was because his beard *was* blue, and before his time beards of that color had never been seen except on peasants. It was a source of great mortification to him."

"And did he have Anne Boleyn's head cut off because she called him Bluebeard to his face? And what was she to him? My book didn't say."

"I—I believe she was a niece of his, a pert and saucy minx; and—yes,—she did call him names. Run away now, I have work to do," said the much tormented man.

The poets gave him the most trouble, singing ever of love; from Chancer down they had conspired against his scheme. But he gave her poems of nature, of war, of ambition, of everything but love.

In music he had taught her what he could himself, and a Spaniard from Vera Cruz, a withered, yellow old man, had trained her superb voice. Of religion as it is commonly understood, she had very little. Harvard and Heidelberg had made a free-thinker of Edward Munroe, and his trouble had made him a cynic. He chose to let his daughter evolve her own religion out of her surroundings. The idea of God had been kept out of her books almost as thoroughly as the idea of love—though without any special design; but the myths of Persia, India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, were familiar to her. She worshiped beauty, and her divinity had a hundred shrines; she would fall on her knees and pray before a lovely flower, would recite hymns of her

own composing to the stars, to the rainbow, to the lake in a storm.

Her father would often go to the cities on the coast, but X was never allowed to accompany him; the world outside was a sealed book to her. As a child she had no playmates except now and then a little Indian; she had never seen any white person except her father and the old music teacher. She was passionately fond of her father and he loved her as men love the last thing left to them on earth. He gave his whole thought to her; if he saw a look of melancholy on her face straightway he would devise some new pleasure for her.

One day in a long ramble through the grand old forest she came upon an encampment of wandering Indians. She was always pleased, she knew not why, at seeing human faces. She walked up to the savages. A little apart from the rest a young woman was sitting under a tree playing with a year-old child, a merry, laughing, brown-skinned creature. X had never seen a baby before: it was a revelation. She watched the little thing stretch out its hands to grasp the string of beads that its mother shook before its face, she heard it laugh and coo, saw the love and pride in the mother's face, and felt herself strangely moved by it all.

The mother seeing her gaze so earnestly, picked up the child and put it into her arms. The baby was not at all alarmed; it laughed louder than before, twined one dark chubby arm around the girl's neck, and patted her face softly with the other hand. X sat down on the grass beside the Indian woman, still clasping the child to her breast. A new, singular feeling agitated her; the baby seemed a priceless treasure, which she did not want to relinquish; it nestled in her arms as though it had never known any other resting-place. Tired with play, the restless little limbs began to grow quiet, the eyelids drooped over the bright dark eyes, and all in a moment it was asleep. The

mother took it from her and laid it tenderly on a bright-colored mat; and still X watched the little sleeping figure with a nameless fascination—the soft baby features, the black lashes resting on the flushed cheek, the lips that moved in slumber, the gentle rise and fall of its little breast. At length the setting sun warned her she must hasten home. But it seemed impossible to leave the pretty child; turning abruptly to the mother she asked her by signs to give it to her. The woman indignantly refused, and X went slowly home with tears in her eyes and a deep longing in her heart.

That evening she was unusually preoccupied. Her father noticed and wondered. When she perched on his knee before going to bed she told him of the incident of the afternoon, adding gravely: "Father, I never saw a baby before; a white one must be very beautiful. When it put its little arms around me and clung close against my bosom—I cannot tell you how strangely I felt! It seemed to me as though something had been left out of my life. I know, father, that you have done much for me; but I often wish I had more things to love—something besides kittens, and dogs, and horses, and my pet fawn."

A terrible dread, a foreboding of new misfortune, chilled her father's heart.

"Am I nothing, X?" he asked sadly.

She kissed him again and again, and exclaimed with remorse: "O, father I love you truly. Do not be angry with me; but I have felt that I could love more than you. You would always be first and best, yet I could care for others. I like all the flowers of the mountain-side, but that does not hinder me from worshiping the majesty of the awful precipices and deep ravines. In the great world, do not women love others beside their fathers?"

Her beautiful dark eyes were looking searchingly into his; there was no evading the question—he must lie.

"In the great world, my daughter, there

is no happy affection except that of a father and his child for each other. All else brings hate, and jealousy, and madness. Your Indian woman loved her baby perhaps, but white women never do; they often kill them at birth, as do the Chinese, to save the trouble of bringing them up—if it were not for the father's care for his offspring, the human race would die out. The women of the world think of nothing but money, dress, and to outshine some rival; they are all vain, frivolous, and heartless."

"But surely, father, they are fond of books and music?"

"No, not one woman in a thousand can read. X, I have given you a man's education that I may raise you above the rest of your sex, that I might show you how to find true happiness; it can never come through others, it exists only in yourself. The laws of my country forbid a woman's having such an education, if I went back to the world I should be imprisoned for life, and you would be stoned to death in a public square."

The pain in his face touched the girl's sensitive heart. She clung closer to him. "O father, I have never wanted to go away from here. I am happy, happy all day long and every day, but I did think that—that perhaps the next time you went away, you would—" she stopped and sighed.

"Would do what, darling? I will do anything to make you happy. You know I have no other object in life."

She curled around his neck in her most alluring way and rubbed her soft pink cheek against his bearded one in the self-same manner in which girls all over the universe are wont to cajole their fathers into giving them what they want. "Truly, Nature is great, and she is manifest in all her works.

"Then would you, *would* you find me a dear, pretty little baby to take care of and play with and love?—one whose mother had thrown it away."

Edward Munroe put his daughter down and walked up and down the room in silence. It seemed to him that the whole fabric of his happiness, the work he had taken years to build, was crumbling before him at the touch of a child's fingers, at the glance of an Indian baby's eyes.

He had never opposed any earnest wish of his daughter's, he did not know how to begin now. He turned to her, "X, you shall have this new toy if you still wish it at the end of two months. I am going to Vera Cruz tomorrow; I will bring you back new music, new books and pictures, and if you do not forget this strange fancy of yours, it shall be gratified the next time I go to the coast."

The girl's voice trembled as she answered, "O father, how good you are to me and how many caprices you must think I have! But I shall not cease to want the dear little baby. When you select it please get one with blue eyes—that is if there are any blue-eyed ones thrown away while you are there; but I'll take any color rather than wait. Dear cunning little arms, sweet, soft lips! O, do you suppose it will learn to love me just as well as though I were its father? just as I loved you when I was a baby?"

"I do not know," said he coldly. The chances are that before it is half grown its waywardness and ingratitude will break your heart."

The next morning Mr. Munroe went off on his journey.

On the second day of his absence an Indian messenger boy brought to Chloe a letter from her son, who was steward on board a vessel now lying at a little seaport on the coast. He was sick unto death and longed to see his mother once more. The poor woman did not know what to do—her master gone, her son dying, X to be left alone.

The young girl decided the question. She assured Chloe that she could manage the house well enough with the two China-

men, and insisted that she should go at once to her dying boy.

Time never hung heavy with X. Her music and flowers claimed much of her time. If she tired of reading she would take her bow and arrows and go hunting on the mountain-sides, followed by her dogs or the pet fawn. Her father had trained her in all athletic exercises; she could row and swim better than most boys of her age. The grace of her movements, her freedom from all illness, and the vigor and strength of her supple young body, had assured him of the wisdom of his course. This mountain girl had no aches and pains, no "nerves"—she had only notions, exasperating fancies; but the devoted parent bore with them meekly, rejoicing that his fair daughter was as healthy and happy as any wild thing that roamed through the woods. Every perfection, he reasoned with much truth, could not be found embodied in any one daughter of Eve.

In the year 1886 a young lawyer of San Francisco realized all at once that he was tired and worn out, that he had been practicing steadily for five years and needed rest. To think with him meant to act. He did not care to what part of the country he went—he resolved indeed to leave that part of the matter to chance. Picking up a railroad guide, he opened it at random with his finger on the mountain country of Central America. He went to Central America.

He had wandered about with a tribe of Indians for several weeks, enjoying to the utmost the grand scenery, the excellent hunting, and the free, wild life. He left them to explore the Huecetlx mountain range, of which he had heard wonderful accounts.

Climbing the side of a precipice one day, he saw a fawn not far off. Raising his rifle he shot, but did not kill it, for it was limping away when he lifted his gun again. But before he could shoot the second time, he felt a stinging pain in his arm. The gun

dropped; he tried to pull out the arrow that had struck him, but overcome by pain and loss of blood, he fell back unconscious.

When he came back to his senses a girl was standing by him, surveying him with some pity and more curiosity,—a beautiful girl, the loveliest he had ever seen, and he had given the subject much consideration in the course of his life. A slender, graceful shape, rather above the medium height, black, wavy hair, dark, star-like eyes, a straight, delicate nose, a creamy complexion, with a warm flush on cheeks and lips—so much he saw at the first glance. At the second he noticed that the lithe figure, guiltless of corsets, was dressed in a robe of soft deer-skin, white and beautifully embroidered, and cut after a fashion he remembered to have seen in the pictures of Diana and her attendants. The silken hair was held down by a crescent-shaped ornament of silver and gathered in a knot at the back of her head that was also like the Grecian divinity's. Across her shoulders hung a quiver; the bow lay at her feet. He raised himself for a third look.

She had brought no water from a neighboring stream to bathe his temples, after the manner of maidens in stories when they come across a wounded stranger; she did not wring her hands or weep over him; she gazed at him with the serious, steady look of one trying to grasp at a great truth but dimly comprehended.

Why was she dressed like this? Why was she so silent? Had he been having a Rip Van Winkle sleep on a backward scale and been transported to Mount Olympus, to the days when gods and goddesses walked on earth and shared the joys and sorrows of mortals? Some lines of Virgil learned in his boyish days flashed across him and he addressed her:

“O what shall I call thee, maiden? Thy face is not that of a mortal, nor does thy voice sound human. A goddess certainly,

—art thou the sister of Apollo or one of the race of nymphs?”

The gravity of her countenance relaxed, the lovely scarlet lips parted, and she laughed gayly as she answered:

“Indeed I am not worthy of such honor; no goddess am I. It is the custom of mountain maidens to carry a quiver and to slay the fierce jack-rabbit, pursuing it from afar with a loud cry. But why have you come to these hills, and whither do you hold your course?”

With an effort he raised himself on his elbow as he replied, “I come not from burning Troy but from San Francisco. I meant to explore these mountains, not to found a new city and set up my household gods. If thou art the fair queen Dido, kind and gentle, pardon a stranger's presumption in setting foot in thy realms.”

She looked a little puzzled. There was no Dido in *her* Aeneid. Her father had abolished the unhappy Carthaginian along with many another fair creation of the poet's fancy; he was not going to have his daughter's mind upset by any tragic account of a woman's burning herself for love on a funeral pile, even though she did roundly curse her false lover with her dying breath.

The young man feared the girl was angry at his boldness, and hastened to turn her attention to his wound. “My arm pains me terribly. I hope it is nothing serious. I ought to have been on my guard against Indians.”

She knelt down beside him and examined the wound critically. “It was no Indian that shot you,—it was I. This will not trouble you after a day or two; it has stopped bleeding now.”

He looked at her in astonishment.

“You shot me!—Why?”

“You were trying to kill my fawn, the dear little fawn I raised myself. It follows me everywhere and when I sit down under a tree to read or to arrange my flowers it

will put its head in my lap and go to sleep."

The young man thought the animal displayed good sense, but he did not venture to say so. He was surprised that she expressed no sorrow for injuring him, but seemed to regard it quite as a matter of course. He rose ; but the effort made him stagger and turn pale. Then her expression changed ; the soft brown eyes grew pitiful.

"O you are suffering ! You shall come home with me and lie down. Lean on my arm."

He objected, it would tire her ; he could get along.

"No," she insisted, "nothing tires me."

They went slowly to the house. He lay down upon a sofa ; she bandaged his arm with a gentle but skillful touch and left him to rest. He awoke in a few hours much refreshed. Meanwhile X had prepared a light repast, which she asked him to share with her.

She had changed her hunting-dress for a robe of soft white wool, which hung in graceful folds to her feet. A golden clasp high on the shoulder held back the long, wide, open sleeves, and beautiful arms, white and round, were revealed in all their loveliness. She looked to him like some old statue come to life.

Marshall Graham.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

"LOOK IN THY HEART."

VAINLY, one summer's day, I sought to write
 Some record of my woes, and leave some mark
 Behind ; so that another, in the dark
 Of this world's ways, might know and fear the light
 Of thy perilous eyes, and learn that deeper night
 Is all that comes of watching them, — when hark !
 A voice of sympathy. It was the lark
 Of English song, and this his saw of might :
 "Look in thy heart and write." Sweet Sidney, how
 Couldst thou foresee my plight ? and by that word
 Solve all my doubts ? Yet still I have the same
 Misgivings as before — 't was then as now, —
 E'en in my heart I found no cheer, and heard
 No sound save foolish echoes of thy name.

G. Melville Upton.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

I.

Beatrice Melton had made the discovery that matrimony from the personal if not from the general point of view was a failure. It was not a new discovery, nor due to any sudden flash of inspiration. The fact had begun to dawn upon her in faint glimmerings some four years ago and had gradually assumed the proportions of a strong and steady light. It was now some time since she had ceased to fatigue herself with further analysis and self-argument.

Delano Melton, the gentleman upon whom she had esteemed herself happy in bestowing herself and her fortune some five years before, was indisputably the erring partner in the matrimonial failure. Not that he beat her; on the contrary, he was averse to exertion in any form, as a further enumeration of his pros and cons will tend to show; he simply possessed a collection of peculiarities in some cases called habits, which, as a rule, subject a Benedict to the disapproval of the other member of the firm. In the first place, he had early developed a propensity for late hours, spent in the bosom of his boon companions, not of his family. Of late the nocturnal propensities had reached, after slow but quite perceptible gradations a ripe maturity, and his latch-key was seldom heard, in its convivial attempts to pierce the stained glass of his imposing front door, before three in the morning. In the early days of his domestic venture he had occasionally essayed an apology for his nomadic habits, but had long since ceased wilfully to court the cold scorn of his wife's handsome eyes, and consistently saw as little of her as possible. Again, his wife was a very intellectual woman, and he, albeit not a dunce,

belonged to the grand army of the ordinary, and in his best moments had never been a companion for her.

She had married him in the romance of eighteen because he was very handsome, had a delightful manner, and was wonderfully irreproachable in the matter of family. Moreover, the fond and charming trustfulness with which eighteen regards the possibilities of greatness and good in the well-favored of the sterner sex, had inspired her with the belief that he needed but her fortune to lift him from the hours of daily drudgery upon a bank stool, and the nights of capering beneath the gas jets of San Francisco's ball rooms, into an influential and brilliant member of the community. How, she did not pause to define, being in love and not having cultivated habits of analysis so early in life. But she had heard him give vent to sundry parenthetical exclamations, highly tempered with bitterness, as to the impossibility of a man's distinguishing himself, of "rising above the common herd," when fate had condemned him to grind over his life on one hundred dollars per month and the bank stool before mentioned.

So she had accepted his proposition to improve his prospects through the medium of her ducats, married him, taken him to Europe for a year, and then returned to San Francisco and sat down in a very handsome house on Pacific Heights to await his rapid embrace of the opportunities she had thrown into his way. But time passed and the embrace was not made, nor any perceptible effort thereat, and Beatrice suddenly opened her eyes and queried: In what respect is this man so fitted to distinguish himself? She ran over the whole

gamut, professional, artistic, financial, commercial, political, and after just and mature deliberation was forced to face the deduction that in neither department would the man of her choice serve as food for the future biographer. A year's close and uninterrupted acquaintance with Mr. Melton rendered the decision of some legal value. Moreover—there was no denying it, and having probed one side of the great question she bravely made up her mind to exhaust the subject—he was opposed to exertion, mental or physical, save that of spending, with the superb indifference of novelty, the large income she allowed him. In short to put the matter into homely English, he would never amount to a row of pins, and for the peace of both, the matter had best be dropped.

Her ideals shattered, she did not indulge in the common feminine resource of illuminating the domestic skies with daily thunder and lightning, being an indolent woman and somewhat of a philosopher to boot. She no longer loved her husband, no longer respecting him,—as I have hinted before, she was not a woman of the common type,—but as she had wilfully made her bed she would lie in it; she would live her own life as best she could, and in all probability she was no worse off than most women. I do not say that she did not suffer at first. All women do at the downfall of their early ideals; but the experience, coming as it does to most women, affects them not in proportion to the magnitude of the case but to their peculiar individualities. Had Beatrix been a woman of less intellect and more feeling, she would probably have dragged her love through years and suffered accordingly, on the general principle of her sex that the more worthless a man, the more worship he is to induce at the family shrine, but in Beatrix, love without respect, and as she grew older,—and she grew very rapidly,—without the incentive of mental superiority, was an anomaly and ceased to

exist. And as soon as love ceased to exist, she ceased to suffer actively, and hastened to assure herself that life held a variety of resources outside the pale of domestic bliss: a woman's life was not necessarily over and ruined because matrimony had proved a failure. With youth, beauty, wealth, position, and brains, the future could not look altogether a blank.

Flirting, the ordinary resource of lovely woman under such circumstances, she left severely alone. Although her beauty was a question that had ceased to be discussed she was led to abstain from this tempting diversion, partly through pride, partly through indifference. But principally the former, for at heart she was a coquette, in spite of her unaffected security regarding the San Francisco society infant. Pride, indeed, was the key-note of her character, and to have known herself the subject of gossip would have been to experience a sharper sting than any Delano Melton was responsible for, or had it in his power to inflict. It was a matter of great and abiding congratulation to her that she had escaped the very breath of scandal in her scandal-loving city, and in so doing she had accomplished a feat indeed.

Not, be it understood, that I would unduly condemn San Francisco for this most unfortunate peculiarity; she has manifold excuses and extraordinary circumstances. She is a very young city, very far from the centres of civilization, consequently her resources are but few. Being a new town she is purely a commercial one; there is no intellectual atmosphere, so to speak. The old men who have laboriously achieved wealth are as laboriously employed in spending it. If they get through the newspapers they consider that they have settled accounts between themselves and their brains. Those who do rise superior to their environment generally avoid society. The lecturer who has the hardihood to storm this city of the golden West is consistently and unswervingly snubbed by the world of fashion. Music

with the exception of the occasional opera, where full dress sheds its halo about the mystic head of art, is but gingerly patronized. If the local manager of a classical concert be cunning enough to secure the published patronage of a few society leaders who have no objection to acquiring a reputation for culture where no trouble is involved, Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin will rejoice in a large, fashionable and very bored audience. Otherwise he will pipe only to that small nucleus which alone makes San Francisco life endurable to its own members. Questions that involve the turning of the wheel of thought are tabooed in polite society lest its youth lose heart and flee, and a bed of tearful wall-flowers be the result.

Furthermore, resources for amusement are not many. The opera attempts the risk of a San Francisco season but for a few weeks once a year, and the best theatre, as a rule, comes in the summer when the world is in the country. There are not four large balls — sometimes not two — given in a season, and dinners of any importance are few and far between. Therefore what have the poor women left but to gossip? In a small city where everyone knows the intimate comings and goings of one's fellows, where society has but one recognized clique and that a small one, and given the social conditions enumerated above, is it to be wondered at that the most popular member of the community should be she who can most highly season her dish of scandal and serve it up most frequently? If she possess the creative ability of true genius and can manufacture an exquisitely and intricately embroidered article out of uncut cloth, so will she shine pre-eminent and unrivaled in her chosen art. Moreover, scandal does not seem to hurt the women of this clique. They meet it with cheerful daring; and with a respectable income, a little unfaltering and determined steering, and above all, an ability to divert attention from themselves by the creative genius before

mentioned, they can have a decidedly happy time of it.

So, it will be seen, to be really blameless, to have and to show a profound contempt for scandal, and still retain an unpunctured reputation, evinced a genius of a higher order still, and Beatrix was not to be blamed if she felt that she had reason to be proud of herself. Nor did she propitiate society by entertaining it to any great extent. She shut herself up in her beautiful house with her books, her music, and her few friends, and threw open her doors but at long intervals, and then only to please a younger sister. In consequence, it is hardly necessary to remark that she was extremely unpopular; but she was yielded a grudging respect, not only on account of her circumspect conduct, but out of tender regard for the exceptional quality of her infrequent entertainments. Everybody left cards upon her once a year, everybody asked her to their own entertainments, and everybody longed with the true fervor of devotion to an idol, to be able to electrify society by so much as a whisper against her. If she would only give them a ghost of an excuse to go on; if she would only go to the theatre alone once, with a man; if she would only dance three times with the same man during an evening; if she would only allow it to be said that a man called upon her once too often in the month — society would forgive her, take her to its bosom, and declared itself willing to believe the worst that thereafter could be said.

But Beatrix was obstinate, and would n't. In fact, her mind of late had been running upon other things than the pleasure or displeasure of her native city. She was reasonably indignant at her husband's increasing predilection for the morning hour, although she saw but little of him, and her personal indifference had reached that point where it would have been difficult for it to have gone any farther; still, the idea of a man stumbling into her house at dawn

every morning; knowing that the world called that man her husband, knowing that the world was fully aware of her matrimonial failure, as well as of this particular phase of it, was very galling to a nature so proud as hers. And when she found that people were beginning to pity her, she conceived a sudden hatred for San Francisco, the more rabid from its contrast to her usual cold repose. And then she admitted to herself a fact, heretofore deliberately uncountenanced: that in spite of her music, in spite of her books, in spite of such distractions as her money could procure her, she was bored to death, and that ennui was becoming second nature.

From the moment she recognized the disease, it grew and flourished, and she began to wonder what was to become of her. She had been abroad several times, and traveling offered the prospect of little novelty. Moreover, she detested ocean steamships and Continental inconveniences.

But one day something occurred that produced an inspiration on the part of one of her friends, and some novel excitement on her own. A sad family tragedy had thrown a yacht, newly built, wholly unused, remarkably complete, upon the market, and this friend jokingly suggested that Beatrix buy it and make a solitary tour of the world at her leisure.

Much to her friend's surprise, she received the suggestion not in joke, but in delighted earnest. Why should she not do it? Under such conditions all the disagreeable phases of traveling would be obviated, and only its charm remain. Absolute mistress of her own craft, she could sail or rest or loiter at her pleasure, and with no inconvenience of change or luggage. And then it would be an indisputably new experience; that, we may infer, was its most promising feature. The idea, absurd as it at first seemed, grew matter-of-fact through much pondering and discussion, and she finally astounded San Francisco by buying the yacht.

She decided to go alone; she wanted to be alone for months to come, and the companionship of a limited number of people on a long sea voyage would be worse than San Francisco. Her husband, in the enjoyment of a goodly income, was more than content to remain behind, and she had no children to consider. San Francisco, as she had intimated, was electrified, and in its measure had its revenge. It found itself to be sure, unable to assert that she was about to elope and disgrace herself at last; for not only did she take good care to have her husband and a party of friends accompany her for three days down the coast, but no man who could boast of so much as a bowing acquaintance with her disappeared either upon the day of her departure, or immediately before or suspiciously soon thereafter (indeed no man disappeared at all, that I know of); but it consoled itself by lifting up its voice over her unwifely conduct in deserting an unfortunate man who now, probably, would not go to bed at all. Furthermore, it prophesied that she would do something disgraceful before she returned home; she was leading up to it by degrees.

It was a crisp, sparkling morning when the yacht Dolores unfurled her sails and sped over the bar and out through the Golden Gate. The party was a very gay one and numbered some of the most charming people in San Francisco, but Beatrix was no sorer when Santa Barbara was reached, her friends rowed ashore, and she alone on the ocean at last. Thrown entirely upon her own resources and with the new, delightful sense of absolute freedom, she found herself far less bored than among her friends and in civilization. In fact, she was not bored at all. Once out of sight of San Francisco she made up her mind to forget all it contained, to sever herself utterly from her past for the time being, and succeeded very well. This is not so difficult an achievement as may be imagined. Given a strong will, a

freedom from any great and active trouble, particularly one in which the heart is involved, and an absolute and unique change of environment, and it is rather an effort to recall the past and its conditions. Moreover, the weather continued fine and the salt sea air improved her health, and consequently her spirits. She had brought a library, she had her music, which was a passion, and she applied herself to what had long been determined upon in the carefully curtained recesses of her mind.

There had long been a conviction among Beatrix's friends that she could write a book if she chose, and if she did not so choose it was because she was too lazy and indifferent. Not that the speculative convictions of one's friends are worth much, only their encouragement is pleasant; and Beatrix, now that there was no chance of being found out, determined to devote her tour on the high seas to the attempt. If she failed it would be a little matter between herself and her publishers.

As they passed into the winter of the southern hemisphere, storms, albeit no very serious ones, were of not infrequent occurrence and rather relieved the monotony. Beatrix, however, had not begun to tire of her liberty. Her book progressed satisfactorily and absorbed the greater part of her time. Being a novice, she was enthusiastic; and although her ambition was to be a literary surgeon like Howells she found, when she began to exercise it, that nature had endowed her with a certain amount of imagination, and she threw it in gratis.

They stopped at Panama and at Valparaiso for supplies, but Beatrix did not go on shore; she had no desire to break the charm of her present life by mixing so soon again with the world of men. She had quite persuaded herself that she was a being of another sphere, and fairy tale though it might be, it was well to keep up the illusion while she could. As they neared the Straits of Magellan Beatrix found the rough outline

of her book finished and put it aside for a time to gather new ideas. To tell the truth she was growing somewhat uneasy as they approached the Straits. Storms were becoming of more frequent occurrence and it was a bad time of the year for the passage.

It did not prove, however, as bad as anticipated, although blustering enough; and Beatrix, muffled to the eyes in furs, sat on deck for hours together in delighted forgetfulness of danger before the superb beauty of the scenery they tumbled amidst. But they had evidently missed a disastrous storm by a day or two only, for they saw, more than once, unmistakable evidences of shipwreck. There were no traces of survivors, however; and it was more than probable that passengers and sailors had shared the usual fate of those who meet with disaster in the Straits. Much as she had enjoyed the beauty of the scenery and the palpitating novelty of the experience, it was with a profound relief that Beatrix went up on deck one morning and saw the great Atlantic rolling about her, and realized that the Straits had been left behind in the night.

They had cleared the Falkland Islands and were well out to sea, when Beatrix, who had her spy-glass in use, suddenly imagined that she saw something moving against the horizon. It was too far off to suggest anything definite, but it did not look like a vessel; it was too small. Nor did it look like a sail boat. It could not be a log or a whale, for certainly there was something flying upon it. Could it be a row boat and that fluttering thing a signal? In some excitement Beatrix summoned the captain and informed him that she was *sure* it was a refugee from the late wreck and ordered him to examine it carefully. The captain took the glass and leisurely regarded the object, which was increasing in size as they approached it, finally announcing in the most unmoved of tones that it was a life boat with a man in it, and that the signal was certainly a signal of distress.

"Then we must save him," cried Beatrix, with an excitement of look and tone that would have amused her friends. "Send out a boat at once," she continued, "and I will go down and have a stateroom prepared for him"; and she flew below and turned things upside down generally for the invalid she was pleased to believe the refugee must necessarily be.

When she returned to the deck she found that a boat had gone out and was already returning, as she could see by shading her eyes with her hand. I believe that I have not yet described my heroine, but as this is her first active appearance upon the scene, perhaps there could be no more fitting time than the present. Her beauty was of the Semitic type, delicate and finely chiseled but decided. Her hair, dusky, but with suggestions of red here and there, grew in great waves on her shapely head and low on her forehead, and she parted it down the middle, and coiled it low on her neck. Her eyes, blue, grey or hazel, according to the mental condition behind, were thoughtful and far-seeing. In fact they saw quite through people at times, and in such moments their color was apt to be black. Her complexion, clear and dark, was occasionally tinted with delicate pink and her teeth and eyebrows were exquisite. Her mouth was very flexible and possessed equal capacity for being extremely sweet and extremely unpleasant, and her chin curved boldly outward. She was not above medium height, and her figure was good, but she carried herself with an indifference that was not an advantage to it. She had a great deal of repose, but when she chose to take the trouble she could be very animated, and her smile was brilliant. Generally, however, she did not take the trouble, and her expression, as a rule, was most unflatteringly bored.

She looked anything but bored. this morning, as she stood eagerly awaiting the approaching boat, and hoping that it had

not been too late. And very handsome, the rescued young man thought, as the boat neared the yacht. She wore a black gown with a dog collar of antique yellow coins about her throat, and massive golden hoops of Indian workmanship in her ears. There was always something barbaric about her beauty, in spite of the conventional cut of her gown, and she had about her a suggestion of having stepped out of an Oriental novel of medieval times.

As the boat came within eye-range, and the young man in whose cause it had gone forth, rose to his feet and lifted his closely fitting cap, she dropped her hand and leaned over the railing, gave a low cry of pleasure and incredulity. "David Lodge!" she exclaimed. "It cannot be possible!"

II.

The young man's face was pale and somewhat drawn, but he smiled. "Yes, it is I, Mrs. Melton," he said, as the boat drew up alongside, "And in a very bad plight. I should soon have been in a sadder," he continued, when he had climbed to the deck and taken her hand, "if fate had not sent you this way as a guardian angel in the nick of time."

"Lay it to my improved habits," she replied lightly. "If it had not been for my early rising I should not have seen you. But were you shipwrecked in the Straits? We saw that a vessel had gone to pieces."

"Yes," he said. "It was the sailing-ship, Timothy Hartford. We had a frightful storm—Oh! horrible, indeed—and the ship struck and went to pieces. I got into a boat with some others and not ten minutes later it capsized. How I managed to grasp it, as a wave carried it by me, right it, and board it, I cannot tell you, Mrs. Melton. The others were all gone, I could see nothing of them when I was again in the boat, and the next morning—O, I never expected to live through that night,

Mrs. Melton — I found that I had been carried out to sea, oarless, with no hope of reaching shore, and where unless another storm had finished me, I should have starved to death, if you had not picked me up."

"And have you had nothing to eat all this time then?" demanded Beatrix, in horror.

"I put a few crackers into my pocket at the first note of danger, and I always carry a flask of brandy; but I came to the end of my rope last night."

Beatrix felt a fresh access of feminine sympathy. "Come down to the saloon at once," she exclaimed, "I have had breakfast prepared for you. You might have been eating it all this time instead of standing here talking to me."

She led him down stairs, gave him his breakfast, ordered him to lie down for an hour or two, and then returning to the deck she threw herself into a chair and laughed outright. Perhaps it is needless to say that she was drawing a mental sketch of the rapture that would fill San Francisco's breast could it but learn her adventure of the morning. Or rather, if it but knew of the sudden arrival of the gentleman who was destined to be her guest for several weeks to come. The prelude of the shipwreck it would treat with the scorn it deserved. For a young artist — presumably romantic — to be cruising up and down the South American coast in an open boat, awaiting the appointed coming of a beautiful, wealthy, and liberty-loving young woman, was the most natural of the nineteenth century performances, judged by the lights of Mrs. Melton's home circle. However, they would never know it, and Beatrix experienced a keen and somewhat malicious satisfaction in feeling herself the mistress of a secret they would have given so much to possess. He could land at Liverpool at night and no one would be the wiser. The captain, sailors, and servants knew the facts of the case

and could be induced to hold their tongues.

This point settled, she proceeded to congratulate herself that fate had sent this particular man to share her solitudes. She had always liked him, partly because he was ambitious and enthusiastic, partly because she believed in his genius, partly because he was very original and unconventional. He was extremely eccentric, and people had been known to announce it as their opinion that he was crazy. "All geniuses are," they sometimes added, not wanting to damn him irretrievably.

Beatrix Melton had long since made up her mind that David Lodge was no more crazy than the guileless youth who danced attendance upon her at the German for the sake of her dinners, and discoursed about the weather. She had allowed herself to become interested in his career, not only because she recognized his genius, but because she admired its combination with an energy that was untiring.

She believed and admired still more when, a few hours later, he was sitting with her on deck and giving her the reasons for his sudden departure from San Francisco. He had not been able to say goodbye to her, as she had been out of town at the time, and she had supposed that he had simply started for Paris with the motive that actuates most artists.

"It was not only that," he said. "I woke up one morning and realized, all at once, that I was going to die of over-praise. You know what my position in San Francisco was. I returned three years ago from Munich after a long course of hard study, with the enthusiastic endorsement of a famous but too kind teacher behind me, and some original ideas and special talents of my own to complete the outfit. I was the only artist in San Francisco who could boast so much European experience — almost the only one who could boast any to speak of. Consequently when I established my classes, or 'school,' as they chose to call it, the local

artists flocked to my standard and enrolled themselves under my banner. I was looked upon as the one exponent of art in San Francisco; my opinions and teachings were accepted unquestioningly; it was considered presumption to criticise my work, and that same work brought a price unheard of in the local annals, which added to my importance.

"Of course all this was very satisfactory to me. I had worked very hard and it was gratifying to have subdued my world so quickly and with so little effort. It is gratifying to be looked up to as a master worthy of being followed, copied and imitated, to have other artists of recognized merit hang upon your verdict, to feel that you are pointed out as the representative artist of your coast, and to know that you are believed to be rapidly approaching the time when you will be classed with the greatest of your day.

"I do not know whether I was puffed up. I hope not. I hope I have too much true feeling for art to consider myself more than an instrument in her cause; but for a time I certainly was blind to my own defects, or to the fact that I possessed any whatever. But on this morning I speak of the absurdity of my position suddenly flashed upon me. How could it be possible that I, a young man, barely thirty, could be without fault? Beyond question I must have an over-abundance of faults, but who was there to enlighten me? In the chorus of adulation the feeble piping of the occasional detractor never reached my ears. Then I must go on in ignorance of those defects which so surely stood between me and greatness! And when I ceased to be the fashion, or was supplanted by one or other of our artists now abroad, I should not have even the worthless fame I now enjoyed.

"Perhaps all these years I had been at a dead standstill. I had helped others — although perhaps on the wrong track — but I had been doing gross injustice to myself. I had been stupid enough to be blind to the fact

that in San Francisco's remoteness from the great centres lay the secret of my fame. I had not been able to suffer by active comparison — that was all. O, I assure you, Mrs. Melton, as I worked this all out in my bed that morning, I was nearly mad; but my eyes once opened, I could not wait longer to ascertain the truth. And there was but one way to ascertain it. I would go to Paris — thus having the advantage of both schools — where I would be a very small fish in a very large pond, and where I would be soon assigned to my proper level. I suppose you think that it will be a severe take-down to my vanity. But I do not mind a bit, Mrs. Melton. I want to be great, — I do not hesitate to acknowledge my ambition, — I want to hear it said that I have really done something — great things — for art; and, to be frank again, I feel that I have it in me to achieve greatness and I do not care what I suffer in the process."

He had risen during his harangue and was revolving about his hostess with disjointed, nervous gait, his face flushed, his words coming in quick, emphatic, energetic utterance. Beatrix looked up at him and smiled. It was exactly what she would have expected of him, and she liked to find herself proved correct in her estimate of character.

"I am too much surprised," she said aloud, after a moment. "It is like you, also, to have thought of it yourself. Most men would have waited to have the conviction forced upon them by the reaction of public opinion which must come sooner or later. I had faith in you before, but I have still more now."

"Have you faith in me?" he exclaimed, blushing as eagerly as a school-boy, not like a man who had barely escaped being strangled by over-adulation. "And you think I am right, Mrs. Melton?"

"Unquestionably."

"I am so anxious to do what is right," he continued, throwing himself down into his

long steamer chair once more. "Is it so easy to do what is wrong, and so difficult even to know what the right is. And our mental horizon is so restricted that we may go through life without discovering what it is. And I want to do, I am so anxious to do, both for the sake of art and for my own, the best that is in me."

"You are a great moralist," said Beatrix smiling; but it pleased her nevertheless. Experience had not taught her that the narrow way was popular among men.

"No," he said, "I am afraid I have no particular code of morals, for I have not an analytical mind, and am not capable of reducing to a science. I act as I judge a man or a book, from instinct purely. Strangely often I am correct, but then again I am apt to be altogether wrong."

"It is said," she replied, "that after you have painted a man or a woman you know them through and through. You absorb their individuality, as it were, and more accurately than if you analyzed."

He smiled his peculiar smile, which always seemed to have something faintly mocking in it. "I should like to have the opportunity to absorb yours," he said. "May I light this pipe? It is the last remnant of my earthly possessions, barring the brandy flask and the clothes on my back."

"Smoke by all means," said Beatrix, "I shall be glad to smell good tobacco once more. That which the wind wafts this way from the direction of the deck-house is not aromatic."

"I have precious little left," he said ruefully, "but when it is gone I will promise you not to smoke at all." He filled his pipe and smoked in silence for a time while Beatrix watched him covertly and informed herself that she was thankful he was not ugly, since he must fill her eyes more or less during the coming month. He was indeed a very fine looking man, although if judged by the standard of brilliant coloring and liquid eyes he would probably have

been found wanting. He had a long figure which he managed without any apparent thought, and a face rugged and clearly cut, long and rather lean. His mouth suggested secretiveness and he drew it a little up one side when he smiled. He had a quick, nervous, brilliant grey eye which in moments of excitement flashed in a manner that did its part in confirming the idea that the fires that had kindled it were dangerous in their tendencies. But the fires were all right; they would illuminate, not consume his brain.

"I came in a sailing vessel," he continued abruptly, after a moment, "because my health was somewhat run down and because it was cheaper. Ah, Paris, Paris! How happy I shall be when I am really there and hearing Daubigny praise or damn. And if it had not been for you," smiling gratefully, "I should have found my Paris at the bottom of the Atlantic."

The next day he asked to sketch her head. "I am afraid of you," she said in mock terror, "I do not like the idea of being known through and through."

"You need not be afraid of being understood," he said. "I know this much already, that you are just as good and kind and sweet as you can be, and the rest cannot be very bad." Coming from another man the words would have been fulsome compliment and rather indelicate, considering the peculiar isolation of the two; but delivered in David Lodge's absent, matter-of-fact fashion the sting was miraculously extracted.

Beatrix eventually allowed herself to be persuaded to sit, nor was she inexorable upon several subsequent occasions, but if Lodge had successfully absorbed her individuality, he reserved his conclusions for the present.

The days passed very pleasantly, and on the whole Beatrix was not sorry that her solitude had been invaded. With the unexpected chance of variety had awakened the suspicion that her own society, sole and

exclusive, was about to pall; and moreover, beneath her calm exterior was a strong love of adventure, which was gratified by the *risqué* nature of her present experience and the knowledge of what would follow if discovered. It was not to be discovered, however, and the fact of having a dangerous secret to guard in her monotonous life was exhilarating.

She was not a great talker at any time, but her companion was by fits and starts, and she could be a very sympathetic and fascinating listener. Indeed, it is to be feared that propinquity was doing its deadly work with the young artist, although he was sufficiently old-fashioned in his notions of honor to keep the fact to himself, and sufficiently clever to understand that his present content was largely dependent upon his not making a fool of himself. Frequently he read to her, and she rewarded him by singing to him in the evening on deck under the stars, her head encased in a most bewitching velvet hood, and her form muffled to the throat in the softest and densest of sables. She had a superb mezzo-soprano voice, and those who have not a personal reminiscence to fall back upon, may exercise their imaginations regarding the effect of such a voice on the ocean by starlight. Mr. Lodge knew its effect, at all events, and lay in his long chair in a state of bliss, and refused to believe that he was mortal and that his dream must end as dreams of mortals do.

Doubtless Beatrix, being a woman of the world, is to be severely censured for permitting herself to be so attractive under circumstances so dangerous. But Beatrix, albeit a woman of the world, was a woman very tired of that same world, and preferred to forget its existence, and with it its codes and conventionalities. She reasoned — very wisely — that unless she made a shrew of herself he would fall in love with her anyhow, so she might as well enjoy the pleasure of being natural once in her life. It

would be over soon, and he would quickly forget her in his art. Or if she broke his heart he would but paint the better for it. Aside from certain faults of technique, the only quality his pictures lacked was the indication that he, himself had lived. Not that he was wanting in depth of feeling and the ability to grasp his subject; on the contrary he had the rare faculty of painting from the soul of his subject outward; but his pictures were too uniformly *happy* in tone, too full of his own redundant optimism. A dash of reflex personal sadness, and they would be unapproachable.

Not that Beatrix was heartless in thus looking upon the matter with so coldly logical an eye. On the contrary, she would have done a great deal to push him on his way, and he interested her very sincerely; but she was like a great many women who are more brilliant than emotional, and with whom life has been a failure; she regarded the distractions of the present moment of supreme importance and refused to annoy herself with questions of the future. The future, however, took a shape for which she did not find herself prepared.

"Are you asleep?" she asked him suddenly one night, after she had been singing to him for some time, and he had been her guest about two weeks.

He opened his eyes and turned his head to her. "No," he said, "I was not asleep. If I had only saved my paints and a square foot of canvas I would show you that you had sung to some purpose, instead of merely transporting a poor wretch like myself. I had quite a glorious vision."

"Try and retain it until you get to Paris," she said lightly. "Do you think a storm is coming?"

He turned his head toward the south. "It looks very much like it," he said. "We could hardly cross the Atlantic without one. We have had exceptional weather so far, but I think we shall have a pretty stiff wind, at least, before morning."

They did have wind and something more than wind. Before midnight the yacht was pitching and tossing before the first serious storm she had yet encountered. No one slept on board.

Beatrix was out of her berth and dressed at the first note of alarm. She found Lodge waiting for her in the saloon, and having had the superior experience of a shipwreck, he was a great comfort, and looked up to as an authority. "Do you think we must go down this time?" and "Is it possible for us to weather *this*?" were questions which Beatrix asked with admirable regularity every three minutes, and she was as regularly reassured by Lodge. On the whole, however, she behaved very well. She did not scream and showed no disposition to faint. "You are sure—" she was beginning for the five-hundredth time, when there was a sudden jar, a horrible grind, a lurch, and then the yacht lay tossing like a heavy, deserted log.

Lodge sprang to his feet, and at the same moment the captain's voice lifted itself above the roar of the storm: "To the pump; at once!" and Lodge was not called upon to explain. The words are like love or an earthquake—they need no introduction.

Beatrix gave a low cry, and springing to her feet, clung frantically to her companion's arm. "We shall go down," she gasped. "We have struck a rock and no boat could live in such a sea."

"It may be only a small leak," he said; "and we can make the coast somewhere. Sit down a moment, and I will go and see."

He left her, and returned a few moments later. "I do not think the leak is a very large one," he said, sitting down beside her. "It is impossible to tell at present, but the storm is abating and the men are comparatively fresh. At all events, there is no immediate danger."

Beatrix shook her head and closed her

eyes and awaited an immediate flood through the cabin door. It did not come, however, and she allowed herself to embrace the prospect of still a few days' terrestrial sojourn, as the storm gradually subsided, and left them one danger the less.

The leak was found to be a serious one. "But we can keep her afloat for several days," Lodge told his anxious hostess in the course of the morning; "and it is more than likely that during that time we shall signal a vessel. If not, we must take to the boats. There is no hope of reaching shore with the yacht."

Two days passed but they saw nothing in the shape of a vessel. The men worked faithfully, and to all appearances ungrudgingly, and Beatrix and Lodge spent every moment of daylight on deck, spy-glass in hand. It was early on the morning of the third day that Beatrix, who had thrown herself down on her berth during the night, and in spite of her increasing anxiety, fallen asleep, was roused by a peremptory knock at her door.

She sprang to her feet, divided between fear of a new disaster and hope that a vessel had been signaled, and opened the door. Lodge stood there and his face was very pale. "What is it?" demanded Beatrix. "Are we sinking?"

"No," said Lodge, "we are not going down yet"; and then he paused a moment. He had a habit, when about to utter an opinion or communicate a piece of news, of hesitating a little before each sentence and then bringing it out with a jerk. "No, we are not going down," he said in his peculiar fashion. "But something has happened, and you had better be told at once.—You and I and your servants are alone on the yacht."

"We are what?" gasped Beatrix.

"The captain and the entire crew made off with the boats last night. I suppose they gave up all hope of signaling a ship. Some

of us would have had to stay behind, for one of the boats was lost in the storm, and so they left us."

"It means that we are left—three men and two women—to do all the pumping?" cried Beatrix. "O the wretches!"

"It means more," said Lodge, in his quiet, excited way. "It means that unless we signal a vessel today we are lost. The leak is growing worse and we have nothing to escape in. There! I knew you would not faint, you have more sense than any woman in the world. You must go up on deck and watch for a ship. John, the cook, and I will attend to the pump, and Henriette can make coffee for us. I will send you a cup at once," and then he left her.

Beatrix mechanically threw her fur cloak about her, found her glass, and went up on deck. She had fully made up her mind that this was to be the last day of her life. They had not seen a ship for a week, why should they see one that day? And Beatrix was logical or nothing. Then she wished that she had stayed in San Francisco in spite of ennui and unpleasant husbands, she was young and did not want to die. But then if she had remained in San Francisco, Lodge would have been lost that day she picked him up. But he was going to be lost anyhow, so what difference? And her book? Perhaps it would choke a shark: there was comfort in the thought. She raised her glass with a sigh and listlessly scanned the horizon. Then she dropped it with a little cry, then raised it again, and with a hand that had suddenly lost its nerves, tried to hold it stationary for some moments.

She had not been mistaken; there was a vessel in sight. But would it see them, or was it going in an opposite direction? It was too far off to tell. Their flag of distress was flying, but would it be noticed? And then the object grew closer and closer until there could be no further doubt that it was bearing directly down upon the Dolores.

Beatrix's maid came up with a cup of coffee, and she bade her go and tell Lodge the news. The girl who was a picture of faithful, helpless woe, gave a shriek, dropped the coffee, and flew to inform the men at the pumps. Lodge sent a message of congratulation, but could not leave his post.

In the course of an hour the ship had cast anchor within a mile of them and dispatched a boat to the Dolores. The officer in command of the boat boarded the yacht, and was profuse of his offers of assistance to beauty in distress. He spoke in French, and informed her that the vessel which stood eager to embrace her was a French passenger steamer, running between Havre and Algiers, and that there were many Americans on board. When he was informed that the captain and crew had deserted the yacht—had deserted *her*—he called upon heaven to punish them with a watery grave. Secretly, however, it is possible that he was a little relieved; they would have been something of a tax upon his hospitality. "If your party is not a large one," he said in conclusion, "I can accommodate you very comfortably. I have two first class state-rooms unoccupied."

It was not a large party Beatrix hastened to assure him. In fact there were only—she stopped and turned suddenly pale. "If you will send a boat for us, we will be ready in an hour," she continued hurriedly. "There are some things that must be packed. No, thank you, we do not need any help"; and she left him somewhat dazed at her abrupt departure, but enthusiastic.

She went directly down to the saloon, and sending her maid to do the necessary packing, flung herself down into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and burst into a storm of tears.

"What is the matter?" asked a voice gently. "Have you broken down, now that the danger is over, after bearing up so bravely all through?" Lodge sat down, be-

side her and put his hand on hers soothingly.

Beatrix shook her head, but it was some time before she could speak, and Lodge waited patiently. Finally she calmed herself, and taking her handkerchief from her eyes turned and faced him desperately, regardless of the possible havoc tears had made with her beauty.

"We are saved in one sense," she said, "but cannot you guess —"

Lodge looked at her with wide-open eyes and not a ray of the expected intelligence. "What is it?" he asked.

"O you men, you are so dense!" exclaimed Beatrix impatiently. "Don't you know — don't you see —," she went on desperately. "O, *why* cannot you see it for yourself? Don't you know that I am *ruined*, ruined forever?"

Lodge gasped, "*Ruined*? That ship could not have brought you bad news?"

I regret to say that Beatrix stamped her foot. "Will you never understand?" she exclaimed. "Don't you know that you and I are *alone* on this yacht? That we have been alone for weeks? — O, *why* did not I bring some one with me? — Don't you know what the world will say? Don't you know that I can never hold up my head again? That I shall be the subject of common scandal — *I* — my God!" And she threw herself back into her chair and covered her face with her hands once more.

Lodge for the moment said nothing. His face was very pale and her meaning was no longer vague to him; he understood perfectly. "But your servants," he said finally.

She shook her head. "Should my husband drag the affair into a court I could clear myself, of course. But the world would have talked itself out before that; the servants cannot be sent about giving the story the lie, nor would any one believe them if they were. And a divorce suit — great heavens!"

He was silent again for a moment, after

his habit. "I might pass for a sailor or as one of your servants," he said then.

She removed her handkerchief and looked at him for a moment, then gave a bitter little laugh. "You are unmistakable from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot," she said. "And look at your hands."

Lodge glanced down at his white, slender hands and sighed. "He had been very proud of those hands in days gone by, as what he considered his one beauty; but he would have exchanged them now for those of the coarsest farm laborer. He leaned his head on his hand, and there was a long silence. Suddenly he started slightly, and in a moment leaned forward and fixed upon her the long, abstracted, introspective stare, with which she was aware he was in the habit of prefacing a momentous observation.

"There is another way," he said quietly, "I can stay on the yacht."

Beatrix rose slowly to her feet and he arose also and faced her. "What did you say?" she said.

"I will stay here with the yacht," he repeated.

"And go down with it? Is that what you mean?" said Beatrix slowly. "Are you crazy?"

"No," he said, "I am not crazy. Listen to me. We both understand what the consequences will be if we go on board that ship together. And it must not be. You are very young and you are very proud, — I never realized how proud until I sketched your head, — and to drag out twenty or thirty years of life with a tattered reputation, a scandal that would cling to you forever, would be something beyond your endurance. You would have left all youth and hope and possibilities of happiness behind you on this yacht. And a man can die but once, and after it is over what matter? He cannot look back, and so is spared regret. Besides, to tell you the truth, I have no intention of dying. While the men have been

at the pumps this morning I have been making a raft out of the deck house. It is almost ready, and ten to one I will be picked up by another vessel. I will lock myself up in my cabin and you can go up on deck and raise the cry that I have fallen overboard. Your servants need never be the wiser, and they will keep your secret. If they ever hear of me again it is easy to trump up a story."

Beatrice looked at him with wide open eyes and blanched face. The sacrifice was so stupendous a one that she failed to grasp it at once, and was conscious of an analytical curiosity regarding the man himself. "You would sacrifice your life for me?" she said. "And your art, your future, your career?"

"They will not be sacrificed," he said evasively. "I tell you I shall be saved. Men have been rescued from worse straits than mine. The raft is almost finished, and the yacht will float for an hour after the men leave the pumps."

She looked at him a moment without replying. Was he mad? Had she been wrong and others right in pronouncing genius more or less unhinged? Had the tragic circumstances and his love for her — for she knew, of course, that he loved her — produced a state of mental exaltation, which demanded self-sacrifice as a necessity, and denuded death of its terrors? Would any other man she had ever known be capable of so Quixotic an action? She made a rapid mental inventory of the men she knew and had known. Not one of them could she picture standing before her as Lodge was standing now. A sacrifice of this kind was in keeping with the heroic ages, not with the nineteenth century. Life today was a sensible, well conducted, matter-of-fact affair, with an occasional dash of sentiment thrown in; consequently man's mind was not tuned to the romantic, and a watery grave for love's sake was among the opportunities unsought. Judging from the

statistics culled from the daily press it is the lower and middle classes alone who are in the habit of resorting to cold steel and hot lead at the bidding of the blind god. But David Lodge had a walk all to himself, and was not to be judged by common standards. His face was set, his eyes were steady, almost luminous, there was nothing betokening insanity about him. He had the air of quiet deliberation peculiar to a man who had made up his mind after long and patient reflection only.

"Listen to me," he continued, before she had found words with which to answer. "I do not know whether it is worth while to go over the ground again. I do not know that I can more forcibly present to you what will be the consequences do we leave this yacht together. If you balk my plan and tell those men when they return that I am on board this yacht, your reputation is gone forever. Do you realize it?—*forever*. It is a long word, Mrs. Melton. And life is very long also, wretchedly long when one knows that she has been made the subject of jest and scandal and newspaper vulgarity. Can anything be worse than that last? To be so commonized, so rolled and dragged in the dust. *You!* It would kill you. With your money and social prestige you would be able to retain your position in San Francisco, but do you think you would find any comfort in that? Your real prestige would be gone, there as elsewhere; and what is more, every subsequent thoughtless, trifling act on your part would be misconceived and and twisted until ugly stories would accumulate and float about you did you fly to the North Pole. And *you* would be made to suffer doubly: you are young, and beautiful, and rich, and clever — these things are hard to forgive, Mrs. Melton, and you have not been at pains to conciliate the world. And there is no way out of the difficulty but the one I have proposed. To make matters worse, I left so abruptly that few knew whether I went by water or land. And what

I want to do is right ; I feel that it is right, and I humbly beg of you to look at it from my point of view. I think I have made my argument sufficiently strong ; I do not know how to make it stronger. And you must decide quickly, for we have little time to lose. Remember that you have to decide a question that will determine the color of your whole future. And I believe, I firmly believe, that I shall reach land in safety. I was given talents and put on this earth to accomplish an object, and I have not yet accomplished it. But if it has been otherwise ordained you will have nothing with which to reproach yourself in after life : it was to be, and you are in no way responsible. O, Mrs. Melton, cannot you see that I am right, that what I say is true, that you can and must decide but in one way ? ”

She looked at him with a slow horror growing in her eyes, but made no reply. He turned from her and walked toward his state-room. When he had laid his hand on the knob of the door he turned. “ Go up and tell them I have fallen overboard,” he said. “ The men speak no French, and your maid can be warned to express no surprise before the men who will return with the boat.” Then he entered his state-room and locked the door behind him.

She made a step or two uncertainly, like a man who is drunk, then walked slowly toward the door and up the staircase. As she reached the deck she saw the boat of the French passenger steamer returning. She walked down the deck and stopped before the men at the pumps.

“ Mr. Lodge is in his stateroom,” she said.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

CHRONICLES OF CAMP WRIGHT.—V.

In telling me the story of the Ka-mets, Tony wished me distinctly to understand that it was neither mythical nor a superstition, “ like the Okahtuh or the Laki-chooncha, which one may be permitted to doubt until he sees them ; but these people have lived ” ; and rising from his seat and looking proudly at me, “ I, Tony Mectock, have seen the last of the Ka-mets ! ”

In the face of this indisputable evidence — for Tony has splendid dark eyes, and I can vouch for the fact that he can see a long way off — I give the story almost in his own words : —

From two to three miles above the confluence of the Tom-ki with the South Eel River, and on the right hand side of the creek going up, rises a bluff from three to

four hundred feet high, with an immense rock on the summit. The face of this rock, looking north, is almost perpendicular, with the oval opening, seen at a long distance, of a cave in the very centre. On each side of this rocky bluff, the country is as wild as any in Northern California, and until some eight years before this time, was nearly, if not entirely, impenetrable with chemisal, verde, or greasewood.

Fronting the bluff on the other side of the creek the mountain gently slopes down to the water, treeless, almost even, and in the spring covered with green grass and wild-flowers. At the foot of the bluff, toward the river, with its base bathing in the water of the creek, and in the rainy season entirely submerged in it, is a tolerably large,

table-like boulder, with a round excavation on top like a basin, evidently made by the hand of man, and not by nature. The edge is rounded and polished smooth as glass; it is about three feet in depth, and at present half or two-thirds filled with gravel and debris. To this day this boulder is known among the Redwoods and the other Indians as the "Ka-met's pounding-rock."

In the olden time the bluff was the eastern boundary of the territory of the Moighnomes, who had a large rancheria just below it, at the intersection of the creek with the river. When I say "olden times," I mean, as nearly and as accurately as I can compute from the periods in Tony's genealogical tree, — and as he says, "Indians are mightily deceiving in their age," — about one hundred years ago. As the expression "a hundred years ago" is somewhat hackneyed, however, and for fear that the reader might suppose that it is not original with me, I will add ten more to it and say one hundred and ten years since.

The rancheria, as I have said, was large, for it comprised nearly all the tribe, and its inhabitants were living happy and contented, when all at once strange and mysterious signs and sounds were seen and heard in the woods and in the wilderness up the creek. Huge footprints were discovered on the sand and in the mud on the margin of the stream. Old women, gathering the dry twigs and dead wood for fuel, coming home in the twilight when the sounds of nature are hushing in sleep, heard voices sounding as if in the air far above their heads. One morning two girls grubbing with their sharp-pointed sticks for fish-worms on the green hillside facing the rocky bluff, saw for a moment a gigantic man on the top of the summit rock, who in powerful tones shouted to them over the tree-tops, to leave the place, and disappeared again as if sinking into the solid rock.

At last, two children, a little boy and

girl, wandering late one afternoon on the banks of the creek, about half way between the rancheria and the bluff, came upon a white woman of great stature, dressed in skins like the Indians, and with a huge basket slung behind her back. She seized the children, one in each hand, threw them into the basket, and started for the bluff. She held a stick in each hand, and as she ran, or rather trotted onward, under her load, she struck the top of the basket with these, first on one side and then on the other, to keep the children from jumping out, the strokes falling quickly and keeping time with her feet.

The little boy, although frightened nearly out of his wits, did not altogether lose his presence of mind; and peeping out between the strokes he saw at some distance before him an overhanging limb under which the woman must pass on her way up the bluff. He gathered himself together, and as the limb loomed up above him he sprang for it, and with his hand clasped over it remained suspended while the woman trotted on with the little girl only in the basket. Very soon, however, she became sensible of the increased lightness of her load and stopped, unslung her basket, laid it on the ground, and discovered that its contents were reduced by half. In her anger and disappointment, not thinking of the probable consequence, she left the basket and ran back under the impression that one of the children had dropped out, and that she would soon pick him up again.

But the little boy had lost no time. Dropping from the limb he took to his heels and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him, taking his circuitous route toward the rancheria, which he finally reached safely, although half dead with fright and fatigue. Meanwhile the little girl had her wits about her too; the woman had no sooner turned her back than the child popped out of the basket and made a straight

line toward home for dear life, reaching one end of the rancheria just as her brother came in at the other.

The mysterious portents in the air and in the woods had already very much exercised the Indians, and this wonderful occurrence, — which the little whilom captives were by no means disposed to make the least of in telling, naturally added to the excitement; and dire and many were the surmises made on the subject. Precautions unheard of before were taken everywhere. Little children were ordered not to go out of sight, — never to leave the house, in fact, — and the grown folks themselves were fearful of venturing too far or alone. The peaceful rancheria had become a fortified camp.

With time, however, the excitement grew less, and soon cooled off altogether, for nothing more was seen; and many began to think that the whole thing was a story concocted by the children for fun, which afterwards they were afraid to confess for fear of a whipping. The *esprits forts* of the tribe called a meeting and decided unanimously, from the fact of the woman having a basket slung behind her like an Indian, and divers other considerations, that the incident was nothing more than a practical joke perpetrated by some one without the fear of Coyote before his or her eyes; that the voices in the air were old women's crotchets, the footprints nothing but the tracks of some stray grizzly, and the whole thing, from the beginning to the end, was voted a delusion and a snare. True a few credulous ones shook their heads mysteriously, as if there was a difference of opinion on the subject; but they were laughed at. Ridicule has always been a powerful weapon in the hands of those who know how to use it, and it seems that the strong minded ones among the Moigh-nomes did know how. The doubters soon found themselves in a ridiculously small minority and gave up the ghost of contention altogether.

But, as if to reprove them for their want of consistency, very soon thereafter the voices in the air became stronger than ever; the woods were full of signs; and the huge footprints appeared just below the rancheria and within a stone throw of it, near the creek where it comes into the river.

One day as one of the women was cooking acorn mush near the stream she had to leave it for a moment, and while she was absent, a strange looking being, like an old man bent with age, with white skin and long hair, came out from behind a large tree, where he evidently had been in hiding watching for an opportunity, went to the hole in the sand which had served as a stew-pan and in which the mush was cooling, dipped his hands in it once or twice, like a good housewife stirring the dough for the breakfast rolls, and then stole, unperceived, toward the nearest lodge. He apparently knew what he was about. In the lodge was the husband of the mush-making woman, busied at some thing or other, with their little babe asleep on a bundle of skins in the corner near him. The babe woke crying, and as it did so two hands, white with the acorn mush adhering to them, were extended through the opening forming the door of the lodge, as if waiting for it; and the father, thinking that it was his wife, who had heard the babe cry and had run up without washing her hands, took the little fellow, placed it in the open hands extended to receive it, and went back to his occupation.

Very soon after this the mother came in with a turtle shell full of mush for dinner, laid it down before her husband, and turned to the corner to take the babe up. But it was gone and nowhere to be seen. She asked her husband what had become of it; and he, as much surprised as she was, repeated the inquiry, for he certainly had given it to her but a moment before.

As he spoke it struck him all at once that he had been a little surprised at the jerk with which the hands had been withdrawn as soon

as the child was placed in them, as if his wife was angered either at him or the babe, and that he had wondered soon after that how much acorn mush she had on her hands to make them look so much larger than their ordinary size. He bethought himself also of the story of the little brother and sister about the wild woman in the woods, of the strange voices and signs that had again been heard and seen; and as he thought he became almost desperate. Something terrible and unknown had evidently taken possession of the child, and God alone knew were it was by this time!

But grief and despair gave him courage, and he ran as fast as he could to the stream where the woman had cooked the mush. Near the mush hole he found the print of two bare feet just like his own but much larger—at least twice the size—and they pointed in the direction of his lodge. Looking carefully all around the spot—there they were again, going toward the woods up the creek.

Following on the track, every once in a while losing and finding them again, he came at last to the bluff, where he lost them altogether among the rocks; but he kept on, for the thing must have gone on to the summit. Scrambling over the loose boulders at its base, which had rolled down from the top and were covered with lichens and wild vines, with here and there clusters of verde and manzanita growing from among them, he turned at last the shoulder of the cliff, and found himself close to the opening of a large cave.

Seven or eight beings of gigantic stature were sitting around a fire, with their backs toward him, and just then were very much interested in his little babe, which was being passed from one to the other in rotation, something like "hunting the slipper."

They were sitting almost in a semi-circle with an empty space at one end of the half-ring toward the Indian, as if one of them had risen for something and had not

yet returned; and as they passed the little urchin around and it neared this end of the half-circle amid their guttural exclamations of pleasure and surprise, the father, although very much frightened, saw at once a way of repossessing himself of his child. Crawling noiselessly in the dim and half-obscured daylight until he came to the empty place, he squatted down as near as possible to the one at the end and waited.

When the baby reached the last one, he turned it over once or twice, patted it on the side and on the back, as if to see that it was fat; and seeing as he half turned his head that the place next to him was filled, he passed the child on to the father. He, as soon as he felt it in his arms, gently drew back toward the opening of the cave, reached it safely and without attracting their attention, turned the face of the cliff, got down among the chemisal, and once there started back home as fast as his legs could carry him; while, it may be surmised, the ogres or whatever else they were, very much astonished at the sudden disappearance of their tid-bit, looked eagerly for it in and out between their legs and underneath.

The Ka-mets were discovered, and the voices in the air, and the signs in the woods, and the foot-prints on the sand and in the mud, were explained.

I will let Tony describe them; whenever anything in which he appears in these chronicles verges on the extremely wonderful, I always let Tony speak for himself; and that accounts for his turning up every once in a while in all directions and on all subjects, like a round-robin, to which no responsibility can be attached. He explicitly states and asserts that he has seen the last of the Ka-mets "with his own eyes," more than once, and the testimony of an eye witness of unimpeachable veracity like Tony cannot be lightly thrown aside. While he testifies, I desire it distinctly understood that I wish to be regarded as an *amicus curiae* only:—

"They were from seven to eight feet in

height, men and women, although they had some young girls among them who were not quite so tall. They were white-skinned, not quite as much as the whites now, a little more sun-burned, like Charley Bourne; with long, fair hair and red eyes that could see in the dark like wild-cat's. They had long and crooked finger-nails like claws, to tear up the flesh—for they ate human flesh like the black people in the South of whom I have read in books. They were awfully strong, for one of them stole one of our old women once, threw her on his back, and ran away, and she was never seen again—she must have been awful tough! They talked very much like the Indians, but not quite so plainly, as if they were just learning. There were about twenty of them, just like a family; they lived in the cave, and nothing could kill them but fire—the Indians tried it.

“They did not eat flesh alone—the whole rancheria would hardly have lasted a moon at that rate. They killed game, and made acorn mush and other things like the Indians—in fact they ate human flesh just as if they had been forced to do it at one time, and could not give it up all at once, although they wanted to. [Evidently an acquired taste.]

“They were shy, and the Indians were afraid; but sometimes, every once in a while, when an Indian was bathing in the river, as he came out again, a Ka-met would pounce on him like the gray hawk on the reservation chickens; and like the chicken he never came back. The last one became awfully shy; as soon as he saw an Indian hunting, he'd run back in the chemical, and it would be months before he was seen again. I saw him three or four times away off, and he looked sad and lonely.”

The state of affairs remained pretty much the same for a year or two, with an Indian disappearing now and then as if to hide from pressing creditors and leave no address for unpaid tailor bills, and the high con-

tracting parties of both sides, as Caleb Cushing would say, exercising a mutual surveillance upon each other. One day two young men of the Moigh-nomes, bolder and more adventurous than the others, went out hunting in the vicinity of the bluff. Near the middle of the day they halted to rest on the margin of the creek near what was afterward known as the “pounding rock.” As they sat talking to one another in whispers—for bold as they were they were not anxious to shout their secrets for all comers—they heard voices above them and a little to one side, and perceived two of the Ka-met maidens advancing toward the creek. Having reached it and looked here and there for a convenient spot in it, they proceeded to disrobe, and Susannah-like plunged into the cool water. (I have bathed in the same spot, and I have had the rheumatism ever since.)

One of the young men, a handsome, stalwart fellow fell in love with both at first sight; but after a long struggle with himself, and careful examination and consideration, he concluded to confine his affection to one only—and to offer it as soon as the favored fair one came out of the water. His companion, who as far as he was concerned had not the slightest desire of a connection with a family of such doubtful antecedents as the Ka-mets, attempted to dissuade the rash lover; but as long as the fair ogress remained in sight, he might as well have tried to make a Carthusian monk out of a Mormon. Failing in his efforts to keep his friend a confirmed bachelor, he concluded to keep him company to see fair play; and they both advanced toward the by this time refreshed beauties, who were busily engaged in coquettishly wrapping the deerskins around their fair forms.

At the first meeting both sides were shy, but on the whole, considering that it was a first introduction, it was satisfactory. Another day and another meeting; but this time one young man and one maiden only.

The unimpressible warrior had given up his friend altogether, had remained at home, and henceforward remains out of the story; and the other maiden, very likely piqued at her want of attraction, had followed suit.

The acquaintance was ripening, and the mutual esteem progressing; other things being equal, it was *une affaire réglée*. To cut the matter short, — for Tony entered here upon a disquisition on the matrimonial question that I, at any rate, have not realized, — they loved each other, and as far as he was concerned, — and she too for that matter, — “not wisely, but too well.” One day, when the thing had been going on for a couple of moons, he bethought himself that he had been standing under the apple tree long enough and that it was about time to shake down the fruit — he proposed marriage.

But it appears that even in the wilds of Toni-ki “the course of true love never did run smooth.” She could not leave her people and he could not leave his, and they were antagonistic; marriage was out of the question. If her friends discovered the clandestine meetings under the greenwood tree, he would be eaten up then and there without pepper or salt. A daughter of the Ka-mets could not live among the Moigh-nomes, with the reputation of a cannibal, and he and she would be tabooed at once, or perhaps worse.

Why not take him up to the cave? He was willing to run all risks for her sake. The harder the test, the greater the danger, the better his love would be proved.

She demurred; it was exceedingly dangerous. But love through his lips conquered her scruples and her fears — she consented. The thing was arranged, and the plan of operation agreed upon; she would wrap him carefully in skins and carry the bundle to the cave, where he would be laid in a corner to await further developments. But he must take care, when there, to lie “spoon-

fashion,” and not stretch his feet out of the deer-skins where they could be seen by the Ka-mets, for she would not answer for the consequences.

I thought, as Tony told me the tale, how very simple-minded these lovers were. Why in the name of common sense, could they not cut both sides at once, and put up a private Elysium of their own under the shade of a tree or the shelter of a rock, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot”? I asked Tony what good there was to either in this heroic feat; but he could not tell me.

At all events, the plan, in which an equal amount of daring and want of common prudence was displayed, was executed safely. The Benedict was laid in his corner — the girl having first told a perhaps pardonable fib, in answer to her mother's question what she was bringing in on her back.

The quarters were new, and not being accustomed to them he could not sleep in the strange bed, on the ground behind a partition of skins hanging as a screen across the back part of the cave, and he remained awake for two days and two nights. On the third day, overpowered by sleep, he stretched out his legs in dreaming until they appeared underneath the screen, near the fire where the old woman — the mother-in-law — was sitting, while the rest were out airing themselves. She asked no questions, — she very likely knew already that they were part of the corpus of her son-in-law, — and without more ado her long finger nails began to work up and then down them; and the first thing the poor fellow knew nothing was left but the bare shank from his toes to his knees.

From what Tony says it is probable that the operation would have been continued to the end of the chapter, meaning the last hair in his head, but happily for the groom, the bride came in just in time — a moment more and she would have been a widow. She forgot all about the fifth commandment

(if she ever had heard of it); but her mother never forgot that for at least ten minutes she wished from her soul that *she* had never committed the sin of matrimony. Under the circumstances, considering the provocation, the want of filial respect was pardonable.

The young wife's unmistakable assertion of her prerogative in avenging her husband's wrongs had its effect, and he was safe. An exception to the rule in the existing relations between the Moigh-nomes and the Ka-mets was also made in favor of the old father and mother of the young man, and they were permitted to visit him now and then under a safe-conduct from the entire man-eating community.

They brought him little tid-bits every once in a while, for the poor wretch was unable to stand; and they registered a vow of vengeance not only against the mother-in-law but also against the entire Ka-met family. Every time they came they brought on the sly pitch-pine knots and other combustibles, and laid them up in a pile in a large crevice in the rock near the opening of the cave; and when the pile, by constant additions, was large enough for the intended purpose, they gave the finishing touches to their plan of retribution.

There grows in all these valleys and mountains a species of wild onion in two varieties, one of which is poisonous, and the other nutritious. Yet they are so nearly alike in appearance that I doubt if any one but an Indian or a naturalist of great practical experience could tell the two apart. The poisonous one makes people drunk and sends them off into a sound sleep with a fair prospect of never awaking until they reach the other world. The poisonous wild onions which grew in profusion near the rancheria, the old folks gathered, at the same time providing themselves with a small, carefully selected supply of the good and harmless variety. Having procured the largest bowl they could find they filled it full of the poisonous broth, mixed with something sweet

to make it palatable. With the good onions they made another, exactly alike in appearance, but contained in a much smaller vessel, just about enough for one person; and with both steaming hot they proceeded to the cave.

It happened that the whole Ka-met family but one were in at the time, and as the relations between them had by this time assumed quite a friendly character, they all, the young wife with them, partook of the larger bowl while the young man dined off the smaller dish.

For the sake of human nature we asked Tony if the husband was a *particeps criminis* in the conspiracy which was about to deprive him of his wife and give him a liberty which he could not use; but Tony was noncommittal he did not know of his own knowledge and nobody had ever told him anything about that point.

While the old Indian woman was pressing the dish (for which she very naturally had no appetite, having "just eaten a good dinner at the rancheria,") her husband was outside, building a thick wall of pine-knots in front of the opening of the cave; and as the old wife came out with the information that all the Ka-mets were falling asleep dead drunk in every corner, he rushed in, took his son up in his arms, and notwithstanding the weight ran out and carried him among the rocks in the chemisal at the foot of the great boulder, while she applied the torch.

The flames spread from one end to the other like lightning, and blown inward by the wind, licked the sides and vault of the cavern with tongues of fire. Not a cry nor sound was heard; overpowered by the poisonous broth, in a few moments the dreaded Ka-mets had ceased to exist. Not all of them, however, for the one who had been out, a small boy, made his appearance from the other side of the cliff just as the flames began to spread. But at the sight of the fire and smoke he understood the whole thing at once, and ran away shrieking into

the almost impenetrable wilderness adjoining the bluff.

The mutilated husband died some time after reaching the rancheria, more from grief at the loss of his wife than from his wounds and suffering. He never forgave his father and mother, although they became great after that in the tribe on account of their sagacity and prowess — from which we infer, despite Tony's ignorance on the subject, that he knew nothing of the conspiracy.

The Ka-met boy was often seen afterwards on the edge of the wilderness, and for years his lamentations were heard echoed among the trees. With time he attained to the stature of his people when grown; but he was exceedingly wild and no one could approach him. The impenetrable chemisal, with his own strength was his protection. The place was, besides, the lair of all the wild beasts in the neighboring country, and with them he found a refuge.

Some eight years since, the whites in Potter Valley, among whom were Anderson and the Potters, determined to set the place on fire: it was so wild looking and the clumps of verde, manzanita, and other shrubs so thick and close together, that human beings were afraid to venture into it and the cattle strayed there and seldom came out again. So one windy August day, when everything was as dry as tinder, they started the fire from each corner at once. As the wind changed with the air-currents created by the flames, the whole place was soon surrounded with a circle of fire, with a green spot in the centre growing smaller and smaller as the flames advanced toward it like huge red tongues from all points at once.

As it did so, shrieks of terror and pain, mingled with cries for help as of a human being in deathly anguish, were heard coming out of it above the howl of the wild beasts and the crash of falling trees; they grew weaker and weaker as the fire increased and at last ceased entirely. The white men,

appalled, gazed mutely into each other's faces, thinking that some Indian hunter had ventured in search of game into the chemisal before the fire was kindled, and unable to escape had perished in the flames.

Returning home as the fire died away for the want of further aliment, leaving a canopy of dense smoke over the place, they went and sent to all the tribes in the neighborhood to ask if any of their number was missing. The Indians at that time, were not so many that one of them could have disappeared without the rest knowing it; but the answer came back that they were all there. Despite this assurance, the whites persisted in their belief that an Indian must have been caught by the fire in the wilderness. But the Indians shook their heads. They never doubted for a moment that some one had been burned up alive in the fiery chemisal; but it was not of them — it was the last of the Ka-mets.

The wilderness has disappeared, and at present the spot is not a bit wilder in appearance than the surrounding country. The rock-crowned bluff rises on the side of the cañon as it did in the days of the Ka-met family, with the lichen and moss-covered displaced bowlders at the base over-looped with wild vines; but the conflagration never could have reached the cave perforated in the face of the rock, for there was nothing to feed the flames. Nevertheless, marks of fire tongues and thick smoke are distinctly seen on the sides and vault of the cavern, as if a great fire had raged therein at one time.

I asked Tony how he accounted for the somewhat improbable longevity of the last of the Ka-mets, since he does not understand that there was anything supernatural about him. But Tony does not run his head against stone walls; and he answered that if I undertook to account for everything in the world that seemed inexplicable to me, I would keep on doing so until doomsday with probably nothing for my pains.

Any conception of Tony, the Redwood, without a ghost to keep him company is impossible. He was born with one, he lives on familiar terms — on their side at least — with a whole tribe of them, and I have not the slightest doubt that he will be one himself in due course of time.

Let but the gnarled form of a scrub-oak rise up before him in the twilight, especially when there was a moon, and, presto! the poor stick would become a wonderful indescribable monster without any head, waiting for poor Tony. And Heaven help him if a tree-frog happened to croak at the same time! If a clump of manzanita or a greasewood bush swayed in the breeze under Luna's cold beams, a whole army of phantoms with banners at their head was advancing upon him, with Heaven knows what dire and terrible purposes. In every nook and crook in the mountains he had private museums of his own in which monstrous poit-ka-yas coiled and uncoiled sportively among the rocks, with every now and then a sucking water babe dragging one of them by the tail into the nearest spring.

Did I come, at some great altitude, upon a sweet mountain lakelet lying *perdu* under the fragrant pines, and lean over to gaze into the blue water, Tony's hand would be felt pulling at my coat tail and I would be told to beware of the dreaded red salmon with its death-dealing eyes. If, in the little nooks and dells scattered in the Horse Cañon beyond the Blue-Nose, I attempted to sit and rest for a while to climb the mountains anew, Tony, horrified, would remind me that the white bones of the dead Wylackies were under the wildflowers, and that every night when the moon shone bright, the shadowy forms of the long ago dead were seen flitting here and there in the mysterious dances of the spirit land.

As if his own tolerably well stocked mythology were not enough, he had appropriated the superstitions of all the other tribes far and near, and he had them collected

so close together that one could hardly take a step without encountering some wonderful creation, each more terrible or grotesque than the other.

That golden cloud yonder in the lilac shadows, hovering about the brow of Mount Ethel and rose-tinted with the last rays of the setting sun, was the Pok-e-wip of the Yukas, looking down once more upon the Ome-haut, with perhaps, Eas hovering unseen above his head to see how the few children he had left were faring. If the fox barked at night chasing its prey on the hill-side back of the camp, it was not the red thief I had caught once or twice sneaking behind my chicken-house, — it was the spirit of the mystic young black fox of the E-damas, which had left Mount Shasta for a change; and that night-hawk yonder circling under the moon over the top of Paul's rock was its eagle sister — and Heaven help us! did I see that dark shadow stealing around that corner at the base of the rocky pinnacle? There! on that side, where the moonbeam looked so white! Surely that must be the bane of mankind, the Coyote's daughter, the lustful Cun-mauk-wissle!

Did I halt for a moment in some deep ravine to admire a little waterfall half hidden among moss-covered rocks with the long ferns dropping over it, and hear a sudden gust of wind passing above our heads, down went Tony behind the largest rock, flat on the ground, and as still as a dead mouse as long as the air-breath lasted. Air in motion! pshaw! how simple I was and how fooled I would find myself some day! Listen! did not I hear it again away to the right, and not in a straight course as it ought to have gone if my supposition were right? What kept it from going straight over Mount Daisy and the Algernon hills toward the east? Because the gigantic, hideous-looking Shill-a-ba Shill-toats of the Cahtos and Nome-cults was not going that way, that was all! He was straddling across ravines and gorges, from one mountain to

the other, on his way to the whispering sea-cave on the coast, where Coyote is bound to hatch some new deviltry against poor humanity. There! did I hear that bleat-like sound coming to us from the distance? Updegraaf would find one of his sheep missing when he counted them again, for it had gone down the ogre's throat like a sugar-coated pill without his pausing in his tracks — "just like that manzanita berry." And every once in a while he picked up an Indian when the sheep were scarce. We'd better start for home before the pine shadows grew longer.

These two long lines of cirro-stratus advancing as in battle arrayed against one another in some strong upper air currents in opposite directions, were the legions of the lost and redeemed of the Con-cows. The white and gray one was Hikatch-to's people, but the one in the west, just above the silver haze, with the brilliant and ever-changing hues of purple, blue, and rose, were the lost and found, with Un-koi-to the Savior perhaps in that golden radiance above the fast disappearing sun. Did it not seem to me as if a faint hum was coming to my ears, like the voices of many people in a church joining in hymns of praise, heard afar off? He had mercilessly plundered every Indian tribe in California, and I suspect that he had been raiding upon the Greeks and Romans besides, for he undoubtedly was in possession of some of their spoils. It is hardly probable that he had indulged at any time in Scandinavian travels, like Bayard Taylor, but it was patent to my mind that he had at some time or other met with Odin and Thor, and he had stowed away carefully in some corner of his busy, ghost-creating brain, to be brought out for an airing every once in a while (but only when the moon shone) some many-headed wonderfully made anatomies of both sexes who were born thousands of years since under the shadow of the Sphinx, and whom he lodged without the slightest regard for

their health under mossy gray boulders or thick clumps of verde, if not standing on one foot on the top of some majestic pine. The last chief of the Moigh-nomes was indeed a walking encyclopedia of ghostly lore, native and imported, and as if his unceasing creative powers were not enough to keep him busy, he was indefatigable in his efforts to make others believe in his ghosts. Logical pellets of all sizes and materials, cunningly masked in simple inquiries, were thrown at me until they buzzed like blue flies around my head; and if I escaped from them it was only to meet some crooked stick thrown between my feet by the wily red-skin to bring me to my knees; Tony, in his way, was as "cute" as a Connecticut Yankee. He evidently had some suspicions as far as I was concerned, and he was persistent in his endeavors to make me acknowledge them. I repeatedly told him that I absolutely refused to be introduced to spooks and hobgoblins of any color whatever, especially when they persisted in traveling about without that indispensable article so useful to hat-makers, — a head, — but he thought that there was something beyond my denial, and he almost succeeded after incredible efforts and persistency in compelling me to acknowledge a certain amount of belief in unexplainable occurrences.

The world is so full of strong-minded unbelievers in that line that it was almost a relief to come out from among the herd and plead guilty to a belief in ghosts — in one or two at least. But they are neither headless nor heartless, Tony, these dim eidola of once cherished forms hovering at times around me, whispering to bear up yet awhile until we meet again. For we will all be ghosts one day, Tony, — all of us, — thank God!

Among the almost innumerable monstrosities that the Redwood collected and created around him and with which he tormented himself from night till morning, he

had many highly poetical beliefs growing in and out among them like roses in a cabbage garden.

Coming down the serpentine summit road one evening in the twilight, I paused for a moment to look down upon the Ome-haut, lying at my feet. A thick mist had settled in the valley; the trees and houses had disappeared, and it had become an inland sea, with the base of the surrounding mountains hidden in the water, while the rising moon threw a dim yellow light over all. As I gazed I remembered just such an evening in the long ago, and I stood again on the narrow mountain road above the little stone bridge looking down upon the "lake of the four cantons," with the *ranz des vaches* coming from the far off gorges and floating across the lake toward me, and I heard again the sweet tones of the *cantique a la Vierge* ascending in the twilight among the Swiss mountains. As the shadows crept onward, I spurred my tired horse down the mountain homeward; and as I did so, a sudden gust of wind, very common in these mountains, passed over the trees on my right, and my horse shied slightly at the moaning sound in the pine-tops.

Turning a bend in the road I came upon Tony, sitting on the apex of a rocky pinnacle waiting for me; and as I neared him he sprang from his elevated position, jumping from one rock to another, until he stood near me, holding my horse by the bridle. I had heard it, had I not?—with a half fearful glance over his shoulder.

"Heard what, Tony?"

"The deer-wagon with the king of the deer, counting the living and the dead of his kind?"

No, I had not heard the mournful pageant of his antlered majesty; but I thought there had been a slight whirlwind among the trees yonder.

"A whirlwind!" with an injured glance full of pity for my ignorance. Did the wind go by with a sound like the tread of a thou-

sand small hoofs beating the ground in unison as they rushed onward to the meeting place under the trees beyond the Blue-Nose? Were the sobs of a thousand deer like the whispers of the wind among the pines or the breeze sighing in the tree-tops? And if it *was* the wind why did it not keep on? why did it cease all at once? Because it was not the wind at all, to begin with. Because the deer-wagon with the king in its midst had passed on, and if they came back this way we had better get on the rock as quick as we could, else we should be trampled to death; for they stopped at nothing, especially when they returned from the meet, heart-broken and sobbing, after counting the dead increasing year after year.

And as I dismounted and tied my horse to a small tree near the rock, Tony excitedly drew me by the sleeve into the moonlit woods toward his snare-fence, running in and out in a straight line among the trees, and I found it thrown down from one end to the other. Tony gazed sadly up and down for a moment, and as not a stick remained standing as far as we could see, he turned to me half-triumphant amid his regrets for his destroyed ingenuity, and called my attention to this indisputable evidence.

"There! now you see it, don't you? They have passed over it!"

"But, Tony, perhaps it was that gust; if it went through one place and the supports gave way, the whole thing came down at once like a castle of playing cards." Tony waxed indignant at my blind disbelief; and fearful of making the matter worse I appeared all at once to fall into deep thought, and the shadows on his face cleared away as those upon mine increased.

We went back to the rock, ascending from one stone to the other, until we were sitting above the road with the yellow moon sailing in mid-heaven above our heads, with dark and bright shadows appearing and disappearing around and beneath us; and then in half hushed whispers, with suspicious

glances now and then over each of his shoulders, he began :

“The kings or masters of all the animals on earth do not remain always at the foot of Mi-ke-lah in his home among the stars. Once every year they come down upon the earth, each in his turn and in different places, to gather their kind around them to see how they have fared, and how many have died or have been killed during the year. The broad flat yonder, on the Blue-Nose ridge, with nothing but green or yellow grass underneath the pines, is the rendezvous of the deer. They gather around their king from everywhere in the upper snow-peaks, and when they are all there they form in solid phalanx with the king in their midst, and move in a straight line for the trysting place above the Blue-Nose rock. They are as close together as possible, and in such manner that it seems as if all the heads were fronting outward ; and it looks like a wheel, although they move straight onward and in the middle, like the hub of the wheel, is the king with his head overtopping the others fully six feet. The antlers spread out in the center and overhead meet like a crown. Whenever trees or other obstacles are in the way, the ranks open and re-form so quickly that it seems as if the rush had gone over them ; and if you ever hear it coming again, get behind a tree at once—that is the only safe place.

“When they reach the Blue-Nose flats, between the the Horse Cañon and Bland Mountain, they make a circle ever so many ranks deep, with the king alone in the midst of a wide space in the middle of the circle, and the roll is called. As name after name remains unanswered, the sobs increase ; and the sorrow is greater and greater as time goes by, for they grow lesser and lesser every year. If many more whites come, none will be left but the king, and no one can kill *him*. When the muster is over he tells them were to hide for the coming year, for he knows all the hidden dells in the

mountains ; and they start back as they came to the snow peaks, and thence disperse to their appointed roaming places. — Hist ! did n't you hear a sob in that grove of madrones yonder, with the moonbeams on one side and darkness on the other? There it goes again ; *something* is grieving in there !”

“Only a screech-owl, Tony ; they make a moan-like sound at this time of the year, especially in these mountains. There ! you can see it from here—the eyes at least ; they look red like dead-lights.”

The Redwood pondered for a moment, and then leaned confidentially toward me, bringing his body decidedly close to mine, as he murmured impressively :

“Perhaps it is the White Crow ; its eyes shine in the dark too. I wish we were home, you in the camp and I in the reservation. All kinds of things are seen in the wake of the deer-wagon.”

“Well, but Tony, this deer-wagon as you call it—have you ever seen it?”

“Not me—I don't want to ; but my father has, and he told me all about it. He got behind a tree and it shook like a reed with the tramp around it. But I have often heard it, like tonight.”

“This ‘White Crow,’ Redwood, what is it?”

But my question remained unanswered, for Tony had become very quiet, and I concluded to proceed homeward with the Redwood *en croupe* on my unwilling horse ; and an hour saw us safe within the white picket fence.

The “White Crow” had been too much for Tony, and he looked suspiciously toward the road leading to the reservation, on each side of which, by this time, his countless headless and many-headed curiosities were awaiting him ; and so without much pressing he concluded to accept my offer of a horse blanket on the floor of my office. But before he went back to his dreams of monstrous poit-ka-yas and sucking water babes, he told me the story of his *rara avis*.

"There were prophets in those days" among the Moigh-nomes, and the wisest or craziest among them, waking up one morning after a bad night's rest, propounded after much scratching of his tangled locks the following conundrum: That when the black became white, it would have a good effect on the deer and the Moigh-nomes would be supplied with venison in abundance. As this happy event was not expected to occur, according to the same authority, before twenty-five years, and as a quarter of a century is a long time to look forward to, the common herd, after a little natural elation at the prospect of forthcoming abundance if they did not die of starvation in the meantime, seeing that the deer were as shy as ever, recovered their equanimity and things went on as before.

Long afterwards, when the seer had gone to rest where there is no awakening, one of the Moigh-nomes, going one morning to look at his snare-fence, found a pure white raven caught by one foot in the loop; and much surprised at this *lusus naturae* he carefully relieved the bird from its unpleasant situation, and took it home with him alive. The surprise of the others was as great as his own, and all sorts of wild speculations were made; but they all converged toward the probability that such an unheard of change of coat or plumage could only be a prognostic of evil.

But one old crone differed from the rest, and announced, very much to their relief, that now the black had become white the deer would follow suit and from wild become tame. The event proved her words true, for the next morning seventeen deer were found in the snares, the next day twenty-five, and so on, increasing day after day; until the Moigh-nomes were as happy as the day was long. Even the young ones lost their elongated appearance, and one after another assumed the proportions of re-elected aldermen. It was a "Jubilate corbeau" from morning till night.

But this happy state of affairs came to an end abruptly. A special body-guard of picked men had been appointed to watch over the transfigured bird of his Satanic Majesty, and one day they quarreled among themselves as to which and how many should sit up nights to guard his slumbers. The captain of the guard, it appears, had favorites, and these were allowed to sleep longer and oftener than the others. From words they came to blows; and a rascal among them, who had lived in clover so long that he never thought of the possibility of being hungry again, cut the matter short by shortening the poor bird by the length of its neck. His inability to believe he could ever be hungry again proved justifiable, for they killed *him* after breakfast. But this did not avert the coming evil. The deer became ten times more wild than they had ever been before. Venison shone by its absence at the subsequent feasts of the Moigh-nomes; for it was years and years before another deer was killed or caught in the snares. And ever since that the ghost of the White Crow is seen in haunted places, and whoever sees it dies speechless on the spot, — so that for all practical purposes it is never seen at all.

These fence-snares or snare-fences are made of twigs running in a straight line in and out among the brush, with the twigs cunningly superposed one on the other and interlaced artistically to look as natural as possible, strong posts on which the bark has been left form at intervals narrow gateways, with a loop-snare hanging between to within two feet or more from the ground. On each side of these openings a single stick is thrown as if carelessly with each end resting upon twigs branching off like forks; and as the deer advances mincingly toward the fence he sees this opening, takes a light jump over the stick, which acts as an obstacle for that purpose, and lands right in the snare where he remains, unable to liberate himself until the Indians come. These fences are six feet in height or thereabouts; those constructed on

the same principle for rabbits or other small game are quite low.

Lest it be supposed that Tony was proficient in ghostly lore only, I deem it incumbent upon me as an impartial chronicler, as well as in justice to the Redwood's manifold talents and acquirements, to state that he was also well versed in political ethics. One of the most cheering sights to a well-wisher to the Indians in general and to Tony in particular, was to see him seated behind a newspaper in an office chair, with one leg crossed over the other, his lips slightly puckered and his brow full of wrinkles, extracting wisdom and wit out of a San Francisco daily. Tony was, moreover, very religious. He had read the old Testament from Genesis to Malachi, and he believed every word in it but one thing. That man stopping the sun in its course to make daylight last a while longer and enable him to kill a few more of his kind was, he said, perfectly reasonable; there was nothing very wonderful about *that*, for Poke-wip moved it with his finger from one point of the compass to the other. But when it came to Daniel in the lion's den, why, that was a different thing, especially if the lions were at all hungry. *He* knew too much about animals for that; he would not adventure himself that way even with tame cats. I tried to explain to him that faith removes mountains; but he answered impatiently that faith would not turn lions into lambs in reality — and I gave the matter up, for Tony was very stubborn.

He believed honestly in all his monstrous creations, but he utterly rejected as ridiculous the idea that spirits come back under certain conditions to rap on tables and make chairs stand on one leg. "If they have nothing else to do," he said, "they had better stop where they come from."

In my frequent visits to the reservation to interview and interrogate rheum-eyed octogenarians, I always took Tony as an interpreter, while I stood by, pencil in

hand, to note down their fast-fading recollections. As the Redwood transposed the melodiously floating, sad sounding, original rhythm into the vernacular, I felt as if I were standing upon the debateable land between this world and the next, peering into long, legendary vistas, interesting and weird beyond description. Tony himself first inveigled me into these encounters with the innumerable "*apterae*" on an Indian reservation; for, he said, the only way to acquire knowledge on Indian subjects that may be relied upon now-a-days is to go to the fountain-head — that is, old decrepit Indians who know nothing but the language of their dead fathers, who live in their memories of the past, and who repeat mumblingly to their old age the tales and legends of their childhood. "For," continued the Redwood, "if you go among those who have lived eight or nine years among these 'mean white fish,' they will tell you things without head or tail, or rather the tail will be one thing and the head another; some *poit-ka-ya* story with a Daniel in the lion's den attached, that no one can either believe or understand; and that is the way that the story came about that California Indians have no sense.

Tony had puzzled me more than once by this often repeated expression, "mean white fish." At last I discovered that he meant a species of the human family from the noble old State of Missouri, commonly known as *Pikes*!

A certain passage from a well known traveler and writer had either enlightened or contaminated Tony; for one day after I discovered what sort of "fish" he referred to, he picked up a book and read me the following information, which he appeared to relish very much: "Another phenomenon I have observed among California half-breeds, which, when mentioned to others, they have seldom failed to corroborate: and that is, the females generally predominate. Often I have seen whole families

of half-breed girls, but never one composed entirely of boys, and seldom one wherein they were most numerous. Probably the phenomenon can be accounted for on the same principle which explains the fact that these lean old ramrods from Pike, of the genus 'emigrantes,' species 're-migrantes,' who have not enough energy to establish a house and home, are generally blessed with families of daughters."

And as Tony laid down the book again upon my centre-table he looked at me proudly with, "*Mine* are all *boys*."

"But then, Tony," said I, smilingly, you are neither a half-breed nor a Pike."

This observation appeared to sadden Tony a little, as if detracting from his praise and glory; but as he thought again that *his* were all *boys* his face recovered its pleased expression. For Tony had a very nice little family of his own, whom he brought up with the love, not fear, of the Mi-ke-lah before their eyes; and we should not wonder if one day some of those identical little boys brought forth golden fruit from the good seed sown in their little hearts by their honest, kind-hearted father.

In my youthful days the Leather Stocking tales were the manna of my reading appetite. God alone knows how many beautiful dreams I had of the wonderful American forests after reading Chateaubriand's *Atala* and the above mentioned tales; I did nothing but pick ripe strawberries among the grass and wild flowers in the woods with every once in a while a Fenimore Indian gorgeously arrayed in wampum and gaily colored feathers passing athwart my vision. Or if I wandered in spirit among the savannas of the South, I culled the white magnolia flowers for the dusky little daughters of the Natchez with the *Ulianas* and wild grapevine full of luscious fruit twining lovingly above our heads. And God alone knows how quickly the dreams vanished into empty air as I stood upon the deck of the "Old England" going up the Mississippi, between

the Balize and New Orleans, peering with eager eyes into the woods upon each bank for the strawberries, the magnolias, the noble, feather-decorated red men and their little daughters; and how horrified I was as all at once, between two huge trees hung with long white moss, my eyes fell upon a cow! Cows had never appeared in my dreams, and this one, red and white speckled, took all the romance of America out of my heart, and it never came back. The only glimpse of my youthful visions I ever had again — and it was infinitesimal — was on the Summit Ridge on a yellow October day, with Tony at my side and California scenery all around. But, alas! Tony had no feathers; only a worn-out blue coat with brass buttons with the eagles up side down, and no little daughter.

But among the gray ashes of the vanished illusions that made my boyhood so happy, I discover here and there the sparkle of a few grains of truth. Disappointed as I was in Cooper's noble red men, my experience tells me that they have many noble men among them, — one of whom was Tony, the Redwood. The wampum and feather coronet were missing, but under the ragged old coat and the dirty woollen shirt beat a kind, true heart.

One day, speaking about the sensibility of his people and their capacity to feel mental and bodily suffering as well as the whites, he proceeded to tell me how when an Indian mother on the reservation was lamenting the loss of her only child and would not be consoled, a certain white lady present turned to another and with great astonishment she said she wondered how the woman could carry on that way; how *could* she feel so much for that insignificant little bundle of humanity? *She* always thought they were like little dogs and that the Indians especially the squaws, had no sense!

"Now," said Tony indignantly, "which of the two, the Indian woman or the white lady had the most sense?"

In fact of all the different kinds of people among whom I have lived, the Indians of Northern California carry the memory of their dead the longest, and I had almost written, feel their loss the most. I have often thought as the wails of the women came to me in the night, casting a chill and a shudder, something like a sense of indefinable dread over me, for the sounds are exceedingly mournful,—that the life of these people was a constant *Giorno dei Morti*. I have seen old women, bent with age, rocking their bodies to and fro with grief in some dry, grass-covered ditch, moaning as if their hearts were breaking, and upon inquiry have been told that they were mourning for a husband or children dead perhaps for years, the thought of whom had struck sharply upon them while going about their occupation. Ah! they are mourners indeed, these children of the mountains—mourners for their people, mourners for their lost homes, mourners for their fast dying race!

But from amid the moans of Rachel sorrowing for her dead children the whisper of hope beyond the grave has always been present. For underneath the drift-wood of their dim traditions and wild fables handed from father to son from time immemorial, around the camp-fires at night, with addition here, subtraction there, and darkness all around, I have always found among all the tribes that grand conception of a divine Being who created all and who in the hereafter will reward the good and punish the bad. Everywhere my footsteps have wandered on the Klamath and on the Trinity, along the banks of the Eel Rivers, from the Golden Gate to the Oregon line, I have encountered the mean, tricky cur-wolf Coyote under whose ribs lurks who but the universal devil of the human family; and everywhere, too, the man-maker, who lives among the stars and loves his red children.

From one end of California to the other, but especially in these northern wilds, so full

of mystic lore, rises the dome-like, lowly roof of the sweat-house, the temple in which the deity is adored and the children are taught, always constructed if possible with the sacred wood, the chemisal pine. For a long time I supposed that this pine sapling was used only for its natural properties, being straight, slender and lithe, with bark easily peeled off, but I was told by their teachers, or priests, (for they are nothing less,) that its use is consecrated by religious custom and some mystical belief connected with it. These sweat-houses are nothing but circular holes, some three or four feet in depth, over which a roof has been constructed; but even in this peculiarity I found a meaning. Without exception these Indians are Adventists awaiting a Messiah. If the winter storms are more severe than ordinary; if the rain lasts longer, or the wind is stronger than usual, the hoped for being who is to redeem them is coming from the east upon the warring elements. The houses and other structures of the white people, rising far above the ground, are about to disappear in the storm with their occupants, while the Indians, in the sweat-houses below the surface of the earth will be collected together by the Redeemer, and the world will come to an end. If the rays of the sun in the long summer droughts are "stronger than ever felt before," and the parched earth gapes and looks up to the sky for the relief which is not forthcoming, the son of God, the Pok-e-wip of the Yukas approaches, always from the east, to take his children to the Father upon the clouds of smoke arising from the coming universal conflagration. Since I have been among them I have been told by older officers that they have always seen the same great excitement at the approach and duration of some natural convulsion, the phenomena of which it was useless to explain to these simple-minded children. The explanation is accepted when the occurrence is over, but never before. When it is coming or while it lasts,

it is the steed upon which the great Being is riding; when it has passed and nature smiles anew, it was only a storm!

These sweat-houses antedate their tradition of the flood, for I came upon a legend from which it would appear that the deluge was sent upon the earth in consequence of a sacrilege that occurred in one located on the banks of one of the Eel Rivers—the precise spot of which I have stood upon, with feelings like Mark Twain's at the tomb of Adam. I saw nothing singular in the place or in its surroundings; but to the Indians it is uncanny, for there is a mysterious woman in the case far more important than the White Lady. I had several glimpses of her story, and fancied I recognized the lineaments of mother Eve therein. Through an entanglement of confused legend, an elusive shadow, which I was unable to make out beyond the fact that she always exercises baleful influence upon the Indian race, appears. Among the E-da-mas she is the daughter of Coyote. In the Yuka legend of Coyote caught upon the earth in his bodily form in a great fire, singed, burning with thirst, and drinking Clear Lake dry, she precedes the accursed, throwing up cairns of stone for him to stand upon and escape the flames about to overtake him; but the cairn rises like a monument upon her as a pedestal and she sinks away from sight. Among the Noh-tin-oahs in the Hoopa Valley, the Sa-ag-its of the Trinity and the Pe-nom-o-nis of the Klamath, I traced her vanishing form, but she eluded my grasp and again disappeared. She is always the transitory yet never wanting cause, with Coyote the accursed, of the ills of mankind!

In the sweat-house upon the Eel River, the flood was brought about through her instrumentality. In the ante-diluvial days a custom existed (and I was told by the Indians that it still existed among the tribes or parts of tribes not on government reservations) of making the children—males only, I believe, among some of them—go down

and stay in these sweat-houses while their fathers and grown brothers went out hunting or on other expeditions. During long expeditions some rest and sustenance seem to have been allowed the children; but ordinarily as soon as the expedition started, they were laid down upon the ground in the sweat-house “spoon fashion,” and did not move from that position until it returned. Two old men meanwhile sat inside on each side of the entrance to watch over them and instruct them in the traditions and religious rites of the tribe. They strove to impress upon the minds of the children the portentous fact that if any one of them moved ever so little intentionally the father or brothers of the wrong doer would be then and there devoured by wild beasts, bears especially.

It so chanced that in those days upon the Eel River the entire tribe started upon a great expedition, which would keep them away the greater part of a moon; and in this instance the strict rule was so far relaxed that the children were permitted to eat at certain hours in the night food handed to them by some one outside, and to alter the position of their bodies at times by turning from one side to the other, or going out for a moment one at a time. And it so chanced also that our mysterious woman was present, acting as a guardian at the door of the sweat-house; for it seems that the expedition was so important that all the old men but one had taken part in it.

As the food was passed in, she received it, but instead of giving it to the children she ate it all herself, giving a very small portion to the old man, her companion—as a bribe, I suppose, to keep him quiet; and finally as if begrudging even that she got him away altogether. But as she slept on her post one night, the children by this time half-starved, ran out of the sweat-house every one of them, gathered berries, acorns, and everything they could eat in and about the rancheria, and their hunger appeased

for a time, returned to their places. They did this several times before she discovered the state of affairs in her religious colony. Then she began digging with a stick in the earthen floor of the sweat-house, to make it so deep below the surface that the children, not able to get out, would necessarily remain at their post while she slept on hers.

As she did this the ground became moist, then wet with water oozing out of it, and the children were compelled to rise. Very soon a bubbling spring made its appearance in their midst. The water jet became stronger and stronger, until the whole sweat-house was full. But it did not stop there: the spring became a river, the river a lake, the lake a sea, and everything perished therein but the little children and the woman. The little innocents became birds, and *she* burns up somewhere else.

Many and various are their speculations as to the probable fate of our planet; but they all come under three distinct heads.

The Con-cows are not quite positive as to which way the world will come to an end; if the rain is constant and heavy, they think that the flood is coming back, but as long as Un-koi-to's rainbow arches the heavens they have no fear. If the wind comes in a tornado, strewing the giant pines like broken reeds in its path, Hikatch-to, the wizard of the north, has broken his bounds upon the Yu-dic-na Yum-tsa and is about to turn it upside down. If the summer heats are fiercer than usual and fall day after day with added strength upon the parched earth, the story of Pe-uch-ano passes from mouth to mouth, each more excited than the other for the great "Sahn" is coming once more, and Un-koi-to, the Savior, is coming with it.

Among the E-da-mas unusual heat is the precursor of the great fire brought about though the wiles of Cun-mauk-wissle.

If in the winter months the rain comes down in never ceasing torrents with a thick veil of nimbus from zenith to horizon, en-

veloping nature for awhile in almost insupportable gloom, the great cold that surrounded Poke-e-wip when his father Eas left him alone upon the mountain top before the sun was made, is coming once more and for the last time, the limbs in the trees overhead covered with pendant icicles dissolving in the rain and then freezing again, are already becoming brittle and crackling in the death-dealing cold, and the trembling, shivering Yuka prepares to meet his fast-approaching fate.

If an earthquake wave undulates under the valley crust, and the huts and shanties on the reservation move to and fro for an instant in a slight oscillatory motion, the gigantic mole imprisoned in the entrails of the earth is moving again and the living Pomos are about to be entombed with the dead before being gathered together at the feet of Mi-ke-lah—for the eternal bliss comes only through life-destroying suffering.

But the expiring throes of nature in deadly anguish, these final convulsions of whatever kind in which the earth will dissolve forever, never come alone, for with them is the mystic being coming from the east who is to redeem mankind, and out of the perishable bodies gather the immortal spirits to carry them to a greater, omnipotent Being who lives in the He-pe-ning-ko, the blue land of the stars.

I came, sometime since, upon the following description of this hedonic heaven from the pen of a distinguished authority on the Northern California Indians:—

"They hold that in some far, sunny island of the Pacific, an island of fadeless verdure, of cool and shining trees, looped with tropic vines, of bubbling fountains, of flowery and fragrant savannas, rimmed with lilac shadows, where the purple and wine-stained waves shiver in a spume of gold across the reefs, shot through and through by the level sunbeams of the morning—they will dwell forever in an atmosphere like that around the Castle of Indolence; for the deer and

antelope will joyously come and offer themselves for food, and the red-fleshed salmon will affectionately rub their sides against them, and softly wriggle into their reluctant hands ; while beves of the most ravishingly fat and beautiful maidens will ever attend upon them, and minister to their pleasure."

Under the touch of that master-hand this fair island rose like a vision before me, but

above the cool and shining trees and the bubbling fountains, the fragrant savannas rimmed with lilac shadows, the purple and wine-stained waves shivering in a spume of gold across the reefs, I saw in the lore of these Indians a grand, majestic form, of calm and benign aspect, with wide-extended arms to gather his children around him and give them rest at last.

A. G. Tassin.

OLD FANCIES.

[PARAPHRASED FROM THE JAPANESE.¹]

I.

WHEN I questioned anxiously
What fair news of spring might be,
 Flitting through the golden hours,
 Came the courier of the flowers —
Butterfly, the wandering herald,
Brought sweet tidings back to me.

II.

O, Wind of the Spring-tide, pray list my appealing,
Descend from the mountain the sweet odors stealing ;
Though their radiant tints are all hidden in mist,
Yet bring me the breath of the flowers you have kissed.

III.

An all-night moon hangs silvering
The clear September skies,
The white dews sprinkling leaf and blade,
Transmuted gems arise ;
While I in self-sought vigil gaze
With still unsated eyes.

IV.

Lured to the fragrant garden-close
By sweet Uguisu's liquid note,
From speechless flowers of white and rose
Soft, beckoning voices seemed to float ;
So nightingale and blossom fair
Made music there !

¹The ancient, classical poetry of Japan has a certain exquisite prettiness of its own, but contains few "thoughts that breathe."

"WASURÉGUSA."¹

[AN IMITATION OF THE JAPANESE.]

LONG since on winter's silent heart
 The white snow of the plum-flowers fell,
 And still their love, the nightingale,
 Steals softly through the summer dell.

She should have vanished when her flowers
 Fell scattered by the breath of spring,
 And yet the dusky cedar-groves,
 With her sweet notes are blossoming.

O loiterer of the liquid note,
 Whose fragrant loves forgotten lie,
 Hast found the flower of mystery,
 That bids all pain of parting die?

Gold-hued as risen sun of June
 That lures its blossoms up to light,
 Or purple as the mountain mists,
 Dim red as sinking sun at night—

I care not which fair tint it bears,
 Named in the legend quaint and hoar,
 I only crave like thee to sing,
 Tranced by its touch forevermore.

Who tastes the magic lily leaves,
 His grief sinks into dreamless rest,
 The heart whose strokes were agony
 Makes music in a tranquil breast.

Quick raptures kindle into flame,
 The soul burns with immortal light,
 Eyes dimmed with age or fallen tears,
 Grow clear with sudden dower of sight.

Ah! joy sleeps with the plum-tree's flower,
 Grief wakes by day and weeps by night,
 The herb of sweet forgetfulness
 Eludes my longing touch and sight.

O fateful flower of poet's dream,
 Where have thy blossoms hid so long?
 When leap thy fragrant lips apart,
 Sweet with the summer of the heart,
 Life shall be blended bloom and song!

¹ "Wasurégusa," the herb of forgetfulness, with its fabled power of dispelling sad memories, is to the Japanese poet what the river Lethe is to the Western minstrel.

AN OLD CALIFORNIAN'S PIONEER STORY.—II.

Not having any particular objective point so long as we got into the mines, we concluded to go up on the Cosumnes and see Major McKinstry, who was known personally to my friends George B. and Edward Hyatt of New York, sons of Captain Hyatt of Hudson (who ran a North River steamer for years in early days). The Major had a ranch on the Cosumnes; and when we arrived, as was the custom in those days everybody was heartily welcome. He advised that we remain at his place and prospect on the river anywhere. "There is gold everywhere," he said. True, no one had ever tried the bar in front of his place, but he knew gold was everywhere.

So the next morning bright and early four of us took down our tools and a rocker, and went to work briskly digging and throwing aside the cobbles. After washing ten pans of dirt we had to examine our rocker and see what luck. It looked very small to us who expected to see something more than very fine scales of gold. As it was low down on the river, we could not not expect else; but at the time we were ignorant of that fact. We worked everything from the top sand down, and at the expiration of the day found that we had only about twenty dollars worth of dust in all for the four of us; and considering that that would not pay we concluded to bundle up the next morning and hunt some better place.

So we left the genial Major and proceeded farther up the river, perhaps ten miles or so, where we found about three hundred men encamped all around the hills, and all seemed busy, so we pitched our tent and staked our horses for the night; and the next morning went down to the bar and marked off our four claims of fifteen feet square

each. That was all the ground each man was allowed at that time, by common consent of the miners all through the country. Having everything in readiness, after breakfast we took down our tools, and buckets to pack the dirt in to the rocker, and set to work with a will. The result of our day's toil was satisfactory, although I do not now recollect the amount realized. We worked from day to day, and had a general purse, as all partners did in those days. The gold was put into a buckskin pouch after weighing every evening.

After we had worked about a week, one morning before we went down to the bar, which was behind the hill where we were encamped, the companion that I took in San Francisco, who had enjoyed all privileges in common with all of us from our first adventures at Sutterville on, complained of being ill and did not eat any breakfast. This we thought was from over-exertion, and we told him to stay in camp to look after things, and get our dinner ready by the time we came up. But after we got to work everything seemed to go wrong—the rocker would not work right, our prospects did not look as well, and finally one of the boys said, "I guess I'll go up to the camp, and you come up whenever you are ready." In about fifteen minutes down he came again post haste saying, "Ed S—— has gone and I can't find any track of him. Our best horse is gone too, and the purse [which we left under our pillow with over one thousand dollars in it] and several other things."

We went for camp with a bound, and found to our dismay that everything pointed to a premeditated robbery. So one of the boys saddled up a horse and put out on the hill, up over the road and down toward Sac-

ramento, supposing he would head that way; but getting there he found no traces, and returned that night. The next morning it was noised all over camp, and the indignation of all the miners was aroused. Many put out in different directions to find the escaped thief and ingrate, while my friend set out again on a fresh horse, this time towards Coloma on the American River, which was then the prominent mining camp of the country.

About five miles from Placerville he saw on the road, coming towards him on our horse, the fugitive. He took him in charge easily, as he was of a determined character, and Ed S—— knew it. The first thing he did was to take away his prisoner's pistol; then getting the help of some parties on the road, he had him tied in his saddle; and leading along the horse by tying the riata to the pommel of his own saddle, rode back toward camp with the prisoner—at the same time telling every man he met to mark him, so they would know him if he ever got into their vicinity. Farther on, others from the camp fell in with them, and about sundown the party arrived. Immediately everyone knew of it, and it was understood that next morning he must be tried. That night we put him in the blankets between us, and while one kept watch we slept, changing watch every two hours till morning.

When he was questioned as to what he had done with the money, — for we found he had only a little gold dust about him, — he said he had been to Hangtown (now called Placerville) and had gambled it all off. A watch that had been missing we found under his pillow running. He denied that he had had it; but as a watch does not run forty-eight hours or more without winding the evidence was against him.

That day was a general holiday all through and around the camp for three or four miles; for the miners had been informed of the trial and they all came, expecting before night to see a man hanged—that was the

penalty all through the mines in those days for stealing; and that is why every one was so careless with his gold, no one thinking of putting it in any other place than in his blankets or under his pillow, and going to work with perfect safety leaving it there. By nine o'clock there were probably seven or eight hundred miners on the ground.

They chose the oldest man then in the mines for a judge. I remember his looks well; he was eighty years of age, hale, robust, and said he had never been really sick a day in his life, had never taken any medicine, but if he felt not altogether right in his stomach would take about a half teaspoonful of very fine gravel on the same principle that a chicken does, I suppose; at all events, he said it was his only medicine. This old gentleman was selected to act as judge, as every one wanted to see fair play, and they thought cool judgment would be better exercised by an old man than by a young one. So under the wide spreading branches of an old oak the tribunal was held, and the decision was to be accepted by all present as final and without demurring.

All being ready the prisoner was brought up and questioned as to whether he stole the money, horse, and other things, or not. He admitted his guilt in every particular. His reasons were then asked: had he been in any way treated by any of us otherwise than as an equal in all things? He acknowledged that he had enjoyed all the privileges and shared equally in all benefits accrued since he had been with us, although we had contributed all the original funds to start with. He could give no reason whatever for his conduct. It was deemed unnecessary to question us as to anything, since he himself had admitted all. So the old gentleman, with his long white locks flowing in the breeze, addressed him about to this effect:

“Young man, you know the penalty for stealing in this country, and should we let

you escape, the chances are that you would repeat the offense. Now I know the sentiments of every man present ; but I am an old man and can sympathize with one so young when thinking of his life being blotted out in such a disgraceful manner. Now I don't propose myself to pass sentence upon you, but I shall place that matter in the hands of those you have robbed, and whatever they say, that shall be your fate, be it for good or evil."

'So turning to us then, he said, "Your word decides the question." My partners turned towards me and said they left it solely with me ; they did not want him hanged ; and I turning to the old judge, said "Give him a reprimand and send him out of the camp." That was all.

This rather angered the crowd, who had expected a hanging that day, and had all quit work for the purpose. One man by the name of Seaman, waited until the old judge had given some pretty strong advice, telling the culprit how fortunate he was to escape with his life ; and then pointing to the road leading up and over the hill said, "Do you see that road?" No reply being given Seaman drew his revolver and said, "Why don't you answer, — you? If you don't answer questions put to you, I'll blow you to the Devil anyhow." A faint "yes," and then the judge said, "Well, do you immediately leave, and don't look back even, or your life may yet pay the penalty"—for the miners were growing very angry, in sympathy with Seaman, who added, "I'll follow you, and see that you don't look back, or I'll blow a hole through your head." And he did go, and followed up to the top of the hill to see that there was no looking back. Thus ended this affair for the time being ; but of Ed S—— more anon.

We all went to work again, and after working out our ground, not finding anything to keep us here longer, we left to begin a gypsy-like life, at home wherever night overtook us, sometimes we would

camp one night only in a place, sometimes we would be stationary for a week. After about a month, we concluded to go down to Sacramento to get a new supply of things ; and as it would cost about twenty-five cents a pound to freight them up to the mountains we thought it best to take our animals, buy a wagon, and bring up our own supplies. On our way, we stopped at our old wall tent at Sutterville to look after what we had left stored there. To our dismay, we found the remains of our trunks and their contents scattered all around the place, and a few Indians close by scrupulously waiting for the owners to come and give them some of the remnants. At first we supposed it was some of their work, but soon found out the true state of affairs. Our renegade partner whom we had saved from hanging, had come directly hither ; finding the place occupied by another brother of the Hyatts, who had meanwhile returned from a trading expedition up the Sacramento he represented to him that he was ill and compelled to leave us, and was hospitably entertained at the old place for a few days, until Mr. James Hyatt was leaving again ; he then pretended to go, but returned as soon as the coast was clear, selected from our possessions what he wanted at his leisure, and then deliberately destroyed the rest, and scattered it in the tules. This ingratitude almost made us determine that for all future time we would never try to do a kind act for any stranger.

We stripped the tent and took it away with us to the mountains. This time we went up to Hangtown, where we found about four thousand to five thousand miners. The whole basin at the foot of the hill was alive with men, and we soon got our claims. The ground paid everywhere although in some places better than in others. Not only the creek, but every foot of ground contained gold, in good paying quantities. We very soon dug directly under a log cabin, but the owners never objected. All

the ground was used for mining, whether occupied with tents or cabins, so long as it paid, and if the owner had not claimed for mining purposes the ground that they lived upon, any one else could; yet there was no quarreling over it.

At noon in this basin the miners would wash out their gold from their rockers, and after washing it down in their pans would leave it there to dry while they went to their dinners, and no one ever disturbed it; for they all knew the penalty, death, and no hope of escape, if caught stealing. So every one felt safe in leaving his treasure wherever he chose, whether exposed in the pan to the sun's rays or in their tents. Those were the days when theft was almost unknown.

After we had remained here long enough to work out our ground, we became restless; and if we did not succeed in making at least an ounce a day apiece, we thought we must move on and try to find a better place. Even though some days we would realize as much as two and even three ounces, yet one day's miss of an ounce and we thought it had given out. We moved across the ridge to old Weber Creek — where I remember, we were confronted by a sign: "Flour only \$100 per Sack" — of one hundred pounds. Pretty much all the flour used was self-rising or mixed with yeast powders, at that time, so as to need no other preparation, than mixing up with water and it was all ready for baking. The sacks were all saved; most of them were used by the miners for patching their pantaloons, and it was no uncommon thing to see them bearing the words "Self Rising" on their west ends.

Here on Weber Creek were thousands of men at work along the banks of the creek working as far into the stream as they could and baling out the water; and it was here that a company of us some ten in number, started in to dam the stream and turn the water through a race to get at the rich de-

posits in the bed — but before we got through most of us did "damn it," for we got nothing but our labor for our pains.

Leaving here, two of us went to Sacramento again, where we met a darkey, who had come out from New York with George Hyatt; and he wished us to go immediately with him up to Placer County. He said he had found a place where the gold could be taken out in large pieces; he had blazed the trees on the way out and could find the place again. We started with him at once, and came out at what is now called Todd's Valley. Todd was then building his log cabin there for a store and tavern. From here we went up on the divide, and wandering about the woods at last found the blazes on the trees, which finally led us into what is still known by the euphonious name of Shirt-tail Cañon. We camped here over night, and in the morning set to prospecting, with good results, proving the truth of our guide. We hastened back to the city, and when we returned we found a few other parties there at work. We could make four to six ounces a day, and many made as high as one thousand dollars a day with their pans. Claims were here as elsewhere fifteen feet square. Water came in rapidly as we went down. This drove us away, and we returned for a while up to El Dorado County.

This time we went high up, about fifteen miles from Johnson's ranch on the emigrant road, intending to cross the river and go over toward Coloma after prospecting. But after we had crossed some very heavy cañons and had come to the river, we found it impossible to ford it there. About noon one of our party fell into the river. After getting out, he spread his wet clothes on the rocks to dry; and when he went to get them, what was his astonishment to find shining in a crevice some particles of bright gold. We were not long in breaking open the rock, and found that the crevice contained about sixty dollars, which we extracted with

a knife and washed out in a pan. We concluded to camp there; so going up on the hill and staking our animals to good feed, we tried the bar. It was a small one, but we had to use crowbars, and a hammer, a knife and pan — scarcely any dirt to wash; but we could get out from three to five pounds of gold in a day. Every two or three days I would saddle up and go down the old emigrant trail, (then traversed daily by hundreds of emigrants from the States,) and wending my way to Johnson's ranch would deposit with him for safe keeping our gold. He wished to find out where I got it, so when I started back he would send some one to track me. I always started in the evening and camped on the road, somewhere where I found emigrants already camped; so that if followed I could manage before morning to slip away without being discovered by my shadow.

After I had done this a few times, and had several thousand dollars in Johnson's keeping, he became resolute to find out our whereabouts. So finally he sent a lot of Indians, thirty-two in number, to track us up. This they did the next day by following up the river and watching for some slight discoloration of the water, such as would be produced by washing the dirt. It so happened that upon going up this time we had taken with us a Portuguese whom we wanted to do our cooking and packing; and as he was a good shot also, for game. About noon, while we were at the lower end of the bar, I heard Joe sing out, "Look out — there comes the Indians!" And sure enough they were approaching us from below, on both sides of the river. They had no intent of harm, desiring only to find us and our whereabouts; but Portuguese Joe, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The shot went whizzing by my head, aimed at the nearest Indian; but at the same instant I motioned to him to plump into the river, which he lost no time in doing. The rest got away as fast as they came. I ex-

postulated with Joe for his imprudence, but he thought he knew what was right. I told him they would return and kill us all. He said, "No, — Indian come no more." I told him we should have to look out now for they would be on us sure before we knew it; and where we were it was impossible to get out except in one way; and that way these Indians knew as well as we did.

Sure enough, not two hours later the Indians made their appearance, and this time where they had the advantage, on the bluff above our heads. Our chance of getting away by the pass we had entered by was cut off, and we stood a poor showing of escaping their vengeance. Showers of arrows came down thick and fast; but by keeping close up under the hill we managed to evade them, as they overshot all the time.

We were now in a dilemma. We could not cross the river where we were, for it was a narrow channel between the sides of the gorge, and the current ran very strong. As to any one coming to our aid, that was not to be thought of, for we were miles ahead of where any prospecting had been done at that time, and there was no possibility of any one finding us.

We kept close up under the bluff all that afternoon but were kept in anxiety by the continuous rolling down of rock and stone upon us from above; and when we tried to escape these the arrows would be brought into play. Night came on, but we knew the darkness would not help us, for our only mode of egress was guarded by the Indians. One of our boys tried to clamber around at another place to get out and make known our situation, but failed to do so. The next morning, however, a little reconnoitering showed us one point where by throwing a lasso up into a tree above, there might be a chance; but it would not do to try in the day time. So waiting until the dusk set in, my companion went to work to make his exit. The place was about a quarter of a mile above on the river, and just where a projec-

tion of the wall of rock came down to the river, cutting off all further communication up the stream at that point. While he made the attempt we moved about on the bar to attract attention that way in case the Indians should be on the watch. This time he succeeded, got out safely, and communicated with a body of men, who came to our relief the next day — making indiscriminate war, at the same time, upon every Indian they met. This was the beginning of the El Dorado Indian war, in which Major McKinney and a portion of his command were killed, — an incident in the history of that county that very few have ever known, — the cause of all, Portuguese Joe's foolish and unprovoked shot. Many lost their lives by that Indian war.

We had escaped the Indians ; but our secret diggings were overrun with men in twenty-four hours, and our time was up. Within two days after we left, one man found in a crevice on the bar we had left a single piece of pure gold weighing nine pounds. Upon getting out we found our horses were gone — probably taken by the Indians at the first. We left all our tools and baggage on the bar, and never returned for them. We went down to Johnson's and got from him our money that I had deposited with him. He explained that in sending up the Indians it was with no other intention than that of discovering our whereabouts, so as to reap some of the benefits, and that but for the indiscretion of our man, the Portuguese, no harm whatever would have come of their visit, as they were entirely peaceable unless molested.

We soon got away from this part of the country, which was now in a state of great disturbance ; and we were fairly launched on a regular nomadic life of unrest, wishing to be constantly on the move, ready for adventure and chance.

The men in the mines of those early days were not the stereotyped miners of the present day. They were in nearly every

instance young men, full of fire and ambition, most of them gentlemen, intelligent, well-educated, and well-bred, men who had means at home but had come out here from a spirit of adventure, intending only to remain a year or two, then go home and enjoy the competency that every one believed he was sure to obtain. But the adage "Easy got, easy go," was verified in almost every instance ; and here is just where all the old Californians and their families got their prodigal habits — taking no thought for the future, living up to and beyond their incomes however large ; a habit that has become so engrafted upon even the present generation that it cannot be uprooted, no matter how great the pressure of the times. Why, even at this late day, I know men who will spend fifty dollars to have a good time at night at the opera or a banquet, and its accompaniments, and borrow fifty cents to get their breakfast the next morning.

Now as the mines promised such immense and speedy fortunes, almost all went to them in their endeavors to acquire sudden riches. Some with only pick, pan and spoon, or knife, met with fabulous success ; while many others were doomed to as great disappointments. Rockers sold at fifty dollars to one hundred dollars each. Men made from two ounces to twenty a day, and frequently picked up pieces of from five dollars to five hundred dollars each ; and I am personally acquainted with one man, a Mr. Strain (still living) who picked up a piece of pure gold that was worth ten thousand dollars. This find was made at Knapp's ranch, near Columbia in Tuolumne County. A Frenchman who was on the point of starving at the time, found another in Tree Pine Gulch, near the same town, that weighed five thousand dollars. His prosperity was too much for the temperament of the Frank, and he immediately became insane, and never recovered. He died in the asylum at Stockton. The gold was given

to the French consul for the benefit of his relations in France. It is estimated on good authority that this Columbia basin, within a space of not over three miles square, has produced in all within twenty-five years the enormous sum of one hundred million dollars or about one-thirteenth of the product of the whole State. The largest piece of gold extracted in the State was taken from Calaveras County; it weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds troy, or about thirty-nine thousand dollars.

After leaving El Dorado County we returned to San Francisco to take a look at the city and see who that we knew had come out from the East. This trip afforded us real pleasure. After it our party broke up. One of my old New York chums continued with me, but his brother went elsewhere.

We two this time went up the Feather River towards Bidwell's Bar. Now in those days it was often desirable to have more than two to work together advantageously, so it was customary upon finding any congenial spirit to take him in as partner without further ceremony — all hands often sleeping between the same blankets, all putting them together, or splicing as it was called. Not infrequently we would thus work together for a week, sometimes a month, and yet never know each other's names further than Joe, or Dick, or Bill — always the Christian names; and these were the ones generally used throughout the camp, with everybody.

Upon our arrival at Bidwell's we concluded it was not what we wanted; it was overcrowded: and as two young men wished us to join them and go up the river to Oregon Gulch, we went there, and found only two families of Oregonians, who had put up good log cabins for the winter coming. We soon found them good, pleasant people, who were rather pleased to have some company besides Indians. One of these families was named Kline; the name of the other I forget. Kline had a number of small children from two years old to about fourteen,

all bare-footed and bare-legged. One as young as five years dug in the sand and often brought in his one to five ounces of gold a day all in pieces like beans, while the father and mother had a streak of luck that was something wonderful, and had accumulated more gold than any one knew of — often as much as ten pounds in one day among them.

We were encouraged to put up a cabin here and became a part of the thin settlement. But our luck was of the worst sort: go where we would, dig where we might, not a dollar a day could we make. Kline told us to keep at it, we'd strike it some day, and then we would get paid for all; but after working hard for weeks, the two of our party that got us to go there left in disgust. To keep myself and my partner George there, the Oregon families offered to provision us and give us everything we needed to make us comfortable all winter; and should we not make anything, they would not require any pay. So we went at it again, and in a few days were rewarded by finding in one pan of dirt the sum of sixty dollars. This was our first lucky strike here, and we followed it up with good success for a few days and accumulated over one thousand dollars. Then George while playing with his mule received a kick that injured his spine, and had to be taken to San Francisco for treatment.

I was then left alone in my work; and when another straggler came in soon after I got him to join me. Soon he proposed going to Grass Valley and Nevada where he had come from; and we took our departure therefor. Upon coming to a place called Rough and Ready, we set to work and found good pay running into a side hill. My partner tunneled in, and we soon had a good purse; when one day a negro came by and bantered us to sell him the claim, offering us a good price. We accepted, and in a few hours were on our way for Shasta and Weaverville in Trinity County, places

of which we were hearing marvelous stories. Crossing over to the upper Sacramento Valley, we traveled along by way of Marysville, finding many others all along the roads pushing ahead for the same destination. Whenever we met parties coming from the opposite direction, it was customary to give a friendly greeting always, at the same time asking where from and which way bound; thus we frequently gained information of value as to where was the best place for us to go. The custom showed the universal good feeling. Upon coming into any camp in those days every one was heartily welcome, high as provisions were, you were not only invited to some one's table, such as it was, but he would not take no for an answer. Hospitality and generosity was almost a mania with the miners throughout the land.

Coming to Shasta and its tributary camps, we found that all was life, all doing well who would work — but there were many even then who tramped all over the country "looking for work and praying to God they might not find it." This class was composed chiefly of the men who would not push out for themselves and prospect for chances, but preferred to hire out to others, as they had always been used to at home. Many others (and I have to include myself as one among these) would after prospecting a number of pans of dirt and not finding more than ten cents to the pan, throw it away, pan after pan, saying "only ten cents!" These prospects, had I saved them all, would have amounted to hundreds of dollars; and what is more, had we stuck to those same places, we would have realized fortunes in time.

After working around Shasta with varied success till winter was about coming on, we put across the mountains for Weaverville. Here we found four or five thousand persons at work, not only in the gulches but on every flat, and up on the hillsides to the very top of the divide between Oregon

Gulch and Trinity River. The first thing we did was to cut down some pine trees that grew in abundance on the flats, and set to work building a good log cabin ready for the snow of winter, which we knew would soon be upon us. It was but a few days before it was all up; and after chinking up the cracks with mud and building a chimney at the back end large enough to roll in an eight foot log, we built a rousing fire which soon dried the cabin thoroughly and then improvising some furniture, such as tables, bunks, and stools, all made out of the same trees, we were grandly installed in our quarters for the winter, as I supposed.

The day after we got fixed we set to work on the flat alongside of our cabin, sinking a shaft. There were then only two of us, and the other man did the digging while I hoisted the dirt by a windlass. When we had got down to bedrock, a distance of about twenty feet in depth, and had prospected the dirt all around, we could only get the color of gold. So we drifted around for some twenty feet, hoping to do better. Then finally we struck into the bedrock some eighteen inches deeper, but found nothing. This was rather discouraging, and we abandoned the hole and tried other places, but with poor success, while everybody around us was taking out fortunes. My partner got tired and concluded to give it up; so turning over the cabin to me, he left, and I was alone. I then went a short distance below the town on the creek, and taking a good creek claim built a dam, put in a water wheel, and set to work in the bed of the stream, hiring men to work for me.

This paid me well; but one day a man came to me and said he wanted to buy me out, as he wished the ground at that point to erect a sawmill. We soon made a bargain, and I took my money intending to go to the bay again. But meantime a young man from New York came up and joined me; so I gave up the intended trip, and we found another place. Just then there came

to me one of the afterward prominent citizens of Weaverville, Mr. Is. Comstock, and asked me if I had given up that claim of mine on the flat, which I and my former partner had owned. I replied that we had; we could find nothing there, and had abandoned it. Mr. Comstock and his partner, a Mr. Martin, both lucky men, asked me if they could go in and try. I told them I was done with it, and they set to work. Digging through the stratum that I had taken for bedrock; after going down about fifteen inches, they struck through into a stratum of quartz pebbles and gravel six feet in thickness, and so rich in gold that in less than two months time thereafter, they extracted sixty thousand dollars therefrom.

Heavy snow now came on and we were soon compelled to quit work on the top of the ground; and to add to our discomfort we had to burn green pines to keep ourselves comfortable. Meanwhile provisions ran so short in the crowded camp that we soon found it was likely to be a case of starvation. First all the flour gave out in the stores; then all the beans; next we all took to eating barley, a large quantity of which was on hand for the horses and mules. The way we used it was to grind it in coffee mills; then we punched holes in tin pans and sifted out the very coarsest pieces of chaff or hulls; then made it up into cakes or loaves. It was very nutritious, but dry eating, and it took a quantity to fill up a hungry hole. As to coffee that had also given out long since, and as a substitute we roasted barley quite brown and ground it in the usual way, making barley coffee. But the time came when our stock of barley gave out; and it really looked as if we were all doomed to death by starvation. There was no getting out over the mountains, for soft snow lay on them from six to thirty feet deep; and that meant that no train could get in with provisions to us from the other side. That winter whole pack trains of seventy-five to one hundred mules each, all loaded with flour, perished in

the snow throughout the mountains everywhere. Here were women and children crying for something to eat. Men were out shooting crows to eat, for these birds were about in large numbers.

At last, when utter despair had about seized every one, news came that a pack train loaded with flour had succeeded in getting within about four miles of the place, up on the mountain. So a general resolve was made that every one that was able should start up and break a trail through the snow. The whole populace; the weak as well as the strong, started; and after a considerable difficulty succeeded. Each and every one had in view the main chance, which was to be on hand to secure at least one sack of flour, of fifty pounds each. The excitement on reaching the train was such as cannot be described. All the load was taken right then on the mountain, each one paying one dollar a pound for his purchase and packing it in on his own shoulders—and thankful to have the chance. Yet the packers made but little, they lost most of their animals in returning, from cold and starvation.

This relief bridged over the pressure for a few days; and then other packers got in, and kept open the trail, so that many could leave; while those who remained could get a limited supply of most necessities of life. Cattle were also driven in in numbers; but the fresh beef made most of those who ate it sick, after their long fasting and improper food.

After the cattle were brought in, the butcher, a man by the name of Anderson, who was held in the very highest esteem by all in the place, drove them out to a ranch about eight miles distant. On his return he was attacked by a band of Indians. His horse came galloping into town with blood on the saddle, and instantly it was understood. A large band of men started out, but could find nothing to indicate where anything had occurred for about six miles. Then they came to a blind built of brush in

the road, and here the snow told the tale. Close by in the ravine, was found the body of Mr. Anderson, mutilated most horribly, and subjected to shameful indignities. The body was brought back, and over the remains most solemn oaths were uttered that the murderers should be taken at all hazards. An expedition was organized to start immediately, and every man required to swear that no living thing bearing Indian blood should escape them, when found with those who committed the murder.

So under the guidance of a doctor, whose name I cannot now recollect, as commander, they started, all armed to the teeth: and well they kept their vows; for after tracking the Indians around through Trinity mountain, across rivers, and through a most desolate country, they at last after three days, came upon them at early break of day. No quarter was given. All alike were slaughtered, women and children as well as men. Among the killed was an Indian well known in Northern California as Little Foot from his stub feet; and another called Three-fingered Jack, both very dangerous Indians. On the way back the party met an Indian girl about fourteen years of age; and they also found a baby about ten months old in a log — probably placed there by its mother to hide it. Some of the party wanted to kill both these also; but one of them wished the girl as a captive to enter the town with, and another said he would carry the baby home as a trophy; so as the thirst for blood had been pretty well satiated, the two defenceless creatures were spared, and the expedition went on home. When they entered Weaverville with one hundred and forty-seven or one hundred and forty-nine scalps hanging to their girdles, you can well imagine the wild scene of excitement and joy at the extermination of this tribe. Indian scalps were nailed to many door posts in that town for quite a time.

The young girl was kept closely for about a week, when one night fires were seen

lighted on Trinity Mountain. That night the girl escaped and with her she took sharp knife. Again the place was thrown into a scene of excitement, until after a few days, strangely enough, the girl re-appeared of her own accord. She said she had been to the mountain and seen a tribe of Indians who wanted to make peace. No attention was paid to this, and she was kept until she at last did not wish to go away. The baby girl was taken by a Mrs. Harper, wife of the State senator for that county, and brought up by her.

While we were at Weaverville one day we were startled by the antics of a young man who jumped suddenly out of a hole, about eight feet in depth, he was digging in, and throwing his hands high in air shouted "I'm married, boys, I'm married!" When the others had made him stop shouting and explain, it appeared that he had left a girl behind him in the States, whom he was to marry just as soon as he had made a fortune and as he pointed over into the hole he showed a yellow crust of gold at the bottom about ten or twelve inches in length by four or five inches wide. He thought it would be all he wanted; but it proved to be the merest film, almost as thin as gold leaf, lying upon a flat rock.

The incidents that occurred while I remained at this place were so many that to relate them all would fill a volume of itself for it was decidedly what might be termed a lively town from the beginning. I saw it all burned to the ground at midday while there but it was rebuilt while yet the ashes were hot. The sheriff of the county, Dickson, while taking forcible possession of a hotel and saloon one morning, shot and killed the woman who kept it; and many other exciting things took place to keep my memory ajog for years after.

Crossing the ridge and passing down Oregon Cañon I and two friends came to Trinity River just where Cañon Creek makes a junction. Up this we went and found only

two parties encamped for a distance of some six miles. They had made considerable money, and the gold was all large; so we kept on up farther until near the forks. Here we fell in with a Kentuckian by the name of Frakes, a somewhat eccentric genius, although as honest as the day is long. He would not communicate anything of his affairs to any mortal. No one could tell what he was doing. He was ever on the alert, and always kept his rifle by his side, go where he might. At first he was rather shy of us all, but finding that we intended to remain anyhow he became more sociable after a few days. We only stayed a short time, however, and then removed our tent down to the river, and finding a high bar some thirty feet in depth above the river, we concluded to settle here for that year. So we built us a cabin—as usual when we thought of remaining for a few months—and got lumber and built a large wheel with buckets on it, to raise the water up out of the river, and run it in troughs on to the top of the bar. In order to prevent the freshets of winter from washing it away, we built it on a huge floating raft, sending down to San Francisco for hawsers to attach to the shore on both sides of the river and keep it from floating off, so that it would rise and fall with the water, high or low. After spending all summer at this, and about twelve thousand dollars, we set our sluices one afternoon and threw in some dirt for about three hours. Upon examination we found we had about two ounces of dust, worth say thirty-two dollars. This showed us the value of our claim, and also our investment for the time. That night the rain set in. It rained all next day and night; and about daybreak of the following morning the river was a roaring torrent. There came a crash, with such a roaring and booming sound that we got up and looked through the mist, and found that a huge dam about a mile above us, called the Arkansas dam, had broken. It had kept back water above it

for a mile, and the many logs and trees brought down by the freshet had broken it, and down the river came the whole structure upon our raft, which was soon flying down the current, the wheel paddling around like mad, while splinters of logs and large rocks on the shore were all rolling down together as the wave struck them.

Here were all our hopes and our little fortune swept from us in a moment of time. This so disheartened us that all hands said "Quit. Give it up"; and some of them said we must go back to Weaverville, get some whisky, and return when we felt better. I wanted no whisky in mine, but as they all wanted to go, I went along. We then made up our minds to undertake to cross to the Klamath River although it was in the dead of winter as far as snow was concerned on the mountains. Returning to the bar to make our preparations, what was our surprise to find that during our absence of a few days our cabin had been entered and every available article taken—blankets, kettles, pans, and everything. We found it had been done by some roving Indians who had coyoted under the house and got in that way. This finishing touch to our misfortunes confirmed our intention to abandon the place for good—although we were satisfied that if we stuck to it a fortune awaited us; as was proved the following season by our successors, who erected a saw mill at the mouth of Cañon Creek, about a mile above us, sawed out lumber, and built a flume to convey the water to the bar, when they set to work and took out over one hundred thousand dollars as I am credibly informed. This work I think was done by a Judge Sturtevant, who was previously an owner in the Arkansas dam, whose giving way was the chief cause of our break-up.

We got together some provisions, and with three jacks packed with our worldly possessions, started for the Klamath River. This was considered by every one that

heard of it a foolhardy undertaking; no one believed it possible to reach there; for the snow then lay on the Coast Range from twenty to sixty feet in depth. We did have a very rough trip. Often we had to stop and cut pine tree brush and batter it down with a maul to prevent ourselves and jacks from caving through the deep snow and being buried; for the warm sun in the middle of the day would so soften it that we could not travel until late in the afternoon. Then a reverse order of procedure was necessary, for we were not infrequently obliged to use an axe then to indent the frozen and slippery snow on declivities, to prevent going headlong down the side of the hills. In many places on our road the snow was drifted up to the very tops of some of the pines. Our poor jacks had a hard time, being compelled to browse on anything they could munch — bark of trees, and leaf buds in embryo, with a few handfuls of flour mixed up for them when we prepared our meals. We got across safely however. It shows what man will go through in the pursuit of a golden phantom.

We brought up near what was termed Best's Bar, on the Klamath, much to the wonder of the residents, most of whom were in a state of starvation, for supplies had given out and no chance of getting them in to that isolated position. Fortunately for us we had been obliged the last day before getting in, to drop a part of our load on the mountain and bury it in the snow, our jacks being too weak to pack it all farther, otherwise we would have been compelled to part with most of it to those we had come among. Self preservation is the first law of nature, and we were not slow in realizing it after our experience at Weaverville so recently. Yet so pressing were the wants of many of the miners that they had taken old ox hides that had been dried the summer before, and after scraping off the hair, by boiling process prepared the hide for food. Such were some of the many privations endured by the pio-

neers of this wonderful land of California.

After getting down upon the river and reconnoitering a little, we concluded the best thing for us to do was to make our camp at least a mile from the settlement, in order that we might have a better chance of making our provisions last, and be more to ourselves; we would have just as good a chance for mining as if clustered all together. We cut down some trees and made side walls for our tent, which we fastened on top, filled the floor inside with fine pine brush for a bed, and when in our blankets at night slept as soundly as a prince in his palace. Not a week passed however, before two of our party concluded it was too tough, besides the chance of starvation before the winter was over. So they said they would take their chances of getting back as we came, if they might have one of the jacks and just enough provisions to last them across the mountains. Although sorry to have them leave us, still we consented. We spent a day cooking up some bacon and bread and beans, accompanied them up the hill to where our treasure — our flour — had been buried in the snow, and saw them fairly started. The weather was very propitious. We took back our flour with us and carefully put it away where no chance comer could see it.

When the weather permitted, we worked around principally under the roots of large sugar pine trees, which grew on the hill-sides, where hardly any one else would think of going. But I soon found that we could get two to five dollars to every pan of dirt we got out, and this thing continued from day to day as long as we remained — about seventy-five to one hundred dollars a day.

One rainy day while lying in the tent, I saw upon the opposite side of the river, on a bench above, where there was a bright green spot, two large grizzly bears, and in our need of fresh meat, and our ambition to kill a bear, we took our rifles, crossed the log over the river close by, and approached

the ascent of the bluff, one going one way and the other another to get a better chance. It so happened that I got up first; meanwhile one of the bears had gone to meet my companion and treed him. After waiting over an hour, I became impatient; and looking out a good small tree—one high enough, yet too slender for a large bear to climb—I got up into it, took aim, and fired. There was immediately a young earthquake at large, and the brute disappeared. Some ten minutes later, my companion came up; I got down and we both took the tracks. After following them some distance, we were crossing a log that had fallen across a ravine and broken in the centre, when directly under us we heard a deep growl. We did not wait upon the order of going, but went at once as fast as our legs could carry us through snow and over the ground. I never stopped until I had reached the tree I had left, and it did not take an hour to get into it again. Here I remained, occasionally yelling to my partner who was up another one, while we were both almost frozen. Finally, as no bear made his appearance, we got down and cautiously reconnoitered. Under the log we found our grizzly, dead as a stone—wedged in underneath, where in his madness he had rushed, so tightly that we could not dislodge his body until his head was cut from it. The shot had taken effect directly through the ear, entering the brain. This I consider a chance shot—although I was a pretty fair marksman. We had all the meat we wanted now, and were able to give away to the starving camp seven or eight hundred pounds besides; for the brute was an enormous one. Others afterward killed some five or six more bears on the same ground.

That winter many of the men in that part of the country were taken care of by the Indians in that section, who had laid by something like fifty or sixty tons of dried salmon, and let the miners have it to keep them live. Yet troubles occurred between them,

and the old Chief Uclippah declared war upon them. He notified those to whom he felt friendly that they might leave in time; and he offered to pay me six ounces of gold dust, about one hundred dollars, for my rifle. I refused, for I knew he was one of the best of shots; he could hit a twenty-five cent piece every time at eighty yards. My partner would not leave with me so I started alone and afoot with my blankets and two days' provisions, and my accumulation of gold. The winter had about broken up, and I thought I could make better time afoot than on horseback; and there was no time to lose. As I went on over the heavy divides of the Coast Range I told every one I met that in a few days the Indians would kill every white man they found. About twelve miles from camp I sold my rifle to a man for one ounce. I was fleet of foot and hurried on from day break till dark, so I fetched up at Humboldt Bay in two days—distance ninety miles. The Klamath War, which now broke out, lasted I believe over two years. I heard afterwards that my partner, who would not come with me, was killed very soon afterwards.

It was on this journey that I passed through a forest of large redwoods, a section of one measured over twenty-five feet in diameter. This section, some eighteen inches in thickness, was designed to be sent to the World's Fair then being held in London; but it was too cumbersome to be taken aboard by any vessel at Humboldt. When I returned to San Francisco and told them of these wonders of the forest, every one laughed at me and said, "O, that's a California yarn,—we've heard too many of them." Not one would believe me until they afterwards had ocular proofs from other parts of the State.

After enjoying myself for a while in San Francisco, I began to think of my original resolve upon leaving my New York home, to return in two years. But there were two impediments: I had not accumulated enough

money to satisfy me; and I had become so fond of a wandering, adventurous life of excitement, that no inducement could make me give it up. And this feeling, I believe, possessed most of the men of that time; they came out with the same purpose in view; but all seemed fascinated with the country and their chances of accumulating wealth by remaining; so time passed on, and with it all desire to go back.

I again started for Sacramento then the rendezvous for every one before going to the interior. Here I met a young midshipman of the navy on the steamer at the wharf, and we conceived a mutual liking. He wished to leave the service, and returning to his ship at Benicia, gave in his resignation. He got his discharge readily, as he was kinsman of an influential governor of a Southern State. He then came up again, joined me, and we went up to the mines. Our friendship lasted only about six months, when his hot blood, in a moment of passion, was near causing my death. I at once sold my interest in the claim, and left the place; and though, his passion once over, he sought my friendship again, I would have nothing further to do with him. He felt this keenly, and left the mines to rejoin the navy. He was a brilliant fellow, a poet and student, and fascinating in person, manner, and conversation. Years after, some little time after the close of the war, one day while I was standing in a doorway on Montgomery Street, a heavily whiskered, keen-eyed young man stepped up to me and called me by my Christian name. "Do you not recollect me?" he said. I said, "No."

"All right," he replied. "I think you do not want to. Did you ever know a young man that was in the navy?"

I answered, "Yes, quite a number"; upon which he laughed with a sarcastic chuckle, that brought up to me who he was — none other than my companion in the mines years before. He had changed so much in appearance, from the smooth-faced

boy to the bearded man, that he was scarcely to be recognized. He asked me to drink, and gave me a bit of his history since last we saw each other. He had been in the Confederate Navy, engaged particularly in annoying the California steamers. One of these was taken at that time, and the passengers complimented very highly one of the officers of the Confederates for his extreme courtesy. He was none other than the renowned Colonel Ed Lowe, of Alabama and Florida fame — and here I give his own statement for it. He has now come up to San Francisco from Mexico. I took a curious dislike to the man, — unaccountable, unless because of the drinking habits he had fallen into. After a short time, I believe he went up to Vallejo, and there ended his existence.

I now wandered off again through Placer County, and surveyed some of my old stamping ground, bringing up at Yankee Jim's, a town that had sprung up near Shirt-tail Cañon and was like a bee-hive alive with men. The cañon was filled also, and miners were making money rapidly. Among others who worked there in early times was Doctor William Blankman, still living in San Francisco. He has made as high as sixteen hundred dollars in one day — so I am assured by himself. I now made it a point to go alone in my journeyings, as one could get a partner in every camp for the asking. I floated about till, again coming into El Dorado County I dropped down at Diamond Springs, then a very flourishing town, containing some three or four thousand inhabitants. Sometimes the teams there would string along a mile in length. The mines were excellent and paying well. Here I fell in with Doctor G. Adams, who for eighteen years has been in the coiners' department in the mint at San Francisco; Thomas Church, also of San Francisco, kept a large store there, with one Mr. Scott. Their store was built of bricks, the clay of which was full of gold.

One day there came along a young man

with flowing curly locks, and put up at my boarding place. He tried to induce me to go with him about three and a half miles, back of Mud Springs, and look at some claims that were very rich. I told him I was satisfied where I was, and as I had a partner would consult him first. My partner's name was Tom Manning, and he lived in a cabin on the road to Mud Springs, right on our claim. We concluded to go down with the young man and look at the ground. But this did not seem to suit him, and he put us off for the next day. Meantime, in the evening, he again proposed that he and I should get up early and go down together, and if the ground suited me he would sell it for two hundred and fifty dollars, as he wished to leave immediately. But on the very next morning, as we passed the cabin, he stopped and told Tom he must come along as soon as he got his breakfast; that I would stop at the hotel at Mud Springs and wait for him and would not go with the man to prospect till he came, I did not tell the stranger of this arrangement till I got to the hotel; his anxiety was then such that my suspicions were aroused that all was not right, I left my money in charge of the hotel keeper; when Manning arrived we were piloted over the hills into a secluded ravine and requested to prospect. After we had got a sack of dirt, the stranger shouldered it and asked me to accompany him to the water with my man to wash it out, while Tom was to try some other places. But we did not accept his suggestion, and all went off together. The trial resulted in nothing. We were disgusted and went back thinking we would better have been at work that day. Our stranger proved afterward to be none other than the celebrated murderer, Mickey Free, who when some years later convicted of murder, confessed to having killed no less than seven men; he said at the same time that I was the first man he selected for a victim, but that he was foiled by Manning's presence. Sundays the town was filled so that one

could scarcely move — three or four thousand men in the saloons and street.

I again went down on the Cosumnes River, about eight miles from here, and set to work. Here my old companion and dear friend, George B. Hyatt, was brought up from the bay, dying from the effects of the injury he had received at Oregon Gulch. I did all possible for him, but after a few weeks he died; and there on the point of a knoll in Ladies' Valley we buried him, while the mountains all around us were lurid with flame and smoke from a forest fire. Here then was my first real sorrow; for at home in New York we were as twin brothers, besides our intimacy in California. I stayed there long enough to put up a good memorial; then leaving the Cosumnes, we went over into Amador County and settled down on Sutter Creek about a mile above the town.

Here it was that I first took any interest in quartz mining. I remember well a one-armed man, a Doctor Southwell, who was superintendent of the mine — a genial gentleman to those he knew well, who took some pains to give information when asked. It was here also that one of San Francisco's most prominent men was then located — at that time quite poor, but possessed of the most indomitable energy. This was Alvinza Hayward. He worked under the greatest difficulties, deep in debt, and credit at a very low ebb. Almost all those interested in the mine gave it up; but Mr. Hayward had such faith that he underwent many privations to stick to it; and was in the end handsomely rewarded, and realized his millions out of the mine before he sold it. He thereafter pinned his faith to mining enterprises, and particularly to that county, where to this day he is realizing a magnificent income from the Plymouth.

While I was here, the famous bandit, Joaquin Murietta, with his band entered the town of Lower Rancheria, about four miles from Sutter, and after killing some and rob-

bing others, the outlaws, who had been the terror of the country everywhere, left the place. News was soon brought to Sutterville, and an armed set of citizens went to pursue the bandits, and also to bring in all Mexicans living within a radius of about sixteen miles, and find out if they were in any way implicated. This expedition brought in several parties, among others one young man who was tried by the citizens; and although his mother was there and protested strongly that he was not among the crew, yet the blood on his clothing at the house, and other circumstantial evidence condemned him. He was given his breakfast the next morning by the proprietor of the hotel (State Senator Crandall), and afterwards was taken to the flat at the foot of the hill going towards Drytown and hanged by the crowd in very short order. The indignation of the whole county was so aroused that it was unsafe for any Mexican to be found in it. Even the Indians hunted them to kill at sight, and many perished in this way.

We moved camp about this vicinity from place to place: sometimes at Volcano, then at Jackson, then again at Upper Rancheria, and all around the county. While at Rancheria a young man whose name I forget attended a ball at Volcano and was murdered without provocation by a man named Cottle. The murderer was arrested, tried and condemned. He afterwards broke jail at Jackson and escaped, eluding detection for some time, and was afterwards found mining in El Dorado County, brought back, and when hung by George Durham, the sheriff before a crowd of five thousand people, cursed them all as he dropped. His cranium now adorns the medical cabinet of Doctor Washington Ayers of San Francisco (then practicing at Volcano), thus verifying his belief in the resurrection of the body. Jackson was always a political nest, and had its champions who were always running a tilt—the late United States Senator James C. Farley on the Democratic side and Judge Briggs on

the Whig and Republican side. After a time I went away over to the vicinity of the Cape Claim on Feather River, where they had turned the stream and were taking out gold by the bucket full. This claim was then owned by John C. Fall, a merchant of Marysville, a very thrifty and prosperous man. Going from here again up to Downieville, I found a large house, something like the Swiss cottage and pointed Gothic or combined, just at the forks or bend of the river above town—an imposing structure for the times and place. This, I found, belonged to the Reis brothers—Chris, Julius, and Gus Reis, who owned the now famous Downieville Buttes quartz claim, some ten miles farther up the river. These gentlemen afterwards sold out, came to San Francisco, entered into the banking business in Brannan's building on Montgomery Street, then purchased the Rasette Hotel ground and built the Cosmopolitan Hotel there. They are all prominent men still living in the city of their adoption, and among only a few of many I can point out who made their money in the first place in the mines—most of them doing their own cooking and washing at the same time. I have seen many a one take his axe and chip off the side of a tree several large chips to use for dishes, and when the meal was over throw them on the fire by way of dish-washing. There are those, too, who used the same plates over and over without washing at all, until you had to dig through grease to touch the original clay underneath; and now some of the same men will curse a black streak if they cannot get a finger bowl at a country hotel.

It has often been remarked by strangers that Californians somehow have a knack of succeeding where others fail. Let me here explain how this comes about. The early comers reasoned in this wise: "I am possessed of as good ordinary intelligence as that man; and if he can do such and such a thing, why can't I." So without confin-

hemselves to any particular specialty of business, to which they may have been brought up, they adapted themselves to any situation, and put all their wits and energy into a trial, even if they should fail. While people in most other parts of the States, having been brought up in any particular line, will only follow that and no other; merchant or mechanic, failing to obtain a proper livelihood at his own calling, at once gives up in despair. But the Californian will in turn be a contractor, merchant, broker, carpenter, blacksmith, farmer, agent or laborer, suiting himself to circumstances till he can make circumstances suited to him. The freaks of mere fortune, however, in this State, have been something so marvelous. Intellect and good management in many cases have had nothing to do with success, for I can point out those among our millionaires who can scarcely write their names and are obliged to spell almost every syllable before understanding a document.

In the early fifties services of the higher order were liberally paid for. C. K. Garrison was in 1853 president of the Nicaragua Steamship Company at a salary of sixty thousand dollars per annum, and at the same time was the managing agent of an insurance company at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. He was afterward mayor of the city of San Francisco and received on his retirement a handsome service of solid gold plate.

Ten years had now rolled by, and a change began to take place. Steamship lines were established, passengers were pouring in, and permanency was being brought about in every department of commerce, agriculture, and mining. Permanent homes were supplanting the canvas-lined and tapered frames. About this time the Stevenson House was built. This building was then considered the pride of the city, as far as its exterior was concerned, and was kept always freshly painted a pure white. It

was leased as soon as finished by Adolph Sutro and lady, and kept on the European plan. I was among the first residents of the house; and little did any one dream then that the proprietor of the Sutro House (as it was called) would in a few years be the owner of millions, and classed not only as one of the solid men of the country, but as a philanthropist—one of those wise ones who during his life-time personally administers the benefactions that are to be his living monument to after generations.

It was not until 1859 that stock operations were entered into; and then the cry of Washoe was in every mouth, and everybody invested in any piece of paper that represented shares (or rather, feet, at that time). The Gould and Curry and the Ophir were the principal stocks of that day. First, Gould, shortly after his discovery, sold out his interest for two thousand five hundred dollars; while Curry sold or rather gave away his, for a second-hand pair of grey blankets and a bottle of whisky. Some four years later the mine was worth \$7,600,000. It was superintended by Mr. Strong, former partner of Mr. J. J. LeCount, the stationer in San Francisco; and his salary was twelve thousand dollars per annum, with a house and fine horses to drive. The Ophir Company made a trade to a Mexican of one hundred feet of their ground for a small stream of water. Four years later, the one hundred feet was worth a million and a half of dollars. A telegraph operator in San Francisco who understood the ciphers borrowed some little money and invested, and from one speculation to another accumulated within two years over six hundred thousand dollars, and that made J. W. Brown happy. John W. Mackay worked underground himself; and long after he was worth his millions upon millions still went down daily to look after things. There are others who are now kings who in these times dealt out the beverages over the counter. Many were the stock companies that were organ-

ized, and the shares of stock presented to friends; and these gifts were in most cases the ruin of the recipients, for scarcely were the certificates printed before assessments were levied—and after paying five or six, the holders would drop out and all their coin with them.

Another new gold excitement broke out, this time in Washington Territory, (that part of it now in Idaho); and my restless and roving spirit was kindled anew. Although it was winter, and communication on the Columbia was not yet open, I started up to Portland and took the first chance after the breaking up of the ice. The steamers then plying the Columbia were exceedingly small, having accommodation for not over thirty passengers and a little freight; but the rush of people was so great that they carried from one hundred to one hundred and fifty passengers on every trip. The fare provided by the company at that time was the worst that could be placed before human beings. Hard bread and chunks of fat salt pork boiled, tea or coffee that might be taken for boiled willow leaves and roots, the same served up as we could catch it and only twice a day. The passengers were cramped up on the tops of boxes and bales, and not a foot of space to move about in. Then when we came to any rapids all hands got off and went ashore to take hold of a long hawser and help to tow or pull the boat around some point, while she steamed for all she was worth. After going up the river for two days and changing boats at the Cascades for the Upper Columbia, we were coolly told by the steward that we could not have any supper that evening—there was no chance to cook; but we could have some hard bread and water. The consequence was a mutiny right there. All were hungry and desperate. A consultation was held at which five men were appointed to wait on the captain and find out what was to be done. It so happened that I was one of the number. We went up to the pilot house

to find him, and were told he was not there; the pilot added that if we came up there again he would blow our heads off.

This word was soon communicated to all parts of the boat. Then a committee of the whole was held and we were deputed to go back and say that unless our demands were at once complied with we would take the boat, and would not be responsible for consequences. I was made spokesman the next time. When the pilot saw me, he warned me off with a threatening gesture; but I knew the crowd had covered him with the revolvers and delivered my message. It had the desired effect. The cooks set to work and kept at it till midnight. Better yet, the crowd, finding the officers' meeting table all set in their room with not only the substantials but also the luxuries of life, insisted that their committee should walk in and take possession. We were not slow in doing so, leaving the captain and all his assistants to go without their supper until their rest had been attended to.

It is needless to say that thereafter we got our three meals a day; and although matters went on rather sullenly, we got to our destination at the junction of Snake and Clearwater Rivers without further trouble.

Our party soon moved ahead. On the Camas Prairie we found thousands of herds of cattle, or their skeletons, standing but upright, frozen stiff in the snow, where they had perished. We crossed the Blue Mountain through snow ten to twelve feet deep on a level. We had to pack traps and provisions on our shoulders, as no animals could travel over the trails. We met parties of Indians on the way none of whom were friendly, although occasionally some of them would venture to come and talk with us either to trade or barter for a horse. On one occasion we came to a large stream whose only crossing consisted of a large tree, felled across the stream—evidently the work of some party that had preceded us. Here we were opposed by a large band of Indians.

who demanded toll for the crossing. We refused and put ourselves on the defensive. The Indians attacked us, and as they had the advantage of higher ground on the opposite bank, we were kept at bay for some time; but our arms were better, and we finally drove them away and passed on—although they made it hot for those who came after us.

We reached Florence and found it in embryo—only three or four shake houses, balloons at that, into which every one crowded for shelter. Shakes were worth about ten cents each, or one hundred dollars a thousand; but in a week's time there were fifty houses up, and town lots booming. This was a lively place, filled with the lowest scum of the coast, the rendezvous of highwaymen and murderers; not a night but what some one was shot, sometimes five or six. There was a boy here only sixteen years old, whose father was a large merchant in Sacramento; and this youngster, although he had a good home and position, was always naturally bad. While here he headed a band of highwaymen who did not hesitate to murder in order to get their booty. Some of the gang were taken at the time and hanged on a tree at Camas Prairie; but the boy always managed to escape. He finally landed in San Quentin a few years later, for an attempted murder in Contra Costa County.

The gulches about Florence City were the richest I ever saw. Many a man made his thousands of pounds of gold a day continuously for weeks. It was here that I met among others George L. Thomas, a prominent politician in California for years past, who was then clerk of the City Hall commission. He is yet in the prime of life and as active as twenty years ago. I knew an instance of one man who went up with us, and had at a dollar when he got there, who went to work for another man at five dollars a day for a week; the owner of the claim was then taken sick, and proposed to this man

(whose name was J. B. Harmon, of Sweetland, Nevada County) to buy half of the claim for three thousand dollars. Harmon said, "How can I pay you for it?" The owner, a Mr. White, replied, "If you don't make it in thirty days, I'll give you all you make." Harmon agreed, worked on, and at the expiration of a month had paid for his half claim and had ten thousand dollars over. Two months thereafter they departed with more gold than the two could carry; and when they got to San Francisco I helped them put sixty thousand dollars into the mint for coinage. I have seen a level pan of gold cleaned up every night out of one claim in Baboon Gulch, by only two men's labor.

I have had very little to say in this record of the prominent men of the day, for their lives are already recorded in all histories of the State. I may perhaps, however, pause here to recall our principal railroad magnates, as I remember them in the early fifties. During these years, Charles R. Crocker kept a dry goods store in Sacramento, and lived very plainly and unpretentiously; while I can remember when Senator Stanford was keeping a trading post or small store about the vicinity of White Rock in El Dorado County, and his goods combined might almost have been put in a pack. I think his brother also was with him at that time. Little did any one then dream that the time would come when he would be the richest man on the coast, the head of a railroad that would span the Rockies and climb the steep slopes of the Sierras, and better than all, bear a name that must endure when cities and industrial works have crumbled to dust, for his many and bounteous unostentatious charities, and his crowning work, the founding of a college for the youth of the State with millions of dollars to insure its success, and all this during his own lifetime.

Many were the incidents and occurrences that took place there; but my object is only to give an idea of the incessant changes and

nomadic habits of the life of a pioneer, in a fascinating chase after gold. The constant whirl of excitement can be realized only by those who have tried it. Even though one pursues a phantom, and experiences many a failure and bitter disappointment, yet the charm never fails, the hope never gives out.

I have thus given a very brief and hurried description of the events that happened in the

life of a single man in the early flush times of California, the period of its settlement. There are only a few out of many that fill my memory. Year by year, month by month, week by week, those who know what it was to pass through that wonderful decade — many of whom could relate incidents far more startling than any I have told — are dropping away, and with them the contribution they might have made to history.

CHATA AND CHINITA.

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

XLIV.

A LEAGUE or less from the village of Las Parras there stood — and perhaps still stands — a small chapel, built — no one knows in fulfillment of what pious vow — at the entrance to a mountain pass of the roughest and most dangerous sort alike from the forces of nature and humanity. Likely enough some rich *hidalgo*, escaping from brigands, raised here the humble pile and vowed that the lamp should ever burn before the Virgin and her blessed Child. But through the long years of war, as a pious ranchera had said in holy horror, *el Niño santo* had remained in darkness. But some time after midnight one rainy night, a sudden flash of flame lighted up not only the dingy altar, but the whole of the small and mouldy interior, and a scene was revealed which a passing monk might have viewed with reverence, so nearly must it have copied one that might have been common enough when Joseph and Mary journeyed to Jerusalem, eighteen hundred years and more ago.

This thought indeed entered the mind of

a man, who riding through the drizzling rain, caught a glimpse of the unusual light through the unguarded doorway, and reining his horse gazed curiously in. At first the place seemed to him full of women and jaded beasts; then he saw there were but four of each, and that one of the human creatures was a man, — a priest. The women — good heavens, they were the *Señorita* Doña Isabel Garcia, and the girl whom he had once seen under circumstances as extraordinary, she whom he knew as the daughter of Ramirez, and the fosterchild of Don Rafael. Of the other woman he scarcely thought, yet he instinctively guessed she was Doña Carmen.

He looked round in bewilderment. Only that day some definite account of what had occurred at Tres Hermanos had reached him, told by a man who had been with the Administrador and his mother in their vain endeavors to trace the girl who had been so boldly spirited away. The search had been long delayed because of the illness of Doña Feliz; but once begun, had been prosecuted with untiring zeal. Not a village, scarce a hut throughout that region had been unvisited, yet all in vain. Ashley Ward had

heard the tale with deepest sympathy. O inconceivable obtuseness ! that it had not once occurred to him or to Gonzales that the girl of whom they had heard as sojourning with Doña Carmen, and whom he had believed to be Chinita, might prove to be her vanished playmate — simply because the remembrance of the guest of Doña Carmen had slipped from their minds when their knowledge of the movements of Chinita made her no longer an object of interest to them, simply because the means adopted by Ramirez for the security of Chata, could never have suggested themselves to minds less daring, less original than his own. Ashley Ward turned from the doorway dazed. The presence of these younger personages in such a place, at such a time, seemed unreal, bewildering, ominous.

Upon the heavy sand his horse had made so little noise that it had not roused the miserable travelers as they cowered wet and shivering around the sputtering fire, upon which the priest, with unhesitating hands, brewed some dry portion of a wooden railing and the broad cover of a sacred book of music — vain sacrifice ! for being of parchment, it but curled and blackened, yet would not burn, any more than would the bare stone floor upon which the welcome members lay.

A few paces back, Ward encountered the carriage he had accompanied hither. With bowed heads, endeavoring thus to shelter their faces from the mist, the General Gonzales and the servant Pedro rode, one on either side of the heavy traveling carriage. Just as Ward appeared they caught sight of the light. The coachman and his *soto*, half dead as they were from want of sleep, saw it too, and all the horses were stopped as though transfixed. The men began to mumble prayers, crossing themselves withunction. Gonzales following his habit of caution as well as the motion of Ward, rode softly forward to reconnoitre.

Before the occupants of the carriage had time to question the meaning of the stoppage, he had returned. His face was white with excitement as he dismounted, and opened the door of the vehicle.

"Señorita," he said in a voice that shook from suppressed emotion, "a wonderful thing has happened !"

Herlinda leaned eagerly forward. She caught the gleam of the light, and the grim outline of the chapel against the leaden sky. "Is my child — Leon, my uncle — here ?" she gasped.

"No, no ! that would not be so strange — we may perhaps at any moment encounter them. But your mother — your sister — they are in yonder church, — drenched, wretched, — travelers seemingly more anxious, more eager, than ourselves. From a word I heard they too seek — your child."

He spoke the two last words with evident difficulty and repugnance. Herlinda did not notice that. She scarce had heard more than the words, "Your mother — your sister." In trembling haste she descended from the carriage. Instinctively she clasped the arm of Ashley Ward to support her through the inequalities of the roadway ; and thus, followed by Gonzales and Pedro, who had dismounted, she sped with surprising fleetness to the open door of the chapel.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, those within sprang to their feet in terror. Even the brutes bustled together within the very rail of the altar, leaving free the space between the fire and the low arch beneath which the intruders stood. The women stood panting, their hands clasped upon their hearts, their lips parted, their eyes staring wildly. Doña Isabel was foremost. She first saw the vision of Herlinda supported by the arm of the American. She sank upon her knees ; her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth.

"Mother," said a voice, "I am no ghost. The convents have been opened. I am free.

Where is my daughter? You took her from me,—give her back to me. My child! my child!"

She advanced into the chapel with a gesture so earnest, so impassioned, that it seemed that of concentrated power and anguish combined.

Doña Isabel bowed her head upon her hand. Under the red light of the fire her form seemed to shrink and wither.

"Have mercy! O Herlinda, have mercy!" she moaned. "She is not here. I am seeking her, O with what grief, what anguish! Ah, my God, it is true, all, all that you can say to me!" She raised her eyes and they fell upon Gonzales. "I thought to save your honor and mine.—That there still might be love and joy for you, I gave the child to Feliz, to do with as she would. I did not think—I could not think—"

"Cruel, cruel mother!" cried Herlinda, "and false Feliz! Oh! what reproaches will be bitter enough, sharp enough to heap upon her! She promised me she would love my child, care for it, protect it—yes, even from you, unnatural mother that you were! Yet together you have degraded—perhaps brought about the ruin of my child! I have been shut in from all the world: and yet I am not the weak girl I was. No, the heart and brain of a woman grow, even in utter darkness. You had no right to thrust my child away. No, she was mine—come disgrace, come scorn, what would, she was mine. You tore her from me—give her back to me."

While this extraordinary scene took place, Chata, with indescribable emotion, recognized the pale, impulsive face of the nun of El Toro—as pale still, as worn, yet so strangely young, and lighted by the intense and resolute spirit of a wronged and noble woman.

"Yes, give me back my child," reiterated Herlinda. "Ah, mother, I read your heart, I know now better than I did then your motives for utterly ignoring, utterly denying my connection with the American.

Your brother killed him: it was to shelter him, Leon Vallé, as much as to hide what you believed my shame, that you tore my baby from me. There should be neither wonder nor question. Oh! a sister's love, a sister's sacrifice is beautiful, but where in all the world before has it been stronger, more prescient, than that of the mother for her child?"

Doña Isabel raised her hands above her head as though to ward off some crushing blow. Carmen rushed forward and caught her sister's hand. "Herlinda," she cried, "say no more. I am your sister—I am Carmen! Oh! I have always known there was a mystery—yet I have loved you, believed you true, believed you pure. You were almost a child—you knew not the evil!"

"I was not a child!" returned Herlinda proudly—yet she clasped her sister with a grateful joy. "For all my trusting love I would not have stooped to sin. I was married. Yes," she added defiantly, "though all the world deny it, I was married. God grant that I may one day stand before my husband's murderer—oh! with that word I will overwhelm him. What? he, the ravisher, the assassin, think to avenge my honor!"

Her form dilated as she spoke. Through the dim chapel her voice pealed with a ring of purity and truth, more clear than the tone of silver bells. There was a clamor of answering voices. Even the priest started forward—but Chata caught his flowing *sotana* and whispered him in broken accents:

"Oh! *por misericordia de Dios*, hide me. Let her not see me! Oh! this is too terrible, too terrible!" She shook with dread. "Madre Sanctisima, it will kill me if her eyes fall upon me! I am the daughter of the man she seeks. O Virgin del amparo, pity me!"

The burly person of the priest supported and sheltered the stricken and trembling girl. "Courage, courage," he whispered.

"Thou shalt plead for him. For thy sake she will forego the claims of justice — she will forgive!" He naturally attributed her emotion to apprehensions for her father's fate. "Yes, even I will plead with her."

But in the brief space of this interference there had been a movement at the door, and a strange voice was heard. Gonzales — who throughout had stood just back of Herlinda, chafing that he was not at her side, for he would have championed her before the world — disappeared for a moment, then returning, strode forward to the fire and raised Doña Isabel with a not unkindly though imperious hand.

"Señora," he said, "I have this moment heard news of Ramirez, brought by an escaped prisoner, one of your own men, Pepé Ortiz by name. As we suspected, he is on his way to, perhaps has entered, Los Parras. There is no time to be lost. With him — accusing him, for such was her mad purpose — we may find your daughter's child. Oh! would to God", he added with fervor, "I had known this horrible blight upon Herlinda's young life. I would have sheltered, I would have sustained her. I would have appealed to Rome."

Doña Isabel looked at him in a dazed way, slightly swaying as she stood. "Thou wert ever noble, ever true," she said dreamily. "Thou lov'dst her. But Leon? She spoke of Leon. Then it is true! He did indeed murder the American. But he is dead! He is dead."

Her mind seemed wandering. She stood looking about her with an awful smile. Gonzales saw that she did not connect the name of Ramirez with her brother. Illness, exertion, and the intense emotions of that hour, had made it impossible for her to receive any fresh impressions, or even to recall those that perhaps had once faintly suggested themselves and had faded. She was conscious of but one thought, one hope: "Her child, her child," she repeated again and

again. "O God, to find, to give back the child!"

She would have clasped the hand of Gonzales appealingly, but he had turned and led Herlinda from the place. Chata, gliding towards Doña Isabel, drew the arm of the suffering lady around her neck, and murmuring fond words, thus stood supporting her. And thus some moments later Ashley Ward found them. The young girl seemed in his eyes the very embodiment of Tenderness supporting Despair.

He took her hand. "O, Chata!", he said, "what a fearful error this has been! and Chinita, where shall we find her? Poor girl — poor girl — God grant she has not found that man; the horrible fascination he held over her might prove more fatal than her newly-sworn hatred. Come, come, let us hasten. It is at least certain that Ramirez is at this moment in Las Parras."

"Chinita?" cried Chata, her heart sickened. "What, is Chinita the child of Doña Herlinda? I love her, but oh! the Señorita Herlinda! No, no, it cannot be!"

Ashley smiled drearily. "The eagle is sometimes found in a dove's nest," he said. "Ah, with such a mother what a glorious woman that strange, defiant creature should have become! but what powers for good have been debased among those *leperos*!"

He stopped, remembering Doña Isabel, but she had moved away. She was already at the door. Gonzales, who was returning for her, led her silently to the carriage. The women who had been with Herlinda had dismounted and joined Chata and the priest, as they issued from the gloomy chapel. They looked confused and wretched; it was a comfort to them to hear the muttered benediction of the friar.

Chata mounted the sorry beast on which she had come, despite the remonstrance of Ashley. "No, no, I cannot bear her accusing gaze," she protested. "You, Don Guardo, know who I am. My place is at

Leon Vallé's side, not here — O God, would that it were not so!"

The rain had ceased. There was a streak of dawn in the sky. The road lay like a pale yellow serpent, which grew brighter as they followed its sinuous twinings among the hills. There was a slight accident, which detained the carriage; but Chata, accompanied by *Pepé*, who had recognized her with amazement, and who gave her a brief account of all that had happened in the life of *Chinita* since they had parted, hastened on as speedily as was possible to her jaded beast. Just at dawn she found herself entering the straggling town; and suddenly the mass of verdure beyond a broken wall, which they were skirting, and over which she was gazing with eyes as heavy as the dripping herbage, sparkled as with a thousand diamonds. The sun had risen; and facing it — his eyes so dazzled that the figures upon the roadway were to him like the scattered trees, mere black, shapeless masses — was the object of her dread, yet at that moment of her fondest anguish, bloody and travel-stained, with the marks of battle and flight upon him, the wreck of what she last had seen him.

Filial duty, womanly pity, supplied the place of that love which she could not conjure even then; and with a cry she drew rein at the prostrate gate, and to the amazement of *Pepé*, who knew nothing of the relations between them, she sprang to the ground and rushed to the embrace of the hunted man. Looking back she saw the others approaching, and sought to repel them by an entreating gesture. Her voice was heard in warning; but *Ramirez* heeded it no more than he did the sound of wheels and the tread of horses on the roadway. He had known of late such strange vicissitudes, such unaccountable experience had been so unforeseen often so disastrous, yet fleeting, that they had seemed the phantasmagoria of a frightful dream. These noises, these figures, were but the same. But this

girl in his arms, who called him father, she was real, flesh and blood, and thrilling with life. He clung to her with rapture; and as he would have done in a dream, he saw her there without surprise — only a vague bewilderment, a fear that she too would fade away. No. She clung to him with tears, as though seeking to protect him from some menaced danger.

Ah! he understood; this man who had reached them was the American who had accused him at the grave of him whom he had murdered. Great God! Had beings of this world and the other combined against him? There was *Pedro* or his ghost — there too was *Herlinda*! Yes, though it was years since he had seen her, and then only for a moment in her lover's arms, he knew her instantly.

He recoiled before her glance. His arms fell from *Chata*'s form. The released nun, who had not known that the young girl had been of their company, thrust her aside, then caught her hand and looked searchingly into her face. Her own face quivered as she looked. It grew whiter and whiter still, as *Chata* raised her eyes and returned the gaze.

"I saw you from the convent grate — at *El Toro*," said *Herlinda* breathlessly.

Carmen's face brightened like that of one who solves a joyful mystery.

"*Chata*," cried *Ashley*, who divined what must be in the mind of *Herlinda*. "Speak! Tell her you are not her daughter. Her suspense is terrible!"

But *Chata* could not utter a word. *Ramirez* broke into a laugh. He heard it with a shudder. He would not have laughed! why should he laugh? Then the shame of this poor *Herlinda* had been complete. She had a child — she had come to him hoping to find her. Even his sister *Doña Isabel* was crying woefully, "O *Leon*, *Leon*, is it thou? Art thou the *Ramirez* my poor *Chinita* loved? O, in pity give her back to me! I will forgive all — yes, even *Nor-*

berto's death—if thou wilt give Herlinda her child."

"You are all mad!" cried Ramirez, recalled to himself. "What know I of Herlinda's child, or even that she exists? I only know that this is mine,— " he laid his hand upon Chata, — " she of whom you thought to cheat me. Ah, had I known there was another infant to claim your secret love," he added mockingly, "I could have better disposed of my own!"

While he was saying this, Pedro in gruff and surly accents was reminding Ramirez of the girl who had stopped him upon the road years before, and had given him an amulet. Yes! he had heard her name: Chinita—that was the girl of whom Rafael had spoken, she who had been the founding of the gate-keeper. A vision of the unkempt, witch-like creature who had startled his horse, as she stood under that accursed mezquite tree, rose before him. Was that Herlinda's child?

She stood still with her hand upon Chata gazing upon her incredulously. He threw it off in sudden passion.

"Uncle Leon," she said humbly, hopelessly, "you killed my husband. Oh! I would forgive you, could you give me my child. Oh! when I saw her here—" she dropped her face into her hands and wept.

"Shame on you!" he cried. The sight of woman's tears irritated him; her assertion of her marriage made blacker still a deed whose silent, stealthy consummation had ever been a secret cause of shame. "What though I killed your lover, was it not to avenge the honor of the Garcias?"

"The honor of those you had disgraced!" she cried scornfully, "of her whose life you had crushed! No, your hand was ready for murder, your heart delighted in blood—and so you killed him, without a word of warning; and thus because in your vile, cruel heart you could believe no

woman pure, no man just, you brought desolation and ruin upon me."

Ramirez shrank before the indignant pathos of her voice. "Ah," she added, "All, all this I would forgive,— O God, have I not prayed to thee and thy saints for grace to forgive!—if I could but behold my child. They tell me she has followed you—one says because of the strange infatuation your mad career presents to her, another that she may avenge her wrongs, her father's murder. I warn you, beware, such a girl is not to be scorned."

"I know nothing of her," cried Ramirez vehemently. "Here is your mother— Pedro—they have known the girl; they should render you an account of her. As for me, there is a man here who upon the grave of him I killed, declared himself his avenger—it is to him I will answer."

Ashley Ward involuntarily drew his sword eager for the offered combat; but Pedro and Gonzales threw themselves between the two men. "This is neither the time nor place," exclaimed Gonzales; while Herlinda cried, "Do not touch him for your life, my mother! my mother!"

Doña Isabel had indeed thrown herself upon her knees before the priest, and frantically implored his interposition. As he raised her he was seen to speak; but no one heard his words, for shrill female voices in altercation added to the confusion of the moment, and every eye was turned in the direction whence they came.

"Let me go! let me go! I will hear no more! I will wait no longer! He will escape. Oh! it is not with such weak words I will speak."

Two female figures issued panting from the covert—it seemed that the elder woman had striven to hold the other back, but the younger had triumphed. Doña Isabel uttered a cry of infinite gratitude and joy. Chata caught and held the girl as she came. "Chinita, thank God," she cried, "You are here!"

Pedro in an ecstasy seized the robe of Herlinda. "There! there," he cried, "is your child! your beautiful child."

"Yes!" cried Chinita in mad excitement which only burning words would relieve. Not then could she pause for fond greetings or reverent tears—the sight of Ramirez seemed at once to fire yet absorb her wildest passions. She sprang towards him, as one may suppose the lion's whelp faces a tiger that in some fierce struggle has filled the air with the scent of blood. The very aroma arouses and maddens its kindred nature.

With an outburst of eloquence which like arrows tipped with venom seemed to sting and paralyze the object upon which they were directed, she assailed Ramirez with the story of his crimes. And separated from the picturesque and daring events that had accompanied and disguised them, told with vivid and dramatic eloquence and anger, they thrilled every listener with shuddering abhorrence and dismay. Blackest of all, she pictured the murder of Ashley. Ramirez himself seemed visibly to shrink and wither before her scathing words, while Herlinda pressed her hands over her ears, entreating her to cease. She could not endure the vivid rendition, for the girl unconsciously acted out, as she conceived, the scene of midnight murder.

From the moment of Chinita's appearance, Ramirez had seemed overwhelmed, as by the sight of some unearthly being; and while she spoke his eyes riveted themselves upon her, his jaw fell, his countenance took the hue of death. Suddenly the girl burst into wild sobs and tears. Her rage was spent. "Go, go!" she said—"you who have cursed my life, you who killed my father, you who condemned my mother to a convent, and me to a beggar's life—for was it strange they cast me out hoping I should die? and so I should have done but for Pedro—fiend, to pursue him with devilish tortures after so many years! Oh! that it

was which brought my hate upon you. Ah, I had loved you from a child—not with a woman's fancy, but as though it were the very soul that was born with me. Of you I thought, for you I prayed—was it not so, Chata? It was I who gave you the amulet they said would insure life and fortune. I planned and schemed to give you wealth and power! Ah, even when I knew the cursed wrong you had done me, I could not believe—I could not realize; that murdered man had been dead so long—he seemed of another world—another time—he seemed nothing to me. But the torture of Pedro! Ah, that was real—that was of thy life; it maddened me. Ah! Ah! Ah, it brought your downfall. You have wondered how your skill, your well laid plans, your valor, all have failed you. It was because of me! because of us!"

She turned and indicated her companion with a gesture of her hand. She saw then what had riveted the gaze of Ramirez, and rather than her words had held each witness dumb. Dolores, her face kindled into fictitious youth, her beautiful eyes gleaming with a flame that seemed to scathe, had drawn from her brows the kerchief she had worn. The act had revealed a wondrous mass of brown hair, with the russet tinge of the chestnut, gleaming in the sunlight with threads and spirals of gold. The two heads, that of Chinita and of the woman, seemed to have been modeled the one from the other, so exact was their form, and the texture and color and the peculiar growth of the marvelous wealth of curls that crowned them both.

Chinita drew back with dilated eyes, speechless with the overwhelming horror of conviction. Chata would have clasped her in her arms, but she drew herself away. In the woman whose wild laugh rang upon the air, Chata recognized the one who had thrown herself before the horse of Ramirez, and who had lain a bruised and shameful figure upon the convent steps at El Toro.

There was a moment of profound silence. Even the sultry air seemed waiting, as though for the thunderclap that follows the lightning flash.

"Ah, Leon Vallé! you know now who accuses you!" cried the woman. "O, is not this a sweet revenge, to curse you by the lips of your own child, the child you robbed me of? What! you thought that your child!" she pointed with ineffable contempt to Chata, who in the overwhelming excitement of the moment clung to the pallid and trembling Herlinda. "Bah! what is she to the beautiful being I bore you? into whose soul was infused the idolatrous love that had been wrested from my heart, the love that had been my ruin! Ah, such love dies hard! It lived again in her. Because of it I dared not claim her, though I knew her the moment my eyes fell upon her—yes, as you know her. In whom but in our child could be reproduced this wonderful wealth you used to call the siren's dower? In whom your own face, glorified, masked, by woman's softness? Ah, Doña Isabel and this Pedro were deceived; they thought it was the beauty of Herlinda that they saw. But I knew it to be yours. Ah, in all these weeks I have taught your child how to hate you; I have plucked out that root of love; I have made more real the fancied wrongs of which she has accused you—trifles! trifles! trifles all. The murder of a supposed father—the torture of an old man—the death of a base lover, yes, that Ruiz to whom from her birth you destined her—but I, I cry to you, give back my innocence! give back my ruined life! give back my father, who by your act was killed as surely as though your hand had struck the blow! give me the young years of my daughter's life, those she squandered a beggar at your gate! Ah, you cannot, you cannot; but I—I can avenge my wrongs and hers."

Quick as a flash she leveled a pistol. Quick as an answering flash, Chinita threw

herself before her and sprang to her father's breast.

A second shot, following so quickly on the first that they seemed as one, a cry of agony, a scream of madness, the cries of women, the hoarse voices of men, made the garden a pandemonium of hideous sounds. The madwoman, whose bullet had touched harmlessly its mark through the slender form of the girl, fled desperately. Ramirez, scarce conscious whether the blood which streamed over him was that of his daughter or his own, bore her through the throng that pressed him, wildly calling upon his child—alas, alas, his but for the brief span during which her warm, young blood should leap from the deadly puncture in her breast!

Herlinda, the first to regain self-control, tore into shreds some portion of her garments and strove to stanch the wound; but in vain. Chinita, with a smile, which succeeded her first wild cry and stare of horror, motioned her away. She pressed her fingers on the wound, raising her head from the arm of Ramirez to say, "I saved you, I saved you! just as I used to think I would do. Ah, I could not hate you—no, no! though I tried. And she could not root out my love; it lives here still." She pressed her hand still tighter on the wound. "My father! my father!"

The face of the hardened man contracted in agony. He turned toward Doña Isabel and Herlinda with a heart-rending cry. "You are avenged—both, both, avenged! O my God! You never can have known such agony as this. O wretched man that I am, to see the sum of all my crimes canceled by this terrible reprisal!"

The hand of the dying girl fell from its place. Chata knelt and placed her own with desperate energy against the fatal wound. Chinita smiled and faintly kissed her. "My dream has come true," she said. "Ah, when they pity me you will say, 'She always longed to die for him.' Tell them

it was best that I should die, I loved him so. Death wipes out every wrong. He is my father!"

Ramirez groaned. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow. He strove still to support her, but Gonzales on the one side, Ashley on the other, bore her weight.

By this time the garden was full of people. A man forced his way through the throng.

"Reyes! Reyes!" cried Ramirez, "Villain, did you not as I commanded, give my child to Isabel, my sister, or was yours the accursed hand that brought her to this pass?"

Reyes gazed at the dying girl in horror. A suspicion of the misapprehension under which Ramirez had acted, and which had confirmed Ruiz in his treachery, had haunted him for days, since in a remote village he had met the administrador of Tres Hermanos and heard from him the tale of the carrying away of Chata. He had hastened towards Las Parras with Don Rafael and his mother, bent on warning Ramirez and confessing the wild carelessness with which he had disposed of the child who had been confided to him, and who he had supposed until his meeting with Chinita had indirectly reached the person to whom she was destined. It had not been possible for him — a man in whom the paternal instinct had never dwelt — to imagine it the one virtue in the callous, fierce, and unscrupulous Ramirez. But with this bleeding, dying figure in his arms Ramirez seemed transformed. Reyes fell on his knees.

"Ah, had you but told me the whole truth!" sighed the dying girl. "A Garcia? I should have been prouder to be *his* daughter than a thousand times Garcia!"

She turned her head, and her eyes fell on Ashley's face and rested there. A soft, strange illumination animated her own, as though from some inward light just kindled. "Adios! Adios!" she murmured. "Ah, you were noble, generous! You thought

I did not feel, that I did not understand; but could I love, you should see. But this is best; you will never need trouble for Chinita. No, no, no! do not grieve — Ah, that might make me weak; I would not — find it — hard — to die."

She looked at him long and fixedly. A blueness crept around her mouth, a glaze over the beautiful eyes. "No wonder that she loved the American!" she whispered dreamily, as though her mind wandered to the past. The words sank like lead in Ashley's heart, to be forgotten never, never.

After a moment her lips moved in prayer. The priest who had from time to time endeavored to control an emotion which seemed that of a personal, rather than a merely sympathetic, grief, bent over her; all present fell on their knees. Chinita whispered in his ear a word, and received absolution with a smile of perfect peace. Then began the solemn litany for the departing soul; Chinita was evidently sinking rapidly.

Pedro had fallen on his knees before her, in grief too deep for words. Pepé from behind him gazed into her glazing eyes with stoical despair. Suddenly she smiled, and laying her arm over Pedro's shoulder, extended her blood-stained hand, looking at him with the pretty, winning, disdainful smile of old, and said faintly, though proudly, "I am the daughter of the Señor General. Lead me, Pepé. Lead me. I am tired!"

And thus with her arm around him who had been so blindly faithful, with her hand in his who through life had been her adoring slave, with one long sigh, which left her lips smiling as it passed, she fell asleep — resting forever from the passion and turmoil of life.

"Peace, peace, peace!" reiterated the solemn voice of the priest, in assurance, in warning, in invocation. It penetrated hearts to which the very word had seemed a mockery. The hardest, the

most reprobate, the haughtiest, the most sorrowful, repeated it with a sob. Ramirez, on his knees, crushed to the earth, heard it as the cry of a despairing angel. Where for him could peace be found?

XLV.

WHEN Pedro Gomez rose from his knees he held in his hand a little square reliquary of faded blue. The string from which it had hung had been pierced by the fatal bullet, and it had dropped unheeded from Chinita's neck.

Reverent hands bore the corpse into the desolate house. Ramirez — or Leon Vallé, as ever after he was called — rising at the entreaty of his sister, stood like one bereft of sense or movement. Suddenly he laid his hand upon the gate-keeper's arm, and muttered hoarsely: "Kill me, Pedro. See, I have no sword. If thou wilt not for vengeance, do it for love. You loved her — for her sake, end my misery!"

Pedro laid the reliquary in his hand. "If it should not be true?" he said, doggedly. "Oh! was it for this I bore so many years the mocking silence of Doña Feliz and my mistress? No, no! it cannot be. Open this. 'Twas on her bosom when she came into my hands. Fool that I was to think it had nothing to declare to me! Ah, how your hands shake — well, 't is but a moment's work."

He ripped the sewed edges with his dagger's point, quickly, desperately, as though he were profaning a sacred thing — then blankly, darkly, looked at the worthless trifles on his palm. Just a tiny curl of brown and gold, and the eye tooth of some animal, a fancied charm against infantile diseases, both wrapped in a paper scrawled with a faintly-written prayer.

Pedro was convinced. Till then he had clung to the belief that had given to his clownish life the elements of heroism, of

love and sacrifice. He groaned and turned away.

Ah, there was Doña Feliz, she whom all these years he had accused as the hard, un pitying witness of the degradation of Herlinda's child! and of her, Doña Isabel with sobs was entreating brokenly in God's name, some news of the charge she had received years before. Pedro listened with a jealous eagerness, which the involuntary cry of Chata, interrupting for a moment, the answering voice of Doña Feliz, made intolerable. "*Madre de Dios!*" he cried, "It was she then who guarded Herlinda's child?"

"O false, cruel Feliz! why did you deceive me?" cried Doña Isabel. "Why did you suffer me to believe the gate-keeper's foundling was of my own flesh and blood? Ah, God, so she was — it was the beauty of my mother that deceived me; it was repeated in the offspring of Leon, as it could never be in that of the American. Ah, it was for that I loved Chinita with such passionate tenderness and remorse. Oh! Why did you suffer it? Why give me no more warning? And now she is dead, and my daughter cries to me for her child, and I cannot answer her."

"Did I not warn you at this gate?" responded Doña Feliz, "that the day would come you would bitterly repent the words you uttered? when you bade me take and hide the babe even from your knowledge — never to mention her, whether living or dead, that to you it might be as though she had never existed. Have I not obeyed your mandate? Ay, even when my heart bled because I saw the agony, the delusion under which you labored, I have suffered with you, but I have been faithful."

Doña Isabel bent her head in speechless woe. For her there might not be even the poor consolation of reproach. Yet she murmured, "In pity, where is Herlinda's child?"

"She is here. Thank God, she is here,"

replied Doña Feliz. "Weeks ago your brother reft her from us believing her his own. Only by revealing the secret we had sworn to keep could Rafael have saved her. Ah, God knows, perhaps at the last moment, when hastening from the strong room, she threw herself into the power of the ravisher that she might save her foster-father from death, then perhaps his will might have failed; but he was speechless. I have been ill — yes, near to death" — her haggard face, her sunken eyes, her wasted figure attested that — "yet we sought her far and near. Until last night we had no tidings. A rough soldier listened in the *meson* to the tale we everywhere proclaimed. He came to me secretly; 'Señora,'—he said, 'the girl you seek is perhaps in the house of Doña Carmen. Ramirez himself is deceived.' This was the first stage of our route to G——; and there, Herlinda, with Carmen, is your child."

She broke into sobs, sinking weak as a child into the arms of Don Rafael. "The struggle is over," she said to him — "Our task is accomplished, the long dissimulation is ended!"

Herlinda and Chata had not needed the conclusion of the brief words of Doña Feliz. They had clasped each other in a rapturous embrace; but the sobs of Doña Feliz recalled them from their joy, and hastening to her side they poured out in fervent gratitude such words as seemed to repay to her sensitive heart, its long years of devotion as truly as though each word had been a priceless jewel.

"Ah!" she said, "all, all is nothing, to merit the happiness of this hour. It is the poor Pedro, he whose matchless devotion mocked my poor work, that is worthy of such words as these. Ah, my heart bled for him, but I could not, could not speak."

"O foolish, unreasoning girl that I was so to bind you?" cried Herlinda. She turned to speak to Pedro, but he was nowhere to be seen. There was a movement

among the villagers, who repulsed from the windows of the house by the soldiers began to disperse, when the voice of the priest stopped them.

"Listen, friends," he said. "This has been a dread and fearful hour, an hour to try the souls of men. I am old, yet never have I known such anguish as it has brought to me. Some fifteen years ago, a stranger in this land, ignorant of its language and customs, I came to this village with a young American whom I met. He was a handsome youth and won my heart — a warm, Irish heart that often led me contrary to my judgment. The American told me that here his love was staying. I laughed at him for fixing his heart upon some brown-skinned, dark-eyed *rancherita*. He did not contradict me, but bade me be ready in the early morning to wed him to the lovely object of his youthful passion. I remonstrated, yet was glad to serve him. Though no priest was here, the little church was open; the people were glad of the opportunity to hear mass. Just before it began, John Ashley and Herlinda Garcia were married. As she for a moment loosened the reboso she wore to make the necessary responses, I caught a glimpse of a face that led me to suspect it was no simple *ranchera* who stood before me. Yet it was only in after years, when the requirements of the law and the customs unalterable as law among the different castes existing in your land became known to me, that I remembered with disquiet the marriage I had celebrated here. I was a missionary among the tribes of northern Indians, doing good work — I strove to assure myself that, irregular as I knew the marriage to be, the parties were probably living in amity, satisfied, as surely God and man might be, with a marriage which only a quibble of the law made disputable. Yet I could not be at ease; a voice seemed calling me hither. Alas, alas! I came but to witness the consummation of the tragedy begun years, years ago — a tragedy; the direct out-

come of my fatal error. But I will atone. I will go—would to God in penance it might be upon my knees—to the Holy Father in Rome, and pray him to ratify the marriage. Doña Herlinda Garcia, pure in name as in deed, shall give a spotless name to the child of her virtuous love!”

The old monk ceased; tremblingly he wiped away his tears. “Pardon, Pardon!” he murmured to Herlinda, “O my daughter, how you have suffered! But, daughter, the certificate I gave? had you not the paper? That, however subject to cavil, would have declared your purity.”

“Ah, a paper!” cried Herlinda. “I have thought of it a thousand times. It was in English, I thought it was a blessed prayer, though John told me to treasure it as my life—that was why I sewed it in the reliquary I placed about my baby’s neck.”

With a cry Chata drew forth the tiny bag, almost the counterpart of that poor Chinita had worn, and the sight of which had confirmed the mistake of Pedro, — on such slight things hangs fate. She thought of how often they had compared them when children, laughingly proposing to exchange or open them, yet ever shrinking from tampering with them in superstitious awe. Pedro, who was near, snatched it from her hand—the act was irresistible. As he opened it with his dagger’s point, a filigree earring fell into his palm. He groaned and turned away.

Herlinda caught from his hand a tattered paper. “Read! Read!” she cried to Ashley. “See that he was noble, true as you have said! He was my husband.”

The proof attested by the signature of the long dead Mademoiselle Le Croix, and that of the living priest, was of the simplest, the most efficient—and all these years had been preserved by the piety or superstition of the child to whom it had been confided, and who, had she but known it, had so vital an interest in its discovery. Chata gazed at the paper in blank amaze. Around

her were men and women giving thanks to God and his saints. At the knees of Herlinda was her uncle Leon Vallé, and her mother.

Ashley Ward was the first to break the spell. He took Herlinda’s hand. “Remember here is a man who never doubted you,” he said.

“And here one who would have died for you!” said Gonzales.

In a single phrase each had expressed the loyalty of the nation he represented—Ashley that of faith in man’s honor and woman’s chastity; Gonzales the tenacious love that distrust might change to jealous madness, but never destroy.

Within a few hours a sad and solemn funeral cortège set forth from Las Parras, bearing all that was mortal of the beautiful Chinita. Not far from the limits of the town Ashley and Gonzales came upon a startling and awful sight—a woman lay dead upon the road, her garments sodden, her beautiful hair defiled by the mud of the highway. She had fallen face downward. As though some evil omen warned him, Leon Vallé hastening from the rear, anticipated them in raising the corpse.

It was that of the maddened Dolores. It had needed no weapon to reach her heart,—despair and agony, had summoned to her destruction the swift and fatal malady that had killed her father. Those who saw her, he who pressed her wildly to his breast and bade her live, accusing himself not her, called it a broken heart. As her child had said, “Death wipes out every wrong.” Only remorse, pity, love survive.

They buried them both—the two Dolores—in the hacienda church. But one lies in a nameless grave, and the other is marked by a name that recalls a vision of a beautiful girl, to whom a happier destiny should have brought the joys of life, and whose proud spirit should have conquered its cares. But its perplexities, its conflicting passions,

had made the pilgrimage so hard, so set with thorns, that she had been content, yes thankful, to end it there. "Chinita."

In so short a life, she could not have wandered far from heaven; yet for years there was one who spent each day long hours of prayer and fasting on her tomb. But at evening came one older but more peaceful than herself to lead her home, and hand in hand, they would pass out into the soft and tranquil air. Thus Doña Isabel and Feliz renewed with tears the friendship of their youth; and thus ended the ambitions, the passions, the impetuous pride; sources of such strange and grievous perplexities—they await together in peaceful gloom, the light of a perfect day.

It was thus that Ashley Ward and his bride beheld them in after years—years during which he had returned to the United States to take part in that great conflict which had been raging there while he had been gaining experience in the irregular and inglorious strife in which his zeal for liberty had been stimulated by private aims. The purity of his patriotism was unstained, however, by any less glorious motive, and during the last two years of the war there was none who fought more valiantly than he, nor one who laid down his sword with a more just renown, to dedicate himself to the profession which in the lack of fortune, was both his choice and a positive need.

That he should renounce the fortune of John Ashley was an actual grief to Herlinda and to Chata herself, but he would have it so; and even Mary Ashley was pleased it should be, although as she said her niece was already most absurdly wealthy in right of the Garcias, for a girl of such retired and humble tastes—one whose only extravagance was in her charities. Mary Ashley found in the love of Chata—she soon abandoned the attempt to call her by the stately name of Florentina—a recompense for the scrupulous conscientiousness which

had led her to seek the supposed wife and possible child of her brother.

It was not until after the Pope had ratified her marriage that Herlinda Ashley visited the home of her husband's family. After that she returned at intervals while Chata was educated as her aunt desired. During that time, Gonzales from whose hand Herlinda received the Papal edict, was fighting anew the battles of freedom; and by his side, doing gallant deeds unstained by crime, was Leon Vallé. But when the Empire was overthrown, when Herlinda crowned the long fidelity of Gonzales by following the rare example given by released nuns, and became the wife of the Liberal soldier, he who had been his constant companion in arms disappeared and with him Pedro Gomez.

No one but Carlota, who as the wife of Don Alonzo took the lead among the young and idle wives of the hacienda employés, asked any questions. Doña Rita looked wise, and Don Rafael smiled at her, for she knew nothing, and could conjecture nothing that might bring evil. He was the same indulgent, easy husband he had ever been. It did not occur to either that a more perfect confidence might have been observed between them—they had followed custom; what more should be needful?

Chata and her mother sometimes talked of Vallé with wondering pity; but they saw that Doña Isabel was content—his fate was not a mystery to her. Perhaps he was wandering in foreign countries. At least, after he had gained a new, fresh fame, which honored the name of Leon Vallé, he was no more seen in Mexico. There was but one thought that troubled the heart of Chata. She could not, even for Chinita's sake, forgive the murderer of her father.

It was when Ashley Ward had gained a certain assurance of success and ultimate wealth, that he wooed and won the object of his early, generous search, his early protecting interest, his later love. In her heart

no rival flame had ever glowed; he had been her first, her only love. And Ashley Ward perhaps was scarcely conscious that the pang which ever came at the sound of one almost sacred name, was the throb of a scar where love had set its deathless root. Chata never suspected that an uncommon grief had made possible the tranquil happiness which she shared with Ashley Ward — while he never questioned even in his own soul whether his happiness would have been greater, or perhaps have been changed to torture and torment, had the beautiful, erratic daughter of Leon Vallé been spared to earth. Chata, the good, the sweet, the gentle Chata, with the intelligent and reflective mind, which curbed and perfected the enduring emotions of her heart, was the only woman he had ever thought of as his wife. They rejoiced in perfect trust and sympathy, never imagining the more impetuous passion that might have been.

It was while on their wedding journey, attended by an escort of soldiers, which the insecurity of the roads in the years immediately following the overthrow of the Empire made necessary, that they went into a remote district among the mountains, some twenty leagues from Vera Cruz, from which port they were to sail for their Northern home. The captain of the escort was a silent, swarthy young man, who born a peasant, had by his valor and development of extraordinary qualities as a strategist, acquired during the contest with the French a reputation that, had the incentive of personal ambition urged, would have made it possible for him to have reached the highest grade of military rank. But he fought for principle, not glory, to forget, not to challenge fame. The man was Pepé Ortiz. Upon such men the world when joy and love fail, sometimes thrusts greatness. This was predicted of the silent captain.

One night he came to the *meson* and invited the bride and groom to walk with him in the moonlight. They passed through

the streets of the town, where the massive adobe houses, white as marble in the deceptive light, threw shadows black as ink; and presently emerged upon a paved road, which led to a garden set thick with trees.

The air was heavy with perfume; hundreds of fire flies where the thicket was so dense no ray from the sky might penetrate, seemed to fill the place with ghostly fires. It was enchanting, weird, ay, awe-inspiring. Chata clung to her husband's arm, in mute expectancy.

Soon in the near distance they heard a sound as of measured strokes, and a low continuous moan. The strokes quickened to the whizz of heavy flails, the moan to the dirge of the *Miserere*. Then they understood with a shock of horror that they were about to witness one of the processions of *penitentes*, which, though forbidden by the civil law, still were secretly conducted in remote and fanatical districts. Chata would have fled, but the pity at her heart seemed to paralyze her limbs. Ashley, with a feeling strangely differing from mere curious expectancy, put his arm around her and waited the advent of the dolorous company.

Presently they came from amid the shelter of the trees, like mournful ghosts upon the moonlit road. They were all men — men to whom the memory of their sins was intolerable — and as they walked they wielded the cruel scourges on their bared shoulders, and ceaselessly intoned the dirge. It was past midnight, and for hours they had continued the dreadful flagellation, and the unceasing march. Blood streamed from many a gaping wound; they staggered as they walked; more than once a *penitente* fell, and was lifted to his feet by the man who walked beside him. All this dismal company were masked; each wore a friar's gown and a rough shirt of hair, which hung pendant from the girdle at the waist, above which was seen the cut and bleeding skin.

Sick with horror, when the last of the miserable wretches had gone by, Chata

leaned sobbing on her husband's breast. But he gently set her upon the grassy bank of the roadside, and followed by Pepé hastened to the help of a poor wretch, above whose prostrate form his faithful attendant bent with despairing gestures.

They raised the apparently dying man, and turned aside the mask. The moonlight fell upon the face of Leon Vallé, worn with the passions of other years and with the griefs of the present, yet nobler than they had ever beheld it. At that moment the likeness of his wife to this man became in Ashley's eyes peculiarly intensified.

Chata, who had joined them, bent and kissed him with tears. From that moment, she had no rancor to regret — the *penitente* was forgiven.

“Señores, Señores, I pray you leave us; he revives—he will in a moment recover

consciousness,” cried the rough voice of Pedro Gomez. With that complete self-abnegation which is perhaps only possible in the Mexican *peon* he had ignored the revengeful abhorrence with which the memory of Leon Vallé had for years inspired him, and for the sake of her whom he had loved and served as the scion of a noble race, had dedicated his life to the father for whom she had gladly died.

As Doña Feliz had once done years before, Chata kissed with reverence the hand of this embodiment of fidelity, and with a throbbing heart turned from the last scene in the drama of which her life had formed a part. Henceforth a new act was entered upon, in which deep and tender memories and peace and love are working out the trite but blissful tale of wedded life.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

THE END.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THERE is a land where effluent sunshine falls
On the white splendor of sheer mountain walls,
From whose pale peaks and many caverned passes
The hollow voice of iterant echo calls.

Aloft it towers above the pathless plains;
Within its bounds grim desolation reigns,
Save where upspring the hardy flowers and grasses
In narrow clefts when wrathful winter wanes.

Eternal snows upon its bosom lie;
It holds communion with the unfathomed sky
Through circling years whose void or fruitful changes
See mortal bloom have birth or fail and die.

Beneath its crags uplifting, dome on dome,
The everlasting glaciers hold their home;
The storm-undaunted eagle boldly ranges
Round loftiest peaks by human feet unclomb.

It has for warders ranks of regal pines
That skirt its borders in majestic lines ;
 Their lances ever in the keen air tossing
At earliest morn, or when the day declines.

The mightiest streams are born, where, winding miles
Deep in its dark and dangerous defiles,
 No gleaming rays of golden sunlight crossing,
Brighten the dim, sepulchral, rocky aisles.

Nature reveals her deepest, grandest moods
Within its vast unpeopled solitudes;
 And when the purple night's calm mists are drifting,
A sense of the divine above it broods.

And he who treads this lofty land alone,
Will feel, while clouds are round him rent and blown,
 Standing amid the dumb crags, skyward-lifting,
A little nearer God's celestial throne.

Clinton Scollard.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS.—VII—CAPTAIN MILES'S ENGAGEMENT.

In giving accounts of battles and campaigns, there is often confusion from several officers bearing the same name. During our War of Rebellion we had three of note by the name of Miles.

The first in order of time, became famous while commanding General McDowell's reserve at Centreville during the battle of Bull Run, and then more so in his surrender of Harper's Ferry, where he lost his life. This was just before the battle of McClellan and Lee at Antietam. The second was the present Brigadier General N. A. Miles, who rose from a lieutenant to a major-general during the war, and whose name is closely identified with most of the hardest battles fought between the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia, and who has had as colonel and brigadier general in

the regular army much prominent Indian campaigning to do since the war.

The third is Captain Evan Miles who became a lieutenant of the 12th Infantry in 1861, and was brevetted a captain for gallant services in Virginia, in operations near the Weldon Railroad. I found him a senior captain of the 21st Infantry. As such he habitually commanded, as we have seen, the infantry battalion, consisting of from four to seven companies, according as the movements of troops permitted the smaller or larger number to be together. When I moved off to the extreme left to bring into the field of operations some troops, via Wallowa, Captain Miles with his infantry was near Camas Meadows, some miles to the south of our battle-field of Birch Creek. It will be remembered that as he came for-

ward, in his northward march the second day after that battle, he was to push along the bank of the Grand Ronde, forming a junction with Captain Bendire's troop of cavalry, which I had sent from Birch Creek in the same direction. After considerable delay occasioned by the ignorance and clumsiness of his guides, he at last came upon the main trail of the fleeing Indians.

He says that he joined Bendire the 10th of July; that he also received instructions from me to push along the trail, if in his judgment it "was sufficiently developed to warrant its continued pursuit," otherwise to go straight to the Cayuse Station. So falling upon a large and clear track, he took up the pursuit as rapidly as he could. This course led him on the 11th to McClellan's Ranch on the Daley wagon road. Here Miles saw the results of fresh mischief—the premises having been rifled in Indian fashion and left in disorder. On the 12th, wonderful to tell, most of the tracks that scattered out in the abundant timber led northward, instead of eastward in the direction of the Cayuse Station, or rather in the direction of the foothills of the Blue Ridge to the east of that little Cayuse hamlet, as if the hostiles were getting as near as they could to the Umatillas. They would naturally do this, even if they had no allies there, and merely proposed to run to the Wallowa along the north edge of the Long Mountain range, but the signs seemed too clear and new to indicate great distance, and Miles said to himself, "They must be close at hand."

Next Captain Miles moved his troops to Weil's Ranch, situated near the Pendleton stage road. He halted there a few hours for the purpose of replenishing his supplies, and then turned again eastward to get upon the Indian trails. At night he found himself upon those foothills of the Blue Ridge that overlook the Umatilla Indian agency, having made with his infantry a remarkable march of thirty-five miles, and arriving for

camp at the unseasonable hour of two a. m. of the 13th of July.

What is more wearisome than those night marches? It is then that regular officers are apt to use the personal proverb: "I have lost no Indians!" It is then that soldiers get tired and cross and say things that their commanding officer ought never to hear. The morning light, after the short, refreshing sleep, puts quite a different aspect upon affairs.

"Here," says Captain Miles, "I was met by Mr. Connoyer, the United States Indian agent for the Umatillas, who informed me of the immediate proximity of the enemy." Mr. Connoyer was very active and helpful during this Piute and Bannock war. He was a descendant of the voyageurs; a bright, tall, handsome man of French extraction. His wife was an Indian woman, and he had a fine family at the agency.

Of a nervous temperament and sanguine heart, it seemed at first impossible to him that any of his Indians, that is, any of those of different names congregated at the Umatilla agency, could be induced to favor the hostiles. He was up early that July morning, probably had been riding and working the whole night, and appeared at 2 a. m. at Miles's camp. At that time he declared with great disappointment that "the Indians of his agency had either knocked under to, or been murdered by the Snakes." The Umatillas and Nez Percés, always called the Bannocks, the "Snakes."

And Mr. Connoyer was right, and was obliged to hang to the right horn of his dilemma. Only it was some, and not all of the Indians of his agency, as we shall by and by see, who acted as spies; led the enemy to murder, arson, and depredation; next played neutrality till it was evident that the savage Indians could not conquer; then turned squarely around and betrayed their late friends. As this miserable performance belongs to only a small minority, I love to acquit the remainder of the

Umatillas proper, whether we call them Columbias, Walla Wallas, Cayuses, or only agency Indians, of having any hand in the evil work, except the fact that from sympathy with Indians because they were Indians and not white men they kept to themselves much knowledge of the Bannocks and their allies that they might have given Mr. Connoyer or me.

In view of things as they appeared that morning on the round hills in sight of the agency, Captain Miles remarks that, "He [Connoyer] was unable to give the status of the Umatillas, as there had been more or less fraternization between them and the hostiles up to the time of his arrival."

Miles had, with a troop of cavalry, Bendire, who sometimes complained for, but never against, his men; who fed them so well as to produce contentment, and who marched and fought them as well as he fed them. Captain Rodney of the Fourth Artillery brought up that morning two companies of his regiment. Miles must have felt something as did General Havelock in India when in substance he said: "At last I have reached the goal of my ambition,—i. e., to exercise an independent command on the field of battle." Why so? Ask a lawyer who stands alone before judge and jury with an independent case. Ask a physician who stands alone before his patient fighting independently for that patient's life. Ask a seaman who for the first time stands upon the deck independent master of an ocean steamer. The right and wrong of war is not the question then, but the thrilling sense of independent responsibility and action.

The Umatillas who had been acting as scouts for Mr. Connoyer and those who had joined them with arms in their hands formed a large group in plain sight of Miles and Rodney. They did not take any pains to conceal themselves, nor did they move towards our men. So Miles as soon as it was light enough to see caused Captain

Rodney to put his two companies of the Fourth Artillery into a single line and covered their front and flanks by an open fan-like formation of skirmishers, and then set them in motion steadily toward the group of Umatillas. As might have been expected, when the skirmishers came within rifle range a party from the Indians bearing a white flag, the flag carried by one of the chiefs of the tribe, set out to meet them.

Some of our frontiersmen are very angry that our officers always respect a flag of truce. Indians may be treacherous. They may use the flag to decoy prominent leaders, like Canby, and the others with him, to a terrible death, but we of the army never trifle with this sacred emblem of peace. Miles at once met the flag and had a parley that proved to him certainly the present friendliness on the eve of battle of that group of Umatilla Indians.

This is the action when during all the trying operations of the day these redoubtable "Indians remained neutral and passive spectators, safely sheltered by their flag of truce." The whole picture, with its varying positions, would remind one of old classic fields. For as the white men's lines were formed, and as the hostiles appeared here and there in the ravines, the Umatilla group remained like a royal arbiter with escort and women spectators watching the game of war. When the white men marched to the right, or left, or forward, the interested observers quickly moved to corresponding new positions, as if ready to crown the victors whichever they might be. From one phrase in Captain Miles's letter, it appears that this armed neutrality must have been a matter of pre-arrangement, for he says: "After this gratifying understanding with the Umatillas, I moved my command into the agency grounds for the preparation of coffee for the men who were much worn by continued fatigue." The only wonder is that the hostiles had not divined something of this "gratifying understanding," and fled

and scattered after their old fashion. But fortunately it was not so.

The companies of infantry, one picket covering an overhanging ledge south and east of the agency, were a sufficiency, yes, probably a bait, that drew to them the searching eyes and cautious approach of the enemy. The fires for breakfast and coffee, had hardly been lighted when the pickets descried the Piutes and Bannocks coming toward them rapidly, in considerable force. How often I have experienced just that state of things, — where excitement has temporarily removed all appetite for food. There is a story of the Rebellion to the effect that a famous Union regiment was making coffee, when the cry that the enemy were coming hindered them from their favorite morning drink. The men of the regiment were so angry at the interruption, that they seized their arms and charging over their works remorselessly defeated their foes. In some such way was it here at the Umatilla, for without waiting a moment, Miles deployed his forces; Rodney's companies on the left and facing southward, while six companies drew a semi-circular line from Rodney's position westward. Putting Bendire's cavalry out in the extreme left, Miles held his remaining companies of the 21st Infantry in rear in reserve.

The reserve guarded the wagon train and the pack mules, which were parked and held in a ravine out of the track of immediate danger. Miles had two small howitzers which he brought into action a little to the left of his centre, where two of his companies in the line could watch them and care for them in case of need. The Indians as usual with them stopped beyond the field of immediate danger. They ran into the crooked ravines and covered themselves as completely as they could, in fact behaved naturally, as our skirmishers are supposed to behave. The difference is, that if you call out to our men, "There is the enemy!" nearly every individual soldier will spring up

or jump upon a log, if there is one near, to see his opponent, while the Indians under like circumstances always remain motionless or hide more profoundly. From their hiding places the Snakes fired irregularly, and though they occasionally ran to new places for better sight or range, still it was difficult for Miles's men to find anything to fire at except the occasional puffs of smoke. Still this kind of fighting lasted a wonderfully long time and much ammunition was expended, especially on our side, till about two o'clock in the afternoon. Then Miles ordered Rodney to gain ground by his left to the east, and if possible sweep out the ravine that his men were facing. At once, probably tired of bootless firing, his men sprang forward with enthusiasm and promptly set the enemy in motion, as Miles at the same time charged along his entire curvilinear front. This seems to have been unexpected by Chief Egan, for he was still commanding the Snakes in this his last battle. So away his Indians ran mounted on their swift ponies over the foothills and the mountain, pursued by the excited white men, who seemed to have thought of neither breakfast nor dinner, till with the utmost rapidity they had chased them at least three miles into the mountains.

When the exciting day began to wane, and Miles saw his men showing plain signs of exhaustion from want of rest and food, he halted and went into camp on the spot, expecting to take up the pursuit the next morning. But my friend, Connoyer, who had gone back to his home at the agency, for once was over excited. Though the hostiles had fled and were running away into the mountains southward and eastward as fast as their hardy ponies could carry them, and had been pursued for several hours by Miles's eager men; though the troops, cavalry and infantry, were between the enemies and the peaceable Indians, and there was no likelihood of their return that night, particularly after their long and exhausting battle; still, Con-

Conroyer sent a hurried dispatch to Miles, which he received about eight p. m., just after the weary men had begun their much needed sleep.

It was to the effect that he, Conroyer, had received information to which he gave credit, that the hostile Indians would return that very night and burn down all the buildings of the agency, and that they proposed to drive off the large herd of Indian horses or other stock which was pastured on the Jmatilla reservation. Conroyer begged for the immediate return of the troops. These astonishing reports with the urgent request were doubtless manufactured by the same cunning people who knew when to betray, when to be neutral, and when, in the interest of their beaten friends, according to their Indian notions, to lie. Some one asked me only yesterday if Indians were not habitually treacherous. I answered, "No, not generally."

After a long experience with them and intercourse with perhaps a hundred tribes, I have found on trial that Indians have habitually kept their word with me. There have been during war a few notable exceptions to this rule. Still as in war every leader of an independent force, and every one loyal to that leader's movements, undertakes to deceive and mislead an enemy in arms, so do the Indians. The Indians, all Indians in fact, own that when Indians are "mad" they go to war. When they go to war, they deceive, kill, scalp, rob, burn, destroy, and appropriate, beating all white men in atrocities and horrors.

Captain Miles, as Boulanger said about the severities at West Point, exercised command "sans pitié,"—either the long roll sounded, or more likely, captains, lieutenants, and non-commissioned officers crept quietly around and wakened every man. Silently but hurriedly they marched back over their battle-field and were soon at the agency. The commander here put everything in the posture of defense. But there

was no need; for as he with dignified simplicity remarks: "No attempt was made by the enemy in this direction, they being too demoralized by the result of the day to make any demonstration but the continuation of their precipitate retreat."

"But," says some military man,—we know that many such are wise after the battle,— "how came it that Captain Miles did not also have somebody follow up that demoralized foe?" Well, he did so. Some of those neutral Indians began to think of their future, and some others doubtless hated to be suspected of double dealing. These came that night through their headmen, in the language of Miles, "with offers to confirm their protestations of friendship by sending a number of warriors to co-operate with my command." This was fine; it was well timed. Miles at once closed in with the overtures,—and Indian-like, without waiting for any positive directions, the savage allies set out on fresh horses to take up the pursuit. The reader will pardon me for giving the results of this pursuit and of the blind contest which took place somewhere in the dense forest of the Blue Ridge in the very words of Captain Miles himself:—

"The prompt and energetic action of this small band of allies was not, however, barren of good results, as on the 15th instant they returned to my camp, having attacked the fleeing hostiles successfully, as evidenced by their captured trophies, which consisted among others of seven warriors' scalps, one of which was subsequently proved to be that of the Piute chief, Egan."

The real leader of the allies had hitherto passed among the Piutes as their special friend. The Indians called him "Umapine." He was about six feet in height, of large, closely knit frame, broad shouldered, and thick chested; and when not on the warpath he had a friendly eye of good size and a not unpleasant smile, yet the impression he gave you was of a predominant animal nature. When he ate he consumed

twice as much as the other strong men ; yet doubtless when he fasted he could go long without eating. When he undertook war he displayed a profound treachery, and when he killed he made it murder. Even his mates shuddered at his brutality, and his enemies hated him relentlessly. Yet after the wicked act he strutted in pride and fine feathers and boasted of his prowess.

It was this leader, Uma-pine, whom the Piutes and Bannocks had leaned upon as a friend, who now a secret foe, with his swiftest followers overtook Egan and his beaten host. He brought back in the morning to Captain Miles and to General Wheaton, who had just reached the agency, the signs of his terrible work. Truly such allies make one shudder anew at the horrors of Indian warfare. The old chief Winnemucca, Natchez, and Sarah, were affected to tears by the loss of their old friends. They never could get over the shock that the stories of the murder of Egan and his companions produced upon them.

Many women prisoners, some of them young girls were taken from the Piutes at the same time and kept in Indian fashion by Uma-pine and his Indians. Natchez's talk to the Umatillas in subsequent council is significant : " If we had made war with you and you had taken us in battle, we would not say anything ; but you helped the thing along and for four years you have come on the Malheur reservation (Egan's place), and told Egan and Oytes to make war against the whites. You have called them fools to stay on the reservation and starve ; and another thing, you have helped the Bannocks to fight the soldiers. My friends, it must be a beautiful sensation to cut a man or woman to pieces, and then skin their heads and fasten them on a pole, and dance around them as if you were indeed very happy." [See Hopkin's " Life among Piutes," pages 191-192.]

It was believed by our officers that all the wounded and many of the dead were carried off the field by the Bannocks during

the day's battle. Five bodies of the warriors, however, but no wounded, were found there after the conflict. Miles, strange to say, for the Indians are usually good marksmen, had none killed on his side and but few wounded. At this time the Indians attempted to shoot at too great a distance. He gives special credit to a small company of citizen volunteers who came out from the pretty village of Pendleton, to help him in his assaults. He commended them particularly for their diligent conduct as skirmishers and flankers.

So much for what we have named " Miles's Engagement." It was, bating the position, much like " Birch Creek," a brisk, animated combat and then a chase. The Bannocks and Piutes by running, scattering, and hiding, and then continuing their retreat in small, separate companies, succeeded in prolonging the tedious campaign, and in spreading terror anew among the small villages and hamlets threatened with a wild visitation by the new routes which they chose.

Major E. C. Mason, whom I left behind at the Cayuse Station, gives in his report a brief summary of the events just related. It is the way important history is always at last condensed. He writes : " Turning now towards the Umatilla reservation, they [the hostile Indians] are met by the artillery, infantry, and one company of cavalry, under command of Captain Evan Miles, and again defeated and scattered. All the approaches to the Columbia and Snake Rivers are closed — turn where they may, they find a force confronting them. Disheartened and demoralized, they turn upon their trail and fly at first faster than the troops can pursue them."

Now we are prepared for the final work of this campaign. More than before I followed the example of my wily foe, that is, I divided my command, and sub-divided it, in order to follow up the divided trails and to visit every nook and hiding place, and

ke cranberry harvesters, "comb down" the entire field. This fatiguing work had two objects, first to defeat, or bring in the Indians as prisoners, and second, to allay

if possible the wild fears of ranch people and inhabitants of small hamlets, who could never feel sure of protection, till they saw the troops.

O. O. Howard.

DAVID TODD.

I HAVE returned to Baltimore after an absence of twenty years and on this first evening in my old home, am thinking of a distant kinsman who has long been dead. So insistent is the memory, that as I stood at that moment since looking out into the rainy dusk, it almost seemed as if he too must soon be among the men who are passing through the rays of red and green light streaming from the apothecary's window opposite.

He was a tall, somber person whom the negroes held in awe as one likely to practice black arts on those who aroused his wrath. I used often to listen to the talk of the rheumatic old negress, with fingers gnarled and twisted as roots, who believed herself to have been "conjured" by him. As he stalked past her door, where she was in the habit of sunning herself, she would shrink together until she seemed scarcely more than a bundle of rags, then gradually uncurling herself as his footsteps died away in the distance, would sit chattering with anger, muttering the curses she had not dared to let him hear, long after he was out of sight. Yet I believe David Todd never knew of her existence; for he went his way among his fellows, lost in baffled, groping thought, as if none of them had enough affinity for him to draw his eyes outward from the thoughts that held him.

He was of a good Quaker family and for years filled the chair of natural his-

tory in the college of X. At length, however, there began to be queer rumors concerning him. It was said that he fancied he had discovered the origin of life, and bending over his crucibles attempted the role of creator. But whatever town talk might invent concerning him, no one really knew much about his affairs; for he had always been a taciturn man, and now developed an irascible, suspicious manner toward his old associates that led them to avoid him; and before long he himself plunged into a preoccupation that seemed to blot out from his mind all consciousness of his neighbors.

His work, whatever it might be, bound him, it was said, to unrelenting toil; but as time went on without the result of his labors appearing, the world which he had forgotten in turn forgot him,—or nearly so. The negroes, who had probably originally gathered the idea of something mysterious about him from the gossip of their masters, still talked of the light always to be seen burning until early morning in the attic of his house; a light which they said proceeded from a candle made of dead men's fat and caused whoever looked long to fall asleep. "Mahs Todd an' de debbie aint got no call to hab folks foolin' 'bout ter see wat dey's at," they explained; and this idea of his crooked ways was carefully strengthened by an old aunt who lived under his roof, and who was not a little proud of the league her

master was understood to have with the evil one, although she weekly showed the working of divine grace in herself by jumping and shouting in "meetin'," and moreover, had been immersed in order that she might be quite sure that no taint of original sin adhered to her.

She possessed considerable skill in herbs and was to boot a shrewd old body, quick to use her master's supposed powers as a means of increasing her reputation for knowingness. But in spite of the liberties she took with his name, no one at bottom believed more in his arts than Aunt Kitty. His gloomy, abstracted ways awed her; and although nothing extraordinary ever happened in the house, her imagination, like an orchid, seemed to find enough in the air to keep it flourishing.

The one other inmate of the house gave no such play to her fancy. David Todd's sister, Rachel, was a slight, timid, and rather deaf little woman, whom indoor life had made pale, and her occupations were perfectly simple and evident. Setting neat stitches seemed to be the form duty had taken to her, and tending a few window plants and reading her Bible and Milton's *Paradise Lost* made the sum of her pleasure. Poor Rachel, — she had been the last child born in the house, and it had been her lot to see the gradual disintegration of the family, and to stand at last in silent rooms where laughter on her lips would have seemed ghostly to her, even if the years, which had taken so much away from her, had not at last stripped her of her original small stock of buoyancy. Living in the dim rooms she had grown almost as quiescent as the moths that now and then finding their way into the house from the masses of Virginia creeper about the windows, lay motionless at the bottom of the panes.

Five years before the date of our story she had been thrown into the greatest flutter of her life by having an orphan niece placed under her charge until the rigors of a New

England winter should be past. The visitor was a radiant girl with golden-brown eyes and bright yellow hair, in whose soft masses an amber comb often shone. Rachel hovered about her in an ecstasy of admiration, and was the most submissive elder that ever a wayward girl undertook to manage; and indeed, not only she and the willful Aunt Kitty came under Ethel's sway but even David lost some of his usual inattention to what was going on in the house and showed a grim pleasure in the girl's coaxing ways.

The cheerful days went by so quickly that it seemed to Rachel as if there had never been a year when the dandelions came so soon; and before any of the three older people were willing to think of Ethel's departure she began to talk blithely of her return north.

She was so happy in the thought of her approaching marriage that she left them almost without a pang. But some year later, when the world had taken on a sadder hue to her, she thought of them often. And when she felt her hold on life slipping from her grasp, the memory of Rachel's past tenderness gave her courage to write to her asking her love for a little Ethel, not quite two years old, in case of her own death; for five years of married life had left Ethel worse than widowed.

Thus it happened one stormy November evening that Rachel watched for her brother's return from a journey he had made to Boston to bring home a little guest; and she looked again and again at the photograph of the pretty child, standing on the mantel, telling herself that it was just Ethel over again.

For many months past David had been more preoccupied than ever. He was no longer seen abroad, and even Rachel ate her meals alone and never saw his gaunt form except when, hunger reminding him of his long fast, he descended from his laboratory to Aunt Kitty's domain. But when Rachel

letter in hand, went up to his work-room to tell him of Ethel's death he had been much moved, and had said at once that he would go to Boston for her child.

Rachel would have liked to accompany him, but was too little in the habit of asserting herself to insist on her timidly expressed desire. She therefore contented herself as best she could during his absence by making preparations for the child's reception. With the aid of Aunt Kitty, she brought from the attic a cradle, which had once been her own, and dusting it free of cobwebs, provided it with bedding with her own deft fingers. As a spinster, she also willingly lent her humble attention to a course of lectures in baby culture, undergoing considerable browbeating from old Kitty, who had raised numerous progeny in her day and was not at all inclined to forego such an opportunity of airing her stock of musty precepts.

Rachel accepted her hectoring as the probable accompaniment of superior knowledge, and meekly anxious to profit by her sage counsels, went for peppermint to the corner drugstore, where she was in turn patronized by the clerk—a friendly young fellow whose upper lip looked as if he had bitten into a deep slice of pumpkin pie. He was so knowing about a baby's stomach and possible teeth, and talked so glibly about the ills threatening infantile existence, that Rachel would have been greatly alarmed if he had not always ended by putting into her hand some infallible remedy for the evil upon which he expatiated; so that she began to see that it was all a matter of being initiated, and went home with her arms full of patent medicine to spend the last afternoon of her brother's absence in reading glowing testimonials, never for a moment suspecting that the names of patrons and physicians were fictitious. Indeed, with the medical profession thus at her back, she received with no little dignity Aunt Kitty's slighting opinion of her purchases.

As it grew dark, however, she became too

restless to keep to any employment, and spent her time vibrating between the window and fireplace—being driven from the window by a fidgety care of her ailments, and from the fire back to the window again by the fear that her deafness would prevent her from knowing of the arrival of the carriage.

As she was thus standing by the window, Aunt Kitty made her appearance, carrying a sauce-pan of porridge as an excuse for her intrusion. She stopped short in the doorway, evidently surprised to find her mistress alone. Hastening to her side she called in her ear, "Missy, whar de baby?"

"They have not come yet," said Rachel.

"Mahs Dave's hyar!" cried the old woman, and seizing Rachel by the arm, she drew her to a window looking out on the side garden, where a light, evidently from the laboratory at the top of the house, was shining on the snow.

Rachel looked helplessly at her companion.

"Missy," said the old woman, "fo' de Lor', I is gwine up dar!" and she started for the door, perhaps not a little strengthened in her determination by seeing that Rachel followed her.

She climbed the stairs, slapping her big feet down with less noise than was her wont, swaying from side to side until her hands touched the walls, and muttering below her breath, "Ole dog, ole black dog!"—whether of her master or of the Devil who was supposed to be his ally she did not make clear.

As her turbaned head came above the level of the upper landing, she looked in through the open door of the laboratory. Of a sudden she squatted, and seizing Rachel's skirts, gasped in a whisper, "Fo' de Lor' sake, chile, keep still!"

But curiosity was as strong as fear, and she crept up a couple of steps that she might, in her crouching position, command a view of the room. She did not in the least doubt that the "old black man" was before her

as she gazed at the moth-eaten orang outhang in the corner. There was an uncanny skeleton in sight and the flaring lights made the uncouth shadows cast by the retorts tremulous, as if the long-stemmed disks were struggling into life.

Rachel was struggling with a vague fear that as yet had no shape; and regardless of Aunt Kitty's detaining hand pushed upward that she might see into the room. But the cause of Aunt Kitty's sudden fright was not evident to her. She looked at her brother and saw that he was looking quietly into a small box, which stood on a table in the center of the room. It was, in fact, an automatic incubator of his own manufacture.

Early that day he had suddenly doubted whether he had filled the lamp beneath the machine before leaving home; then, if he had done so, was he sure of the thermometer? or, would the egg revolve properly? and his mind had gone on imagining all possible defects in the machine, and how he might have made it better, until he grew more and more desperate at the distance that separated him from home with every hour of travel the express train made towards his destination; and he had finally taken to pacing up and down the car with such a feverish, one-ideaed expression, that the passengers looked after him.

On reaching home, however, he found that all had gone on as well in his absence as if he had been standing beside the machine day and night. Having scrutinized it with the fondness of an inventor, he stood looking complacently down upon his handiwork, his eye resting casually on a short horizontal line of red ink, which he had put on the egg, suspended in the warm air, as a means of knowing whether it made its slow, invisible revolutions. A film of absent mindedness had gradually crept over his face as he looked at the mark, when all at once, he thought he saw it curve into a rosy mouth and in an instant more fancied that he saw a soft outline of limbs.

At that moment there was a sound that

neither he, nor Rachel, nor Aunt Kitty could at once have defined in their overwrought state of mind — an explosion or thud. Aunt Kitty plunged down stairs with a howl, nearly upsetting her companion in her course. Rachel, on recovering herself however, perceived that her brother was unhurt, though apparently a little bewildered to account for what had happened, and she resolved to go to him. When she reached his side, he was again busy with the incubator; this time in picking up bits of shattered egg-shell.

"David," she said, "what has then done with the child?"

He started violently and looking at her returned, "The baby? I have failed!"

He spoke bitterly, then his face suddenly brightened, and fixing his shining eyes upon her he exclaimed, "No, not failed! It was victory, victory!" And with a tenderness such as Rachel had never known in him before he drew her to him and kissed her; then releasing her, he said:

"Now get thee gone, Rachel; I must write while the matter is fresh with me. I know not how it is, but now-a-days, even as I think, my ideas slip away from me as if they were dreams gliding away from my awakening senses."

He turned to the table and began eagerly to collect writing materials. His attention was again attracted by the pressure of Rachel's hand, but this time he turned on her impatiently.

"Get thee gone, I say!" he cried angrily. "I have no time for thee," and he turned again to his work.

Before Rachel could frame her thoughts, the thud she had heard before was repeated, only this time it seemed the fall of some small object, perhaps a book. Turning in the direction from which the sound proceeded, she saw a small child standing near a heap of sprawling folios and pushing and tugging at one of a number of piles of books that had been placed in the neighborhood

of the full book-case. The mischief she was in was evidently quite to her mind; but before she could bring down the next lot of tottering books, Rachel had caught her up and fled down stairs with her when a jubilee was held over her by Rachel and Aunt Kitty.

She was a pretty child; a proffer of Aunt Kitty's porridge showed her to be a hungry one; and finally she became a sleepy one. For a while Rachel had only time to be happy. But long after little Ethel lay asleep in her cradle before the fire, and after Aunt Kitty in her stuffy room had courted slumber by a last pipe in bed, Rachel still sat before the fire, feeding it sparingly from time to time as if not expecting to need its warmth much longer. Hours, however, went by, and still she did not go to bed; but instead arose every now and then, and drawing her blanket shawl more closely about her, crept up the stairs to peep through the balustrade at her brother, who wrote on with nervous energy.

His momentary kindness had filled her with tenderness towards him and as she watched him she thought how old and faded he looked. For the first time in her life her attitude toward him had something of protection in it. Was he not working too hard? Would he not make himself sick? she asked herself; but old habit was strong with her and she always ended her cogitations by going down stairs again as silently as she had come up, and seating herself by the fire to wait for him.

At last she must have slept. When she became conscious, the drab light of a winter morning was in the room; and David was lying motionless beside the cradle with one arm across it and his head resting on the coverlet.

From that day he was a partially paralyzed, feeble-minded old man, whose chief delight lay in little Ethel, concerning whom he evidently had queer ideas. He told Aunt Kitty something about having hatched her out of a big egg up in his laboratory,

which made the old woman wag her head when she chanced to catch Ethel's elfish eyes upon her, and mutter, "Dat chile know too much!" In spite of Rachel's efforts to divert his mind from the fancy, he clung tenaciously to it, and was always finding resemblances between Ethel and the birds about the garden, which he said came from her having lain in a shell, and he pointed out that the white down on her face was referable to the bird part of her nature. Her fear of Rachel's old tabby, he also averred, arose from that source.

One February morning he found Ethel standing on a chair looking out of the window at the soft snowflakes that were falling, and gurgling contentedly to herself.

"What is thee looking at, Ethel," he said, hobbling to her. Then seeing the snow-birds hopping about the rose bush outside the window, he said eagerly, "What did I hear thee saying to them, Ethel?"

He brought his face down coaxingly to hers, and the child with an impulse of mischief flung her arms around his neck and gabbled in his ear.

"Uncle Dave does n't understand," he said regretfully. "Shall we feed the birdies?"

He soon had the window open and little Ethel seated on the sill scattering crumbs about her. To her delight the birds, waxing bold, first snatched the crumbs from her fingers and then took to junketing in her lap, calling, "Peep, peep."

"Peep, peep!" cried Ethel in return, bobbing her head from side to side in imitation of them. "Peep, peep!" and she lolled back in David's arms to laugh up in his face.

Suddenly her feathered friends flew off. "O Dave," cried Rachel, "how can thee act so! Ethel will take her death of cold"; and taking the child in her arms she shut the window and hurried to the fire, where she proceeded to rub the child's blue arms and legs. Later in the day she had recourse

to her stock of patent medicines; but in spite of their vaunted virtues, and even of the hot bath that Aunt Kitty suggested, Ethel grew rapidly worse, until at bed time the old woman set forth to seek a physician.

David, finding his playfellow too ill to care for his attempts to amuse her, dragged himself about the house like an uneasy ghost, or sat whimpering by the fire. Rachel thought that he had at last dozed off, as with Ethel wrapped in her blanket shawl, she sat on the opposite side of the fireplace from him awaiting Aunt Kitty's return. But the moment the front door opened he grasped his stick and pulling himself up out of his armchair went into the hall to meet the doctor. Plucking him by the sleeve he said earnestly:

"Friend, does thee know anything about the ailments of birds? Otherwise thy skill avails thee not here. This child is half bird in her nature."

The physician turned his searching eyes on the fitful face.

"Yes," he answered good naturedly. "You should see my birds at home."

David's face brightened. "Come," he said eagerly, "the women folks don't under-

stand. It is gapes"; and steadying himself by putting a hand on the wall, he lead the way with considerable quickness to the door where Aunt Kitty already waited for them with impatience.

As they were about to enter, the physician laid his hand on David's arm and said gravely, "You know you must be very quiet, if you go with me?"

David nodded and faithful to his promise sat silent at his corner of the fireplace watching with painful eagerness every motion of the physician.

It was an anxious night; but at last the little one was evidently growing better, and the doctor, with cheerful assurances, finally left them, promising an early call on the morrow. David did not rise to follow him to the door. His head was bent on his breast, and one would have said that he slept, if his face had not been radiant with happiness. Even when Rachel rose to carry the sleeping child into her bedroom he made no motion to follow her.

Life and its motions were over for him. Another soul had sunk below our horizon and the light upon the austere face was but the radiance of a past joy.

E. C. S.

RECENT POETRY.—II.

We noticed last month all the "first volumes" of verse that had accumulated before us, reserving for a second article only the books of poets who held by previous volumes some claim, be it great or little, upon the favorable recognition of reading people. These were not so many as the new names—a half dozen—but with one or two exceptions much more satisfactory reading. Several more "first volumes," however have meantime reached us, and we stop for

some comment upon them, before turning to the maturer work.

*Songs and Song Legends*¹, *The Unseen King*², and *The Old Garden*³ form a pretty evenly spaced ascending scale of merit. *Songs and Song Legends* is written and pub-

¹ *Songs and Song Legends*. By Edward Lippitt Fales. St. Paul, Minn.: Published by the Author. 1887.

² *The Unseen King, and Other Poems*. By Carolyn Leslie Field. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ *The Old Garden, and Other Verses*. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chillon Beach.

lished at St. Paul, Minnesota; contains half a dozen local Indian legends (whether real or imitations we do not know), and various poems of reflection, of friendship, and so forth; is not strictly to be called poetry, but is amiable and honest versifying, with touches of worthy thought or feeling. Three or four poems might be spoken of with more respect than this for their literary merit. We quote the shortest:

The Wheelman's Spring Song.

The chains of winter fall
Beneath the force of spring;
The jay's defiant call
Makes every woodland ring;
The roads are brown and bare;
The sky is blue and gold;
A winy thrill beats through the air;
The birds are making bold;
And O how glad I feel,
Upon this glorious morn,
To leap astride this gallant wheel
And wind this mellow horn!
Away! away! my winged steed!
Through all the realm of sunshine speed!

The Unseen King is by the author of "High Lights," a novel of much refinement, some little literary merit, and an evident aspiration towards more, that appeared anonymously two or three years since. These verses might be characterized in precisely the same words. They are the verses of a refined and sensitive mind of no great native power, but habituated to the ways of regarding life and of using language current among thoughtful and accomplished people. They have a gently moralizing tone, and that disposition to force every small suggestion of fancy to bear the utmost weight of poetry it can that is common with poets who are such merely by infection. There are a good many poems written for children, or at least in the confidential, simple fashion in which one addresses children. To our judgment, nothing else in the book has as much substance as this:

Hope.

Right well I know that life is more than joy,
For joy may die; and yet, behold, we live!

Nor duty's sterling stuff nor grief's alloy
Makes up its sum, even although we give
Our days to labor and our nights to tears.
Whence cometh, then, that force superlative
Which turns the wondrous wheel through weary
years?

Faith is the spirit's breath; its beating brain
Is love, that holds, in ever-widening scope,
All that God gives to its eternal gain;
But oh, the heart, the throbbing heart is hope!
This stayeth never its renewing power;
To every nerve it sendeth swift supply
Instant by instant, through life's sunny hour
As through its deepest midnight, equally.
We cry sometimes in anguish, "Hope is dead!"
When but for her we had no voice to cry.
Oh, hard to kill is she! it is her red
Returning tide that points our agony,
As when revives some poor wretch, nearly drowned
To find himself in tingling tortures bound.
Our joys may leave us, grief itself be gone,
Faith may lie cold, and love have naught to give,
Yet lingering life is there if hope beat on;
But when we cease to hope we cease to live.

A fairer example of the average merit of the verses is this:

Ephemera.

Did e'er you spy
The blythe May-fly
Dancing at dusk in ecstasy?
If so
You know
How fast its little life goes by.

Do you suppose
A May-fly knows
Whence he came, or where he goes?
Not he!
But we
May mark his day from dawn to close.

And do you know
That even so
God's angels watch us, here below,
Always?
And they

Know whence we came, and where we go.

The pleasant verses of *The Old Garden* are far less ambitious, and offer us no reassuring explanations of the Lord's ways, deduced from midges and grass blades, but only little rhymes about flowers, poems of nature, fresh and genuine and, if wanting in the higher elements of poetic beauty, neverthe-

ess breathed through by the real spirit of
 woodland or river, night or morning, and
 some poems of life and love that touch yet
 a higher grade, both of grave and gay.
 Thus :

August Wind.

The sharp wind cut a pathway through the cloud,
 And left a track of faintly shining blue;
 The nun-like poplars swayed and bowed,
 And low the swallows flew!

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,
 And blurred the brightness of the golden-rod;
 The ripening milk-weed bent, and sowed
 Winged seeds at every nod.

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown
 Then flung her branches on the streaming air;
 The brittle oak leaves, dry and brown,
 Rustled with break and tear;

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread.
 Then suddenly far up the pasture hill,
 Quick as it came the gust had fled,
 And all the fields were still.

To Jealousie.

O Jealousie!
 I welcome thee
 To stab my patient breast,
 For such a guest
 Is sure some day to prove
 To her my gentle love, —
 How great my love must be
 To harbor thee!

But that my pain
 Be not endured in vain,
 I must with nicest art
 Disclose thy dart,
 So that her eye may see
 My misery,
 And her most tender heart
 Be moved to heal thy smart.

For this I suffer thee
 O Jealousie!

As one who watcheth for the morning.

Lean out against the dark with vague surmise;
 Shadows weigh down the world, and heavy night
 Gives no dim promise of a heavenly light,
 Yet turn, O soul! toward the East thine eyes:

Nor say that day has come when faint lights creep
 From far-off, icy-pointed stars; nor dream
 To find thy cheer in flickering taper's gleam,
 Nor seek the sad forgetfulness of sleep.

But watch — though darkness beat against thine
 eyes,

Open thy casements wide — be just to mark
 The faintest flush that lights the awful dark;
 O soul! look ever toward the Eastern skies!

There are also a few pages of verse for
 children, not the best of its kind, but good
 — this perhaps the best :

Bossy and the Daisy.

Right up into Bossy's eyes,
 Looked the Daisy, boldly,
 But, alas! to his surprise,
 Bossy ate him coldly.

Listen, daisies in the fields:
 Hide away from Bossy!
 Daisies make the milk she yields
 And her coat grow glossy.

So each day she tries to find
 Daisies nodding sweetly,
 And although it's most unkind,
 Bites their heads off neatly.

Mrs. Whitney's *Daffodils*¹ — a little book
 in white and daffodil cover, embossed in
 golden daffodils, and provided with daffo-
 dil ribbon to mark one's place — might be
 criticised in almost the same words we have
 used of "The Unseen King," except that we
 should have to go on then and credit the
 verses with a vigor and originality, a fre-
 quent beauty and quaint effectiveness of
 language, an ingenuity of fancy, over and
 above their milder virtues. Too much in-
 genuity, in fact — they force a conceit far
 beyond any meaning it has a right to bear,
 and do not seem to recognize it as a con-
 ceit, but to take it for a profundity. To
 have every small phenomenon of a flower's
 growth or a bird's flight, which might suggest
 a passing illustration of some spiritual doc-
 trine, set down impressively as a "mes-
 sage" is even exasperating to readers who
 wish to take serious matters seriously.

¹ Daffodils. By A. D. T. Whitnev. Boston: Houghton,
 Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chil-
 ion Beach.

Of all the parables, day by day,
That thrill the heart of this life of mine,—
Making strange and beautiful sign
Of gracious meaning in common way,—
The very blithest and dearest thing
Is the sound in the the house of the postman's
ring.

I wonder if that old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message, heavenly-true,
Within it hidden and heard?

It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plough.

Such talk of "types" and "messages" and
"gracious meanings" provokes one's mind
to glance, with some temptation to quote,
toward the comment of Hosea Biglow's Con-
cord Bridge, "You think that's ellerkence,
—I call it shoddy." But with what grace
and delicacy and sincerity of language many
of these strained things are said! How
many modern poets could phrase a stanza in
such Herbert-like fashion as this?

I climbed one day upon a great high shelf,
Where God rare things doth hide,
And found a poem that had writ itself
Against the mountain side.

Constantly she touches a beautiful tone of
simple elevation and then in the same poem,
in the same stanza, drops to the vexing level
of conceits. These are dignified:

That human hearts can lean on God
Is argument of Deity:
Unless a planet, how a clod
At rest in earth's great gravity?

An image stands all-glorious
Before our comprehension dim:
Either he hath created us,
Or our poor thought createth Him!

Are all the Wisdom, Might, and Love
That I have learned but part of me?
Do I the possible reach above?
Can I believe, and God not be?

In his glory! When the spheres
Lighten with that wondrous blaze,
How shall all my sins and fears
Meet thy dawning, Day of days?

"Nothing hid" No thought so mean
That to darkness it may creep;
Very darkness shall be seen,
Very death to life shall leap.

Nothing deep, or far, or old;
Nothing left, in years behind;
All the secret self unrolled:
Light of God! I would be blind!

But both these are only the best-sustained
stanzas of longer poems.

Miss Anna Katharine Green is said to
take no pride in the popularity of her de-
tective stories, which she writes for purely
practical reasons, and to prefer that she
should be known by her poetry. If this
be true, it is to the credit of the lady's crit-
ical discernment. The poetry is of a much
higher order than the stories. "The De-
fence of the Bride" was a meritorious vol-
ume, worth reading and worth keeping; and
*Risifi's Daughter*¹ is as good. It is a dra-
matic idyl of love in Florence; its sentiment
is tender and noble, its verse fluent and
pleasant, its language good. We cannot
well illustrate this by extracts, however,
since the whole forms too connected a
thread to be cut.

In pleasant contrast with the tedious
"Ballads of the Revolution" that we
noticed last month, is Mrs. Preston's *Colo-
nial Ballads*.² It is hardly entitled to the
name it bears, for there are scarcely more
than a dozen colonial ballads in it, out of
over a hundred poems; and these are not
properly speaking ballads, either, but mere
incidents and pictures, told ballad fashion.
Half the poems in the book are sonnets;
and Mrs. Preston writes a thoughtful, re-
fined, and pleasing sonnet, even though
never striking or memorable.

¹ *Risifi's Daughter*. By Anna Katharine Green. N. Y. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

² *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse*. By Margaret J. Preston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Art's Limitations.

This rich, rank age — does it need giants now,
 Dantes, and Angelos, and Shakespeares? Nay,
 Its culture is of other sort today,
 That concentrates no power — that doth allow
 Growths which divide the strength that should
 endow
 The one tall trunk — that fails to lop away,
 With wise reserve, the shoots which lead astray
 The wasted sap to some collateral bough.

Had Dante chiselled stone — had Angelo
 Intrigued at courts — had Shakespeare cramped
 his power,
 With critic gauge of Drayton, Chaucer, Gower —
 What lack there were of that refreshing shade
 Which these high-towered, centurial oaks have
 made,
 Where walk the happy nations to and fro!

The ballads and other lyrics are long to
 quote; several of them are very happy —
 others commonplace; all show the hand of
 an accomplished writer.

Edward King is an American poet, but
 his volume, *A Venetian Lover*¹ comes to us
 in most attractive type and paper — from
 a London publisher. He is somewhat
 known by a former volume, "Echoes
 from the Orient." His work is deserving
 of notice, for it has very genuine merits.
 It has the frank and simple feeling, the ten-
 derness and spontaneity, of an older day.
 The present book is a story, told in the
 lover's soliloquy, of the love of a Califor-
 nian girl and a young Venetian musician,
 in whose ancestral palace she and her father
 are sojourners. The open abandon with
 which the lovers rejoice over the death of
 a good man that sets them free to seek each
 other, jars a little; but it is the only note in
 the whole that is not pure and fine. The
 soliloquy is interspersed with the lyrics that
 they sing and read to each other; and we
 think the reader will find this something
 more than commonplace :

I.

Oh Emperor! Great Emperor!
 Your cruel trumpets cry for war,
Ta rântara, tântara, tantarâ!
 The wheat is nodding in the sun,
 The harvest work is just begun;
 But, mighty Emperor, I hear
 A clash of sword, a clink of spear;
 Down thro' the fertile valley comes
 An echo from the beaten drums, —
 And up among the mountains ring
 Voices of those who riding sing:

"Now hy lo ho! the trumpets blow!
 The horses go in pacing row
 Across the bending grasses!
 Now hy lo ho! the bugles blow!
 And what care we for lasses!"

II.

Oh Emperor! Great Emperor!
 Tell me what God made women for?
Ta rântara, tântara, tantarâ!
 Was it to hear these trumpets play
 To call our lovers to the fray?
 Was it to know the wind-blown rain
 Falls on our wounded and our slain,
 Where they lie heaped in foreign lands?
 Was it vain to stretch our hands
 To those who shall return no more?
 May we not curse the cannon's roar?
 But hy lo ho! the trumpets blow!
 The world must know you hate your foe, —
 Your splendid army passes!
 But hy lo ho! your bugles blow!
 And what care you for lasses?

III.

Oh Emperor! Great Emperor!
 Last night I had a visitor;
Ta rântara, tântara, tantarâ!
 In sleep I heard the bugles scream,
 My lover came to me in dream;
 In reddest blood his hands were dyed,
 A gaping wound was in his side;
 My heart cried to him, and he said:
 "I am arisen from the dead!
 O love! forget your grief and pain,
 And let me sing you this refrain:
 Now hy lo ho! the trumpets blow!
 With laurels strew the field of woe
 Where comrades brave are lying!
 Then hy lo ho! the bugles blow!
 And soldiers' trade is dying!"

¹ *A Venetian Lover.* By Edward King. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1887.

One takes up Mr. Stevenson's *Underwoods*¹ with expectation of finding unusual pleasure therein; and the expectation is not disappointed. Here is real poetry; here the strong and delicate line, the living and breathing language, the fine felicity and suggestiveness of phrase, that we have known from time to time in the older poets; here is some one who can be carelessly simple, and toss together his easy metres, after the fashion of Shakspeare and Milton. And he sees the country-side—its rivers and trees, its lads and lasses, with the eyes with which they saw. His canoe speaks :

By willow wood and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots;
By meadows where at afternoon
The growing maidens troop in June
To loose their girdles on the grass.
Ah! speedier than before the glass
The backward toilet goes; and swift
As swallows quiver, robe and shift
And the rough country stockings lie
Around each young divinity.
When, following the recondite brook,
Sudden upon this scene I look,
And light with unfamiliar face
On chaste Diana's bathing-place,
Loud ring the hills about and all
The shallows are abandoned.

Or again:

Yet shall your rugged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea.

A number of the poems are occasional, or addresses to friends; and these are usually of less interest. Some of the best are inspired by that bodily illness from the shadow of which Mr. Stevenson's wonderfully genial and healthy books come forth. In as wonderfully genial and healthy a fashion, which is neither bravado nor indifference, but rather that cheerful readiness for every event that ancient philosophers sought, he looks in the face of death :

I sit and wait a pair of oars
On cis-Elysian river-shores.
Where the immortal dead have sate,
'Tis mine to sit and meditate;
To re-ascend life's rivulet,
Without remorse, without regret;
And sing my *Alma Genetrix*
Among the willows of the Styx.

And lo, as my serener soul
Did those unhappy shores patrol,
And wait with an attentive ear
The coming of the gondolier,
Your fire-surviving roll I took,
Your spirited and happy book;
Whereon, despite my frowning fate,
It did my soul so recreate
That all my fancies fled away
On a Venetian holiday.

Requiem.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Yet nowhere is this good cheer mere *sang froid*; nowhere is the earnest moral import that is familiar elsewhere in Mr. Stevenson's work forgotten.

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,

* * * * *

The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

¹ *Underwoods*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve entwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!

* * * * *

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonoured, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon
Or late she fall; whether today thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
Grown old in honour and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
Each is with service pregnant.

For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;

* * * * *

Those he approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song, and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

The dedication to his doctors and the preface are bits of prose too fascinating not to be mentioned. The preface explains his spelling of the Scots dialect in which nearly a third of the poems are written. We confess to finding it the most bewildering Scots dialect we have ever undertaken; but Mr. Stevenson undoubtedly knows what he is about. Through the interstices of such an unfamiliar vocabulary as

An' you, sair grupp'in' to a spar
Or whammed wi' some bleezin' star,
Cryin' to ken whaur deil ye are,
Hame, France, or Flanders—
Whang sindry like a railway car
An' flie in danders,—

both wit and poetry are everywhere discernible. In this, the dialect need not stand much in any one's way:

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the surest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them;
But the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the grave's the place to seek them.

Two of the great names of the immediate past continue, once in two or three years, to appear among the varied flock of newer signatures — Tennyson by a few lyrics, sadly suggestive of the failing hand; but Browning by volumes that are altogether Browning still. Not that the strange and penetrating beauty and wit of his best lyrics comes over again; but if all Browning's poems should be put in a heap, without chronological order, before a reader new to any knowledge of the poet, it would puzzle him hopelessly to find an "earlier style" or "later style" — age or youth, growing, or fading period — in them, or to re-arrange them with any correctness. *Parleyings with Certain People*¹ was published some months ago. Almost simultaneously with it the same publishers issued a very pleasing edition of Browning's complete works, including this latest volume — "the Riverside edition," in six volumes of crown octavo, not ornate, but as fair and agreeable for sight and handling as possible, and to people who wish to *read* far more attractive than decorated editions. It follows the poet's latest revisions of his text as well as his own arrangement of his poems up to *The Ring and the Book*. This arrangement is not the best possible for a neophyte to follow, since it begins with *Pauline*, and goes on, in the same volume, with *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*. The publication of this complete edition, together with the present more or less serious disposition to Browning studies, makes this a proper time for more full and careful review of the poet than can be made at the end of a chapter of

¹*Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1887. For sale in San Francisco, by Chilion Beach.

book-notices. To such a review we postpone any extended comment on the *Parleyings* — which includes, we may add, long soliloquies in Browning's fashion, addressed to half a dozen forgotten men, Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodington, Francis Furini, Gerard de Lairese — argumentative soliloquies interspersed with, but not inter-

rupted by, imaginary rejoinders of "You say," or "Lest you should ask." There is a dramatic prologue, "Apollo and the Fates," and epilogue, "Fust and his Friends;" and the whole makes a 16mo. book of nearly two hundred pages, and fills one hundred pages in the Riverside edition — no small addition to be made, thus late in life, to the total volume of a man's work.

ETC.

It has been many years since people who take interest in the world's affairs — not merely, as everyone does, for the spectacular interest of events, but for the human interest of the great processes of social evolution working themselves out in current history — have had as much to hold their attention as this year. No events of importance are visibly taking place; the decision of the comparative speed of yachts and the tranquil progress of the chief magistrate's visiting tour, occupy the head-lines of the telegraphic dispatches in the papers. But meanwhile there hang in suspense, all over the world, movements of vast historic importance; almost every day brings some new item foreshadowing the imminence of large occurrence — in more than one place, the wave arches, all but ready to topple to its breaking. Thus in the Balkan principalities, everything is in readiness for changes in the status of the Ottoman power, certainly greater than any that have taken place since the liberation of Greece, possibly greater than any since the fall of Constantinople; for no one will venture to call it impossible that an Eastern war might end in the final closing of the four hundred year long episode of the Turkish invasion of Europe — an invasion that long ago exhausted its inherent forces, and has maintained even a part of its results only through precarious outside support. Of late years, the struggles of the Balkan provinces, the translation from Russian sources, such as Gogol, of literature bearing on the frontier populations, together with minor causes, have brought the races of this debateable ground in southeastern Europe to the knowledge of readers; lyrics and folk-lore from Serbia and Bulgaria and Roumania have been

translated; their customs and their costumes and their scenery have become matters for magazine articles; the history of their national heroes and of their struggles against the Turkish invader attract our writers: and with all increase in our knowledge thereof, we are becoming aware what a strangely dramatic and picturesque medley this whole Turkish episode has been, and wait with a peculiar interest for the final scene to round out the drama.

IN England, again, a most important historic chapter pauses and waits in a peculiarly dramatic moment of suspense. A shrewd critic has already noted that the situation there is really now a pure question of endurance between the Tory ministry and Mr. Gladstone's life tenure. The relation not only of Ireland to England, but probably of all the members of the empire to each other, turns for perhaps a generation — certainly for years — upon whether the disintegrating ministry can hold on by devices and concessions until fate removes the great Liberal, or whether Mr. Gladstone can hold on to his life with efficient grip until the ministry collapses; a duel of endurance so singular, so Titanic, so impressive in the unprecedented light it casts upon the grand central figure therein, that the world fairly catches its breath as it waits for the event. The end must doubtless be the same in either case: Ireland cannot be held to the present terms of union forever, nor can the English Parliament long suffice in its present shape for the transaction of the complex business of the empire. But no men of the present can take Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Parnell's places in the re-arrangement that must come. It is always easy to exaggerate, and

also easy to underrate, the significance of a present crisis: the mountain shrinks behind the foothill in the near perspective, but the foothill looms to a mountain. It is perfectly obvious, however, that at least within half a century no legislation of such importance has been pending in England as at present; and when one considers the changes in the whole constitutional system of Great Britain that may be foreshadowed by an Irish legislature, one is disposed to make a much stronger statement. Certainly as regards only the internal affairs of Ireland herself, the last chapter of a story centuries long is already opened, and whether it will be a brief and peaceful one or long and terrible rests in suspense mainly upon the tenure of one aged life.

IN our own country, through the commonplace and vulgar details of party conventions and party intrigues things are visibly arranging themselves for the opening of a new period in our political history—a period that may test the stability of our system, the possibility of self-government, more decisively than either poverty or civil war have been able to do. The close of the after-war period was definitely marked by the last presidential election; but the present four years is evidently one of transition, during which neither of the great national parties has been able to decide upon any future policy or to readjust itself to present conditions. In the coming period of the republic's history, either financial and administrative reforms must be accomplished, and the new difficulties arising from the presence of different races and widely differing social conditions under equal laws and popular government, must be met; or else the failure to accomplish these reforms and meet these difficulties must imperil the very existence of what we call "Anglo-Saxon civilization" here. "Our form of government" probably runs no risk; the experience of the Spanish-American republics is ample evidence that the republican *form* of government can exist under conditions of utmost demoralization and disorder. It is the continued existence of the *spirit*—of patriotism and integrity and personal independence, of orderliness and moderation and intelligence—that good citizens must in the future concern themselves for. Of the difficulties to be met, of the reforms to be accomplished, some are still only matters for the shrewd to foresee; some are imminent questions of the near future; but some are of the present moment—before the people, in the fight. We scarcely need name the reform of the civil service, and of the crying scandals of city governments and of legislative bribery. It is the hope of good citizens that the arrangements of the partisan lines of battle now being formed will be such as to give them

an opportunity to interpolate into the selfish struggle some effective blow for these reforms; they are strong enough to partially control the forming of the lines and minor skirmishes toward their desired end—but only partially. No living man can foresee just what opportunities for reform are to be worked out from the present indecisive and wary marching and countermarching; yet every day now brings fresh indications.

FINALLY, in our own State also the principal event of the moment is an important chapter in a great historic story. In this case, however, there is no suspense: for what is taking place is the unmistakable, irresistible last movement of the westward migration of nations. The gold rush to California was a premature movement, due to a special cause; the present one is of the same home-seeking character as its legitimate predecessors since long before the dawn of history. That the Aryan races should now be rapidly filling up their last westward region does not appear to involve any important social results—if it were equivalent to the final occupancy of the earth's surface by the teeming human race, it would involve gigantic ones; but there are still virgin spaces. It is, however, a curious and interesting thing to contemplate, if only as a spectacle that becomes majestic seen in such large historic relations.

OUR frontispiece this month represents the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, presented to the city of Sacramento in 1882 by Mrs. Margaret Crocker. The value of the building was \$285,000, and of the seven hundred paintings \$400,000. Most of these paintings were selected by the late Judge Crocker, many of them in Europe, but a number also from the work of local artists, especially those of earlier days. The California Museum Association occupies the building and maintains therein the Sacramento School of Design. As our California readers doubtless remember, although this gallery is one of the most valuable gifts ever made by a private individual in California, it is yet only about one-half of the total of the gifts made to the city of Sacramento by the kindly lady whose name it bears. The building, which formed originally a semi-detached portion of the private residence of the donor, is externally unpretentious, but handsomely planned and finished within. Even while it was still the private gallery of the Crocker family its privileges were liberally extended to the people of Sacramento. The pride of the community in its possession is great, and is pretty certain to attract to it as a nucleus other gifts, in the fashion Emerson urged on communities for the disposition of their private art possessions.

To Mrs. Norton.

[With a bunch of *mignonette*.]

A GARDEN and a yellow wedge
Of sunshine slipping through,
And there, beside a bit of hedge,
Forget-me-nots so blue,
Bright four o'clocks and spicy pinks,
And sweet, old fashioned roses,
With daffodils and crocuses,
And other fragrant posies,
And in a corner, 'neath the shade
By flowering apple branches made,
Grew *mignonette*,—
Sweet *mignonette*!

Dear garden! planted long ago
When Love and I were young,—
I see thy blossoming nooks again,
I hear the bird that sung
Its morning song of ecstasy
Upon the flowering bough.
From out the half-forgotten past
It thrills me, even now,
As when with child-grief unconfessed,
A tear-stained cheek on thee I pressed,—
My *mignonette*,—
Sweet *mignonette*!

I do not know, I cannot say
Why, when I hear thee sing,
Those by-gone days come back to me,
And in their long train bring
To mind that dear old garden, with
Its hovering honey-bees,
And liquid-throated songsters on
The blossom-laden trees;
Nor why a fragrance, fresh and rare,
Should on a sudden fill the air,
Of *mignonette*,—
Sweet *mignonette*.

But so it is! I close my eyes
And dream that I'm alone;—
Thy charming presence vanishes,
The rustling crowd is gone,
The tinkling tones of instruments
In thin air melt away,—
Thy lovely voice falls on my ear
In ballad, grave or gay,
As fell the bird's voice in old years,
When I had moistened thee with tears,
My *mignonette*,—
Sweet *mignonette*.

Thy mem'ry seems a garden fair
Of old-time flowers of song.
There Annie Laurie lives and loves
And Mary Morrison,
And Black-eyed Susan, Alice Grey,
Phillida, with her frown,—
And Barbara Allen, false and fair,
From famous *Scarlet Town*.
What marvel such a garland rare
Should breathe sweet odors on the air,
Like *mignonette*,—
My *mignonette*?

Farewell, sweet thrilling voice! thou'lt fall
On other listening ears,
And other brimming eyes will yield
Their mute applause of tears;
And when those dear, familiar songs,
So old, yet ever new,
With all their well remembered words,
So tender and so true,
Move other hearts to hold thee dear
As we have ever held thee here,—
Pray don't forget
My *mignonette*!

K. D. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26, 1887.

Camp Fire Stories, from the Note Book of a Hunting Parson.

WE were camped in a beautiful spot near the base of Mount Whitney. S—— rolled on another chunk of firewood, refilled his pipe, and continued:

"Just over the divide there was the cattle range of old Jack Birch—Persimmon Jack we used to call him, from a queer way he had of puckering up his mouth before he began to speak. He had stock cattle up here, and he was bothered considerably with the bears, but it was hard to say which he was most afraid of, bears or firearms. His cattle corral was near his shake cabin, and the beasts, being very fond of veal, used to come sociably up to his very door. He was an old dried up bachelor and lived there all alone.

"One day he came over and said he wanted me to help him build a bear trap. I went over and we built a good, big, strong one, just below his house. I guess I could show you the old log pile there yet. You know how they are made—heavy pine logs notched into each other, a great square pen, then a sliding trap door to work up and down inside, a trigger on the 'figure-four' fashion, with bait—a calf or half a deer—at the back of the pen, which the bear smells, tries to carry off, down comes the trap door; and he finds himself a prisoner. Well,

we finished the trap, covered it over the top with big rocks to make it doubly secure, baited it with a calf, half devoured by the bears the night before, and awaited results.

"The next day, over came Persimmon Jack, saying, 'We've got him, and I tell you he's a monster; and I want you to come over and kill him.'

"O no!" I said, 'shoot him yourself.'

"He had no gun but an old army musket he had brought with him from the States, with, I suppose, the same load in it he carried across the plains. So I offered him my rifle.

"Shoot him!" he said; 'I would n't shoot him for all the cattle on the range.'

"He plead and plead, but I was determined to have some fun, and I refused. But I went over and sure enough, he *was* a monster,—an old grizzly—and how he was pawing the ground, and gnawing the logs, and bellowing like the twelve bulls of Bashan. Jack besought me to shoot him, but I was obdurate, and left him the very picture of woe, wishing him a pleasant night's rest. Next morning he was over again with the same request—said he hadn't been able to sleep a wink. I told him I'd done my share, and go I wouldn't. Well, we did have sport over poor Jack's bear, and I believe he would have stayed caged till he died of starvation, if the haggard expression of Persimmon's eyes and pity of the beast had not touched the heart of one of the boys staying with me. So he went over one day, and stopped Bruin's roaring, and gave poor Jack a chance for a good night's rest again. He never set the trap afterwards.

"As I said, Jack lived in a shake cabin. You have seen them—the shakes are rived out of the sugar-pine, which splits straight as if sawed, and thin as a ribbon; the frame is made of poles spiked together, the whole held firm by poles across the square, roofed and weather boarded with the shakes, no ceiling. A home-made table, same material, two or three camp stools,—butt of a log with a shake nailed across—comprised the furniture of Persimmon Jack's mansion. He slept on a pole bunk, occupying the space from the door to the end of the cabin. To make his home burglar proof at night he would shove the table up against the door, whose deer-skin string and wooden latch was the only fastening. The last visit Jack paid me was one morning when he came over looking so haggard and wild-eyed, that he almost frightened me. 'Why Jack,' said I, 'what on earth's the matter? are you sick?'

"Don't feel very peart," he replied.

"Well, what's up?"

"After repeated interrogations he finally an-

swered, 'Well S—, I've got to leave the range. Can't stand it any longer.'

"Can't stand what?"

"Why, them cussed bears! I've lost half my calves, an' if I stay a little longer I'll lose my carcass too.' And Persimmon Jack puckered up his mouth and commenced digging a hole in the ground with the heel of his boot, and looked the very personification of despair.

"What's their latest wrinkle?" I asked.

"Wall," said he, 'last night I shoved the table agin the door an' went to bed as usual. About midnight I thought I heard the table move, but after listening, concluded I was mistaken. Just got into a doze agin, when that table *did* move. I sot up in bed, an' what did I see but an old bear, with his forepaws on the foot of my bunk, a-looking me straight in the eyes. He raised one paw and give a grunt, an' I got up an' got a-straddle one of the stringin's; but I tell you, S—, it was the toughest job I ever struck a-tryin' to hold on to that stringin'. An' that old devil of a brute smelled round the shanty, pulled down a sack of sugar an' eat that, an' then he turned his attention to me. He sot down on his hunkers right under me an' growled. I'll be gol-darned if it didn't make the cold shivers run down the spine of my back. Then he'd walk round the cabin, an' come back, an' squat right under me, an' growl an' snarl an' show his teeth agin. Then he stood up on his hind "sled-runners" and tried to paw me; an' I tell you it was tight nippin'—by drawin' up my legs, he'd jist miss them with his paw. An' there I had to sot all night, a-holdin' on to that rough stringin' with both hands, an' drawin' up my legs out o' the way o' that old grizzly's paws; S—, my jints an' sinners is that sore this mornin', I kin hardly walk. I can't stand it S—, I've got to git out o' these diggin's.'

"The poor fellow was stiff sure enough; but the picture my fancy painted of poor Jack, astride that rough-barked bare pole, drawing up his muscles to their utmost tension, while old Bruin—anxious for a good square meal—acted on the same principle from below, was all so ludicrous that I laughed till Persimmon Jack hobbled off mad as a March hare.

"That was his last visit. A few weeks after I heard some of his vaqueros rounding up his cattle; and the next thing I knew, his range was vacant."

Yesterday as I was wending my way campward at noon, hungry and tired, an old buck—a five pointer—roused from his siesta under the pines, trotted leisurely across the trail and along the slope.

sent a ball as well aimed as I knew how; but he either slackened nor increased his gait. One, two, three, with the same result. What did it mean? Was my eye warped? gun-barrel crooked? or was his old resident impervious to lead? As I raised my gun for the fourth round he suddenly stopped, shook his massive antlers, and dropped in his racks, dead as a stone. Upon examination I found that every ball had struck him in a vital part.

In dressing him I came to a hard gristly lump under the skin. Cutting it open I found a battered ounce ball of lead. On a closer inspection I found that it had gone clear through him between the heart and liver, struck against a rib on the other side, and nature had covered it over, and here it had remained for years. What hunter "cussed" and blamed his bad luck as that old buck pounded away! And old Mr. Five-prong might have had another story to tell his grandchildren about one of my balls, but the breech-loader, with its little arsenal, was too many for him.

Three more days of this glorious sport—headache all gone, appetites—why we could have digested a medium-sized gridiron. Our camp looked like a regular packing establishment—hams and shoulders and "back-straps," smoked just enough to keep nice and sweet, presents for our city friends. That last day—how well I remember it! We had been far down the valley for a last grand hunt. Toward evening, the fog from the plains below came drifting toward us. We turned our faces campward. As it settled round us, the air grew almost as dark as night. In crossing the cañons, somehow we got separated from each other. Heavily laden with a saddle of venison apiece, we labored up the rocky steps, sometimes crawling on our hands and knees under the dense underbrush, and around awful chasms, through which the waters roared and thundered. The wet fog struck us in the faces, almost blinding us. I halloed for my friend—but no answer; the wind was against me and my voice died away in the echo of the moaning pines. Still I labored on, up and up. It grew lighter; at last, clambering the last rocky height, I suddenly came into the glorious sunlight. I had gotten above the fog.

I turned my eyes toward the west. Never shall I forget that sight. Like great billows of snowy foam, undulating, rising and falling, transformed at times into silver and gold and sapphire by the rays of the setting sun, rolling on and on, came that ocean of fog, with drops of mist glittering on its bosom, while away beyond, two hundred miles dis-

tant, lay the grand Pacific, its waves glinting like pearls, a mighty sea of glass. I sat long and gazed like one entranced upon this beatific vision—I never expect to see another such this side the shore of the sea of life. Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by the well-known voice of my friend—"Hello there!"—not a hundred yards away. Parted from each other in the mists and darkness of the valley below, we met at last in the bright sunlight of the mountain top, far above the fog.

That evening ominous clouds gathered, and the next morning flakes warned us that it was time to turn our faces toward the warmer regions below—none too soon; as we reached lower latitudes we could see the hills surrounding our old stamping ground white with snow. If we had stayed another day we should probably have been prisoners in that little valley for months.

Soon after this I sailed for a trip to the Hawaiian Island. When I returned, on opening my budget of letters I came to one black-edged. It was from S—, my old hunter friend. My breath caught in my throat as I read—dead! Struck down in the prime of his manhood. And then I thought of our last evening together—the dark valley below—the parting—the fog—the meeting in the sunshine above.

W. J. Smith.

The Dream and the Waking.

A DREAM slipped out of a wood:

Ah, foolish dream,

You surely found no good

By stile, by stream,

(So would it surely seem,)

Like to the cool sweet wood

With odors all ateam.

But stay! A slight girl stood

White-browed, with clasped hands

Down in the meadow lands,

Down in the meadow there,

And fair, ah, fair!

The dream, the wood forsaking,

Wise in his way, full wise,

Stopped because of her eyes,

Stopped and found fair waking,—

The dream slipped out of the wood

And found a better good:

The sweet pine haunts forsaking,

He passed to a happy waking,

To life in a maiden's eyes.

Ah, he was wise!

Richard E. Burton.

BOOK REVIEWS.

West Coast Shells.

SOME years ago Professor Keep published a little book on the marine mollusks of the west coast to which he gave the title, "Common Sea-shells of California." It met a public want, for of the hundreds of persons who visit the sea-shore during the vacation season, many scores are sufficiently interested in the shells and other forms of marine life found on the beaches, to desire further knowledge. Mr. Keep's unpretentious little book enabled them to learn something of the names and relations of many of the species thus collected — the commoner forms, such as are usually found among the drift and between tide marks. At the time this book first appeared we regarded it with pleasure, and thought Mr. Keep had done a praiseworthy act. Recently under the title of "West Coast Shells," the same author has given the public an equally useful but more comprehensive volume¹; this latter not only includes the descriptions of all the species mentioned in the first, but also of many more, the smaller marine shells that occur along the shore between Alaska and the Mexican coast. In addition to the above, the land and fresh water shells of the Pacific sea-board States, and of Idaho, Utah, and Nevada are described.

The molluscan species of the foregoing regions are illustrated by nearly two hundred figures. The text is written in a simple but entertaining style, the names of the species are explained, and the pronunciation is indicated. A key for the analysis of shells, and a biographical index of naturalists are given, also a glossary for beginners and an index to the species, etc., which further serves the purpose of a check list for collectors. The glossary might be expanded with advantage, and the terms more fully explained. The book taken altogether is cleverly written and well devised, the typography, paper, and binding, satisfactory, and the volume as a whole is creditable alike to author and publishers.

Two Works concerning United States History.

FOREIGN critics of the literary and scientific development of the United States always concede to us a peculiar excellence in the study and exposition

of law; and in the department of international law the works of Kent, Wheaton, Halleck, and Woolsey have deserved and won especial commendation. The United States has from the first assumed and maintained a fortunate and commanding position in the domain of international law, a position due to its sudden growth in commercial importance and to its unique position upon this continent, no less than to the far-sighted views of its eminent statesmen. Sir Robert Phillimore, the most eminent English authority upon international law, attributes to the United States government the successful establishment of broad and equitable principles in the recognized law of nations at two critical periods. The conditions of neutrality were defined during the first French revolutionary war, and the whole attitude of the great powers toward each other was transformed by the assertion of the Monroe doctrine against the Holy Alliance at the time of the South American rebellions. Our department of state has been more ably served than any other branch of the government, not excepting the presidency. Seward, Fish, and Evarts were worthy successors of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

Next after treaties the official utterances of the various organs of government concerning the international questions appearing within their jurisdiction are the most important foundations of international law. The volume of treaties issued by the department of state with the admirable notes by Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis has placed the actual treaty obligations of the country at various periods within reach of the student. The much more laborious task of collecting and arranging the decisions and opinions of government in all matters affecting international relations has been accomplished by Doctor Francis Wharton in his "Digest of the International Law of the United States."¹ The three volumes of this digest are published in accordance with a resolution of Congress, approved July 28th, 1886, and a fourth volume is to follow, containing the rulings of international commissions established by the United States in conjunction with other powers.

This digest appears under the most favorable

¹West Coast Shells. By Professor Josiah Keep. San Francisco: Bancroft Brothers & Co. 1887.

¹A Digest of the International Law of the United States, taken from Documents issued by Presidents and Secretaries of State, and from Decisions of Federal Courts and Opinions of Attorneys-General. Edited by Francis Wharton. LL. D. 3 Vols. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1886.

aspices. Doctor Wharton is the one man in the country best fitted to undertake such a work and our government, which cannot always command the services of the fittest persons, is most fortunate in possessing him. The scheme of the work is exhaustive and has been thoroughly completed. Under the appropriate titles of all the divisions and subdivisions of international relations, Doctor Wharton has arranged the relevant passages from presidents' messages, Secretaries' reports, opinions of Federal courts, and opinions of Attorneys-General in chronological order. In proper connection with these selections the editor has also introduced all quotations from diplomatic correspondence, from the unofficial declarations of prominent statesmen, and from leading text-writers; also somewhat infrequent editorial comments of his own. It follows that these volumes offer a complete picture of the foreign relations of our government during the past century, as they appeared to the minds of the men who shaped them. The exact attitude adopted by our government toward its neighbors in every important and unimportant communication from the Genet imbroglio to the Cutting case, is here exposed. Is there another power that could permit this to be done?

Doctor Wharton's work is invaluable to the student of international law. We have already enough of disquisition upon the principles of that law, and here is the pragmatism for the theories of the logicians, showing just what progress, so far as the United States is concerned, has been made towards the future "federation of the world." But the digest has a much wider immediate value within the field of general history. Not only the historical student, but every citizen who is especially interested in political affairs must explain United States history by the light of these volumes. They will be indispensable to the Congressman and to the editor. Imagination can scarcely conceive the number of able "leading articles" that will owe their inspirations and profound research to Doctor Wharton. It seems certain that Wharton's Digest will, for some time at least, occupy as commanding a position in its own line of investigation as that which belongs, in other directions, to Poor's "Charters and Constitutions," or even to Elliot's "Debates" and to "The Federalist."

A book of very different character, but also claiming to be a pioneer in its especial field, is Mr. Charles A. O'Neil's "American Electoral System."¹ The time must come when our electoral college system will be subjected to close examination and most careful criticism. The electoral

college is the one feature of the constitution that has failed to acquire a vitality of its own. The caucus and convention have usurped its intended powers. How this defect shall be remedied, whether by efforts to revive and insure the original plan, or by a substitution of other methods of election, are questions of supreme importance. Mr. O'Neil's work is written as he says, "with a view of awakening interest" in such questions. After a well-written but brief resumé of the discussions concerning the presidential office during the period of the formation and adoption of the constitution, Mr. O'Neil launches out into what ought to be—but is not—a history of the electoral college from Washington's day to the present time.

We find only the most patent facts concerning the votes cast in the various electoral colleges together with a tolerable sketch of the different methods of choosing electors and of the disadvantages resulting from the "general ticket" and "legislative caucus" systems. This appropriate matter is united and subordinated to a narrative of leading facts in the outline of the country's history which seems to be entirely unnecessary to this work. What have the rise of the protective system and Calhoun's opinions about slavery to do with a history of the electoral college? Why should the names of all cabinet officers expand the body of the text in such a book? The Jacksonian era affected the electoral system by promoting the supremacy of national conventions. Mr. O'Neil does not even hint at the latter fact, but devotes several pages to a description of the policy and accomplishments of the "hero of New Orleans." We are obliged to read much about the nullification struggle, the story of which is thus concluded: "The hero of New Orleans took his stand and made his name immortal. The proclamation of December 10, 1832, was a beacon light in the sea of politics, and its influence was felt long after the event which occasioned it." There is no other reference to the proclamation of December 10, 1832. All this is neither poetry nor history; it is only language. Mr. O'Neil constrains us to observe his admiration for Jackson, and in his account of the electoral commission of 1876, which is one of the best parts of the book, he cannot conceal his sympathy with the unsuccessful contestant, and does a little skillful special pleading for him. After reading these passages, we are prepared to find that Millard Fillmore's "Know-Nothing" candidacy in 1856 "brings the blush of shame to every true American" (p. 158). Mr. O'Neil's work displays but few literary graces, yet it is surprising to find that although the other nominees in 1884 are allowed to retain their Christian names, the name "St. John" appears

¹ The American Electoral System. By Charles A. O'Neil, L. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

with only the additional phrase "of Kansas" to distinguish the governor from St. John of Palestine; and that an eminent senator from California is genially introduced to the printed page as "Dave Broderick." We are thankful that Mr. O'Neil has spared us an "Abe Lincoln", but we are sure that he would never say "Andy Jackson." A bit of silly newspaper philosophy comes forth again in the statement (p. 244) that Mr. Hendricks's death "left the country exposed to the evils of anarchy." Such a feeble falsity is scarcely worthy of contradiction. Mr. O'Neil has apparently done little to discover the sources of our electoral system, what suggested and approved it to the fathers. The possible influence of the electoral college of the German Empire escapes with a bare mention. He has done nothing to analyze the political and social causes for the rapid dwarfing of the college, and the varying growth and importance of caucuses and conventions. In the opening and closing chapters, by far the best in the book, the author examines the perils to which we are exposed and the improvements proposed, but he seems to think that amendment in the direction of the original plan is not worth debating. The Presidential Succession Act of 1886, and the Electoral Count Bill of 1887, are valuable appendixes to the book.

Dante.

THE name of Dante was at first only a nickname — a shortening, after the custom at Florence, of his baptismal name, the whole of which was Durante di Aldighieri degli Aldighieri. The early biographers of the poet, thinking to add lustre to the name he had already made for himself, endeavored to prove that he was of ancient and noble lineage. Later investigators are less certain, but follow without too much hesitation the alleged derivation. The poet was born in the year 1265, but although in 1865, the 14th of May was celebrated in Florence as the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, Karl Witte, the greatest German student of his works, offers much reasoning to prove that the date was the 30th of May. We do not know much of Dante's education, but he is said to have been "liberally trained," one of his teachers was Brunetto Latini, "a worthy man for his times," called "a great philosopher and a supreme master of rhetoric," whom the poet, with what is called his "usual impartiality," placed in the *Inferno* for his sins, but whom Dante there greets as the "dear and kind paternal image, who in the world, from hour to hour, taught me how man makes himself eternal." The poet was taught his *trivium* and

quadrivium, and is believed to have studied later at the Universities of Bologna and Padua. Biographers are doubtful whether he studied Greek, but in the *Comedy* he pays tribute to Virgil who was his guide through the *Inferno*.

"Thou art my master, and my author thou,
Thou art alone the one from whom I took
The beautiful style that has done honour to me."

The zeal with which he pursued his studies is indicated by Leonardo Aretino. "Through the study of philosophy, of theology, astrology, arithmetic, and geometry, through the reading of history, through the examination of many and various books, toiling and sweating in study, he acquired the wisdom which he was to adorn and explain with his verses."

Dante lived in times of constant political trouble and excitement. Interested in the welfare of his own city, and a student of government as well as of every available kind of learning, he became, almost every citizen of the better class, involved as an actor and member of the government itself. I was in the times of the constant contests of Guelph and Ghibelline. The result to Dante was, that in 1302 he was exiled from his native Florence and never again entered its limits. What he was, however, as statesman or exile, lacks interest to modern readers, compared with that which clings to him as the greatest of Italian poets.

His first work was the *Vita Nuova*, "a book," says his namesake Rossetti, "which only youth could have produced, and which must chiefly remain sacred to the young—to each of whom the figure of Beatrice, less lifelike than lovelike, will seem the friend of his own heart." The contents of the book indicate that when Dante named this work, "he meant to designate that new life of love which began with his first meeting with Beatrice. Boccaccio tells the story of the meeting at a May day party to celebrate the coming in of spring, given by Folco Portinari. "Among the guests was Alighieri, the poet's father, and since it was customary for children to follow their parents, especially to festive places, he was accompanied by Dante, who had not quite finished his ninth year. . . . Among the children was a daughter of Folco, whose name was Bice—though he always called her by her primitive name, Beatrice—who was perhaps eight years old, gay and beautiful in her childish way, gentle and pleasing in her behavior, and in words and manners more serious and modest than her tender age required. She had delicate features well arranged, and in addition to their beauty, full of so much modest loveliness that by many she was reputed almost an angel. Such then as I have described her, and

¹Dante, a Sketch of his Life and Works. By May Alden Ward. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1887.

perhaps even more beautiful, she appeared at this east before the eyes of our Dante—not, I believe, for the first time, but first with the power to inspire love.” Dante in the *New Life* describes her at the first meeting. “Who was called Beatrice—blessed—by many who knew not why she was so called,” and adds: “From that time forward Love ordered it over my soul. . . . He commanded me oft-times that I should seek to see this youthful angel, so that I in my boyhood often went seeking her, and saw her of such noble and praiseworthy deportment, that truly of her might be said those words of the poet Homer, ‘She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God.’”

Many regard the heroine of the *Vita Nuova* as an abstract personification, and not a real human being.” But Professor Morton says of her, “The figure of Beatrice, which appears veiled under the allegory, and indistinct in the bright cloud of the mysticism of the *Divina Commedia*, takes her place in the earth through the *Vita Nuova* as definitely Dante himself. She is no allegorized piece of humanity, no impersonification of attributes, but an actual woman—beautiful, modest, gentle, with companions only less beautiful than herself—the most delightful figure in the midst of the picturesque life of Florence. She is seen smiling and weeping, walking with maidenly decorum in the street, praying at the church, merry at festivals, mourning at funerals; and her smiles and tears, her gentleness and her reserve, all the sweet qualities of her life, and the peace of her death, are filled with such tenderness and refinement, such pathetic melancholy, such delicate purity, and such passionate vehemence, that she remains, and will always remain, the loveliest and most womanly woman of the middle ages—at once absolutely real and truly ideal.”

The *New Life* seems to be a necessary introduction to the *Divine Comedy*, explaining the high position therein assigned to the Florentine maiden, who stood in this pathetic record of the poet's repent, far-off worship as the “youngest of the angels.” It is written in prose and poetry, and is looked upon as containing the first example of an elevated, sustained prose style in Italian literature. Mr. Norton says of it: “So long as there are lovers in the world, and so long as lovers are poets, so long will this first and tenderest love story of modern literature be read with appreciative and responsive sympathy.”

The second of Dante's works is entitled *Il Convito* (The Banquet) and consists also of prose and poetry. It is an encyclopædia of the wisdom of Dante's time. He says in the introduction, that his object in writing the work was to make the learning of

the schools accessible to the unlearned. In the second part he introduces a dissertation on immortality, in which he believes, thinking “among all brutalities” that the most stupid, vile, and harmful, which holds that after this life there is no other.” The writings of philosophers and other wise authors agree with him that some part of us is perpetual. “And so I believe,” he adds, “and so affirm, and so am certain, that after this life I shall pass to another and a better life, where lives that glorious body whom my soul loved.” The *Convito* is considered indispensable to the understanding of the *Divine Comedy*, and Wegele asserts that if the *Convito* had been completed, “we could without regret dispense with nine tenths of the existing commentaries on the great poem.”

The third work of Dante was *De Monarchia*, containing the author's theory of government. Therein he examines the question of the superiority of the positions of the Roman pontiff and Roman prince, and the conclusion to which he came caused the work to be publicly burned as heretical in 1329, while a “zealous Papal legate proposed to submit the author's bones to the same fate.” The work is one of the causes of the conclusion reached by some German scholars, that Dante was not only the greatest poet but the greatest statesman of modern times.

The great poem, the *Divine Comedy*, as it is now called, was at first entitled simply *The Comedy*. Stripped of its allegory and of its religious and political allusions, it is an account of Dante's imaginary journey through the abodes of the dead—first the *Inferno*, then the *Purgatorio*, then the *Paradiso*. The author of this *Life* of Dante has given a brief but careful and pleasing analysis of each of the three books of the poem, and closes a volume of unusual interest with a short chapter upon the fame of Dante, and a brief account of the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The great poem did not wait long for a recognition of its author's genius. It is estimated by Balbo that more copies of it were made in the fourteenth century, than of any other work, ancient or modern. This was before the art of printing. The number of manuscript copies still in existence in the libraries of Europe is more than five hundred. Voltaire in the eighteenth century wrote of Dante with his usual brightness and asperity: “The Italians call him divine, but it is a hidden divinity. Few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which is perhaps one more reason for his not being understood. His reputation will go on increasing because scarcely anybody reads him. There is a score of verses one knows by heart, and that suffices to spare the trouble of examining the rest.” But he later confesses more

justly: "There are verses so happy and so natural, that they have not grown old in four hundred years, and they will never grow old. Moreover, a poem which places popes in hell awakens much attention." But the critics of the nineteenth century find him worthy of unstinted praise. Ruskin calls him "the central man of all the world." Carlyle predicted for him "ten listening centuries and more." Mr. Lowell says of him: "Almost all other poets have their seasons, but Dante penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students; his students, zealots; and what was a taste becomes a religion. The homeless exile finds a home in thousands of grateful hearts, and comes from exile into this peace."

Briefer Notice.

To meet the demand for a small treatise on the now fashionable study of the "science" of palmistry, Mr. Heron-Allen has published a little book¹ containing the substance of a lecture of his drawn from his larger works on the same subject. It will afford amusement to young people that are glad of a chance to tell each others' fortune and pay pretty compliments in doing it. — It was a daring conception of the learned Doctor Delitzsch, that of taking readers of this commonplace and unimaginative day back to ancient Palestine to spend a whole day in the very presence of the Son of Man. Too daring almost; for the reader's thought refuses to follow him into the private meditations of the great Teacher so far as he would lead. Learned the book² is, that goes without saying in a German professor; reverent also, not so much a matter of course; but successful, — perhaps that is too much to expect. Edward Hale has come nearer to making the picture of Jewish life a reality, possibly because he is not so orthodox as Doctor Delitzsch, and so not so much oppressed by the magnitude of his theme. Of the translator there is not much to be said of praise, and the book is marred by frequent crudities in his work. —

*The Cremation of the Dead*³ is written by an en-

¹Practical Cheiropsohy. By Edward Heron-Allen New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson and Company.

²A Day in Capernaum. By Doctor Franz Delitzsch Translated from the German by Reverend George H. Schodde. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

thusiast, who is impatient of the stolid conservatism of the public on the subject of cremation, and superlative in his condemnation of the custom of burial of the dead. His main argument is the sanitary one — the "dreadful consequences to the living of making the soil a receptacle of corruption; and he fortifies his reasoning with abundant historical instances. He is never inconsiderate, however of the possible religious scruples of his readers: "No intelligent faith," he quotes from the Bishop of Manchester, "can suppose that any Christian doctrine is affected by the manner in which this mortal body of ours crumbles into dust and sees corruption" and a sermon of Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's Cathedral to the same effect; and Lord Shaftesbury asking, "What, then, has become of the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake?" He is no less considerate of the tender sentiments with which the living regard the remains of their dead: with reference to which, however, he quotes very aptly from Herodotus as follows: "If all people were to choose the most beautiful among the customs, they would after close examination select their own, because every nation believes that its own customs are the best and the most beautiful. One therefore cannot imagine that anybody but a madman would ridicule such matters. When Darius reigned he summoned the Greeks then in his land, and when they came, he requested them to name the price they would take to eat their deceased parents. They replied they would not commit such a crime for all the gold in his empire. Then he caused the Kalandians [natives of India] who were in the habit of eating their parental dead to appear before him when they arrived, he questioned them (in the presence of the Greeks, to whom every word was interpreted) how much remuneration they would want to burn their dead. They cried aloud and bade him not to think of such a sacrilege. Thus custom rules I believe Pindar to be right when he asserts in one of his poems that custom is the King of all." The various processes of cremation, the medico-legal aspect, the progress of the movement, etc. are also duly treated of.

³The Cremation of the Dead, considered from an aesthetic, sanitary, religious, historical, medico-legal and economical standpoint. By Hugo Erichsen, M. D. Detroit. D. O. Haynes & Company. 1887.

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TO SHASTA'S FEET.—I.

"O HAL, is that it?" I exclaimed breathlessly, while I clung to the railing of the car with one hand, and to his arm with the other.

"That is it, my dear," he laughingly rejoined, and both of us leaned out from the platform as far as we could to look up the

long stretch of valley bronzed and shimmering under a July sun, to see Shasta's "Great White Throne" standing straight to the north more than two hundred miles away—a monument of snow and ice, terrible in its grandeur and isolation. We had been panting for breath the last two hours, for the

heat was intense and the car crowded with excursionists. I shall never forget the strange effect of this arctic vision in the midst of tropical surroundings. As my fascinated gaze rested on the central figure of Mount Shasta, a sense of supernatural influence seemed to emanate from its pallid surface, and so possessed my imagination that I was never able to divest myself of the feeling as long as I remained within the sweep of its comprehensive brow. I understood then why the Indians held it in reverence and never desecrated its sacred solitude by sound of warfare or hunter's chase.

A cloud of dust and cinders drove us inside the car, where we utilized our hats for fans, exchanged places at the water-tank, and vainly wished we weighed less, and that our clothing might have been metamorphosed with the climate when we finally escaped the sinuous arms of the bay.

"This is the very worst time for you to come up here, Kate," said Hal regretfully. "I always intended you should visit us in May or October. Then the weather is delightful, and the changes in the woods are much the same as those in dear old Wisconsin. Many of the trees, flowers, and grasses that grow around Shasta are identical with those that surrounded us when we were children. I never see one such reminder that I do not long for you to share it with me."

My sympathetic answer was cut short by the brakeman calling out "Cottonwood," and gathering up our satchels we hurried out, glad of the opportunity to shake off the dust and generally refresh ourselves at the hotel.

After an early supper, some friends of Hal's suggested that we should ride out with them as it was then the pleasantest part of the day. We gladly acquiesced, and soon were driving over the finest kind of roads, behind a dashing pair of bays. The little town is charmingly situated, within a half mile of Cottonwood Creek, which hunts the

Sacramento River through a wide valley, now russet with unharvested fields, and dotted irregularly with great oaks that made rings of cooling shade in the midst of the yellow grain. The sun for a few moments seemed to glare more fiercely at the prospect of his enforced retreat behind the head of Yallo Balley. Later his brilliant blaze was slowly displaced by faint shadows that purpled Shasta's roseate cone and Lassen's frosty buttes, and then spread down the mountains' sides, and took up their march across the plain.

"We must show you the ruins of Major Pearson B. Reading's homestead. That was a man to know!" And the Doctor's voice indicated that he had once enjoyed the privilege, and felt all an old pioneer's pride and pleasure in recalling the circumstance. "The Major was the first white settler in Shasta County. It was in '45 that he built the old homestead over there near the junction of Cottonwood Creek with the Sacramento River. Many a houseless immigrant remembers with gratitude the cheer he received within its hospitable walls. You will find all over the State those who treasure up as cherished mementoes his helpful words and deeds. The Major owned all this country once; for the original Reading grant embraced more than twenty-six thousand acres of choice, well watered land. You see it now all cut up into farms and orchards; but then it was one unbroken pasture for his immense herds of cattle. I remember he told me that in one day he had marked and branded seven hundred calves. Here is the old corral," stopping the horses before a dilapidated adobe wall that had received modern improvements at various stages of decay. "Once I arrived here just in time to see Joaquin Miller, then but a stripling, mounted on a spirited horse, his long, auburn hair waving like corn-silk in the wind, and his right arm dexterously swinging a riata, which, a moment later had fastened its coils around the

horns of a bellowing young bullock. I never saw Sam Neal do a neater piece of lassoing. The animal was the pick of the herd, and promised by the Major as a feast to the Indians who accompanied the poet."

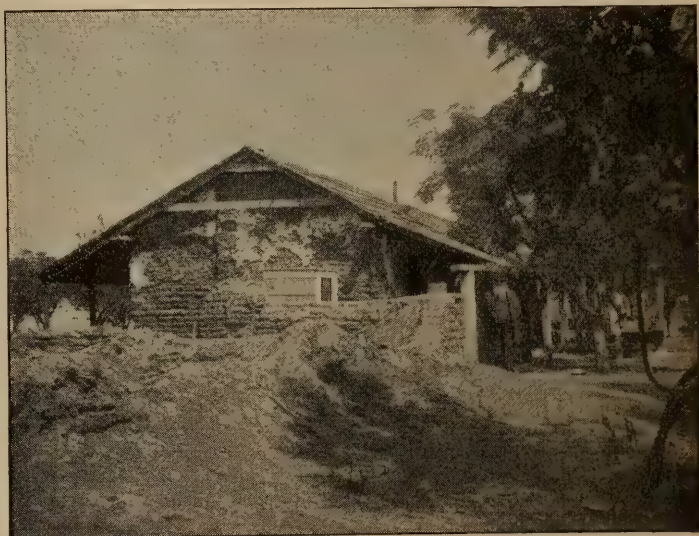
We found the Doctor's reminiscences vastly entertaining. Beyond the corrals were tumbling walls of sun-dried brick of Indian manufacture. Scarcely a vestige remained of the old-time comforts that had once made the Reading homestead famous for miles around. A few gnarled apple trees hooked their hungry branches in the falling roof. Below, in a secluded hollow, some better trees were loaded with ripening fruit, and still farther off we could hear the meeting of the three rivers through the pleasant rustle of the cottonwood trees on their border, and catch a silvery gleam of their waters through the branches.

"My old friend is buried near here," continued the Doctor softly. "I will drive over to his grave if you would like to see it." And as we urged him to do so, he turned the horses off the road across a blackened stubble-field, where a recent fire had robbed the harvesters of thousands of acres of grain.

We were directly opposite "Bloody Island," which is formed by Battle Creek on one side, and the Sacramento River on the other. On this little island, some forty years ago, General Fremont had his well remembered conflict with a tribe of Diggers, many of whom were slain and the rest forced to sign a treaty with the whites. Overlooking this picturesque spot some half a mile above the rivers is a small knoll covered with manzanita and scrub oak. Under these are two graves marked by rude boards, on

each of which is inscribed the name of Pearson B. Reading. Father and son take their last sleep side by side. The fire had not spared the sacred resting-place of the dead. Its desolating fingers had charred the foliage that had once mutely caressed the lonely mounds. The Doctor uncovered his head, and for a few silent moments looked dreamily toward the rivers, from whose shaded banks a moaning dove breathed its melancholy plaint.

We were too much in sympathy with the feelings of this stanch old comrade to break his reverie, and for some time nothing was said as we drove along through the moon-



THE OLD READING HOMESTEAD.

lighted plain. Presently, however, the Doctor roused himself, and went on in his pleasant way to tell us what places we should visit around his beloved home.

"There is the Shingletown district. You should see the orchards and lumber mills along Bear Creek. The first car-load of fruit ever shipped from this county came from this section. You would find rare sport hunting and fishing on Deer Flat and in Manzanita Lake, some nine miles above the town," to Hal, who had questioned him with animation. "There are myriads of large, crimson-sided trout running in and



RIVER NEAR COTTONWOOD.

out through the branches of the sunken forest in that lake. It is very strange to see down in the clear water the lifeless trunks of trees running up to within a few feet of the surface. I have heard old Shave Head credited with having stocked the lake with fish, but know that the people owe this benevolent act to Major Reading, who brought them in buckets of water from Hat Creek nearly forty years ago."

Before parting for the night, we planned a trip to Anderson and Happy Valley on the morrow.

The morning sun dropped down a flaming day that rivaled the one before in unmitigated heat. I envied Hal his long association with the climate, for I was hopelessly uncomfortable. By a little after six we were on the road. A shining haze enveloped the mountains and spread its golden net across the glowing valley. A meadow lark arose and flung on the air his rich, sweet notes, while a flock of chattering black-birds, catching the morning's colors on their wings, wheeled close to the heavy-headed wheat

that grew by the wayside. All the country from Cottonwood to Anderson, Redding and Millville, is the very best farming land in the county. To one who has served a seven years' apprenticeship in Southern California, the beautiful rivers and streams that here meet the eye are a source of never ending delight. A ride of six miles brought us to the suburbs of Anderson, a railroad town some five years old, lying in the lap of the great agricultural valley just alluded to. We passed some fine farms and orchards; the peach and prune trees we had never seen excelled in any part of the State.

"Don't miss the bridge across the Sacramento," cried Hal to me, interrupting the Doctor's account of the healthfulness of the climate. "There it is: length, thirteen hundred feet; three main spans, one hundred and fifty-five feet each; cost, twenty-seven thousand dollars," he quoted glibly. "Hold fast to the figures, my dear, as you value your reception among my Anderson friends. I can tell you they are proud of it, and it certainly is one of the finest in North-

ern California. It didn't bridge over their little quarrel with Millville, but materially widened the breach by robbing the latter town of a part of her trade. We'll drive over it and give you a bit of a river view that is an exquisite painting in itself."

And soon we were crossing the noble stream that rolled its stainless flood under the all-rejoicing sun. Just here it divides its waters, making a miniature island, whose tangle of wild grape-vines swings loose from the supporting trees, and trails a veil of silvery green into the swift current. On the opposite bank, from a mass of living foliage, the white trunk of a dead tree extends its naked limbs far out on the river, which reflects its lifeless length on a background of richest color. I found the picture merited all Hal's enthusiasm. It is interesting to learn from the styles of the houses and business structures how far a town is inhabited by farmers, and how far by mechanics and other craftsmen. The face of a landscape indicates, to a certain extent, the occupation of its people. A thoughtful traveler

need not pause to ask of Anderson if she is engaged in agriculture, for every house and sign suggest the necessity of the farm and orchard.

I was treated so cordially here by Hal's friends that I had a refreshing feeling of irresponsibility. It is soothing to know that some one else's merits have placed you above criticism by strangers. After lunch we started for Happy Valley in company with its beloved patriarch, of whom I had heard enough to interest me greatly. He was a man past the prime of life, but was in no wise infirm or weakened by age. It might have been some peculiar gift of mind or spirit rather than of the body that gave one the impression that he had at his command great powers of strength and endurance. We drew him on to speak of himself and others of the "United Brethren" who had followed him here a few years before, and now formed the entire settlement throughout the six miles of valley that we traversed to reach his home. He needed not to assure us of their thrift and enterprise,



RIVER NEAR ANDERSON.

for the well-cultivated farms, neat cottages and gardens, and frequent school-houses, had a language of their own.

"We try to subordinate our interests to that of the Church, making each one responsible for the well-being of its members. Our society was established in the United States in 1755 under the leadership of Reverend Will Ottesbein, a German of the Reformed Church. We are opposed to secret orders, slavery, and the manufacture and sale of spiritous liquors. We will not sell a foot of land to a man who has not temperance principles. Of the one hundred voters in our valley, there are only two ever known to taste a drop of liquor."

All this and much more our kindly host related to us while we walked with him through his orchard groves and ate of his perfect fruits. Many of the trees were bent to the earth with their generous burden of apricots, pears, and peaches. There were nectarine, plum, apple, and walnut trees, and rows of old-fashioned chestnuts throwing out their symmetrical limbs under a luxuriant drapery of soft leaves. We appreciated the feeling of pride that the owner of this beautiful orchard displayed in showing us the result of his five years' labor. He had fine ditches running through the place, but did not believe in irrigating his trees and only ran the water on the blackberry bushes which were loaded with the finest clusters of the Lawton and Wilson varieties. His vineyard covered fifty acres and he told us that his raisin grapes last year, under the analysis of Professor Hilgard, were found to contain nearly five per cent more sugar than those produced elsewhere in California. It is only in the last few years that the least attention has been paid to the agricultural and horticultural resources of this county, which stood for so many years a very Solomon "that passed all the kings of the earth in riches," and whose presents to the people were "vessels of gold and of silver."

"A new era has come to this country," continued the old gentleman, in his wise, thoughtful manner. "After the exhaustion of the gravel diggings—wonderfully rich while they lasted—it was generally believed that Shasta's sun had set. Capital was withdrawn, and the placer mines gave but a desultory employment to the few miners remaining. But the last few years have brought a reaction. The problem as to where the gold came from that fed the gulches was solved at last. Rich ledges were discovered, and rock claims taken up on the mountains, mills were erected to grind the quartz, and today capital, united with scientific skill, has opened out as bright a prospect for Shasta's mines as she ever enjoyed in the past."

The conversation then drifted into questions of religious import, which, we could see, were of greater interest to him. The man's life was broader than his creed, and no one could spend a few hours in his company without being the truer soul for the experience. It was with a painful shock a few days later, that I heard of his sudden death from heart disease. I can still recall his fervent "God bless you," and feel the touch of his cordial hand in farewell.

We remained at Anderson one night—and such a glorious summer night as it was! It brought a cooler breath than was felt all day, and we sat on the balcony serenely enjoying ourselves under the eternal calm of the sky, now thickly jeweled with innumerable stars. Later on a full moon hung its silver globe low in the horizon, dropping lights and shadows on the distant hills. The band was practicing on the farther end of the balcony for tomorrow's festivities. They were all young fellows, scarcely out of boyhood, and I could see, did their best, and we took pleasure in letting them know we thought they played well. They were evidently proud and pleased, and left us with smiling faces.

Before the morning sun had time to



ANDERSON.

climb the mountains, we were awakened by the patriotic youth of the town ushering in the natal day of our independence by firing off cannon-crackers under our windows. It was not yet four o'clock. We made vain attempts to catch another nap, and finally Hal called out in exasperation:—

“I say, Kate, did I ever care for those infernal things when I was a boy? I need a better memory than mine to convince me that retributive justice compels me to spare the lives of those urchins outside.”

And we laughed together over the recollection of how inestimably precious a bunch of fire-crackers once was to our little hearts, when, with brown fingers clutching the scarlet packages, we rode into town on the fragrant hay in the bottom of the wagon-box, while our elders occupied the coveted high seat in front.

By ten we were in the grove just outside the town, where some twelve or fifteen hundred people were assembled to hear the regulation programme performed. There was the usual inattention on the part of the crowd during the reading of the “Declaration,” and a corresponding disposition to gossip and shift positions, while the oration was delivered with great fervor and eloquence by a bright young lawyer, who, it was circulated in loud whispers, “would be

heard from before long.” I thought it more than likely he meant to be heard from then, for he thundered away with true Irish enthusiasm until an old farmer in front was quite beside himself with patriotism, and seizing a flag from a small boy, waved it wildly toward the speaker, while we all joined in his loud hurrah.

I heard Hal afterwards gravely assuring the handsome young man who read the Declaration of Independence, that he hoped the people had not detected his mistake, but he certainly had given them the Emancipation Proclamation instead of that other time-honored document. His friend for a moment stared aghast as though he thought it possible that he had been guilty of the blunder, but catching the humorous sparkle in Hal’s eye joined heartily in the laugh at his expense. There could be no possible estimate of the quantities of ice cream and lemonade that disappeared in the next two hours. A feast was spread on long tables, where special attention was paid to the crowd of guests from Shasta, who had come down to Anderson to spend the Fourth. There were other visitors who were less ceremoniously entertained,—this was a party of Diggers, who dined from off the ground and were resplendent in bright-colored gowns, gorgeous paint and ornaments, and

appeared to be having a particularly good time.

"Where do all the children come from?" I inquired of a lady companion, who laughingly explained that a good many of them did not belong in Anderson, but were sent here from various parts of the country to attend their school.

Some one started the rumor that Redding was on fire. This created quite a sensation, and Hal rushed off to the telegraph office to ascertain the truth. Finding there was no foundation for the report, he returned to the grounds, and being questioned, dryly remarked that it was probably circulated to give an extra zest to the enjoyment of the day—the feud between the two towns being only a trifle less bitter than the ancient one of Shasta and Redding.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we took the train for Redding, and arrived there before five. We found the thermometer standing 110° in the shade. It was the hottest spell of the season. "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" murmured Hal. Our best friend was he who offered us a glass of ice-water. Every one was sympathetic about the weather. There was not a particle of originality in the expressions of greeting that met us on every side. This must have struck Hal as becoming monotonous, for he attempted to change the formula when he again met a friend. The effort made him choke painfully. His friend, a physician, nodded his head understandingly, and remarked, "I knew those San Francisco fogs would bring on a return of your throat trouble. Glad to see you back again, my dear boy, where you can thaw out," and the worthy man hurried past, while I smothered a laugh behind my fan.

Our evening at the hotel was the first of many pleasant ones I spent there during the next few weeks. The proprietors are Germans, and they with their families, have all the affectionate cordiality that makes the people of this nation the best home-makers

in the world. We could hear the music from the hall across the way where a grand ball was held. Some of us went over to watch the dancers. The room was crowded, and many of the ladies were elegantly dressed, and beautiful in face and form.

The report of fire in the afternoon seemed prophetic of what really did happen a little before midnight. They were just commencing a waltz when a cloud of smoke rolled into the open windows, and simultaneously the cry of "Fire!" sounded above the music, and blanched many a rosy cheek with terror. There was a general rush for the door. Women shrieked and fainted, and the wildest confusion prevailed. It was a new building, and the stairs were unfinished and without railing. There was great danger of accident, and something must be done on the instant.

A young man well known to them shouted aloud over and over again, "It is not the hall; the fire's across the street." His vehemence attracted their attention. They more than half believed him, and growing calmer, crowded out of the door with some display of reason. And he proved to be right—by accident; for he told me afterwards that he was positive at the time that the lower part of the building we were in was in flames.

A startling spectacle awaited us in the street. A block of buildings, fortunately in the least reputable part of the town, was being licked up by curling tongues of fire with a rapidity that made one sick at heart. I glanced at my silk dress and then at Hal's face. "You can't do anything," he said, authoritatively. "Just take care of my things, will you?" And he hastened to divest himself of hat, coat, vest, and cane, piling them in confusion on my arms. Here I stood, a veritable post as to usefulness, while he exercised his divine prerogative as a man, and plunged into the thick of the fight. Fortunately for Redding, her water-works were just completed, and the flames

were therefore under control before they went beyond the block. Let me not forget to mention that most of the young people afterwards returned to the hall, and in spite of disheveled toilets, danced out the remainder of the night. The next day after the Fourth, we felt a willingness to remain in the shaded parlor of the hotel, giving ourselves wholly up to the quiet restfulness of a day among thoroughly pleasant people, who knew just when to let you alone and when you needed entertainment.

In the next week I took many rides around Reading, which is beautifully lo-

factor, Mr. B. B. Redding, who made her scenery famous by his gifted pen.

One cannot imagine more picturesque sites for homes than are found in the vicinity of this town. Along the bottom lands of the Sacramento River there is a rich, alluvial loam, productive of the finest fruits and gardens, while the red soil of the hills presents features peculiarly advantageous to the raising of grapes and olives. "And why should 'nt we raise our own olives?" said the master of Linda Vista, with enthusiasm. "I shall plant out acres of trees this fall, and prove this country could rival



REDDING.

cated on rolling table-lands close to the Sacramento, but more than seventy feet above the stream. It is the liveliest town in Northern California, the railroad having made it the central point of all the surrounding counties. New buildings are going up on every hand, vineyards and orchards are being planted on her hundred hill-slopes, and capitalists are investing largely within her boundaries. She was first named after Major P. B. Reading, but alas for the fickleness of human nature, this honor was transferred to a more recent bene-

Spain in the culture of this valuable fruit. Think what a revenue is open to California, which is the only State in the Union where olives can be successfully grown! Why, Spain, in her present low condition of agriculture, produces nearly three hundred million dollars worth of oil annually. There is no tree hardier than the olive, or that is less troubled with disease or insect pests."

We were standing on the highest ridge that intersects his place, our faces turned toward Redding, which lay at our feet,

almost hidden by her oaks. Beyond the town ran the red wall of the river, which made a sharp curve around its eastern and northern slopes, and was fringed with chaparral, whose light green foliage shaded off into the darker tints of the trees. It was nearly sunset. The day had been sultry—an unusual condition, for the summers here are rarely oppressive. All the afternoon, under the drifts of fleecy clouds that trailed across the heavens, invisible billows of heat wrought electrically on the atmosphere. Now the sky was filled with grotesque figures, flaunting fiery garments before the face of the sun, whose vermilion disk touched Old Baldy's naked brow. A noble picture was spread around us. The eye rejoiced in its freedom, and roved at will over the wooded valley, through whose reach of verdant meadow on the south, the river ever and anon held up its crystal mirror. To our left, and straight before us and behind, the circling mountains struggled to rise above the vast expanse of timber crowding up their sides, until they shot up granite points into the muttering clouds that dragged their sullen lengths across the horizon. And beyond the other peaks, and higher than the storm-clouds, Shasta raised his kingly head—a silent oracle that spoke above the thunder's tone and whose omnipresent eye pierced deeper than the lightning's blazing shaft. The clouds moved hurriedly across the sky, consolidating in dark masses, and getting into position as though for a battle. The wind rose and shook the claret-colored boughs of the manzanita until they showered their scarlet berries thick on the ground. A peal of thunder, followed by a serpentine flash of lightning and a few drops of rain, warned us to seek shelter in a grove near by. We were barely under cover before a quick shower fell that scarcely penetrated the roof of our leafy retreat. We watched the storm roll toward the north, covering the mountains there with an impenetrable gloom. We had escaped with one refreshing shower. The

sun shot out a flood of golden arrows from Old Baldy's burnished top. A radiant light illumined earth and sky, and there was an abrupt and vociferous awakening of nature, rain-bathed and vigorous. The world seemed newly created.

"Look!" cried our friend joyfully. "What a glorious picture. Who ever saw before so vivid a rainbow? See how its brilliant strands are cut sheer across to show those dazzling blocks of snow-covered granite that form Lassen's mighty twins! How delicate are the reflected colors on mountain, sky, and plain, transfiguring the whole earth into a vision of perfect loveliness! On those splendid cliffs the pine trees flicker like huge torches in the wind, while from the highest summits the clouds wave their white flags of truce to the storm."

There was not one of us but shared his keen excitement, and we congratulated him over and over again on the possession of a home that commanded such a landscape. After the rain the weather was perfect for some days. We had one ride—Hal and I—that I shall never forget. We took the entire day, and were recklessly regardless of time, or care of any kind. It is during such moments one feels that work is not the highest necessity of man. He needs hours of sweet idleness when he nourishes and develops himself. His mind then takes cognizance of the smallest things, and no human emotion is so ethereal or evanescent as to escape his eye. His thoughts diffuse themselves like a perfume over all objects, and his horizon is broadened into infinitude. If ever there was a spot that could harmonize with the moods of poet or philosopher, it is the quiet groves of Bonny View.

"Kate," said Hal, with conviction, "I cannot describe to you how soothing to me is the influence of this place! For one of my restless temperament, I know of no other retreat so well adapted for a home, and mine shall be over there in yonder park of nature's own arranging. Hear the gentle



fall of the river, and see those matchless mountains painting their blue ridge along the paler sky!"

He was resting deliciously at his full length under one of the noble oaks whose trembling shadows cooled the light breeze that stirred the silvery grasses beneath. His fingers touched the delicate points tenderly as he continued speaking. "If we would make our beds oftener of this soft bosom of Mother Earth, we would not so soon lie under it. I am tired of this eternal march of time that hustles us over the roughest roads.



BONNY VIEW.

We'll away to the mountains, Kate, when you are done with all your other trips. I wish I could travel with you everywhere, but that is impossible. You must go by easy stages—though in this instance the expression is purely figurative, for who ever heard of a stage being easy—and stop over with friends of mine, who will gladly welcome you for my sake."

He had risen while he spoke, and we walked slowly toward the river, whose precipitous banks were overrun with a riotous

growth of wild grapes covering entire trees, through whose dense shade the sunlight, javelin-like, pierced the waters. A thirsty traveler might go for miles along the river and find no way to reach the stream. It is rarely you can make the descent of its channel unless you come to some ancient ferry, one of which is at *Bonny View*. This place is worthy of an artist's pencil, and is the most luxuriant river scene one can imagine.

We drove off on a side road for several miles that brought us to a pleasant country

home, where we spent a couple of hours wandering around the romantic old orchard and garden. The latter reached to the river and was irrigated therefrom by means of a revolving wheel that carried the water up into cedar troughs. The apple and pear trees here are the largest I ever saw. One of the former bore as high as forty bushels of fine, large russets in one season; while they told us they had picked fifty bushels of pears from a single tree, not counting what fell on the ground. The Sacramento River is full of trout, and our hostess and her three sons caught one hundred cat-fish the day before within a few rods of the house. These people did not seem in danger of starving, even if they never looked beyond their own farm for supplies.

In the afternoon we drove lazily back toward Redding. Within a mile of town we turned in a scarcely discernible road that wound up a steep ravine feathered with Digger pines. Hal urged the horse across an old mining ditch, which is to be put in repair to run water over the prospective orchards below. We soon ascended to a level plateau on which grew stately trees and compact groups of manzanita, whose pink and white blossoms in spring make a universal garden of all the country for miles around.

"All this land hereabouts was owned by two Englishmen," Hal explained. "There was something about those boys that interested me greatly. They bought this tract of two hundred acres, and went to work themselves to clear off the underbrush and plant an orchard. I do not think they had been accustomed to manual labor, for there is no doubt they belonged to an English family who were above such a necessity. For some unknown reason they began life here, and for the first year worked with as much gusto as though they had struck a bonanza. It is no easy thing to make a living off these table-lands and hills unless you have capital enough to wait until your vines and trees

are in bearing. Last spring they threw up everything in disgust, selling out for a mere song just when they should have had the business acumen to hold on a little longer. Over by the spring is their deserted cabin."

We tied our panting horse to an alder tree and turned our footsteps towards the hut, which was built with logs cemented with clay. Some one had appropriated the door, so we found an easy entrance. The single room was not more than twelve feet square, and was lighted by one small window, over which some long-legged spiders were industriously weaving a curtain of marvelous pattern. A lizard darted across the earthen floor and peered curiously at us from the wide-mouthed chimney, eloquent of the cheerful fires that had once blazed on the hearth. A pallet of straw moldy and stained with age, indicated what once had served as a bed, while a dilapidated table, covered with a confusion of worthless cooking utensils and old clothes, was the single article of furniture remaining. On the wall were pinned several strips of paper containing memoranda written in an elegant chirography, which seemed strangely incongruous with these surroundings.

"You see they were well educated," went on Hal, as I paused with interest before the lists. "One day the older brother got a little too full and raised such a row in town that the constable had him arrested and confined over night in jail. This summary treatment rankled in the breast of the young aristocrat, and some days after he remonstrated with the constable for having taken such severe measures, and declared that if it were not for the fear of being re-arrested he would 'pitch into him' then and there and pay him for the insult. After some parley the officer proved the eccentricity of members of his profession by promising to waive the rights of his office in this instance, and urged him to go ahead. He had reason to repent his decision, for the Englishman went at him scientifically and systemat-

ically and put in so many telling blows that the constable finally drew his pistol, which had the effect of 'dispersing' the hot-blooded young fellow before a single shot was fired. A few weeks after, just when their financial difficulties had reached a crisis, these brothers received a handsome legacy and set sail for England almost immediately after. They gave the name of 'Desperation Point' to a place on the river, where I will take you before dark. I believe they visited it about the time when their affairs seemed hopelessly involved, and their own feelings might have suggested the name."

We climbed the orchard fence and enjoyed a magnificent tramp through the forest beyond the cabin. Returning merrily as two children, we drove along the Sacramento, which is here dotted with groups of mimic isles of straight flags girt round with a curious water-plant, whose scalloped, freckled leaves were often as large as those of the palm. The absence here of high banks made this a natural place to establish a ferry, and this is the only one in this vicinity still used. We

wished to cross over, and Hal signaled to the boy in waiting, and almost immediately after the flat-boat swung out into the stream. On a wire cable suspended from one tree to another on opposite shores, there is a sliding block of peculiar construction, to which the boat is attached by a strong rope, the swift current giving it its motive power. As we reached the middle of the current we drank in the quiet beauty of the pastoral scene. The shadows of approaching evening dappled the full foliaged banks, and stretched long and cool over the garden of fruit trees and flowering shrubs that almost concealed

the cottage within. Groups of red-haired kine in a distant meadow shook their clear bells in a sweet and desultory assonance as they cropped the nodding heads of timothy. Climbing the mountain road to the right of the ferry, we looked down on the pasture lands and level fields of stubble falling away to the river. Some harvesters were driving home their creaking loads. Most of these were civilized Indians. No Chinaman is ever allowed to take up his patient labors in Redding's precincts. She deals with him kindly, but peremptorily, carefully removing not only himself, but his stock in trade on board the train, whence he must



HUNTER'S RIDGE.

seek other fields to ply his vocation.

Some two miles down the river we reached the "Point" alluded to, and here alighted to get a better view. I was thrilled and inspired by the almost unearthly beauty of this place as it then appeared in the strange half light, half gloom. A flood of keenest splendor lit the majestic river, rolling straight from the glory in the west, and curving its resistless current around the red wall of its channel, on which we stood more than a hundred feet above. Through the purpling shades we could discern the distant town, with its modest buildings standing out like ancient castles and turreted domes. A

tender radiance pressed through the gathering glooms, and for a moment longer revealed the far-off mountain shrines and cast in deeper shadow the solemn forest behind us. There was something terrifying in gazing down this perpendicular height into the deep mystery of this mighty river. I was penetrated to the soul, and Hal's fine eyes kindled with appreciation.

"We can never see this vision reproduced, though the memory of it be eternal," he said sadly, and turning our faces from the smoldering west, we saw above the pines the black silhouette of mountains running along the northern sky.

For some time we rode in silence until we were nearly at the great bridge that spans the Sacramento about a mile from town, when Hal pointed to the right: "Just across here is Fair View, the lovely home of one of my friends. It has a charming location, which he has taste enough to enjoy. It lies right in the bend of the river and has as fine a young orchard as one can find anywhere. He is planning all sorts of improvements here."

At this same hour the night following, I was perched upon the stage beside the driver, *en route* for Fall River. I confessed to a slight feeling of dreariness in spite of my

stout assurance to Hal that I did n't "in the least mind going alone."

Our road over the Redding and Stillwater plains presented little variety from the interminable forest of manzanita and Digger pines until we reached Millville valley, a distance of fourteen miles. We had passed occasional farms all the way, but now we discerned through the waning light many homes situated on the various creeks that run from every small valley around.

Millville herself is built close to where the Clover and Cow Creeks unite. Next to Shasta she is the oldest town in the county. Her lumber, stock, and agricultural interests are large, and she is justly proud of her orchards and vineyards. Her nearest railroad is at Anderson, which is eleven miles distant. Some thirty years ago an enterprising Shasta gentleman came down from that central town, and erected the first of her many mills, around which a village sprang up that has since steadily added to its population.

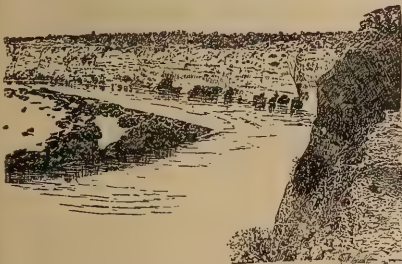
"In them early times the hay teams from here carried the mail to and from Shasta, and they were more regular than you may suppose, for there was no end of hay around these parts, and the teamsters were kept rattling busy, you bet!" remarked the driver, emphasizing the ejaculation by a crack of his whip that sent the horses flying past the graveyard as though they had taken fright at a tall stone near the fence, which might easily be mistaken for a shrouded figure. "That thing always makes me feel chilly no matter how hot the night is," the driver declared, and I thought he might regard this as a fortunate circumstance if the nights were often as warm as this one.

After a good rest at the pleasant hotel, I breakfasted early,



RIVER BRANCH NEAR ANDERSON.

and by eight o'clock was inquiring for the people to whom Hal had given me an introductory letter. They lived "just over by the mill," I was told; and I walked in the direction indicated through the hot, dusty streets until I came to a rustic bridge crossing a beautiful stream, on whose verdant banks I saw the old mill standing to the left of a low-roofed dwelling-house, both of which were overrun by clambering grape-



vines. The garden walk ran through an avenue of mammoth fig trees, which led to the wide porch overhung with a trumpet-vine that reached out welcoming red blossoms. The air was redolent with the breath of oleanders, on which brown bees were feasting. I felt a delightful sense of comfort that made home seem near to me; and my intuition was right, for the day I spent here was a most enjoyable one. Hal's friend was a man of gentle, reverent courtesy, the invariable accompaniment of a tender, chivalrous nature. The reflection of his spirit harmonized the entire household.

Toward evening some guests dropped in, and we all sat out doors under the thick canopy of figs, and ate of their delicious purple fruit while we talked. One of the gentlemen, whom they called "the Professor," proved to be very interesting. He was the most enthusiastic person I ever met. He talked with marvelous rapidity and made a generous use of adjectives the mildest of which conveyed the superlative degree.

"It's a tremendous pity that you have n't the time to see our Clover Creek Falls," he said to me. "It is the most magnificent

spectacle in the world. The water leaps from the gorge over the rocky wall in a resplendent living flood, that is dashed a hundred feet below into a perfect maelstrom of foaming billows. It is grand! sublime! beyond the picturing of the most exalted imagination! You will see a glorious country between here and Fall River. All it needs is the railroad to open out its wonderful resources. The people throughout these

mountains and valleys labor under the terrible disadvantage of expensive transportation. A railroad through the route proposed by our people would tap the most magnificent belt of pine timber in all the State, besides making an easy outlet for the immense supplies of coal and iron to be found all through these northern parts."



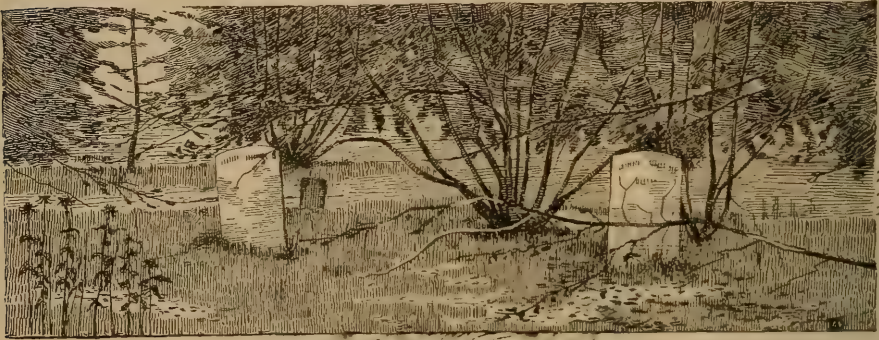
BLUFFS ON THE SACRAMENTO, NEAR REDDING.

"Then look at our own stone quarry," continued the Professor, wiping the profuse perspiration from his face, "why, this is something that has a fortune for each of us. There is a vast ledge of this soft gray stone, which is unequaled for building purposes. You saw our church, which is made of it? We use it here for chimneys altogether. It is absolutely fire-proof and therefore exactly what we need in this resinous country. Is not this so, my friend?" This last question was explosively directed to our host, who smiled indulgently at his enthusiasm, and answered:

"It would undoubtedly be a good thing,

for see, even now the mountains toward smoke. You will not find one visible when Redding are disappearing under a veil of you return."

Ninetta Eames.



GRAVES OF MAJOR READING AND HIS SON.

DOUBTING CASTLE.

O Scarabæus, graven on the stone,
 Winged messenger from yore, beside the cave
 Where Death's ensabled pinions weirdly wave
 The lengthened shadows of the Pharaohs' throne
 Across the years! O saddest, faintest tone,
 O echo, from a thrice time-honored grave,
 Of hope of aught beyond,—of prayer to have
 Immortal life, O emblem fragile grown!

Yet, welcome, homely promise from the past,
 Nor vanish in these mists of doubt and fear —
 Shine, fire-fly, in the gloom that gathers fast
 Where Sinai and Calv'ry disappear —
 And o'er my loved ones' graves and in the moss
 I'll write thee, Scarabæus, on the cross.

Frank C. Prescott.

X, AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

II.

THE room was large and cool ; the floor of inlaid woods was strewn with Persian rugs and beautiful skins, the chairs were of bamboo, rare pictures hung upon the walls, the beautiful objects that a refined taste loves to gather were scattered around in profusion, and there were flowers everywhere.

She conducted him to a seat at a table shining with silver and Venetian glass, and took a place opposite.

"What do they call you in the great world?" she asked, as she sliced some luscious cherimoyas whose rich fragrance filled the whole room.

"My name is Ralph Arnold," he answered, feeling in his pocket for a visiting card, which was not there ; he had not thought to need any trifles of that kind while traveling in the mountains of Central America.

She repeated the name slowly and then said : "My name is X ; my father looked on me when I was a baby as an unknown, doubtful quantity. Sometimes I fancy he still regards me as an unsolved problem. He has gone to Vera Cruz to stay three weeks, and my nurse had to go away too, so I am all alone except for our Chinaman. I am glad I shot you, glad you are here. Will you have a banana? I have a great deal to say to you ; I do not know where to begin ; I think I am a little confused. I want to say so many things at once ; yet after all I need not hurry — tomorrow will bring another day. I like your eyes — they are blue, not dark like father's and mine. Of course I knew there were blue eyes, for I have seen them in pictures, but I never have known any but black-eyed people."

The young man's surprise at being addressed thus was intense, but he tried to hide it under a veil of decorous politeness. However much the young ladies of his circle might admire his eyes, they had never told him so. This girl with the Greek face and dress, who shot him deliberately and then entertained him with the grace and dignity of a princess — what could she be?

"How does it happen you have never seen a blue-eyed person before? You do not live here winters, do you? I supposed it was only a summer residence."

"I have been here ever since I can remember. You are the first white man, except my father and my music-teacher, that I have seen. I suppose Apollo's hair was like yours, only he let his grow longer ; and the old Norse heroes too, had yellow hair. I look at it with pleasure."

Mr. Arnold had no breath to speak, so the girl went on. "Do you like to be in the great world outside? Is it dissatisfying and a weariness to the soul? Why must women who care for books be stoned to death? Do other girls look like me? Why are babies thrown into the street to die? Does no woman care for you? I should think one might, though my father did say it was not the custom."

No words can describe the effect of her speech on the young man ; he almost thought his wound had made him delirious and that the fair, gracious maiden doing the honors of her table and talking in such an extraordinary way must be a creation of his disordered brain. He could not think she was jesting ; her face was calm and grave. Nor was there anything of the coquette about her ; one look into her truthful brown eyes must dispel any such fancy. Her earnestness forced him to be in earnest.

"Miss X, I do like the great world, as you call it; my work lies there and all my ambition. Women who care for learning are not stoned to death, they are held in honor. Babies are not thrown into the street to die; their mothers love them too well for that. Other young ladies do not look like you — not exactly. My mother cares for me, and I love and revere her above all women; there are others whom I respect and whose friendship is pleasant to me."

The girl looked at him for a few minutes in silence; then her cheeks grew crimson and her eyes flashed with anger. She arose from the table with great dignity. "Mr. Arnold, you are my guest; my house and my servants are yours as long as you wish, but I will see you no more, for you lie to me. My father has told me differently about all these matters, but I did not fully understand the reasons. I now wonder that *you* were not exposed to death when young; it is not well that you were suffered to live — the lying tongue and the deceitful heart are hateful to the high gods."

She bowed haughtily and was leaving the room; but he started up impetuously and called her back.

"Stay, Miss X, and hear me one moment. I do not lie, I have said nothing but the truth. Why should I? I do not know why your father keeps you in such strange ignorance, but you could surely find out for yourself that I have not spoken falsely."

"How — how?" she gasped, her proud face softening a little.

"Why, by books and newspapers."

"The books do not tell it, and I never saw a newspaper."

Never saw a newspaper! what mystery was this? He found in the pocket of his hunting-coat a week-old paper, glanced rapidly over its columns, then showed her an item about a woman who had gone into a burning house to rescue her sleeping child; another of a girl who had killed herself because her lover was lost at sea; then an

account of a reception given a famous authoress; another about the despair of a wife whose husband had been sent to prison.

X read them with dilated eyes; the color faded from her cheeks; the paper dropped from her grasp, she sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands began to cry bitterly.

Arnold knew not what to do, so he prudently did nothing. The fruit of the tree of knowledge was not pleasant to her at the first taste, but if her ignorance of real life was to drive him in disgrace from her house it was much better she should learn something of the world, even if it cost her her faith in her father. What an unmitigated liar the old gentleman must be! and what could be his object in bringing up his daughter in such a remarkable fashion?

Presently the girl lifted up her eyes and held out her hand.

"Forgive me for what I said. I could not believe my father had deceived me so long. Come now to the library and tell me more."

She led the way and they sat down by the open window. Valley and mountain stretched out before them in glorious perspective; the breeze, perfumed with a hundred flowers, gently lifted the silken curtains and ruffled the classic waves of her black hair. It was a good place to spend a few hours.

"Why do you not begin at once? why do you look at the mountains and then at me? Do you not see how impatient I am?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss X. I hardly know where to begin. You had better tell me first of your own life, then I can understand the case better."

She told him all she knew of it, described her every day occupations, talked of the books she had read, and alternately puzzled and enchanted him. He went to one of the bookcases and took down the first thing he saw, a volume of Shakspeare.

"How is it that you know so little of the

feelings of men and women when this master of all human emotions could have told you so much?"

The girl looked surprised. "He does tell me of everything in nature, and he has left nothing unsaid about war and revenge and ambition, but I fancy he cared for nothing else. He never speaks much about women. I have read everything he wrote again and again."

"What have revenge and ambition to do with Desdemona's love for Othello, with Troilus's trust, with Romeo's wasted passion and the sweet story of Romeo and Juliet?"

Her face expressed only blank astonishment. "I know nothing of these people; is there more than one Shakspeare?"

He opened the book: Coriolanus, Macbeth, Julius Cæsar, Henry V, with the episode of the fair French princess omitted, Richard III, met his gaze. Not one of the plays had more than a passing mention of any female character. The next book was the Iliad, but no notice was taken of the cause of the long war. Dante was there, but it had no Francesca and Lanciotto who had read no more from books when they had read the love in each others eyes. Volume after volume he tried, with the same results. History had been seriously mutilated, and there was not a novel in the whole library.

He went back to his seat by the window, filled with admiration for the man who had left him so much to do.

"Miss X, let me tell you the story of Romeo and Juliet; it will give you an idea of a love stronger than that of a father and child."

He told the tale with much enthusiasm—so much. The dark eyes glowed and softened and filled with tears, the color turned deeper in her cheeks, her heart beat faster and faster; and the young man who never took his eyes from her face felt that his first lesson in teaching this beautiful girl the "way of a man with a maid" had not been a failure.

"Have there been other such women? Tell me about them all!" she exclaimed; and he spoke of Rosalind, and Viola, and Hero, and Elaine, and Enid, and still the eyes of X "on all his movements with a mute observance hung."

Had daylight lasted he would have gone on indefinitely through the centuries, and brought up before her scores of women whom love has made heroines, but he knew he must set out for the Indian encampment before dark. He thanked his hostess for her kind entertainment, and as he lingered on the steps he thought for the twentieth time how lovely she was. She gave him her hand at parting and bade him come back the next day and tell her more stories. The command was entirely superfluous—he had already made up his mind to do so.

He said good-night with much reluctance and turned away; but when he had gone a few paces she called him back. She was still standing on the marble steps; her face was on a level with his; and looking at him with those eloquent, changing eyes that had never yet learned to droop before a man's passionate gaze, she said, "If I were to go out into the world now, would some Romeo love me as Juliet was loved, or would the fact that I have been brought up so differently from other girls cause me to be shunned by all young men?—it is the young men always who are the lovers? One father is enough, and since I have him already I should not desire more; but would there be an Orlando for me anywhere?"

He hesitated; could he tell this girl so curiously ignorant and untutored and yet so refined and intelligent that her great beauty would bring throngs of suitors to her feet wherever she should go? What effect would such a statement have upon her exquisite simplicity? Surely it would be the first step in rubbing the down from the peach, the bloom from the grape; he had always noticed that rosebuds open too fast of themselves.

"Ah, you do not like to tell me, but it is

the truth as I suspected. I should pass through all my life with no love except that of my father! 'Tis best that I should never leave this mountain valley, for I will not go among people to see them turn from me in disgust. When you told me Juliet's story I thought that I should like to be loved in that way; but I see it is not to be — the fates have not willed it so, and it is folly to struggle against destiny. Have you begun to hate me already?"

It was an excellent opportunity for him to advance, take her not reluctant hands in his and assure her he had fallen in love with her at first sight; but the *aplomb*, the nerve, on which this worldly going man had always prided himself utterly deserted him in this crisis — or rather, I might say, all the chivalry of his nature arose, and although I am not sure he was a Galahad who had never felt the kiss of love or maiden's hand in his, or that he had looked upon all women as sisters merely, yet there came to him now the knowledge that the girl before him had spoken thus in her great innocence of evil, her ignorance of the world's ways; it would be a shame to take advantage of it. If he won her love at all, it should be when she knew him better. So he only took her hand in his, bowed low over it in respectful courtesy, and said: Miss X, if I may be allowed I shall feel honored to be counted your friend, and I am sure that you will never lack warm, earnest affection. Your Romeo will certainly come and he is to be envied above all men."

He lifted his hat and passed down the valley out of sight.

As early as it seemed at all consistent with politeness he came the next morning, hoping to go on where he had left off, but the girl's mood had changed. Some subtle feminine instinct seemed to have awakened in her breast and to have made her cold and capricious. She did not care for love stories today; she wished to hear about the life of women in their homes in the world, about the education of children, the condition of

the poor in cities, — about a thousand things.

In the afternoon she asked him to go out on the lake. On the way they came upon a plant bearing a beautiful white, lily-shaped flower; it was completely covered with blossoms, and the sweet, heavy fragrance filled the air for yards around. The young man marveled much to see her fall on her knee before the bush and offer up a fervent prayer to the goddess of beauty for the gift of so fair a thing.

"Why did you not join with me in my thanksgiving? Are not these flowers lovely in your eyes?" she demanded.

"Ah, yes, — I was not thinking. It is a beautiful flower and one new to me. Pardon me, but this goddess to whom you prayed, does she — is it an — that is, has she ever appeared to you clothed in flesh?"

"What a strange question! Do you not know that they never appear to mortals now? All that is past: great Pan is dead and the twelve gods of Plato's vision come back to us no more; but there is beauty everywhere, and the good giver of it is sure to be pleased when we return thanks. I would not wish to be thought ungrateful. You remember what Swift says of ingratitude?"

"No, I do not recall it now."

"He calls it the sum of all the evils which a man can be guilty of. But a singular idea strikes me — are not Beauty, Truth, Courage, and Honor worshiped in your world?"

"Not in the sense you mean. There are no temples built to them anywhere; and while beauty always commands homage, I am afraid the other three qualities have few adorers."

"What then do you worship? What is your highest good?"

He was at a loss for a reply. Money, position, power, — how would they sound in the ears of this romantic girl?

"Miss X, you must remember there are thousands upon thousands of people in great

cities like that in which I live. They do not all think alike. One man may care for political advancement; another's chief aim is the acquisition of great wealth; another longs for fame in his profession. I cannot say of any one thing that it is the highest good sought by all."

The young girl meditated upon his words for a few minutes. "Ah, I see, the ways are different, but is not the end the same? They all seek power that it may give them the means to make their fellow-creatures happy; this power may come to them through great wealth, or through a high place in the state, or distinction in their chosen calling, but in whatever way it is obtained they use it for the good of others. O, I am not so ignorant as you may think. I have read of physicans and lawyers and preachers who devoted their splendid talents to the service of the poor and wretched. I remember the good that George Peabody did with his money, and I can call to mind few grander pictures of self-sacrifice than that of Charles Sumner giving up the pursuits that were so dear to him to raise the oppressed negro. A voice said to him,

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard and answered, "Here am I."

What a pleasure it must be really to know such people! I suppose you number hundreds of them among your friends?"

"Indeed no, Miss X! they are rarer than you think. I cannot explain how it is, but the great mass of humanity is not swayed by any loftier sentiment than a love for its own comfort. I wish you would not ask me such questions about mankind in the abstract; keep your ignorance — the knowledge of the truth will bring you only unhappiness."

"But it is the truth that I want above all things. Ignorance is never beautiful. Do you not remember that Plato says — O look at that lovely little humming bird poising

over the tulipan flower there! See its throat change from ruby to gold, and how its wings glitter in the sunlight! I must speak to it."

She ran up to the plant, glorious with its blossoms of vivid scarlet, and held out her hand to the brilliant bird, a winged flower itself. It fluttered around her head for a few seconds, then drew near and nearer in its circlings, and finally alighted on her outstretched finger; but as she bent to kiss it, it caught sight of the stranger and darted away like a flash.

"There, it is gone — you frightened it before I could say a word. And now that I think of it, there has not been a bird, or a rabbit, or a squirrel out to see me since I started. Never before have I walked so far without having a dozen wild things run up to me. What are you that you keep the birds from flying to my shoulders?"

"I do not know," said the young man humbly. "I do not think I belong in your world, where everything is love and harmony and where nothing but the good is worshiped. I am not fit for this place; I had better go away."

X blushed with mortification. "O forgive me. I have made you feel uncomfortable, and you are my guest! No Arab would have done so. Do not think of going away, just when I am learning how good it is to have a companion with whom I can talk. If harmony and love delight you, stay with me; you will soon be in accord with nature, and I will give you love, I will try to make you content."

The frank brown eyes met his as calmly as though she was offering him an orange; but there was no calmness in his veins as he contemplated the wonderful beauty of the girl who proposed to love him and make him content. "Miss X, when does your father return?"

"In about three weeks. I am anxious to have him meet you. He will enjoy your society so much."

Mr. Arnold sincerely hoped he would, but he had serious doubts.

"What do you suppose he is going to bring me the next time he goes away?" she continued.

"I cannot imagine — a lapdog possibly?"

She laughed. "No, a baby, a sweet, sweet baby, I saw an Indian woman with one the other day, I played with it, and it was so cunning! Ever since I have been wild to have one. I made father promise to find one for me. But now that you are here I can amuse myself with you."

"You are very kind," said he, somewhat piqued; to be looked upon as an object of amusement was not just what he desired.

"There is more of you, and you can talk back,—yes, I prefer you to the baby now that I have you here. How doubly pleasant it would be if some one else, some other young man, would wander this way by chance; then I should have two new things to study. I think I could like another just as well as I like you."

"If any other man dares to show his face in this valley I will kill him!" exclaimed Arnold furiously, stung to madness by a sudden, unreasoning jealousy. He had known the girl less than twenty-four hours, but he was as much in love as though they had met every day for a year. She was good, intelligent, beautiful; she was wholly unlike any woman he had ever seen. In her he believed he saw the fulfillment of his boyish dream, the realization of his later ideals.

X recoiled from his side in terror. "Why do you look like that? Why do you speak so? You frighten me!"

"I do not want you to like any one else as you like me. It is not the way to do. I came first."

"Now that you scowl and glare so ferociously I do not care for you at all. You look like Cain and Nero and Macbeth. It is no wonder the birds shun you; you have nothing in common with anything sweet in my world. I do not wish to row you on

the lake. You had better go back where you came from."

All gentleness had died out of her face. She looked stern and relentless. His heart sank within him as she began to retrace her steps toward the house.

"O, Miss X, forgive me! I had no right to speak so. I am sorry," he implored. "Don't send me away. You invited me to go out on the lake, and it would be unjust to deprive me of the pleasure," he added artfully.

She paused uncertain, weighing the case in her mind. "Yes, I did ask you, and you will go; but I do not regard you as highly as I did."

The unhappy young man could not think of anything further to say by way of excuse, so he walked by her side in silence, stealing occasional glances at her cold, lovely face. He wished that she would stumble over the root of a tree that he might catch her to save her from a fall; he prayed that the might come upon a hornet's nest — if hornets were to be found in Central America — or that a huge snake would dart out before them and terrify her so that she would cling to him for protection. But nothing of the kind happened; the young lady was very sure-footed, and if he had known her better he would have discovered that insects and serpents had no terrors for her.

A sudden turn in the path revealed the lake — a broad expanse of rippling silver nestling amid the luxuriant foliage. A small canoe was fastened to a tree; she untied it and they stepped in. He would have taken the oars but she would not allow him; with a strong, vigorous stroke she sent the little canoe flying out on the water, and she made the circuit of the lake twice in silence. He did not attempt to upset the craft, for he felt sure she could swim as well as he could, and he would only bring fresh disgrace upon himself. She even looked capable of leaving him to drown if he should be seized by cramps. It was very hard for him

to be so near her in body and so far away in spirit; she froze every word that rose to his lips. There was no doubt in his mind now—she was no real woman; she was Diana herself come back to earth, and it was hopeless to think that any love for him could ever warm that snow-cold breast.

They walked back to the house, she with her head proudly erect, he with subdued and dejected bearing; she did not ask him to enter and he would as soon have thought of intruding on an Eastern despot as of going in without being asked, although he had expected to spend the whole afternoon with her. Just as he was about to leave her in despair, she suddenly said, "Did not Juliet care for anybody besides Romeo?"

He plucked up courage enough to answer, "No, she lavished all her affections on him."

"And did not Imogen love any man but her husband?"

"Certainly not,"—more hopefully.

"And Rosalind thought of no one but Orlando?"

"No one,"—quite buoyantly.

"Is it still the custom in the great world for the woman to love but one man at a time?"

"Invariably;—that is good women love but one,"—with decision.

"And those who are not good?"

"Let us not think about them."

"But I will think about them; what do they do?"

"They are heartless coquettes, who take pleasure in winning men's love only to throw away,"—very energetically.

"Are the men ever coquettes like them?"

"Never. Well, yes, I have known some, but not many."

She shook her head. "I cannot understand it. If a woman finds one lover a good thing to have, why not three or four? I know I should like to have several. It would please me to compare them with each other."

The young man could not help exclaiming bitterly, "Then you have in you the elements of a cruel flirt. A true woman finds her happiness in the love of one honest man, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. A Helen has no charms for me."

"Helen? Who is she? She is not in my books."

"No, your father would hardly leave that firebrand of Troy in your way when he banished so many better women. She was a fair Greek who ran away from her husband with one Paris of Troy; she caused that war of which your Iliad speaks. It took two to satisfy *her*; doubtless she found pleasure in comparing her lover and her husband,"—with great scorn.

X gazed at him with open-eyed astonishment. "Well, I wondered what brought on that ten years of fighting; and when I asked father he said it was because a Trojan prince made a raid on a Greek king's sheepfold. O, why has he told me so many—queer things! It must have been by way of parable. I know he has had a good purpose in it, but it is perplexing.—Then when a woman who has wearied of her husband leaves him for somebody she likes better there is in the husband's heart a feeling of wrath, instead of pleasure at the thought that she has found greater happiness than he could bestow? I do not comprehend it. You dwelt much on the fact that Romeo and the rest of them were ready to do anything to make those women happy, and yet if they had left husband or lover there would have been dissatisfaction."

Mr. Arnold wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead, yet it was not a warm day at all. "Miss X, you love your father better than any one in the whole world, do you not?"

"Of course; I love him more than my nurse, or the Chinamen, or my music teacher—they are all the people I know;

and if they were four million instead of four, there could not be found among them a man so good and kind as my father."

"Supposing that he should bring back from the coast a young lady of your own age whom he would call his daughter; and if he should caress her and neglect you, if he should give her all the love that has been yours and treat you like a stranger, what would you do?"

Her eyes flashed, her breast heaved, and the little hands were clenched involuntarily. "I would tear her to pieces!" she said with prompt decision. "I would fall upon her as the mountain eagle falls upon the bright-winged quail."

"And yet when I spoke of killing a man a little while ago you were terribly shocked, and said I reminded you of a few famous murderers."

She turned crimson and looked away into space.

"What is the difference?" he continued, enjoying her confusion.

"It all comes from you! I never saw any one angry before, and I never was angry myself till you made me. I doubt if you are a good person to have around. But I had reason for my wrath; I love my father deeply; he has been mine all my life, and I could not endure to see another in my place — while you had no cause for wishing to kill some stranger who might wander here and whom I might like."

"And do I not love —," he began hurriedly, but he stopped. It was not yet the time to tell her of his love; she must first learn what the passion meant.

She went on without heeding him. "These things trouble me. They are problems that I must work out by myself. You have given me enough to think of for a week; go now, I wish to be alone."

She waved her hand with the air of a princess dismissing a subject, and walked slowly and thoughtfully up the steps.

"May I come back tomorrow?" he asked,

fearing lest she should desire solitude for the whole week.

"Yes, — now that I have been a murderer at heart I ought not to be angry with you; we have one thing in common at least I shall need you tomorrow, probably, to answer my questions."

A more perplexed lover than Ralph Arnold never sat up all night gazing at the moon. He had often wished that he might find the primitive woman such as Adam beheld when he woke from his deep sleep, being simple, true, and loving. The women of his own circle had ceased to interest him. Many of them were brilliant and beautiful acknowledged leaders in society; he admired them as he admired well-set, costly gems. There were others on whom he had at times bestowed his attention, but they could not fix his devotion; some essential quality was always lacking. He had gone out into the byways and wildernesses in search of unsophisticated charms, but when he had found unadorned nature, it had not pleased him. The poor girl of the city had as keen desire to make a good match as the rich one — less would satisfy her, but the principle was the same. He had seen some charming wild flowers in the country; in particular one blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden of sweet disposition whom he had discovered some where in the Santa Cruz mountains, would have held him a lasting captive if her speech had been half as faultless as her face. But no pearls of language dropped from her lips — quite the reverse; and he reluctantly decided that

"There were women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns did more agree."

No harm was done; he never told her how near he came to loving her, and she married a worthy ranchman to whom her variation from correct English would not matter.

That was five years ago. In the interval his fancies had lightly turned from love to law; he no longer searched for a wife, but waited with composure until fate should

bring the ideal woman to him. As he lay on the ground in front of his tent, looking through the trees at the clear, brilliant heavens, he felt that the one being who could make him happy and whom he would gladly worship all his life, had appeared. Destiny had led her to him very much as Pandora had been brought to Epimetheus, and like Pandora she was fair of face and dowered with all celestial gifts.

Yesterday when she glowed and thrilled and trembled at his love stories it had not seemed difficult to woo and win her; on the contrary, he thought that never a lover had so good a chance. No other man had whispered flattering words in her ear. If she gave him her love he knew it would be the earnest affection of a heart that had not been awakened before; the lips that would meet his had never kissed another, — what more could Adam say? But today he was in doubt. He could not flatter himself that he had made any such impression on her as she had made on him. She would have given the same reception to any other man in his place; she would have asked him the same questions and have been just as gracious and charming.

It was discouraging to hear her say she would like to have three or four lovers that she might compare them with each other. That was a sentiment worthy of a society belle; how could the primitive woman harbor such a thought? Eve never had any such aspiration. He must make her comprehend the nature and exactions of love; she must realize that the law of the universe, except in Utah and a few other places, is one man for one woman. He would dwell at great length on this fact; then he would tell her some more impassioned romances — they were his main reliance, for he saw that she was impressionable through her imagination. She would then see what was expected of heroines and would govern herself accordingly.

By exercising great self-control he did not

go to her at sunrise the next morning, but waited until afternoon. X in her plain white dress with its border of acanthus leaves wrought in Tyrian purple, her silky black hair fastened with a fillet of gold, seemed more beautiful each time he looked upon her, but she appeared sad and thoughtful. He began hostilities at once.

"Miss X, have you succeeded in solving the problems that troubled you yesterday?"

She sighed heavily. "Ah no, I lay awake all night puzzling over them. I hope my father will make all these things plain to me when he comes. When he sees that these mighty secrets have been revealed to me he can no longer speak in parables — he will give me the the whole truth."

"There is no need of waiting till he comes, I could tell you anything you wish to know. I will describe to you the life of a woman from the time she ceases to be a girl until her marriage."

"Marriage? What is that?"

He paused aghast at the magnitude of his undertaking. She rang a bell and ordered the Chinaman who came at her summons to bring a pitcher of *agua nevada*, she poured out a glass of the delicious liquid into whose composition a dozen tropical fruits had entered, and offered it to him. He drank and was refreshed.

"The young girl in the world yonder," he began, "grows up in the shelter of a happy home, surrounded by the tender care of father and mother, and beloved by the band of brothers and sisters the Lord may have given her. She has, as you have, her hours for reading and study and music and painting, but she has besides young companions to visit, the opera, the concert, the lecture to attend, and a hundred amusements about which you know nothing. For a long time the love of her kindred and friends satisfies her: but she comes at length to feel that somewhere in the world there is another kind of love waiting to claim her; she sees other maidens choose some man

with whom they leave their parents' home to found new ones; she knows that this is the common lot. She wonders who will come to ask her to leave father and mother and live with him all the rest of her days; she forms an ideal of what this man shall be, she clothes him with every noble attribute: he must be brave, and tender, and earnest, and devoted; he must love her as she will love him—more than all the earth beside."

He paused a moment. His heart was beating uncomfortably fast, X was looking at him in breathless suspense.

"Go on, go on!" she exclaimed, "What comes next; I never heard anything like it.—I am charmed with the idea. Am I old enough to be thinking about a man for my own self?"

It was with difficulty that Ralph Arnold kept from throwing himself at her feet; but he went on in an unsteady voice:

"Yes, you are old enough. This is what comes next. The girl and her lover spend as much time in each other's society as possible; he takes her to walk, to ride, to the theatre, to church; they sit together alone in the twilight and make plans for the future. The wedding-day comes: she wears a beautiful gown of white; a veil covers her from head to foot; there are orange-blossoms in her hair; the house is all decked with flowers. The minister—the priest—is there. The father with reluctance gives up his darling child to the bridegroom, who puts upon her finger a gold ring to signify that she now belongs to him. Clasp hands they stand there in the presence of the man of God, and of their dearest friends, and promise to live true to each other, to love none other whatever fate may befall them. The ceremony is then over. The mother weeps a little as she thinks that her daughter is going to leave her, but she remembers that she forsook father and mother for her lover, and that it is great Nature's law as well as the

law of Scripture that a woman shall give up all to cleave unto her husband."

X rose in great excitement. "O, it is a beautiful custom! I shall follow it in every detail just as soon as my father can make the necessary arrangements. Do they consult the augurs in regard to the omens? Is the girl's hair cut off? Do they sacrifice any victims on the altar to propitiate the gods? Is salted meal prepared and at libations poured out?"

"No, those rites are no longer observed. Friends bring gifts for the young pair and offer congratulations, then the new-made husband and wife seek their own home."

The girl sank down in her chair and fixed her eyes on the distant landscape, she seemed lost in meditation, and the young man did not wish to disturb her, though he would have given much to know her thoughts. He looked about the large, beautiful apartment adorned with flowers everywhere warm, glowing, semi-tropical blossoms. He pictured X in bridal garments in the centre of the room leaning on her father's arm; he saw himself standing near her; he heard the words uttered that made them one; he bent to kiss her—it was an intoxicating vision, a lovely mirage of the brain. The girl herself dispelled it.

"You said that the man came to ask the woman. Is that always the way? Could not she go and ask him if she chose?"

"Why—I—certainly, yes; only the other way is more usual."

"I shall do the asking," she said decidedly. "It would pain me to say no if the wrong one sought me for a wife, and I shall not delay, I shall seek my husband at once?"

She left her seat and came directly in front of Arnold. There was an air of queenly condescension in her whole bearing. Diana must have looked so when she stooped to the sleeping Endymion; the primitive woman would appear thus before she learned the restraints inexorable custom has imposed

upon her sex. So thought the young man as he rose to his feet and waited in indescribable agitation for her next words. Afterwards when he tried to recall the emotions of that strange moment it seemed to him that he felt as a girl must feel when she listens to a first avowal of love. He could hear the beating of his heart; he knew that the color kept coming and going in his cheeks, he trembled.

"Yes," she continued in her clear, sweet

tones, "it is fitting that I should marry." She hesitated a second and a lovely flush stained her face as she smiled brightly into his very eyes — "and when my father comes back, you and he shall take me out into the world, and you will bring to me various friends of yours, chosen ones, even the flower of your acquaintance, men clothed with those attributes you specified. I will consider them all impartially and choose one of them for my husband."

Marshall Graham.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

DOWN THE NOOTSACK.

THERE are few regions more difficult to travel over than the unsettled portions of the Puget Sound basin, the timber is so heavy and the undergrowth so dense. Places less than ten miles apart are often separated as completely as if several hundred miles of open country lay between them. In fact little is generally known concerning the country outside of the government surveys.

For several years prior to the year 1881 the writer was almost continually traveling over different portions of western Washington. Most of this travel was on foot or in an open boat, and when on the land much of it was through regions where there were few or no settlers and trails, or means of determining one's course, except streams, mountains, or other natural land marks. When one is once accustomed to traveling in the forest these marks are all that is necessary to enable him to find his way; but it would be folly for one from an open country to attempt to penetrate these woods at all, unless in company with an efficient guide.

The Nootsack is the most northern river on the east side of Puget Sound. It drains most of Whatcom County, and its mouth is

north, or rather west, of the town of Whatcom. The north fork of the Nootsack has its rise on the north side of Mount Baker, the middle fork on its west side, while the southern slope of the mountain is drained by the south fork. The Skagit River is the largest river flowing into Puget Sound. It rises in British Columbia, north of Mount Baker, and flows east, southeast, south, southwest, and west. It drains every side of Mount Baker not drained by the Nootsack. Until 1880 it was supposed that no part of the south fork of the Nootsack approached within twenty-five miles of the Skagit; and most maps still represent the Skagit thus far south of the south fork of the Nootsack at the point of nearest approach. The Samish River flows into Bellingham Bay south of Whatcom. Most people supposed that it extended back to the main mountain range between the Skagit and the Nootsack. In fact, a short distance from salt water it divides, turns on itself, and does not pass beyond the foothills.

In 1880, Williamson, the pioneer settler of the upper Skagit valley, told me that he had traveled northward from his place

through a mountain pass, and had found a river, the Nootsack, as he supposed, which at that point was not over nine miles distant from the Skagit. Excepting what Indians had told him, this was the extent of his information. Williamson's hop ranch was located about one mile north of the river, not far from the Skagit coal mines, which are about forty miles from the mouth of the Skagit. In August, 1881, I made ready for a trip from Williamson's through this pass, and thence down this river to settlements.

Arriving at the hop ranch I found a large number of Indians busy picking hops, and tried to get one as a guide for the trip, but failed. One tall sinewy Indian, apparently an excellent hunter and woodsman, whose name was "Elk," was pointed out as the best guide; but he declined to go. He held his hands up so that the fingers of one hand lay at right angles across the fingers of the other, and explained that the way was impassable from fallen timber and tangled undergrowth. "*Wake close! Hyu stick!*" was his expressive remonstrance.

I therefore prepared to go alone. My outfit consisted of about ten days' food, a hunting knife and small revolver, and a piece of unbleached cotton cloth six feet wide by nine feet long and not over a pound in weight for a tent. As it was necessary to go as light as possible, I took no blankets; and as I was going to follow the river valley down to settlements, I did not consider a compass necessary.

It was noon before a start was made from the Williamson hop ranch. The route selected followed Williamson's Creek up into and through Williamson's Pass. There was a light drizzling rain, the kind so common on Puget Sound, at the time I started; but this all ceased when I reached the summit of the pass, some four miles north of Williamson's; and from there on, no evidences were visible of its having rained for several days. I reached the Nootsack River, and

made a distance of over a mile in traveling along its bank, down stream, before I made camp, and the first day's tramp was ended.

The place first reached on the Nootsack cannot be mistaken. It is a bluff of white quartz gravel, over five hundred feet high with the river running at the foot of it. Williamson's Creek, flowing from the pass to the Skagit River, also has white quartz gravel and black sand in its bed. After passing the summit of the pass a mountain valley is entered, which is closed in on every side by spurs from the southwest flank of Mount Baker. The mountains to the southwest of this valley are high enough to shut out the moist winds from the Sound, and to give it a climate and vegetable growth entirely different from the Skagit or the lower portion of the Nootsack. A few spruce trees are seen, but no cedar or fir. The timber on the bottoms, near the river, consists of scattering white pine, of huge dimensions, with alder and scattering vine maple undergrowth. On the benches the timber consists of large white pine, growing thicker than that on the bottoms but of less size, and found amid dense hemlock thickets. The sides of the mountains are covered with almost clear white pine, but of still smaller growth. The mountain tops produce the genuine white fir, except that the sides and top of Mount Baker at the upper end of the valley are covered with eternal snow. From the top of the bluff, where the river is first reached, the view of Mount Baker is sublime, as it is there fully revealed to the eye in the stillness of the mountains, white-robed, solemn and grand.

Fire has been through this valley, probably not far from the time of the great forest fires of 1868, and has killed many of the giant pines; but, on the bottoms, hundreds are still alive, of such size that a single tree, forty feet from the ground, would exceed sixty inches in diameter. The bodies of these trees run trim and clean, from eighty to one hundred feet from the

ground, to where the first limb or knot is found. On the benches the white pines would scale from thirty to fifty inches in diameter, forty feet from the ground; on the mountain sides most of them are under thirty inches in diameter. Individual claims of one hundred and sixty acres, could be selected, near the river bank, and on bench or bottom land, where a person could easily cut, from his single claim, five million feet of white pine saw logs.

In this valley I saw no traces of its ever having been visited by white men or Indians, except an occasional blaze on the trees; afterwards I noticed that these blazes seemed to extend from where settlements were left on the Skagit, to where they were reached on the lower Nootsack.

One of the first things I noticed on reaching the river was, some very tall and rank timothy, with extra long heads, growing at the very water's edge. Close beside it were several elk tracks, which seemed to have been made only a few moments before.

That night the buzzing of a bee, imprisoned in a quantity of moss that I was using for a pillow, kept sleep away until the prisoner was found and released.

All the second day was spent in traveling down this valley. The chief obstacles were the dead alder limbs, which lay criss-cross in every direction, among the scattering vine maples and other underbrush. It was frequently necessary to wade the stream so as to walk on the open sand bars.

At the same time the "humpy salmon" were running. These are the least valuable of all the salmon tribe. When they leave salt water they soon cease to be fit for food. As they enter fresh water their backs begin to arch up or form a hump, hence their name. They also change their color and grow darker the farther they ascend the several streams. This far up the river their backs were coal black and humped, or rounded, so as to form a semi-circle from the head to the tail. These salmon com-

pletely filled the streams, literally there were millions of them. On the riffles they were so thick that when I waded the stream they would dart between my legs and nearly trip me off my feet. They rooted like so many hogs among the bowlders and gravel making a noise that could be heard for a fourth of a mile. In going down the river I would frequently strike through the timber; and for quite a long distance, would be entirely out of sight of the water; but when these peculiar and not unpleasant sounds began to grow faint, I would approach nearer to the river bank. The constant motion of the bowlders and gravel produced by the working of the salmon on the riffles, gave out a sharp, metallic, ringing sound, which was softened by the musical murmur of the waters to a delightful wildwood harmony. The salmon worked away, half out of the water, digging in the gravel with their long, thin snouts, while their backs blistered in the sun, until the flesh would fairly fall from their bones; when, losing their strength, they would be swept by the swift current off the riffles, down the stream. As long as possible they would struggle to make headway up stream; but growing weaker rapidly they would soon drift ashore to die. The water was so clear that the fish could be seen, and one could see and watch all their motions. It was not an uncommon sight to see trout, splendid looking fellows from one to two feet in length, feeding on the torn and ragged backs of the still living but defenseless humpies, who in vain strove to get away from their active and merciless enemies.

Early during the forenoon of the third day I reached a place where the mountains closed in and formed a cañon, whose walls rose perpendicularly on each side of the river, some seven hundred feet. To get around this cañon it was necessary to climb a steep mountain, over one thousand feet high. After passing the summit of this,

the old Puget Sound climate, scenery, and vegetation was met again. The timber below the cañon was not only different in character from what it was above, but it was more dense. At first there was considerable cedar and hemlock, but this soon gave way to extra large and tall old growth yellow fir.

The river was very swift, and now became too deep to wade. Above the cañon elk trails had been common, and fresh elk tracks frequently seen; while below deer sign was common, but no traces of elk were visible. Bear were on the banks of the river by hundreds, feeding on the salmon. I saw none, but frequently heard them, and saw innumerable fresh bear tracks.

In fact, bear trails were almost the only ones to be had. Sometimes these appeared to have been as well traveled as a village sidewalk; but frequently, below the cañon, they would cease at the end of a hollow log, or would take one into a salmon brush, crabapple, or devil's club thicket. As Mr. Bear had no use for a trail over four feet high, none of these were cleared above that height through the dense underbrush; and thus to follow one of these trails, a man would frequently be compelled to go down on all fours. In other places the trail for a mile or more at a time would be so full of rotten fish that one could scarcely avoid stepping on them. Mr. Bear, finding it a good day for fishing, had evidently been catching them by wholesale, just for the fun of the thing; and as he could not eat them all, was compelled to leave them there in the trail.

On the forenoon of the fourth day the region of drifts and jams was reached. Above these the river was kept free by the swiftness of the current.

This same forenoon while walking on a well beaten trail, I heard a sound like the noise of children at play; then like that of drawing a canoe over the gravel and shoving it into the water. As I hurried on the noise

grew plainer, and now seemed to resemble the excited talk of several startled Indians but the more I hurried, the faster these noises receded, and the farther off they seemed to be. Finally the trail led over a jam, across the head of a slough, and then for about one-fourth of a mile on a gravel spit, until I despaired of overtaking my *tilllicums* (Indian friends). I closely followed the retreating sound, however, for a mile or more, on a well-beaten path, till I reached the lower end of the gravel spit. I had been so certain that it was made by Indians that I had made no examination of the fresh tracks in the trail to see whether they were made by the bare feet of Indians, or by bear's feet. But here I saw what made me almost wish I had not been so much in a hurry.

At the lower end of the spit lay a very large humpy salmon. A big mouthful had been bitten out of its back. It had so recently been taken out of the water that it was wet, and fresh blood was still running from its back. Between the lower end of the spit and the river bank was a low sag covered with mud. In this soft mud were to be seen the fresh tracks of an enormous bear. At the same time a loud crashing was heard in the bushes, made by the rapidly retreating bear. I first looked to see that my cartridges were in good condition and then took out a rule and measured the bear tracks,—made in the soft mud they could be exactly measured. The print was nine inches across the ball of the foot, and including the marks of the claws in the mud, thirteen inches long. An ordinary black bear makes a track from four to five inches wide and from seven to nine inches long. Around Mount Baker are found one or more species of grizzly bears, peculiar to that section. The Indians greatly dread an encounter with them. This track was evidently made by an extra large grizzly or cinnamon bear. On the afternoon of this day I reached a place where the river, during

freshets, had ground-slued all the earth away from the roots of the trees and down some six feet to the gravel. This extended over a region a mile in breadth by five miles in length. Overgrown yellow fir trees had once covered most of that section. Were there no jams below, this would be the hand of the logger's paradise; for on the gravel lay many million feet of sound fir timber, which could in that case be sawed up in summer and floated to the sea on the winter freshets. Immediately below this place, however, the jams for the first time extended clear across the river; and for the next twenty miles there is a jam across the river nearly every mile.

During the forenoon of the fifth day out I could see evidences of the country being occasionally visited by Indians; and in the afternoon of that day I reached the first Indian house. No one was there. Traveling on thence until sundown, I had just selected a place to camp for the night, on the river bank near the foot of a riffle, when a canoe suddenly came in sight at the head of the riffle.

Two Indians were in it; and as the canoe came shooting over the riffle, right towards my camping place, and they discovered the presence of a white man they seemed considerably disturbed and alarmed, and talked very excitedly together. It afterwards appeared that, a few hours before, they had seen my tracks coming down the river, and were equally mystified and alarmed. They thought that these tracks must have been made by a *stick siwash* (ghost, or forest demon) or by a *tamanamus* (magician), or by some spiritual power. The shoes indicated the presence of a Boston (white man); but the place was so far above settlements that the Indians concluded that what they saw could not be a genuine flesh and blood Boston, as they had never heard of one being all alone that far up the river. They concluded that what they saw could not have come there by natural

means. They wished to pass, but dared not do so, while this *tamanamus* insisted on their coming ashore. Finally they came to the edge of the river, and after *hyu wawa* (lots of talking) let the ghost into the canoe with them.

These Indians were both old men. One had the St. Vitus's dance so badly that he could not keep still, either sitting or standing. They talked Chinook to the ghost but genuine Indian to each other.

Some years previously I had received the Indian name of S'Be-ow. Now this S'Be-ow was among the best known of the Indian mythical characters. Numberless legends were told about him; but among his most characteristic feats was his ability to take himself to pieces and put himself together again. He could be a bear, a beaver, or a stick of wood; could assume the form of a young or old man, woman, or child, at will; and if killed could readily come to life again in some other form. So, understanding the feelings of these *siwashes*, I told them in answer to their numberless questions, that my name was "Old S'Be-ow," that he had no single home, but lived everywhere, and was traveling over all the land, and was not hunting gold. I asked them if they knew old S'Be-ow *hyas anculty* (a long time ago). They said they did, and seeing their curiosity aroused. I attracted their attention, spit out a set of artificial teeth, held them up so that they could see what had been done, and then said, "Since so many Bostons have come into the country, I have turned Boston too; it has been so long since I was a *siwash*, that I have forgotten the *siwash* language, and only remember what I used to do, when I hear the *siwashes* speaking of such things. But although I look and talk like a Boston, at heart I am just as much a *siwash* as ever; I am a good friend of yours and have just come from Mount Baker, where in behalf of your people I have made a treaty with the *stick siwashes* of Mount Baker. If you

treat me well you will never be troubled with them again, but if not, you will never cease to be troubled by them."

These Indians stand in constant fear of the *stick sinwasches* and other monsters, which they suppose inhabit Mount Baker. They supposed S'Be-ow stood before them; that he had taken his teeth, jaws and all, out of his mouth, and did not doubt his ability to take himself altogether to pieces and put himself together again, or to assume any desired form. Their surprise and terror was intense, until S'Be-ow said he was their friend (*tillicum*); when they said in chorus, with the greatest possible energy and enthusiasm, "Mika delate S'Be-ow! Mika delate S'Be-ow! Nesika delate close tillicums copa mika!" ("You are the true S'Be-ow! You are the true S'Be-ow! We are true and strong friends of yours.") What I had done was to these Indians as conclusive proof of supernatural power as any miracle, recorded in sacred writ, could have been to the awe-stricken multitudes of Galilee or Judea.

When I asked them if I should take them to pieces, they were again frightened; begged

me not to do so, assured me of their friendship, and wished to know how they could help me. As S'Be-ow could change himself into any desired form they were not surprised to see him change with the times and now appear as a Boston. As I was willing to pay them for taking me down the river to settlements, they willingly agreed to do so for fifty cents and a few matches,—all because it was "Old S'Be-ow"; had it been any one else they would have wanted some ten or twenty times that sum.

The distance to settlements was about thirty-five miles. It took all the next day to make the trip. At the end of the journey I tried to explain to them who I was, where I came from, and what were my real objects in traveling over the country. They could see nothing reasonable in this explanation. It only increased the mystery and made them better satisfied than ever that I was the real S'Be-ow; because no real white man who was not hunting gold would ever travel alone through the country as I did. Besides, had they not, with their own eyes seen me do the very things that none beside S'Be-ow would ever do?

Eldridge Morse.

DECEMBER.

The satin glint of trampled stubble fields
 Is gray as gorgon's face.
 Haggard the old year stands and patient shields
 The young year's froward green against the cold —
 The young year, all impatient of the old
 And struggling hard to push him from his place.

Francis E. Sheldon.

A MEXICAN LOVER.

I.

"EXCUSE me, gentlemen, but you cannot pass on horseback." It was the mounted policeman, on guard by the roadside, pushing forward cap in hand with deprecating bows and shrugs.

"But why not? We can't leave our horses here."

"Ah, gentlemen, it is *orden superior*." This was said with the true Mexican intonation, conveying a sense of the arbitrariness of municipal regulations, combined with a sort of helpless awe as at the dispensations of a mysterious and inexorable Providence. The two horsemen, however, seemed bent on showing that they came of an inordinate race. "See here," said one of them, "there must be some mistake about this. Here come men on horseback riding past, and they must have ridden in. If they, why not we?"

This was an entirely new and staggering view of the case to the policeman.

"There is truth in what you say, sir. They could not ride out unless they had ridden in."

In spite of this frank admission, however, the officer proposed no way out of the difficulty. American suspicion began to be used.

"He wants a bribe," muttered one of the others. Then he said, "I suppose it will be right if we give you a *real*."

The indignation of the policeman was nothing beautiful.

"Little do you know the honor of a Mexican officer! It is my duty, gentlemen. Besides, yonder comes my inspector. I can take your money. However, I will tell you a thing. You see the old railroad track

running there to the right? Very well; leap your horses over the ditch, follow that track, and you can come into the town from the side."

At the word the Americans rode off, and the watchful upholder of the majesty of the law resumed his post.

Francis Stevenson and his brother Allan had left their offices that afternoon with a grim determination to enjoy themselves. It was Guadalupe day. The throngs of devout Indians and careless sight-seers were pouring out to the famous shrine of Mexico's patron saint. As the brothers galloped along the causeway, there was no mistaking their nationality. They shared so little in the gay abandon of their neighbors as plainly to proclaim themselves sons of the cold North. On all sides was incessant volubility, raillery, laughter. Jests flew from group to group. Expressive, if extravagant, pantomime, gesture, facial contortion, all were employed to heighten the power of language. But the Americans, proudly conscious that their native speech did not need all these accompaniments to give it meaning, contented themselves with curt monosyllables and rode on impassively. Their very horses seemed to feel that it would not do, under such inert riders, to be too frisky, and accordingly proceeded at a much steadier pace than is the custom of a Mexican steed.

The multitudes surged on, going and coming, jostling, pushing, all in great eagerness, yet with the utmost good nature. A stout black mule, whose large flapping ears kept time with his pattering hoofs, was furnishing rapid transit to no fewer than three full-grown men, who sat astride of him, their faces wearing no expression but that of a consciousness of a wise economy of force. Loping easily along by their side was a huge

fellow, evidently of their party, who undoubtedly would have added himself to the burden of the mule had there been two inches of space available for him between ears and tail, and who was now consoling himself for the hardships of his lot as a mere pedestrian by playing softly to himself on a mouth-organ as he ran. Now and then a gayly caparisoned cavalier swept by on his caracoling horse, but the great mass were of the common people.

Obtaining an entrance into the sacred precincts of the town, in the way suggested, the brothers gave themselves up to observation of the scenes of this high day in the calendar of Mexican Catholicism. The village, in many parts, had become a veritable Indian encampment. Entire families that had come thirty leagues to be present on the great feast-day, had set up their domestic establishments in some convenient corner, where a piece of canvas stretched over three crossed poles and a ragged strip of matting on the ground underneath yielded them all the comforts of home. Apparently they were bent on receiving all the benefit that a prolonged stay on the holy soil could give, and on enjoying at the same time the advantages of an unusually good market for the wares prudently brought with them on their pilgrimage. The usual shrill cries and voluble chaffering of a Mexican market were here redoubled and intensified, as was natural when religious fervor was added to business zeal.

The great cathedral was overflowing with surging throngs of worshipers. Those who could not effect an entrance, performed their devotions on the flagging of the courtyard and of the street itself. A group of priests stood by a side entrance to receive the offerings of the faithful, which consisted principally of candles of all lengths and sizes, to be burned before the sacred shrine within. Allan called the attention of his brother to one candle, at least nine feet long, which they had observed on their way out, brought

piously and tenderly along by two Indians who seemed worn and wearied enough to have journeyed many miles on their homeward errand.

But it was a poor day for sight-seeing. The streets were so suffocatingly packed, the bustle and uproar were so great, the contact with filth and vermin so impossible to avoid, that the horsemen who had encountered the mounted guards at the gates of the town on their approach, were soon glad to find themselves passing him on their return.

He recognized them immediately. "You return, gentlemen. Well, and how goes it with you?" Then, seizing the golden opportunity, he took off his cap, held it out to them with the most cringing air, and said almost whiningly, "Do not forget your friend, gentlemen. A real to drink your health."

"But what about the honor of a Mexican officer and all that?" inquired Francis.

"Ah, if your excellencies but knew my poverty, my small pay, my needy family! Surely you would never miss a *medio*."

"But your inspector, is he out of sight?"

"Fortunately he has ridden away."

"Well," laughed Francis, as he tossed to the man a coin, "such a faithful officer, so incorruptible, certainly ought to be rewarded. The sentinel at Pompeii was nothing to you for fidelity to his duty."

The *gendarme* laughed gayly, waved a parting salute, backed his horse from the road, and relapsed into the gravity becoming a guardian of public order. The brothers struck into a brisk gallop which they maintained up to the very gates of the city. Just as they were passing within the walls they met a beautiful black horse, whose tense muscles played in corded strength under his transparent shiny coat, as he proudly curvetted with arched neck and flashing eye. His rider looked worthy to sit such an animal. He was that Southern type which allows you to speak of a man as beautiful without implying that he is at all effeminate. His broad-brimmed

at, stiff with glistening silver braid, shaded face that seemed singularly vivacious and obile, wherever the dark curling beard permitted the features to appear. Long mocco-topped riding-boots encased his legs early to the thigh. From that point up to his throat he was dressed in dazzling white, immaculate save where the wind had blown back upon him a few flecks of bloody foam from the mouth of the horse. No one but a Mexican could wear such a dress without looking foppish. As it was, however, there seemed no breach of good taste.

He recognized the Americans and greeted them gayly. "So then you have interest in the customs of our country? Well, they are very singular, these customs."

"Yes," said Francis, "We've been out to see the religious ceremonies."

"And how do they appear to you? Very singular, I venture to say."

"Well, I respect every man's honest opinion," was the reply, "and I certainly can do no offense to you, but I must say that from my standpoint the whole thing seemed very grossly superstitious."

"But what to do? The people must have something to draw them to the church; and the apparition of our Lady of Guadalupe will do it, very good."

"Then you don't believe that big yarn?" said Allan bluntly. "But I thought that if it were a Catholic you had to believe it."

"A Catholic? Certainly. But look, my friends, we cannot all have the same saints. We must divide our attentions. And I, I give Guadalupe to the Indians."

"What saints do you believe in, then?" demanded Allan, of whom the zeal of religious controversy was fast taking possession.

"Many very respectable ones, I assure it. One I will tell you of. At her shrine I worship daily. I mean your enchanting cousin, the Señorita Victoria." And with a laugh, the rider of the beautiful horse bowed an adieu, gave his animal the rein, and was off in a cloud of dust.

The brothers followed him with their eyes until he disappeared, then rode slowly on through the streets of the city. "A strange fellow, that Espinosa," said Francis musingly.

"O, he's a thorough Mexican," was Allan's response.

"You speak as if that made it all clear — to call him a Mexican. But that is exactly the difficulty. We do not understand the Mexicans. To be sure we have known Espinosa six months, and have seen a good deal of him in that time; and he has certainly appeared to be a gentleman. Yet, after all is said, he is a Mexican, and Victoria is an American. I sometimes fear she has been too hasty in trusting herself to him."

"But if they are truly in love with each other," said Allan, "and fully satisfied with each other, I don't see that mere difference of race ought to count for so much. Espinosa is incontestably a handsome fellow, whom any woman might be proud of, and he's apparently devoted to Victoria. He comes of the old Spanish stock, too, and that goes a good way here in Mexico. I should think his position and future were assured. He is considered the most brilliant writer on the *Monitor*, — the very life of the paper; altogether a rising young man."

"It is n't anything of that sort I mean, Al, but whether the match is really suitable in itself considered. Victoria thinks that her happiness will be secure, I know, but I fear she has been won by his culture, and breeding, and dash, without having really found out what the man is. She forgets, I am afraid, that he is a foreigner, and that surface appearances may not mean in him what they would in one of her own country."

"Well, I must say, Frank, you take a very unsentimental view of the matter. If love is genuine, that makes everything equal, I hold. Difference of race isn't so great as difference of rank, and love disregards that as you must admit, and disregards it successfully and happily. I've no fear for

Vic. She would never give her love to a man unworthy of it. But you speak as if the affair were concluded. Are they formally engaged?"

"There has been no formal announcement. That is delayed till Uncle Henry's return from the States. But they are fully pledged to each other. In fact, Espinosa as good as told me the other day that the marriage was to take place at the earliest moment possible. By the way, I had almost forgotten that he has asked to have an interview with me tonight. Very likely it's about this matter. Well, I may be wrong—I sincerely hope I am; but I can't help thinking that there has been too much haste."

II.

"RAFAEL ESPINOSA" was the name upon the card which the servant brought to Francis, as he sat in his room in the hotel, that night. As the caller was shown in it was evident that he was in particularly good humor.

"I am going to tell you about it," said he to his host, who alluded to his beaming look. "I have made many enemies today. A strange reason for being happy, you think? But let me explain. Perhaps you did me the honor to read my editorial of this morning."

Stevenson had to admit that such was not the case.

"Ah well, it was a poor thing; nevertheless I have reason to know that it caused a profound sensation. In the Concordia, where I went to eat an ice, nothing else was talked of. On all sides I was denounced. I was informed that tomorrow's *La Patria* will call me a traitor to my country, and I have no doubt that the *Voz De Mexico* will declare me a traitor to my religion." Espinosa smiled cheerfully, as if he were especially pleased.

"You don't seem to be greatly cast down," said Francis. "What could there

have been in your article thus to stir church and state alike?"

"I am going to tell you, my friend. I was writing about the relations of Mexico with the United States. I depicted the steady march of your country towards our borders, alluded to the vast portions of our ancient territory that you had taken from us, referred to the present invasion of your people, peaceful and civilizing now, yet not the less powerful, and then I predicted,—that is the thing,—I predicted that before the end of this century Mexico would be a part of the United States."

"But do you really believe that?"

"Indubitably. It is what you call 'Manifest destiny,' is it not?"

"O, there's no doubt that we could take your territory if we wanted it," said Stevenson, with that easy assumption of indisputable superiority so common in Americans conversing with Mexicans and so galling to the latter. "But I don't believe we want it. We've got enough on our hands now, without having to look after you."

"One word, my friend. Have present that I do not say 'at once'. Not yet, I admit, but after a time. I predict it."

"Well, prophecy is usually safe. But don't wonder that you are without honor in your own country if you make such predictions as that to your countrymen. I confess I don't see why you should be so happy over it. It can't be that you are glad to make enemies. What is the point?"

"I am about to put you in knowledge. The thing is this. I have my ambitions. I see clearly that annexation or conquest must surely come. You will get our country just as surely as you got the rest. Do you grieve for this? As a mere Mexican, yes. But as a lover of liberty, and as a philanthropist, no. It will be best for us. Look at California, at San Francisco. What you have done there, you will do here. It is certain to come. Now look. I am young. I have desires to be a public man

ell, I appear as the prophet and advocate annexation. For the present it is a loss; brings me enmity. But wait. Pass on in advance twenty years. My ideas have triumphed. I triumph with them. Who doubts? I may be a delegate in the American Congress from Mexico. You smile? Let me tell you a thing. I have just come from a conversation with the Mexican correspondent of the *New York Statesman*. He is enthusiastic over my editorial. He has telegraphed a half column about it to his paper. He will mention me as a rising Mexican. I shall begin to attract attention, and be viewed with favor in your country." There was a pause, after Espinosa's eager words. Francis seemed to be meditating. Finally he spoke. "Well, it's a bold thing to do, certainly. Your plan is, then, to become popular in the States, to make up for opposition here?"

"Exactly so, and at the same time to try to educate my countrymen to see this as I do."

Francis eyed the Mexican closely as he said slowly, "Has your contemplated marriage with my cousin grown out of this idea of yours?"

"What a miracle!" returned the other, laughing. "It was the very thing I was going to speak of, and you divine it before I utter the word. Yes, that enters into my plans. You will see that I have thought profoundly on this affair. Once united the two countries, what Mexican would be in such good position politically, as he who has an American wife? Already we see the advantage of such a union, in Don Porfirio himself, as so in the General Treviño, and in the honorable Secretary of Relations, Mariscal. Without doubt it will be very advantageous to me."

"Then I suppose you have on the lookout for an American wife for some time, ever since you first entertained this project?"

"Up to a certain point, my friend, it is true. But you must remember how few

American ladies we see here. Until my most fortunate meeting with your sympathetic cousin, I was in despair, I confess it, of finding a suitable wife among your countrywomen."

"Now let me tell you," said Francis with considerable asperity, "that you have a great deal to learn before you can become a good American. One thing is to change your ideas about marriage. We don't go to work in that business-like, and if you will excuse me, unfeeling way to find a wife. With us it is a question of affection, or personal attachment."

"Affection?" cried Rafael. "Most certainly! Why I am marvelously affectionate towards your cousin. I am terribly smitten with her, I assure it you. I ask your pardon, but to me it seems a strange thing that you should think a Mexican does not know how to love. Ah! it is the grand passion with us. And do you think that we children of the passionate South are behind you of the North, in the intensity of our love? I certify to you, my friend, that I have the very strongest sentiment for Miss Estevenson, — the very strongest. Proudly would I fight for her. Yes, and if there were need, the good God knows, I would gladly die for her."

Espinosa was so evidently hurt by the other's suspicion, and so plainly honest in his declarations, that Francis felt a sense of compunction. "Well, well," said he, "I must not wrong you. Besides, it is not a case for my interference. We in America leave these things to go very much their own way. If Victoria is satisfied I would be the last in the world to put an obstacle in your way."

"A thousand thanks for that word!" said Rafael effusively. "Then I may count upon your favor?"

"O," returned Francis, with rising caution, "I simply say that I should wish to further my cousin's happiness."

"Then all will be well," exclaimed Espinosa joyously. "My errand meets with

success. I can return to tell the Señorita Victoria that all shall be as she desires."

"But what do you mean? You are going faster than I can follow. What is it you want me to do?"

"I am going to tell you. Miss Estevenson has letters from her revered father. He graciously convenes in that we should marry. But the difficulty consists in this. His affairs are of such a nature that he cannot return to Mexico until after six months or more. In such situation we ask if the marriage may not be proceeded with before his return. His reply is that it is sudden, but that if his daughter so wishes, and if you, Señor, her nearest friend and relative, will consent to the step, he will offer no opposition. For this reason I come, from the part of Victoria, to ask you to give your sanction to a speedy marriage, and truly, my friend, I greatly rejoice myself that you have already promised the desired."

"Wait a moment," broke in Francis. "You are taking too much for granted. I have heard nothing of this, and surely have not consented to what I knew nothing about."

"But it is Miss Estevenson's ardent wish."

"Are you sure of that?"

"With all certitude. I am but her messenger, no more."

"But I do not understand. This is too important a matter to be decided off-hand. I must wait. I must see Victoria."

"Very well, if you so desire. But I may tell her, is it not true, that if it is her wish, you convene?"

"I make no promise. I must first talk with her. I must talk with my brother."

"But very soon, I implore it."

"Tomorrow."

Espinosa rose to go, somewhat uncertainly. "Very well, then," said he at the door. "A very good night to you. But I may tell her that if it is her wish —"

"You may tell her that I will see her tomorrow morning."

III.

Down the long slope of the hill, in the old diligence road that lies across the ravine from Molino del Rey, came a group on horseback, riding leisurely that they might drink in to the full the beauty of the scene before them. Away in the horizon gleamed the peaks of Popocatepetl and the White Woman, kissed into a rosy glow by the rays of the afternoon sun falling upon their banks of snow. Stretching from the distant haze in which those mountains lay, up to the abrupt rock of Chapultepec, the glorious plain of Mexico was before them, with its alternating gleam of green groves and glass lakes, bearing as a gem upon its bosom the city itself, which seemed with its faintly outlined domes and towers almost as if it might be a mirage.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" enthusiastically exclaimed one of the party. They had paused for a moment for a farewell glance before striking down into the Tacubaya road, where the view would be obscured. It was Rafael Espinosa who spoke. "Tell me," he continued, turning to the lady by his side, "is it not sufficient to enchant you with my country? Much I doubt it if there is such another view in the whole world."

Victoria Stevenson would have caught the eye anywhere; but in Mexico, the land where all beauty is of the dark and pensive order, her brilliant pink and white and golden had the emphasis of strong contrast. It was no wonder that when she rode down the Paseo upon her chestnut horse, whose mane and tail shaded off into shining waves that rivaled her hair, she should dawn like an apparition upon the astonished eyes of the promenaders, and should be followed by a running fire of suppressed exclamations, "*Qué simpática!*"

"Enchanting, do you call it?" said she in reply to Espinosa. "Why yes, I suppose it is. But it makes me think of the reacher who wound up his account of the glories of heaven by saying, 'And then to think, my brethren, it is distance that lends enchantment to the view!' I feel very much that way about the city. From this point it does look to be an abode of the blest. But when you see it near at hand — well, it has its drawbacks."

"Will you never, then, look with favor upon my poor country?" asked Rafael, in mock despair. "I concede it, the capital as its unpleasant sights. But surely they are not worthy to be spoken of after this magnificent view. Close your eyes, I pray you, as you ride through the streets, so that nothing may take this majestic picture from you."

"Unfortunately," laughed Victoria, "my other senses would still be active, and would make me see dreadful things even with my eyes shut."

"Come, come, loiterers," here broke in Allan Stevenson. "We must be pushing on. We are a good three miles from the city, and the sun is getting low."

Upon that they all broke into a quick gallop, following the winding road as it swept round the base of Chapultepec, and rolling up a great cloud of dust as they dashed down Carlota's road to the city. As they neared the more frequented part of the Avenida de la Reforma, they drew rein for the double purpose of giving breath to their panting horses and of adapting their pace to the stately march, back and forth, of the evening promenade. There was the usual long file of carriages solemnly moving up and down the broad driveway. Brilliantly dressed ladies shot timid glances from their dark eyes at the gallant cavaliers who rode silently at their wheel, like captives by the chariot of a conqueror. Upon all faces appeared the customary expression of subdued yet deep delight, with which

this formidable procession of the fashion and beauty of Mexico always seems to thrill the native heart.

The effect upon the American heart, however, was different. "Cousin Frank," whispered Victoria, leaning, not without some malice, across the neck of Rafael's horse as she spoke, "Cousin Frank, where is the hearse?"

"The hearse? What do you mean? You know they don't use them here."

"O well, here is evidently a funeral procession, and one cannot help wondering where are the remains that they are all so sadly following."

Just then something happened to mar the decorous solemnity of the march. There was a sudden break in the line. A carriage, which had just passed, was pulled out of its course by the driver, obedient of the cries and gesticulations of one of its occupants, and turned in pursuit of the Americans. Victoria glanced back. She saw an open coach in which were seated three ladies. The two who were young were evidently somewhat fluttered, though as evidently making a great effort to appear properly calm and dignified. But their companion, a large, coarse-featured woman, in whose face hard lines and little tufts of hair were grotesquely mingled, was in a state of excitement which she did not try to conceal.

"Quick!" she called to her coachman, "in advance! I cannot be mistaken. Ah, how good! It is he, in truth. It is Rafael. Look, little ones, look, it is Rafael. Rafael, little son, look, it is your poor old friend."

Espinosa pulled his horse sharply around. In an instant he was on the ground, hat in hand, and bowing low at the carriage door. All had come to a halt amid the universal murmur and curious gazing which this unusual incident had produced. The Americans rode on a few paces and then pulled up to wait for their companion. He meanwhile was the object of a perfect volley of

ejaculations and inquiries from the carriage, which he received with smiling ease and returned as best he could, being but one against three.

"But how he has grown! Little daughters, do you not see that it really is your old companion, Rafael?"

"Yes, mamma," murmured the young ladies, and added various half-audible sighings of "What a joy to see him again," and "What a blessed chance that we met him."

"But we detain you, and your friends are waiting. In parenthesis, Who are they?"

"They are some American friends of mine," said Rafael, flushing slightly.

"Always the same," said the mother, with a grimace and tap of the fan upon the man's shoulder, meant to be playful. "In this manner you used to be, always seeking friends among foreigners. And the young lady, she is the wife of the tall American?"

"Why no," replied Rafael uneasily. "The two men are brothers, and she is their cousin."

A look of suspicion darted across the face of his interlocutor. Then she leered upon him again, in what she supposed to be a bewitching way, and said, "Beware, little friend! Have a care of your heart. She is beautiful. But we must keep you no longer. You will come to see us in the Iturbide, then?"

"Most certainly. With your kind permission, I shall present myself this very evening." With a series of bows, Espinosa was finally on his horse again and riding to join his companions of the day.

"It is an old friend of mine," he explained as he rejoined them, "the Señora Castañares. In fact she has been my benefactress. When I was a student at the University of Madrid I had a long illness, and she, out of friendship to my family, took me to her own house and nursed me to health again. In truth, I am greatly in her debt. I had known of her intention to travel in Mexico, but had not thought to

see her arrive so soon. However, it is pleasure to see her. I shall permit myself to hope that you will all come to know her.

"And the daughters, can't we know them too?" asked Victoria, laughing. "You leave them out."

"It is true what you say," replied Rafael, betraying some embarrassment, "but that was not my intention, for they are enchanting persons, I assure it you. You shall see."

"They are lovely, I am sure," said Victoria. "Even cousin Allan had to admit that. Such eyes! And then their mantillas. I am renewed in my determination to wear one myself. But of course it would never do for my complexion. I should look like a yellow daisy gone into mourning."

"I deny it," protested Rafael gallantly "in whatever costume you might dress—"

But the rest was lost in the clatter of hoofs, for Victoria struck her horse smartly with her riding-whip, and led off at a brisk pace into the city.

IV.

As Espinosa was mounting the stairway leading to the apartments of the Señora Castañares, that evening, the fancy came into his mind that he was very like a victim about to be shown into the presence of the inquisitor-general. In fact, there was not a little in his surroundings to heighten the suggestion. The bare, wide, dimly lighted halls of the hotel had a disagreeable likeness to the corridors of a prison. His boots rang on the stone floors with a sound as if of fetters. The servant who was lighting him on his way looked grim and stern in the flickering light of the candle, and seemed altogether a fit figure to be a familiar of the holy office. Moreover, as Rafael remembered with a half shudder in spite of himself, before the old palace of the Emperor had been transformed into the hotel where his friends were now stopping,

it had been the scene of more than one session of the inquisition of Mexico.

But gloomy fancies were wholly alien to his nature, and he put them away with a smile at himself, his face wearing no other expression, as he was shown into the reception-room, than one of unalloyed pleasure. He found the Señora seated alone. She was in great state, with an enormous purple head-dress nodding over her brows, and jewels fastened upon every available point of her ample person. At her feet was a small box, covered with purple plush, exactly of the size and shape of a doll's trunk. It was her jewel-case, which she never let go out of her sight.

Espinosa glanced about inquiringly. She interpreted his action and said, "No, my Rafael, you cannot see them tonight. Greatly were they mortified, the little daughters, but it was impossible. They were too much exhausted by their travels and by the incidents of the day. I really was compelled to say that they must retire to seek rest. They begged hard to stay, I assure it you, to see their old friend, but I was inflexible, and in the end they yielded."

Rafael murmured something about a fear that he was taxing the mother's strength.

"I?" she cried, "It is nothing for me. I am not so easily fatigued. Do you not remember the many nights and days I nursed you, in your sickness? Yes, I have strength. Besides, I could not wait, I have so many questions to ask of my little friend."

"You are still, as you always were, a miracle of kindness." It was not all unmeaning Spanish. Rafael felt it, and was really moved when he thought of all she had done for him.

"Ah, it is my same old Rafael! Always a flatterer. God grant that you have not changed in other ways!"

"But surely, you would not have me remain a boy. The eight years since I saw you cannot have passed over my head and

left me unchanged. My plans for life have developed much since then."

"Ah, it is the heart that I mean. The affections, the friendship. Much I fear me that you are not the same in those particulars."

"But you wrong me by such a fear," asserted Espinosa, with warmth. I never can forget or cease to love my friends — especially such a friend."

"Shall I ask you to prove that?"

There was an eager look in the bullet-eyes fastened upon him, which affected Rafael unpleasantly, but he answered promptly, "Certainly. Test me in any way you choose."

"Very well. Tell me, are you still of the same mind towards my little Hilaria? Have you remained faithful to her, as you solemnly pledged yourself to do?"

"What! is it possible that you took so seriously the wild talk of a boy who thought himself in love? You will remember that you yourself said that I must have turned crazy to think of such a thing as marrying your daughter — she an heiress and I a mere boy with no prospects. Did you not tell me to dismiss all such thought? Besides, Hilaria herself would not listen to me."

"It was but her dutiful obedience to her mother. But what seemed an unwise marriage then does not now. You know of our great reverses of fortune, and you have improved your position in the world. In any case, it is true that you swore never to love another."

"It was the mad passion of a boy."

"Then you have forgotten her — you have been untrue to your pledge?"

The voice was rising into a shrill tone, the plumes of the head-dress shook angrily, and the eyes darted flashes of fire. Rafael moved uneasily in his seat as he answered:

"How could I have known that you would look upon all that folly so seriously? You bade me dismiss her from my thoughts. I had no right to think of her longer. How

could I foresee this reverse of fortune, to make possible what you assured me was impossible? No, I have not forgotten her, but I have ceased to think of her as I once did. Frankly, I do not find the man feeling towards her as did the boy — or as the boy thought he did."

"But that feeling may return."

"Alas, it is impossible."

The Señora rose and paced the floor impatiently. Espinosa watched her, with a look of helpless distress and anxiety upon his face. She seemed struggling to repress her disappointment, which was threatening to rise into anger. She stood still at last and said with great mildness, "Do you not see that you are frustrating all my hopes? You are making my journey here all in vain."

"What a pity, my dear friend, if it is so! Yet again, I ask, could I have known?"

"But why is it too late, even now?"

"Because, you will pardon me, because I do not love Hilaria."

"Has she lost all her charms, then?" asked the mother, as if hurt. "In case she does not please you, there is still Eulalia."

"It is not that," protested Rafael, in great distress; "it is not that. They are both charming, beautiful. But do you not see? It is that I have other plans, in truth, — alas! that I should be the one to give you this pain — I am to marry another."

The explosion that Rafael had been dreading did not come. The Señora sank into her seat. She appeared simply overwhelmed, not enraged. Plying vigorously her fan, which she had caught up, she sat for some moments sighing and moaning. Finally she recovered breath and voice. "Who then is this person who could make you forget your pledge to my daughter?"

This was said with some bitterness, but still with such unexpected calmness that Espinosa was greatly relieved. He thought that the worst was over — that there would be no scene. He was betrayed into an assumption of light-heartedness.

"Ah, now it is my dear old friend again. But you will love her, I assure it you. She is most beautiful. That pledge you continue to allude to, I cannot admit that there was any, but if there were, one might be pardoned for forgetting it in her presence."

"Do you think I enjoy hearing her praises," broke in the other with sudden fierceness. "Who is she, I ask?"

Rafael drew back slightly as he replied, "Excuse me. I thought you would divine. It is the American, Miss Estevenson."

"What! that rude, bold foreigner! She preferred to my Hilaria, the belle of Madrid! Rafael Espinosa, you have turned crazy."

"But you do not know her," protested the troubled lover. "She is different from our race, I admit it, but rude, ill-mannered, I deny it."

"All Americans are barbarous. Ah, those Yankees, how I hate them!"

"But, dear friend, remember that we in Mexico have much more concern with the Americans than you in Spain. It will be a great advantage to me to have an American wife."

"Then this is a mere political arrangement. And Rafael has fallen to this! Rafael, who used to say that he would die for love!"

"Not so, I beg you to believe. I love her from the profound of my heart. But, nevertheless, it holds no doubt that it will be an advantage to me, this marriage."

There were gathering and thickening signs of a coming storm. The Señora's breathing was quickened into gasps. She grew red and purple by turns, and tore her fan to pieces in her nervously clutching hands. At last she sprang to her feet and cried out, in a shrill, high voice: "Ah, God! that I should be told this! This is gratitude. This is a return for all my devotion. But look, Rafael Espinosa, hear me. This shall never be, this marriage. I swear it. You must break it off."

"But, kind friend, it is impossible. It

is too late. My word is pledged. Even did I wish, I could not now retire. Besides, I tell you, I love her."

"Love! You profane the word! You throw yourself away, simply for political considerations. But that does not matter. You shall never marry her. Do you hear me? Never. I will prevent it."

"That will be impossible. All is already arranged. We go to make the proper declarations before the judge next week."

"What! so soon? But it is all one. I shall be there, Rafael Espinosa. I will expose your perfidy in open court. I will declare you pledged to my daughter. I will appeal to the judge. I will cast myself at his feet. He cannot deny me. He will never permit this marriage."

Rafael was thunderstruck. "Surely, dear friend," said he appealingly, "you are not going to do that. There is no question of perfidy. But think of the scene, the sensation! It would kill me. Besides, after all was done, you could effect nothing. In every case there would result but delay."

"Do not deceive yourself. I shall prevent this marriage. Again I swear it. I will go to the American brothers. I will tell them all. Yes, much as I hate her, I will go to the girl herself and warn her against you. You know me, Rafael. You know my will. I swear it, you shall never marry her."

"Ah, but kind, old friend," said the distressed and alarmed Rafael, "you will never do this. You are excited now. It is possible there might be some slight delay, if you very much desire it, but you would not be so cruel to your boy as to do what you say."

"Delay?" cried the Señora. "It shall be altogether broken off, I say. Listen to me, Rafael Espinosa. If all else fails, I will do this. I will go before the judge, I will protest. But if in vain, I have one resource left. Look." She took up her jewel-case, opened it in feverish haste, drew

out a small, silver-mounted pistol, flourished it aloft, and said, with an appearance of terrible earnestness, "This I shall have with me. If all else fails, I will use this."

Rafael was horrified. "What! you would kill me, then?"

"Why should I kill you, one I love?"

"But not Miss Stevenson, the innocent, the lovely?"

The Señora paused, enjoying her power. Then she said, "Bah! You know nothing of my heart. Kill you? Kill her? No, it is myself I will kill. Yes, Rafael Espinosa, at your feet will I fall and upon your head will be my blood. I swear it. Stop this marriage, or I will do as I say."

She certainly looked as if she would. Her face had become ashy pale. Rafael was thoroughly frightened. He rose and paced the room, gnawing his mustache fiercely. As he strode back and forth he moaned to himself, "Cruel, cruel! This is terrible." He stopped before the other who had fallen back faintly into her chair. "But what to do?" he asked piteously.

"Break off the marriage," came back sternly.

"It is impossible."

"It must be done."

"It is dreadful to think of. I cannot do it. I shall be disgraced if I do."

"You will be more disgraced if you do not."

"It will kill me to do it."

"You will kill me if you do not do it."

"Ah, but you do not really mean that."

"Rafael Espinosa, you know me. You know that I am capable of that. Very well, I swear to you by the Holy Mother of God, I will do it. Go now, for I am exhausted. But remember what I say. If you would not see your old friend fall dead at your feet, with her last breath accusing you of dishonor, you know what to do. Go now, I say, I can do no more. Do not come to me again until you come to tell me that this

marriage is broken off. And remember, I shall be on the watch, I shall know what you are doing."

She rang for the servant to light him down the stairs.

V.

FRANCIS STEVENSON was deep in the detail of a railroad contract the next morning when his clerk came in to announce a gentleman on urgent business. It was Rafael. He was haggard and heavy-eyed after a sleepless night. He sank into a chair wearily.

"Señor Estevenson, I come to you in great trouble. I know not if I can well explain it to you, but I need advice, and there is no one from whom I would more gladly receive it than from you. Besides, you are interested in the affair."

"Well," said Francis, as the other paused, "I shall be glad to serve you in any way possible. What is the cause of your trouble?"

"Alas! my friend, a great blow has fallen upon me. I am in deep perplexity as to my future."

"Aren't your political schemes working as you had hoped?" asked Francis, laughing.

"Ah, God! if it were only that. If it were only so small a thing! No, it is something that touches my heart and my honor. What to do I know not. I could not have foreseen this difficulty. I am distracted by it. Listen as I tell it you, and then give me counsel if you can."

Espinosa then proceeded to recount with many a sigh over his hapless lot, his interview of the night before with the Señora Castaños. He put the whole scene vividly before his hearer, omitting no gesture or mimetic action that could heighten the effect of his words.

Francis listened gravely to the end. "I see," said he, at last. "There is a difficulty, yet I think you exaggerate it. When the claims of friendship are put against the

claims of love and honor there can be no doubt as to which should prevail. If you are really honest in your professions of love to my cousin, — do not protest, I believe that you are, — then it will be easy to find some way out. You assure me that your honor is perfectly clear in this matter of the alleged pledge to the widow's daughter?"

"Perfectly. And yet it is to be remembered that she persists in taking me for compromised."

"Well then, it is as I say, love and honor against the desire not to hurt the feelings of an old friend who is deceiving herself as to the actual state of affairs."

"But you are forgetting her terrible threat. It is her very life that I have to be careful of."

"But you do not really believe that she would do as she threatens? She is simply trying to frighten you."

"Ah, Señor Estevenson, you do not know these passionate women. She would do it infallibly. And think of the scene! the disgrace! I should be ruined forever as a public man. I could not live down the scandal and ridicule."

"Can't she be put off the scent? Can't you go before the judge without her knowing it?"

"I fear me not, my friend. Such a thing cannot be done secretly. Besides, she would fulfill her threat at some other time — at the religious ceremony, perhaps, which would be still more dreadful."

"Would it not be possible for you to have the marriage performed elsewhere, — in San Luis, for instance?"

"I have thought of that, but it would avail nothing. In the first place it would be difficult to evade her, even in that way. And in the second place, to be married in a strange city involves great legal delays."

"Then I will tell you a thing to do. Take to-morrow night's steamer for New Orleans. I will go with you. Victoria will consent, I do not doubt. In four days you

are there, and can be married immediately upon your arrival. The Señora will not know of it till all is over. Or you might go by rail to San Francisco."

Espinosa reflected. "There may be something in that," he returned. "But would the Señorita consent? Very much mortified would I be to ask her thus to steal away secretly. And it could not be kept a secret. It would bring great ridicule upon me. And besides, the worst would remain. I should seem to be ungrateful to an old friend, to be indifferent to her wishes, to be reckless of her life even. That is what is distracting me."

Francis was inclined to be angry. He could not help suspecting the sincerity of Espinosa. All this was so different from his own ideas. Was the man trifling?

But a glance at the pale, anxious face of the Mexican dispelled his suspicion. "Wait a moment," said he. "This is a family matter: I will call in my brother Allan. Perhaps he can suggest something."

Rafael did not appear to be exactly pleased at this, but he offered no objection, and awaited Allan's arrival in patience. Francis asked his brother to sit down, and then stated to him the whole situation as fully and impartially as he could. "So you see," he said in closing, "the difficulty in which Mr. Espinosa finds himself, and the reason why he has come to us for advice."

Allan had been pulling his moustache savagely, while his brother was speaking. He now sat silent a moment looking sharply at Rafael, who made but poor work of trying to appear unconcerned under the suspicious glances shot at him.

"I don't see," said Allan finally, "that there is any difficulty. That is, if the man is a man and not a cowardly scoundrel."

Espinosa's white face grew a shade whiter. He leaped to his feet. "You insult me!" he burst out. "You take advantage of my misfortune to insult me. I will not endure it. I demand the satisfaction of a gentle-

man. You will hear from me, Señor,"—and he turned as if to leave the office.

"O bosh!" said Allan contemptuously. "You're very sensitive about your honor suddenly. Sit down and I'll tell you what I think. I don't believe you've got enough honor to be worth fighting for."

Rafael grew livid. He seized his hat and started for the door, but as he was passing Allan the latter rose and grasping him by the shoulder forced him to his chair again, saying, "if you've come for advice, stay till you get it."

"Come, Al," interposed Francis, "you mustn't be too hard on him. He is suffering enough without your adding anything to his difficulties."

"Suffering!" sneered Allan. "It's all a trick. He's had a good time trifling with Victoria and the rest of us, and now he is going to throw her over. That's the whole of it."

"Oh, that's not fair, Al. He wants to be honorable to her, I am sure. That is just where his difficulty comes in. If he simply wanted to drop her, that would be easy enough. The question is, though, how to satisfy this old she-dragon and prevent her from raising a row."

"Nonsense!" said Allan. "Either the man is bound to the woman's daughter, as she claims, or else he is not. He says he is not. Then she has no concern in the case whatever. She can be left entirely to one side."

"But, Señor Estevenson," said Rafael deprecatingly, "you forget that she is an old friend, my benefactress in truth, and has great claims upon my gratitude."

"That amounts to nothing," returned Allan positively, "beside your relation to Victoria. Pledged honor is more than a mere vague friendship, I should hope."

"True, Señor, and I have no wish to draw back from my word. I am bound to Miss Estevenson, of course,—bound to her by the strongest ties of earth. I love

her devotedly, with all the strength of my being, and I shall never love or marry another. But here is the difficulty, of being true to my love and to my friendship at the same time."

"But you can't. One must give way, and a man of honor would not hesitate an instant in saying which."

"I abound in your sentiments, Señor, and they are my own. But my difficulty is in seeing exactly how this can be done with safety. Here is this possibility of an awful tragedy. Good God! think of it! My old friend killing herself at my feet! It would be horrible."

"Let her do it," said Allan laughing. "I should call it a good riddance. Let her do it and send word to her to be sure to make a thorough job of it."

Espinosa looked fairly stunned. This was beyond his comprehension. "Señor, you jest," said he at last. "The thing would be terrible. It would ruin me. I could never live it down! Ah, God! I should never recover from it myself—my old, kind friend driven to death by me!" He turned away his face to hide his emotion.

"If the man is n't blubbering!" cried Allan. "Well, this beats me. Perhaps I have been too rough on him. But then, think of Victoria. What a situation for her! Does she know of this yet?" He turned sharply to Rafael.

"No, Señor. I have not yet seen her."

"Well, it seems to me that she is the one to be consulted first of all—before us. But what can you say to her?"

"Alas, Señor, I scarcely can think. It is dreadful to imagine myself telling her—asking her to give a decision. Yet she will not doubt me, that I feel. I can throw myself upon her compassion, I am confident of that. And if you think so, Señores—if there is nothing more to be said,"—he rose ruefully,—“why I will try to find her this very morning."

"I don't see that there is anything else that you can do," said Allan.

"And you, Señor?"

"Yes," said Francis, "you had better go to Victoria."

VI.

As Victoria came into the *sala* where Rafael was awaiting her, she saw at a glance that he was troubled. He rose to greet her with affection, and yet not with his customary happy vivacity. Her fresh loveliness seemed almost to cause him pain, so that he could not look upon her face. She took the seat he placed for her, with a chill sense of apprehension at her heart.

He sat silent for a few moments, apparently hoping that she would speak to him; but she kept her eyes fixed, in nervous disquiet upon the bunch of roses fastened at her waist, which she was unconsciously picking to pieces. At last Rafael spoke. "Victoria," said he slowly, "I am in great trouble."

She lifted her eyes to his face in quick sympathy. "Tell me about it, if I can be of any help. I am glad you come to me with it. We ought to share all."

"But I greatly fear that you will not comprehend the difficulty. I do not know if I can make you understand my situation and my feelings. Yet you love me, is it not so? And you will have pity of me, in any case, and that is more than your cousins do."

He paused, and Victoria visibly paled. But she said only, "Do not keep me in suspense. Tell me all plainly."

"The thing is this, Victoria. You saw my old friends, the Castañares, yesterday. Well, the trouble is in relation to them. The Señora Castañares has, as I told you, great claims upon my gratitude. Now look, could it have been imagined? she has her

heart set upon my marrying one of her daughters."

Victoria laughed in relief. She had come to know something of the Southern nature of her lover—elated by a trifle, correspondingly depressed by the smallest thing. This might be all there was of it, she thought, a piqued and disappointed mother, and a besieged young man troubled at the awkwardness of an unexpected situation and at the mortification he was causing an old friend.

"It's very flattering to you, I'm sure," said she. "Does she give you your choice of the daughters?"

"She does. However, it is to the oldest, Hilaria, that she maintains I am pledged."

"Pledged!" said Victoria, flushed and startled. "But you are not?"

"Securely not—that is, so I resolutely insist. But she, most unfortunately, maintains that a foolish passion of my boyhood and some ridiculous vows of faithfulness, made in the heat of disappointment, after I had been refused and laughed at—that these things bind me now after all these years, after all had passed from my mind."

"Tell me, Rafael,—tell me, I will believe you,—is this all of it? and had this really all gone from your mind so that you felt yourself entirely and honorably free when you asked me to be your wife?"

"Ah, can you doubt it? Can you think me guilty of such baseness? Under my word, the word and honor of a gentleman, I was free, I declare it, fully and honorably free in the sight of my conscience and of God when I sought your love. The contrary would have been impossible."

Victoria believed him. So would any one have done, even Allan Stevenson, had he seen the Mexican's face, so transparently honest, with its clear, straightforward eyes bearing witness to the words spoken.

"But have you not told this woman all this?"

"Of course. I told her again and again

that I could not assent to her view in the least particular."

"Then I do not see what remains. Where is the difficulty? Does not your obligation to her end with this explanation? Of course, you are sorry to give her pain, to disappoint her, but it is all due to her foolish mistake; it is no fault of yours."

"Ah, my dear Victoria, you do not know this woman. She is terribly resolute and passionate. She swears that if I do not marry one of her daughters—and I told her that I could not, that I never would—then, at least, I shall not marry you."

"But that is simply her passion, her mortification, is it not? She must know that it is an idle threat."

"Much I fear me that it is not. She has a terrible will. She is in earnest. She will do all that she can, and I tremble to think of what she may do."

Victoria looked puzzled, almost suspicious. "Rafael, tell me, is this really all, this that you have told me? Has this woman any claim upon you beyond what you say?"

"Only a claim upon my gratitude, no other."

"Then what is it you fear? What can she do?"

"She will do everything possible to prevent our marriage."

"But what? I do not see what she can do except make herself disagreeable. She may try to set you against me. She may even come to me to slander you. That will be disagreeable, but it will accomplish nothing."

"She will do that, and much more. She will appear in court at the time of the civil marriage, to denounce me before the judge."

"Upon what possible ground?"

"That I am already pledged to her daughter."

"But you are not."

"Far from it."

"Then you can deny it?"

"Certainly."

"And disprove it?"

"Yes, or at least challenge proof from her of her assertion, which she would be bound to produce, but could not."

"Well, all that would be unpleasant, but what of it? She would effect nothing."

"She could undoubtedly cause delay."

"We can wait, if that is all."

"But she will not be content with mere delay. It will be as well that I tell you all, the worst. She makes a most awful threat — this is the thing that really troubles me, that makes me shudder."

"What can it be?"

"Alas, she solemnly swears — but first let me tell you that she is a terrible woman. You do not know her. She has furious passions. It seems that her whole soul is aflame with rage over this affair. She is not only deeply chagrined but even desperate. She told her friends at home that she was coming to bring me a wife — her daughter, you understand. She cannot endure the shame of failure. Remember all this and then you will see that I have good reason for agitation and alarm, for this desperate being, who will stop at nothing, swears most solemnly that if all else fails and I do not listen to her entreaties, she will denounce me in open court as the destroyer of her happiness and as a traitor to her daughter, and will then — what a horror! will then kill herself at my feet."

Rafael, who had grown highly excited while speaking, as if he saw the scene he feared, sank back into his chair as he finished, white and gasping.

Victoria could not doubt his sincerity, could not believe that he was feigning this great anxiety, yet she could not understand the terror with which he seemed to view the possibility of the Señora's threat being fulfilled. Even to herself, a woman, there did not appear reason sufficient for such shrinking away from a scene of tragic pain, granting that it was certain to come. It seemed almost unmanly in Espinosa to show such

acute dread. She questioned him further. She drew from him all the details of his interview with the Señora, and witnessed his vivid reproductions of the frenzied earnestness with which the threat had been made. She began to be convinced that Rafael was right — that the Señora would be desperate enough to do as she threatened. There flashed into her mind all the instances she had heard of since coming to Mexico of frightful deeds due to jealousy and revenge on the part of women. She recalled with a shudder how a servant of her own had been arrested just on the point of stabbing to the heart a faithless lover. It began to appear less strange to her that Rafael should so implicitly believe that the Senora would fulfill the threat.

Still why should he give way to such extravagant fear? If worst came to worst, he might reflect that he was really guiltless. After trying all possible ways of averting the catastrophe, it would seem that innocence might exhibit greater calmness. She renewed her questions on this point.

Little by little she came to see the complexity of the feelings and motives that were struggling in Rafael's breast. There was the pain of suspected ingratitude, of unfaithfulness to a friend. Then there was the dread, which she could not fully comprehend, of ridicule and scandal, with consequent danger of frustrated ambition. She remained puzzled, not seeing justifying reason for his extreme distress; yet she believed in him. He loved her, and was telling the truth.

The long conversation had given her the infection of Rafael's agitation. She rose hastily, walked to the window and threw into the street the fragments of her bouquet. Then she turned to Rafael with tense lips and pale face, and said as she took her seat again, "Now we must consider what is to be done. What do you suggest?"

"Alas! my soul, I know not what to say."

"It may be wise to delay the marriage for time," suggested Victoria. "She may go away, or change her plans."

"But would you consent to that? It could be mortifying."

"I would consent to anything you ask, Rafael."

"But I cannot ask it, unless you concede first. Besides, I fear it would do little good. It would but encourage her; she could renew her threats. We should be as badly off at any other time as now."

"Perhaps, Rafael," — the pale face flushed, — "perhaps we might go away secretly, without her knowledge, I mean, — and — and have the ceremony performed somewhere else."

"Your cousin suggested that. But it could not be wise. It would be difficult to escape her, in the first place, for she will be sure to have her spies upon me. And then it would be a compromising thing to do, both for you and for me. She would find some other way, too, of avenging herself and humiliating me. My public career would be cut short."

Victoria bit her lip. "Well then, you must decide what course to pursue. I leave it all to you."

Rafael sat in a nervous silence, for a few moments. Then he said, without looking up, "A thing comes into my mind which might be effective. If I might go to the señora and tell her that I so far yield as to yield my marriage to you in abeyance, then, when she finds that it will be vain to think of my ever loving one of her daughters, she might be contented with the small success she has won and go away."

"I do not understand. I thought you decided that delay would do no good."

"Exactly so. But this is more than delay — this is breaking off the affair for the present. That is, in our hearts and by our honor and by private understanding we could still be bound to each other indissolubly. But there would be no longer a

formal bond. In such a manner, I mean, that I could go to her and say that there is no engagement between us, that it is broken off."

Victoria stared blankly at her lover. "Then you ask me," said she, after a long pause, "to release you?"

"By no means, except as I say, as a matter of form. This might satisfy her and put her off. But the form, of course, is nothing beside the feelings of the heart. A love like mine can never alter. Always will you be to me the one object of devotion, yes, of adoration, and sadly to me will pass the days until I can come to call you my own before the whole world." Rafael lifted his eyes now, moist and shining, and let them meet Victoria's.

She strained her gaze upon him. Her lips quivered, and she said faintly, "Rafael, you have not deceived me? You did — you do love me?"

In an instant he was on his knees before her in passionate protestation, imploring her to trust him, vowing eternal faithfulness, recalling his request and leaving the whole matter in her hands, all in one breath.

A smile swept over her face, and then she said firmly, "No, Rafael, I think you are right. It is best to do as you say. It shall be as you wish. I consent."

He gave an exclamation of relief and gratitude, and seized her hand to kiss it rapturously. A lover just accepted could not have worn a more radiant look.

VII.

THE two brothers came that evening and asked for their cousin. Rafael had flashed in upon them at the office to tell them the result of his conversation with Victoria, darting off again on his way to see the Señora Castañares. So they knew all.

They felt and betrayed some embarrassment as Victoria came in. She, however, appeared perfectly at her ease. The conver-

sation began, of course, at a point removed as far as possible from what was uppermost in the minds of all, and they talked for a time about the latest news from the United States. Francis asked after her father. He was well but very much occupied, so the latest letters said. Then Allan, seeing as he thought an easy way of bringing in the absorbing subject, said, "I suppose, Vic, you have written, or will write right away, to your father about — about the change in your plans — what happened today, I mean."

Victoria looked up coldly. "Mr. Espinosa has told you, then?"

"Yes, he looked in at the office a moment. That is the reason we came over; to — to sympathize with you."

"About what?" asked Victoria icily.

"O," said Allan in confusion, "of course not if you don't feel so. We rather thought it would be something of a disappointment to you; but if you feel, as I told Frank I hoped you would feel, but didn't think you would — that is, I mean, if you see that you were deceived in the man, and that it is better to find him out now than to have had the thing go on, why then, to be sure, there's nothing to be sorry about. On the contrary we may be glad it is all over."

"You seem to be better informed than I am. I am not aware that it is all over, as you express it."

"Not? Why you can't doubt it, I should think, that this postponement, or whatever you agree to call it, is just another way of saying that the affair is ended. I do hope, cousin, that you will not expose yourself to new deception at the hands of that tricky fellow."

"Do not be so free with your epithets," said Victoria hotly. "I consider Mr. Espinosa to be a gentleman of the highest honor."

"See here, Al," interposed Francis, "you mustn't let your prejudices run away with you. We must remember that Espinosa is of a different race and training from ours.

Many of his ideas in these matters are naturally very different from ours."

"Yes, I should say so," said Allan. "He has an idea of honor decidedly different from mine, I confess."

"There you go," replied Francis, "applying your American standard to everything. But just stop and think, and you will see how unfair that is. Our customs in regard to courtship and marriage and all that, are, as you must admit, very different from those of this country. It would be strange if with all this, there should not be a different view of marriage in the mind of a Mexican — a view perfectly honorable from his standpoint, although it might seem unworthy from ours. That is what I am trying to do — to put myself in Espinosa's place. If you would try to do that, you wouldn't be so bitter against him."

"Well," said Allan doggedly, "I can't follow you in your fine distinctions. I have but one standard of honor, and this man, Espinosa, I must say, falls far below it. The idea of his being frightened by that wretched old woman and yielding everything at her dictation! And how stupid of him to think, if he really does think so, that this concession will put her off! Why she will grip him all the harder. She will make him do now whatever she wants him to. My word for it, she will have him married to one of her daughters inside of six months — unless, indeed, she should think it best to marry him herself." Allan laughed at the thought.

He and Francis had become so much interested in their discussion that they had almost forgotten Victoria's presence. But they were reminded of it. She had been listening in ill-concealed impatience, and now she broke in in a high voice, "Allan Stevenson, if you came here to insult and torture me, you may consider your errand accomplished and go. You know nothing of Mr. Espinosa. It would be impossible for him to be as coarse and brutal as you

“I am showing myself to be. I have not deserved this from you.”

Her voice broke and the tears began to come. Allan was thunderstruck.

“I sincerely beg your pardon, Victoria,” said he remorsefully. “I was a brute to forget your feelings. But the truth is — no, I’ll say nothing more about it. I begin to think I do not understand anything about this whole affair. I’d better keep still. Only I do humbly ask your forgiveness, cousin, for my brutality.”

Victoria relented at once, though her tears continued to flow. Francis was too generous to press his view upon a fallen adversary, and too deferential to his cousin to distress her with further theorizings about her troubles. He turned to her, however, to ask her as delicately as he could the terms and nature of the agreement reached by her and Rafael.

“Then you consider yourself still bound to him,” said he, after hearing all she had to say.

“He says that he shall hold himself bound to me, and that is the same thing.”

“Yet there is no longer a formal engagement?”

“No.”

“Then what do you rely upon, if you will allow me to ask?”

“His honor. I do not pretend, cousin, to see all this clearly. I cannot understand all. The dread of this woman which

Mr. Espinosa has, is a mystery to me, and yet I am sure that he is pure and honest in it all, and that he feels himself actuated by the highest motives. It seems weak, I admit. One of you would never act in that way. Yet I believe he is an honest man. He will be true to his word and to me.”

“But what is the outcome to be? How long are you to continue in this anomalous relation? What do you expect to do?”

“I shall wait. That is all I can do. As soon as he can claim me again, with safety and in peace, with a due regard to his reputation and public career, he will do it. I am willing to wait.”

The brothers walked several blocks in silence, after leaving their cousin’s door.

“Well, Frank,” said Allan finally, “it beats me. That’s all I’ve got to say. I am sorry for Victoria though.”

“Yes,” said his brother, “it’s too bad. But what could you expect? I had my fears all along. Love affairs between two persons of one nationality are bad enough. But when you bring in the unknown quantity of a different race, when you have to deal with a sense of honor that puts the emphasis in an unexpected place, when you are concerned with a conscience that has been trained to think that the greatest evil is to be mortified and distressed, and that the greatest reproach is ridicule, why the uncertainty in the case becomes so great that it is impossible to tell how you will come out.”

Jonas Bolivar.

DESERT.

I TRAVELED through a waste of sand,
A saddened man of faded dreams;
The dreariest places in the land
Were where had flowed the living streams.

S. W. Eldredge.

MID-WINTER DAYS AT MONTEREY.

THERE was great discussion in the household over the naming of the little cabin which was to be their holiday home, and which shines with a warm red glow among the pines on the south side of Monterey Bay.

"Let us call it Los Pinos," said Filiola, who likes the Castilian.

"No, The Hawk's Nest," said the boys, — for at the time of building, a mother hawk was rearing her noisy brood in an old fire-girdled pine only a few yards from the door.

"People would think we were birds of prey," protested Filiola.

The Mistress favored The Mosses, from the long grey moss that hangs in ragged streamers from the surrounding pines, where at the Master, with a twinkle in his eye, suggested Moss-cow, in memory of a certain nomadic cow that occasionally invaded this retreat. The pun met with the severe disapprobation it deserved.

A few days afterward the Mistress, turning to the dictionary in some uncertainty of pronunciation, came upon the word hamlet and noticed that it was an Anglo-Saxon diminutive of "home." "What if we call our little home the Homelet?" she asked, at the next meeting of the family council, and the name was adopted without a dissenting voice.

The Homelet had come into being because the whole household detested boarding or living in rented places. They had a bird-like instinct for owning their own nest, the gift no doubt of their remote Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The site cost much thought and care and rather more money than the Homelet people felt they could spare. But it was a foregone conclusion that they must have an outing now and then, and because their home was an inland

one, it was wise to go to the seaside for rest and pleasure. No place offered such attraction as Monterey Bay, with its wooded cliffs and sunny beaches, and here at last the spot was found that met all demands. It was on high, dry ground; it had half a dozen beautiful pines growing on it, and it overlooked the bay — these were the three cherished desires of the Mistress's heart.

The building was a subordinate affair but never did a pair of old robins enjoy with keener zest their brief spring architectural fever than did the proprietors and directors of this similar enterprise. They knitted their brows over plans, counted the contents of their very slender purse, and came at last to two conclusions: there must be four walls and a chimney. Perhaps if one were to say there must be a chimney and four walls it would be more strictly correct, for the chimney was the *sine qua non*; — a chimney that should start from the foundation and have a big old-fashioned fire-place.

A little later it was an interesting spectacle to see the Mistress sitting on an old stump, with her head critically on one side, while the Master with manly strides, paced off the ground, and drove stakes to indicate the boundaries of the future habitation. A few days farther on and the patient carpenters could hardly work, what with supervision and with questioning; while the poor stone-mason was quite nonplussed by the Mistress's insistence that the chimney should stand across a corner of the cabin instead of being in a "good natural plumb line" with the wall. The doors and the windows were also put in corner-wise, while the roof projected over each in a sort of hood. Small triangular windows ornamented the gables. Within, no ceiling, no lath and

laster, no partitions save those of chintz, no paper, no paint, — just the smoothly planed, inimitably tinted redwood. Without, all one color, — the sharply gabled roof as well as the sides, — a deep venetian red.

Reg'lar barn color," said the painter, but the Mistress would not be gainsaid. A little kitchen, made mostly of tent cloth rendered water-proof by a coat of red paint, completed the edifice. And the architects were as conceitedly satisfied with the result of their labors as their cousins of the red seats. The furnishing was primitive in its simplicity, and as far as possible of home manufacture, yet strong, serviceable, and comfortable, and because of these qualities pleasing and harmonious.

The Mistress, like all good women, has a tender heart towards young people, and is chosen the confidante of many a youthful pair who are deferring matrimony till their purses grow heavier. When the Homelet was finished and furnished and the accounts balanced, an expression of profound happiness lighted her benevolent countenance. "Dear Optimis," she cried, addressing the Master, "I will write a book! I will scatter it broadcast through the world. I will call it, 'Why not be Married Now?', or 'Wedded Bliss for \$250.00,' or 'Matrimony made Possible to All', — or words to that effect; and in it I will tell the young folks just how to go to housekeeping!"

"I'm sure it will have a great sale," said Optimis, "and we'll build an elaborate Queen Anne villa on the proceeds."

The Homelet was completed with magical speed. Only a month from the day when the Mistress herself insisted on rolling into place the great stone that was to be the corner of the chimney's foundation — and lo, a great fire roared up its throat for the house-warming.

To this celebration came all the household bringing with them invisibly but none the less surely their lares and penates. These exacting beings had never hitherto

consented to accompany the family on their trips to Monterey, but now came willingly and took gracious possession of the Homelet, in a far more speedy and certain fashion than they would have done had the abode been more pretentious. Doubtless the fireplace had much to do with this, for it is a well known fact that the household gods love an open fire, while they scarcely tolerate a stove and utterly scorn a register.

It was Christmas time and never did holidays go by more blithely. If it rained, all hands devoted themselves to household decoration. Ottomans, chiffoniers, and hanging book-shelves, were apparently evolved from somebody's inner consciousness. If it was sunny, they all turned themselves out of doors and roamed about in aboriginal happiness. When evening came the fire was stirred into fresh activity. The boy's big sack of cones was brought in and the cones were tossed on by twos and threes till the flames lit up the whole house with their glow, and the rich hues of the redwood became a study for an artist. It did not take much poetic fancy to see summer clouds and winter forests, eddying streams and rushing rivers, great foamy cataracts or wind-swept fields of grain, all pictured on these otherwise unadorned walls. This was the favorite time for toast and tea, a little later for pop-corn and apples. Often the evening lamp was not lighted at all, and as stories were told and poems recited by the fire-light, one realized how the sagas grew in the old Northland.

From this fireside the boys went to bed, not as usual

"Like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon,"

but peaceably, sustained by the knowledge that as soon as they were under the bedclothes the curtain could be drawn aside and they would still be a part of the household, even after they had lapsed off to pleasant dreams.

They had a Yule log on Christmas day

and enough greenery to make the cabin a bower of cypress boughs and laurel berries. Santa Claus also found the chimney exactly suited to his easy descent and was unusually lavish.

From that memorable time to this present writing, the Homelet has never lost the homely associations and characteristics. If any of the household journey thither in summer or in winter, by day or by night, they have but to turn the key in the door and the very air is full of welcomes.

Once Monterey was spoken of and praised only as a summer resort. To the dwellers in the dusty and warm interior towns of California it is indeed a summer paradise, with its shade and quiet and delicious sea breezes. But people have hardly yet learned its charm as a winter resort. They still cling to the Eastern idea of going to the seaside in summer, and do not realize that here is a spot without frost or ice, whose winter temperature is but ten degrees colder than that of summer, and that even this is balanced by the fact that the winds are in winter less regular and chilling. But the Homelet people have decided that the winter charm of Monterey is fully equal to that of summer. Nor is the famous "Grove" in which the Homelet stands so deserted in winter as to be shut off from supplies. Whatever else hibernates, the butcher and baker, the milkman and grocer, the Chinese fishmonger and Italian vegetable peddler, are in active existence. The very smoke from one's chimney notifies all these watchful eyes of an arrival, and the tide of supplies sets toward one with as much regularity as that of the sea.

The last season was one of almost unbroken sunshine. No wintry storms howled through the pines and tossed the calm waters of the bay over cliffs and tree tops, as did the great gale of a year before. A few rainy days spread a soft green carpet over the ground, with a pile upon it surpassing that

of the richest velvet tapestry. This was a that told of winter.

The corner window of the Homelet looks eastward over the bay, and before it goes on forever the glorious panorama of the sea and sky. It cannot be denied that the household are addicted to late hours, and that the magnificent sunrise picture is often wasted upon a deserted window. But sometimes unwonted circumstances bring a spectator to the scene. At first only the white foam of the breakers below is visible in the dim gray light; then there is a slow brightening of the dark blue night tints, and a going out of the lamps above. The long strip of white sand on the opposite shore grows visible, and the dim outlines of the Gabilan mountains are drawn against the sky. Suddenly a tinge of pink lights up the gray. A half-transparent bank of fog drifts seaward, and the white caps far out on the bay catch the flash of the sky. Soon the eastern horizon is all aglow, and the rosy tints run up to the zenith. A few little clouds float in the upper air; one catches fire, they are all in flames. A pair of white gulls skim across the waves and then rise high in the air till they, too, blossom into rose-color. The hues change with every second, now they are growing amber. A broad highway of gold is suddenly thrown across the waves. Invisible hands pave it with mother of pearl, with beaten silver and bronze, with every lovely iridescent gem, — a most royal highway. It widens — surely the King is coming — he is here!

It seems a violent change to turn from this triumphant progress to indoor fires and the making of oatmeal mush and coffee, yet with a little sigh it is done. It seems less of a descent because the side of the kitchen that is toward the sea can be looped back. Under these circumstances cooking and eating are quite idealized. From the breakfast table all can watch the progress of a white sail across the bay, or see the little

noke wreath on the horizon's edge grow to the clear outline of an incoming steamship, which moves steadily towards the port of Monterey.

The boys are in such haste for the meal to be over that they can hardly wait for proper ceremonial. There is a fleet to be launched, a fort to be built, a well to be dug, or may be there is a fishing expedition on foot,—always something novel and exciting. The rest of the family linger at the table and discuss plans for the day, or perhaps a book or magazine article. Strange to say, there is no hurry.

Filiola always shakes the table cloth with care lest she startle the birds who flit from bough to bough, peep in at the family breakfast, and make remarks, which we hope are complimentary. There is a great variety of these small neighbors, considering that it is the first of January. A pair of jays as blue as the sky take noisy possession of every crust or bone that the children throw them, hardly waiting for the donors to step back out of sight. The yellowhammers are chattering, running up the trees and rapping with their little trip-hammer-like bills. They find plenty of breakfast just to their minds, and will have none of the Homelet's culinary tidbits.

A whir of wings like the drone of a great bee announces the arrival of a hummingbird. It flashes hither and thither, a winged jewel, hovers over the marguerites, sips at the heliotrope like a dainty inebriate, then plunges with evident delight into a velvet petaled pelargonium and drains its cup. A flock of little chippies alight on a clump of leucanotus bushes and keep a bright eye on both the crumbs and the jays, evidently longing for a share. Here comes a saucy little wren who is afraid of nobody. He boldly dashes down and picks up a bit right in the face and eyes of the blue-coats, returning for another and another despite their shrill warning. Far up overhead a linnet is sing-

ing its short winter song, a mere chirp compared with its June roundelay.

Robins, blue-birds, and pewees are frequent visitors, all of them familiar and neighborly, for both law and custom forbid the firing of a gun within the precincts of this blessed grove.

Out over the sea in their own wild element float the gulls. They seem to live upon the wing, and their long, curving flights are a beautiful thing to see. They cross and recross each other's paths, yet always without collisions. They rise on slow pinions until, seen only from beneath, they look snowy white, and then drop till their dark grey backs seem black against the waves. On a cold, dark day, especially if a strong wind is blowing, the gulls seem to feel a keen delight in buffeting it, and one who watches them cannot fail to share their reckless enthusiasm. Another sea bird whose habitat is here, is a duck familiarly known as the "salt-water diver," which skims the surface of the sea with a motion that is more like a swift run than a flight. Kingfishers too are occasionally seen perched on a tree top near the cliffs, or out on a rocky promontory, keeping a sharp eye out for some unwary fish.

Great hawks now and then wheel over the Homelet. Doubtless they have pillage and murder in their hearts, although they seem only lofty and disinterested spectators of the scene. Generally they strike terror to the hearts of all the smaller birds, but one cannot help rejoicing when occasionally a brave, little kingbird attacks one of these great berserkers and with swift assault, now here, now there, drives him off in evident humiliation and defeat.

At midday the thermometer registers about 70°. Doors and windows are left wide open and the fire only smoulders on the hearth. On the south side of the Homelet one can sit now and take a sun bath, warranted to contain more magnetism than

any artificial appliance, and free of cost to beggar or to prince. The air is full of resinous odors. Break off a twig from the pine tree here and a drop of balsamic honey, clear as amber, gathers in a moment. "Try me," it seems to say to one whose throat and lungs need such an emollient. The very needles of the pine here have a wholesome, aromatic smell and taste, and the fragrant yerba buena (*Micromesia Douglasii*) which creeps vinelike around the roots of the trees, is regarded by the native Californian very much as peppermint is looked upon by the Yankee gatherer of simples, a panacea for every bodily ill.

The grass is so thick and tall that it completely hides the heavy coating of brown pine needles that covered the ground in autumn, and now with other leaves forms a stimulating compost for this luxurious carpet, which on close inspection proves to be made of a hundred kinds of green things. Here are two or three kinds of clover; mustard, mallow, and fox tail grass. Some one has evidently sown wild oats in a reckless fashion, and there is abundant proof that the grove is not the original garden, as some maintain; for this is an unmistakable thistle with its beautiful, purplish green foliage, and these little shoots are blackberry briars, pushing up beside the long, trailing, red-leaved branches of last year's growth. The common yarrow is abundant with its graceful, feathery foliage. Baby pines are springing up in all stages of development, often crowding each other like human babies.

Here is a little vine that plainly is a wild pea. In sheltered places it is already budding for early blossoms. This coarser vine running rampant over a heap of brush is the wild cucumber. Poor Ramona used to train it over her beloved shrines. One cannot fail now to have a kindly feeling for it. There, nodding and gleaming on its slender stalk, is the wild buttercup, and under our feet are dandelions that look as if their roots must be in a gold mine. But California's

most golden flower,—the brilliant eschscholtzia,—cannot be far off. One cannot go ten feet without finding its poppy-like pale green leaves, though the blossoms just now are rarer. Ah, there are some on the south side of a rock. Are they not gorgeous, and just what one might expect from El Dorado? Soon every sunny hillside in California will be a field of the cloth of gold with these flowers.

Walking along the cliffs one finds everywhere wild wormwood, the Southern wood of New England. It clings to the ledges ready for the healing of all sprains and bruises to which the cruel rocks fairly entice one, just as here by this poison oak grows its antidote the grindelia. On the bare rocks themselves grow varieties of air plants. Here is echeveria,—hen and chickens, the children call it, and the little plants do cluster round the large ones in a very brood-like fashion. These with the lichens and mosses clothe the cold gray ledges with their sheltering mantle, and soften every hard outline as if they were full of kindly human sentiment.

Everywhere about grows the shrubby lupine, quite different from its cousin of the interior, whose brittle stem could not bear the rude tossing of the sea winds. Like many plants that at the East are annuals, or at least deciduous, here it too becomes perennial and in a measure evergreen, as if gifted with a wise foresight and adaptiveness. Soon it will have long spikes of yellow blossoms. These transparent little pods that rattle in the breeze are the insignia of membership in the great Astragalus family. They make fairy boats for the children when green, and when dry are a very pretty addition to winter bouquets of grasses. If one turns away from the sea and goes back towards the woods, there are lovely little red pimpurnels growing profusely along the roadside—the "poor man's weather-glass" of other lands. The exquisitely fragrant immortelle holds up its soft white cushions of

loom, and every little dell and dry water course is green with ferns. One can find a dozen species, from the great Woodwardias down to the little "gold backs" and "silver backs" and beautiful "maiden's hair." The underbrush everywhere, often covering acres, is the ceanothus, the "wild lilac" of common speech. It grows ten feet high and is just hanging out its graceful racemes of purple bloom, in rich contrast with the lousy dark green leaves.

These are the wild flowers in sight now, but a month hence, if the rains come to invite them from their hiding places, they will be almost beyond numbering.

The pine forest itself seems all a-bloom. A tender green point has started from each terminal bud and is pushing out tassel-like racemes from two to four inches long, made of pale little needles still folded down, or branching out timidly as if almost afraid of rough weather. Every tree, however old, is colored by this new growth and has a youthful air, like elderly people who keep on growing.

One is lured on and on in these sylvan glades. It is pleasant to get beyond streets and avenues, out of sight at last of villas and cottages and even of cabins. Timid little rabbits dart across the path. One even may catch glimpses of a California quail with its pretty crested head. This is the haunt of birds.

They dart from tree to tree or soar over one's head in a way that seems slightly superior and ostentatious.

Suddenly a high white paling gleams through the trees, the inclosure of the great reservoir that supplies the Grove and all Monterey with the delicious Carmel River water. It is brought in a great aqueduct for twenty-five miles, stored up here, and then distributed. The overflow forms a pretty little lake somewhat farther on, which has the name of *Majella*, the Indian word for wild dove. Surely the wild dove could find no sweeter water, on its longest flight.

This forms a limit for a pleasant afternoon's walk.

The Homelet people have a way of going on family picnics, and breezy little excursions, which are good for everybody concerned. One morning they all went to Moss Beach for a whole, long, uninterrupted day with old ocean in his untrammelled might and majesty. A two mile walk through the forest brought them to the great white sand dunes that form the background to the long stretch of shingly beach whither they were bound. A few moments more of wading through deep sand, and they were face to face with the great deep, and realized that there was nothing between them and the eastern hemisphere,—which here seems the western. The waves break upon the beach with a thunderous roar and their unbroken length follows the straight line of the beach far as the eye can see.

As they strolled along, a bit of plank was tossed at Filiola's feet; she picked it up and scanned it carefully. It was smoothly polished and of a deep, brownish red color. A pungent odor clove to it in spite of its long sea-bath. It was camphor wood, and had a hinge mark,—evidently part of a sailor's chest. She held it tenderly in her small hands, and one could read its history in her thoughtful eyes. She sees at first the depths of a tropical forest, and then a brown Malay workman shaping the odorous boards. A sailor lad with honest English face is bartering for it,—it is just the thing he wants to hold the shells and corals he is going to take home to his sweetheart. Then a dark tempestuous night,—a dismantled ship driving before the gale,—a gray morning off a rocky coast, with only a floating spar and a bit of this camphor-wood chest to tell the tale. "I will take it home," she said. "It shall be transformed into a pretty bracket and again hold shells and keepsakes."

An endless variety of the coral-like growths, the mosses and lichens of the water world are strewn about; in places

there are heaps of them many rods long and several feet deep. Is that a young sea-serpent stretched yonder on the sand? It looks a dozen or more feet long, large as one's arm, and of a shining brown hue. The boys seize it and drag it triumphantly towards their sister, with shouts and laughter. It too is but a harmless sea-weed.

Here are the gauze-like sails of innumerable little "Portugese Men of War." In summer the sand is often blue with these fairy shallops.

"Wrecked is the ship of pearl." Poor little mariners! Were they flung here by some wild storm to perish by myriads? Or had they lived out their little day, and was this only an empty and abandoned fleet?

Only a few shells and curious pebbles were picked up, for the bay brings more perfect ones almost to the doorstep. Most of these are broken as if they had been dashed upon rocks.

The boys raced up and down, as restless as the sea, but older folks were glad to sit down on the sunny side of a ridge, and thus sheltered from the bleak wind to bask in a sunshine that can hardly be distinguished from that of June. There is fascination in watching the long, curling, foam-capped billows. The bay seems circumscribed and within one's comprehension, but here one touches the Infinite. The great questions, whence? whither? confront one, and the soul feels itself but an atom in a greater sea, "setting towards eternity."

The boys, however, suggested at an early hour the very mundane theme of lunch, and a large paper was spread on the clean white sand to receive the contents of the lunch basket. No one was in the least fastidious and the dyspepsia, which holds the Master in its grim thrall when he sits at abundant tables, was not once mentioned. After lunch everybody felt a fresh access of vigor, and two youthful guides led off in an expedition to go half a mile down the coast to see the hut of a Chinese gatherer of abalone

shells. It proved a novel place indeed, a sort of cave pieced out with huge boulders and bits of drift-wood, dark and uncanny as all the haunts of these poor heathen are. Beside it were great stacks of shells of every size and degree of perfection.

The cave-dweller heard the steps and voices and hastened out, — a weird and dreadful looking creature, but very civil and anxious to sell his wares, which he displayed in tempting pairs or nests. "Two bitty" seemed his favorite coin, so the Homeless people chaffered with him and patronized him to that extent, although they have abalones to spare at home. "John's" hut stands not far from the highway leading from Del Monte to Cypress Point, and he drives many a good bargain with carriages full of tourists, besides selling quantities of shells for manufacturing purposes.

The boys quizzed him as to his financial condition.

"You heap rich man, John."

"No, me velly poor."

"Ah, John, you go back to China some day and be big man, all samee governor?"

John held down his head. "No sabee."

Filiola's gentle soul was moved to pity. "Are n't you very lonely here, John?" she asked.

"No sabee," stolidly answered John, and fell to sorting his shells.

As they retraced their steps the oceanward view "suffered a sea change." A bank of fog formed the background, against which the waves seemed piled in great terraces. The one that broke at their feet was but a foamy ripple, the one next coming was a foot high, the next five feet, and so on and on, until the last great crest seemed to rear itself mountain high. An almost transparent veil of mist hung like a curtain in the middle distance, adding to the curious optical illusion. It was impossible for the eye to measure height or depth, and the uncertainty acted strangely upon both perception and imagination. But with waves getting

to be a mile high as well a mile long a very natural feeling of having stayed long enough took possession of all the family.

On the way home, however, they stopped among the sand dunes to let the boys go through one of their favorite performances, which consisted in climbing these shifting and slippery heights to slide down, much after the fashion of New England coasting. The game proved contagious, and all hands tried it with considerable loss of breath and ignity. The field was soon left to the youngsters, whose wind and muscle seemed like inexhaustible. At length they were reluctantly coaxed away, and the Homelet was reached in due time by a party who fell to fire-making and supper-getting with a zeal born rather of hunger than of superfluous energy. Bed time came early after such days.

In the morning Filiola floated out the delicate sea mosses, which, as they lay in a handy heap the night before, did look indeed as if, with Emerson's, they "had left their beauty on the shore." Now they spread out beneath her deft manipulation, on clean sheets of paper, into forms of marvelous beauty. They are more like the fine drawings of Jack Frost than anything else, but their coloring is of another school. Tender greens, rose pinks, crimson, garnet, browns of every shade, grays as soft as twilight. If one studies them under a microscope he only finds more wonderful form, more intricate design and tracery, more exquisite coloring.

After the moss beach expedition of the previous day, the older folks only aspired to stroll in their neighbor's garden. It is a sweet old-fashioned spot, with the flowers bordering the walks, or in rows along the fence, or filling the angles made by the different wings of the house, of which there are a surprising number. Yet there is no air of stiffness. A ledge of rocks, which crops out at one side, makes a charming background for the disordered masses of color, and is itself an effective rooting place

for nasturtiums, solanum vines and "wandering Jew." Two gay little brown butterflies dance attendance upon the visitors — the prettiest of ushers. The morning sun lights up the garden with a soft brilliancy, and every hue of the rainbow greets the eye. Great callas hold up their creamy pitchers, eight or ten inches from base to tip, many of them double. Here are pelargoniums in every shade of ruby and crimson, daffodils, jonquils; pansies, heliotropes, — a maze of color and fragrance. Fuchsias run up on a trellis as high as the eaves of the house and then fall over, a mass of scarlet and purple bloom. Marguerites grow in great bushes with more snowy blossoms than green leaves. Salvias, purple and red, and arbutilons, swinging their beautiful white or orange bells, tower above one's head. Smilax creeps and climbs and runs riot, as if this were its native soil, and the modest mignonette hides in little out of the way nooks among the sweet alyssum and yerba buena.

Nothing is lacking in this wonderful garden, for here in this corner are sage and summer savory and sweet majoram, suggestive of both New England and Old. The curiosity of the garden is the display of strawberries growing in barrels, which stand upright filled with earth and pierced with large holes, through which the vines grow, and drop off in long runners. Eastern tourists gaze at these great red beauties, ripening here luxuriantly in mid-winter, as if they were optical illusions. This garden is growing famous, and many a far-away Eastern home treasures a souvenir from its always generous owners.

One could linger here all day. But a hoarse barking out on the bay proclaimed the arrival of a herd of sea lions, rare enough in this region to send everybody down to the cliffs to watch their movements. If it were not known that they are timid and harmless creatures, one would think horrid dragons were abroad, and that the shore might be ravaged as well as the sea. With

their great, black leonine heads held high out of the water, their hollow cry echoing through the still air, and their huge bodies making a mighty disturbance in the waves, they swim from point to point, evidently on a tour of inspection.

There is always something new turning up on the bay. One day it is a shoal of porpoises disporting themselves in their topsy turvy style; the next it is a great whale spouting like an animated fountain. Field glasses are brought into constant requisition, and nobody's conscience is troubled if half a day is spent in "taking observations" like the renowned Captain Cuttle.

One morning a strange new object was discovered far out towards the ocean. At first it seemed like a long line of breakers suddenly sprung into being, for although it was dark below, the white crest was distinctly visible. Could it be moving? Yes, after a little watching it was seen to be drifting inland. It plainly rose and fell on the billows. It was not the kraken, unless he has a broad white stripe down his back. The excitement grew. Slowly and steadily it came rocking along, a floating island, — an island of seaweed, long and narrow, with some strange white efflorescence upon it. Nearer and near it drifted. It was white with seagulls, motionless seagulls, crowded thickly together! It was as picturesque a sight as could be imagined, — the beautiful creatures riding serenely on their frail raft while the wind blew them steadily shoreward. They did not stir till their boat grazed a rocky point, when they quietly spread their wings and rose in the air, masters of the situation.

One lovely sunny day succeeded another, — the very days for out-door life. Often the household betook itself to the pretty little cove known as Shell Beach. It is full of treasures. Little abalones lined with bits of rainbows, limpets white as ivory, turban shells, periwinkles, coffee beans, rice shells, and dainty little bivalves of a dozen kinds.

They seem like deserted houses, — mournful little habitations with "irised ceilings rent." The sand here is half made of their tiny fragments.

The long rocky promontory by Shell Beach is widely known as Organ Rock, — so named because the waves at high tide breaking against it call out a peculiar reverberation, like the thunderous bass of a great organ. One sits and listens to it with a solemn fascination. Job could be read here, or perhaps Dante, or Milton, — nothing less.

A little farther on is the huddle of wretched shanties where the Chinese colony of fisher-folk live in such squalor as beggars description. The Homelet people went to visit them at the time when they were celebrating their New Year. They were sure then to find the poor creatures in holiday trim and keeping "open house." The procession filed along the cliff path one breezy morning, and all were soon stumbling among the long racks for drying fish which are the outlying defenses of this "Chinatown."

Here were two little girls at play, though one was loaded down with a fat baby, done up in a queer little patchwork contrivance and strapped to her back. Each had a little tin wagon, which she dragged along, and the one with the encumbrance seemed almost as agile and care free as the other. The unburdened one, however, was the best talker, and was full of ideas. Her name she said was Ah So; her playmate was Ah Sip. The Homelet mother had to peep at the sleeping baby, which had an odd little cap on its head to indicate that it had the masculine prerogatives. Her heart yearned over the poor little burden bearer.

"Is the baby always so good?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Ah So.

"Are n't you tired, little Ah Sip?"

"No," volunteered Ah So, laughing gayly.

"Doesn't Ah Sip ever fall down and hurt the baby?"

"No," said the child confidently. It seemed pitiful all the same.

They found everywhere men crowded in the dingy little rooms gambling with Chinese dice. Women were occasionally visible at the small windows, and children were abundant on the streets. They were barefooted and dirty, but like the grown folks, dressed in new dark blue suits, and evidently having a jolly time with playthings and sweetmeats of their own peculiar fashion. Over every door was a strip of red cloth caught up with tinsel paper, the Mongolian's regular festive decoration. Doors stood open, and in two or three of the little six by nine apartments, families were seated around a table, eating uncanny dishes or drinking tea out of tiny cups. The presence of visitors excited no attention and called out no civilities. Often on a shelf on one side there was a little shrine of tinsel paper and red cloth, before which little joss sticks were stuck, and a lamp or taper was burning. No idol was visible, but a strip of red paper with black characters painted upon it seemed to represent either an ancestor or a god, nearly identical things in Chinese theology. Sometimes a box was set before this shrine heaped with votive offerings of rice, tea, and fish. Dirt and confusion reigned everywhere from the greasy black tables and floors out to the uncleanly street, yet everybody looked fat and healthy. In the centre of the crooked, narrow street was a heap of stones crowned with a larger shrine for worship. Joss sticks were stuck in every crevice, and absurd attempts at decoration, in the way of rags and flowers, were visible. The ground was strewn far and near with exploded fire-crackers. Evidently there had been a wild orgie the night before with unlimited fire-works.

In one little hovel a young and pretty Chinese woman was sitting on a table, sewing on a child's apron, while three little children were playing around her. She could understand and talk a little in English,

and politely returned her callers' "Happy New Year." Her name was Ah Ying, she said, and she pointed out her husband, a gray-haired Chinaman painting his boat down on the beach.

A lovely Christian woman has opened a Mission School near this forlorn colony and is working faithfully for their uplifting. This suggested a theme for conversation.

"Do your children go to 'Miss N—'s school, Mrs. Ying?" asked Filiola.

"Yes. She belly good woman," said Ah Ying, brightening perceptibly. One could see that a grateful heart was here.

In summer these people do a large business in catching and drying fish. Their boats can be seen far out on the bay from morning till night; and sometimes all night long their red lanterns gleam across the water, and their shrill voices are heard in counsel or command as they ply their great trident-like spears among shoals of fish. But in winter most of their business stops, especially the drying of fish, and consequently Chinatown is far less malodorous in winter. The fastidious summer visitor at Monterey gives them a wide berth, and the path along the cliffs from the grove to the town is almost deserted. It is hard for the delicately housed and fed to feel or recognize a human tie with these poor pagan aliens. There is truly nothing more hideous in shape than an old Chinese woman, bareheaded and scantily clad, wading into the surf to haul in a boat and unloading fish with masculine energy. Yet to such misshapen and repulsive objects, day after day, goes the gentle and refined missionary, patiently sowing the good seed which shall surely bear fruit. It is well that she is a disciple of Muller and lives a life of unquestioning and sublime trust.

They gave another day to old Monterey, walking leisurely over in the morning and stopping for a little rest at the whaling station. Here the great leviathans that venture into the bay are towed after their capture,

and their mountains of flesh converted into whale oil. All was idle and deserted ; but a few months before they had seen a "sulphur-bottom" anchored here like a huge raft, and the boys had raced up and down its vast slippery back. The story of Jonah disturbed their faith no more. Monterey was most attractive with its relics of a bygone day, and its old adobes where Spanish customs linger, after a century of America.

The great full moon had risen ere they reached home. If the Grove is beautiful by day, by moonlight it is enchanting. The whispering pines, the soft shadows, the silver-hued cliffs, and the steel-blue sea are all studies for artist or poet. They climbed the great heap of rocks near the Homelet known as Prospect Point, which overlooks the whole scene. The picture was like that of the day, only with every living thing left out. No white sails on the water ; no cheerful voices calling to each other. Only the voice of the sea and the murmurous, antiphonal reply of the pine forest. A world full of beauty and repose.

But if one stands on these heights on a dark night the impression is a wild and mournful one. The pines loom like specters with waving elfin locks. The sea moans and wails as if burdened with a great remorse. The crags take on gigantic shapes

of extinct species. Again the earth is "without form and void, and darkness is upon the face of the deep." The dense fog, which shuts out the stars, seems the atmosphere of chaos. But the glimmer of the home light penetrates the mist, — a blessed beacon ! As the door is opened the ruddy light streams out in welcome, and the storm tossed mariner casts anchor in that blessed port. Home never seems so like a haven as after such an experience, unless when waking at midnight from the midst of warmth and safety and utter restfulness one hears the dismal blowing of a fog horn above the rush and roar of the waves, and realizes that men are out in the thick darkness upon the merciless deep.

The brief vacation is over. The Homelet folk watch for the last time the sunset tints glorifying sea and sky. In the early morning they must cover the fire and turn the key upon the little cabin and its idyllic life. The sunrise lighted a deserted hearth.

They found, as usual after such experiences, their plain city home suddenly grown palatial. What lofty rooms ! what spacious corridors ! what soft beds, and delightful privacy in one's own apartment ! Yet ever and anon amid all this grandeur some one says, "Ah me ! I'm just pining for the Homelet."

M. H. Field.

THE WIND'S WAY.

The wind of God swept through a garden fair,
 And stript the queenly rose of half its leaves.
 The rose of roses and the gardener's care
 The wind of God made bare,
 And all the garden grieves.

O wind, why didst thou pass the pale wild rose,
 That swings and suns against the outer wall,
 To take the fairest of the flowery close,
 The sweetest bud that blows,
 The rose beloved of all?

Alas! the wind's way is a wild way,
 And whence, or why, or whither, who can know?
 Unseen it wanders forth, both night and day,
 And who shall bid it stay
 That God hath bidden blow?

James Buckham.

“OGALALLA.”

JUNE 5TH, 1874, Solomon Gump, a well-known character of Ogalalla, Nebraska, died. In the expressive, but not over elegant language of the frontier, he died “with his boots on.” The next day he was buried in the local burying-ground, known as “Heel and Toe Cemetery.” So much for his death. As for his life, or that portion of it spent in Ogalalla, it was a life scarcely worth living, and yet with much of interest in it and good-doing.

No one in Ogalalla knew Solomon Gump better than I did. He was a queer man, with many good points about him, and some bad ones. He was eccentric, whimsical, with a turbulent nature, and riotous and quarrelsome. On the other hand, he was generous, warm-hearted, brave. In many respects Solomon Gump was a very weak man; he was susceptible of flattery, credulous, easily deceived, a believer in the supernatural. He was not an educated man, and yet not an ignorant man in the sense of absolute illiteracy. Years of close association with rough, ignorant men had transformed him from a man of average earning and refinement to a man of uncouth

exterior, coarse, disagreeable manners, crude speech, whimsical ideas, and without knowledge as to the events of the times. Still he was a man who had once been well informed, even educated; and this much at least could be said of him now—he was a man with a heart and a conscience.

I should like to describe him to you, if I could; but no amount of word-painting on my part would enable you to see him as he actually appeared day after day on the streets of Ogalalla. Having seen him once you would remember him all the rest of your days. Not that he was so much unlike other men, but because of a nameless something that attracted attention and fastened itself to the memory with absolute indelibility. Looking at him you would see a large, tall man, heavy-framed, with shoulders inclined to stoop; brown hair and large blue eyes; hair scraggly and sprinkled with gray; face wrinkled and brown almost as leather. At the time of his death he was between forty and fifty years of age. This is as near as I can guess it. His dress was always ragged while I knew him; his appearance always weather-beaten.

I shall never forget his first acquaintance with Ogalalla, — how he looked, what he did, what he said. This was when the town was in its infancy, when it was almost wholly given up to cowboys, vagrant frontiersmen, adventurers, and gamblers. At that time Ogalalla was the northern terminus of the Texas cattle trail, and although not a very large town, was an exceedingly lively one. The place itself was not very attractive in appearance — only a few shanties and mud houses, and situated in the very heart of a prairie desert, the terrible monotony of which was broken only by the Platte River, which crawled along in a straight line half a mile away. To the west and south were stretches of sand hills in the distance, while the northern outline was dark with a bold ridge of hills. Then there were patches of alkali here and there, and scattering bunches of sage brush and chalk-like sand heaps, and by the river, or in any of the several deep ravines near at hand, green grass and wild flowers. This was Ogalalla and its surroundings at the period when Solomon Gump made his first acquaintance with the place. There was only one saloon in the town then, the “Golden Rule,” which did a thriving business, and was the central point of trade, travel, and the social and industrial intelligence of the village.

Such a town as this was morally certain to be adopted by such a man as Solomon Gump as a place of residence. He made his appearance in the town one sultry summer evening, and was an object of unusual interest from the very first. He came from a southerly direction, and all day we had watched him creeping over the prairie, and had speculated a good deal as to his identity, — who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. It was a long while from the time the nondescript outfit in the distance first came into sight until it had reached the village, and by this time the interest had become so general that almost

the entire population of the place was on hand to receive it.

Meanwhile the proprietor of the concern in perfect ignorance of the interest he was creating, shuffled up to the gilded mouth of the “Golden Rule” saloon, where he stood looking over the bar at the different colored bottles arranged in rows along the wall, and glancing at the groups of hard-featured citizens in and about the place. There was something disconsolate in his appearance as he stood there, and lonesome, and discouraged.

Along with him was a little girl of eight or nine years, a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little creature, who looked strangely out of place with one so rough and uncouth as her masculine companion. She seemed to think a good deal of him, though; and whispered to him frequently, and smiled and laughed at his replies, which were made in a modulated tone of voice, and quietly and tenderly. Once he took her in his arms, and in his eagerness to show her the inside of the saloon, jostled against a big, burly, savage-looking fellow, who stood near the doorway, an angry and suspicious observer of the scene. Quick as a flash Solomon turned on him and said:—

“Say! reckon if you had more sense you’d have more manners. Move aside! do ye hear? The little girl wants to see; don’t ye know anything? Putting yerself right in afore us! Say!”

Then, as the bully moved quickly aside, there was a prompt apologetic explanation from Solomon, as follows:—

“Sorry if I hurt yer feelings; reckon I would n’t hurt any one’s feelings intentionally. Don’t care for myself, you know, but the little girl wants to see, and as between Bluebell and anybody else, why, stranger—”

The little girl, with her arm around her burly companion’s neck, had playfully placed her hand over his mouth and turned his face towards her. The sunlight came

to his eyes at once, and he pressed her closer to his breast, and the two surveyed the inside of the saloon for a moment in silence.

"Seems like I ought to buy you something, Bluebell," he said at length; "seems like there ought to be something in there and er pretty like, and handsome, and gorgeous. If you see anything that you want, little one, jist call for it, and it is yours. It aint as though I did n't care for you, girl, and was stingy and mean. It would go mighty hard for me to deny you anything; so if you see anything that you want jist call for it like a little man, and it's yours. What's that you say, my darling? Iried? Want to go back to the wagon? Iraid the mules will get away? All right; but first I want to ask somebody a few questions. I say, fellers; is there any chap here from Missouri?"

I could not deny it. I was a lad of eighteen; I had taught the village school at Ogalalla for six months past, prior to which time I had been a resident of Missouri all my life. I acknowledged as much to the stranger at once, and he took me into his confidence immediately by shaking my hand vigorously and grinning all over his dark, leather-beaten face.

"Might have knowed you was from Missouri," he said; "I'm from Missouri myself, and all Missourians look alike,—the handsomest women and the ugliest men in the world. Course you're from Missouri! I say, how long have you been yer?"

"Six months only," I replied; "came from Missouri here."

He shook his head.

"It's been eight years since I was there," he said, "and I never expect to return. Me and this little girl are both from Missouri; we've been traveling for eight years, and now we're ready to locate. I'd just as soon be on the go myself; I don't mind, but the child—well, I reckon she's about played out. Yes, she's my girl," he

went on, as he noticed in my face a look of doubt; "I reckon she is my girl. Say, what are you staring at? Don't you believe me? Or do you want one of them yellin' curls? No, sir; you can't have it—not for big money, no. Course she's my girl!"

"She is very pretty," I said; and then, changing the subject quickly, I asked, "Are you all alone, you and this girl?"

"All alone," he replied, "all alone."

"And your home—"

He pointed to a crazy looking outfit, consisting of a mule team and a light wagon with a canopy top, located a short distance away, the wagon standing in the shade of a vacant board shanty, and the mules grazing on the prairie near by.

"Yonder is my home," he said. "You see, we've been on the tramp for eight years, Bluebell and I, and I reckon we can't call any place our home, unless it is the prairie itself or this wagon. It's a miserable sort of life—not fer me so much, but fer Bluebell. And it don't seem sort o' right for her to be growing up in this way; she's a big girl now, nine years old, and growing like a weed; and it would n't be fair to keep her tramping around any longer. The matter is settled; she's got to have a chance to learn something. I want her to go to school. I did n't reckon to stop yer in Ogalalla; was headin' for Omaha; but that don't matter. Ogalalla is good enough for me, if there is a likely school in the place for the little one, and if the whisky sold yer aint too powerful mean. I say, stranger?"

I hastened to inform him that the one school of Ogalalla was a good one, and that the whisky sold over the bar of the "Golden Rule" saloon was of a superior quality.

He seemed pleased at this, and thanked me for the information; then he turned to the little blue-eyed girl by his side, and said:—

"This is a good place, little one, a very good place. I reckon we'd better locate

here for the rest of our days. Gentleman says there's a good school here, and good whisky; must be a very nice place to live in. So we'll jist stop yer for good."

He shuffled away, leading the little girl by the hand, helping her over the rough places, and all the while speaking kind words to her in a voice low and sympathetic. It was strange how much he thought of her, and how tender he was of her. It was a queer sight, this brawny, bearded man, and this blue-eyed little girl; the one so rough, hard-featured, savage; the other so fairy-like, so innocent, so beautiful. They were in striking contrast to each other in dress also. His garments were old, badly soiled, and ragged; his hair was long and straggling, his beard unkempt. Quite different with the little girl, — her garments were of the best material, and had she been the child of a man of wealth and position, her dress could not have been more elaborate. There seemed to have been an effort on the part of some one to have her dress well, and this "some one" could have been none other than Solomon. It was a grotesque effort in many respects, although fairly successful. The hat she wore was an expensive affair, and was trimmed so as to show all the colors of the rainbow. Her shoes were fine and well fitting; dainty colored stockings adorned her limbs, and around her neck were strings of costly beads with gold ornaments and different colored ribbons. The apparel of the girl was rich, although extravagant, and evinced the crude taste of her half-savage companion in high colors, superabundance of frills and lace, and flashy silver and gold ornaments. She did not look like the child of such a man as Solomon Gump; she had none of his features, none of his ways, none of his peculiarities. Yet he had the care of her, evidently, and claimed her as his child. But of this I would know more further on.

Solomon Gump was in earnest when he said he wanted to send the little girl to

school. He moved into a vacant cabin on the outskirts of town, and in due time the little girl, Bluebell as he called her, was enrolled as one of the pupils of the village school. She was a bright little girl, and learned rapidly, and soon became a general favorite, not only at school, but elsewhere in the village. And she was very happy; there was nothing to make her unhappy — everybody was very kind to her, and none so much so as Solomon. He was tender of her, and watchful, and patient, and pains-taking. He seemed to live only for her, and was happy only when she was with him.

Sometimes, when the day would lag, he would visit the village school, and from a seat in the back part of the room, watch the children recite their lessons, and so hear Bluebell's voice, and see her pretty face, and get a glimpse of her merry eye. At such times he was very contented, and one could see that he was very proud of Bluebell, for she took occasion then to do her best, and this meant a good deal for the little prairie blossom. Once, during one of these visits, his feelings overpowered him, and he was obliged to retire from the room in disgrace. The spelling class of which Bluebell was a member was on the floor, and a hard word had gone the rounds and had reached the little girl, at the foot of the class, and she had spelled it, and had proudly taken her place above all the others. This was a victory too great for Solomon to enjoy in silence. He rose to his feet at once, and, clapping his hands vigorously, fairly shouted, "Bully! bully! bully!" Then conscious of the fact that he had done something wrong — possibly he did not know what — he dropped his head on his breast and quietly left the room.

There are some persons whose lives seem made up of mistakes; and of this kind was Solomon. His blunders during his seven years residence in Ogalalla were numerous. And not only was he a blundering sort of person, but a good-for-nothing, as far as any

practical benefit to society was concerned. He had the ability to earn good wages as a skilled laborer, but he did not do it. He worked little more than enough to earn food and clothing for himself and Bluebell, and the rest of his time — which was the greater part — he spent in a shiftless sort of way, and in drinking and gambling. But his great love for Bluebell was his one redeeming quality. It was a wonder to me, and a puzzle, — this love of so rough and savage a man as Solomon for so tender and beautiful a child as Bluebell.

"What if she should die? — what would Solomon do then?" I asked myself this question one day, for the little prairie blossom had not appeared at school as usual, and report had it that she was seriously ill. I visited Solomon's cabin at once, and true enough, there was Bluebell, her arm around the old man's neck, her head resting on his breast, the victim of sudden illness.

"What appears to be the matter with her?" I asked carelessly; for I did not apprehend that her ailment was serious.

He pointed to her throat which was swathed in flannel.

"Diphtheria," he said shortly.

"What!"

The exclamation must have startled him into a realization of her danger, for he looked at me sharply and queerly, and pressed the little sufferer closer to his breast, while he said:

"Diphtheria; yes, I reckon so; the doctor says so. You aint a-going to say that its dangerous, be you?"

I assured him that it was oftener fatal than otherwise. The revelation seemed to frighten him, as no amount of physical danger to himself could have done. When he looked up again his eyes were wild and his face colorless.

"I had n't thought of her being in danger," he said — "my Bluebell; such a thing had n't entered my mind. I could n't spare Bluebell, you know, couldn't spare her at

all; she's all I've got, and I reckon I would n't care to live if she should die; I'd want to go with her. You see, I'm sort of attached to her, like; we've roughed it together a long while, and whenever ther'ud come a little sunshine into my life, Bluebell 'ud share it, and she'd share the storms, too, jist the same. God bless her. Of course I can't spare her; She has n't anybody but me, you know, only me, and she's all I've got, too, that I care for. So it won't do for her to die. Understand? But, then, there is no danger; you was only foolin', and I am only trying to scare myself. You only said it for fun, I know, but don't do it again, will you?" I like to see you in a joking spirit, and all that, but there is times when jokes is painful. So don't do it again, will you?"

The illness of the little prairie blossom was more serious than was at first supposed. Despite the doctor's treatment and the careful attention of Solomon she grew rapidly worse, until one night it was feared she could not live until morning. During this period of uncertainty the anguish of Solomon was terrible.

"What does it all mean? what have I done? what has Bluebell done?" he was heard to say, in a voice that betrayed the terrible struggle that was going on within him; and then, scarcely comprehending his own words, he went on: "It might have been me, it might have been some one else; no matter; anybody instead of Bluebell. There is no reason why she should be made to suffer. Who is doing this thing, anyhow? I don't like it; it is n't on the square. It's mighty queer that Bluebell should be selected as the victim of somebody's wrath. Poor little girl, poor little girl." Then his mind wandered to scenes of the past, when Bluebell was a very little girl, and he raved about her like a madman. Once he mentioned a strange name, that of a woman, whom he designated as Bluebell's mother; then quickly he turned to Bluebell herself,

and again demanded to know why she alone had been selected a victim of disease. "It's because I love her, I reckon," he concluded, as he became suddenly conscious of his mental wanderings; "it's only because I love her."

That night at midnight one of the watchers followed him out of the cabin. He walked slowly with his head down muttering to himself. Suddenly he fell on his knees in the sand, and lifting his face to heaven began to pray. It was a crude effort at prayer, but a very earnest one. The opening words were orthodox and reverential, but that which followed was in the pure and unadulterated language of the supplicant.

"Say"; he said, "you up there; what do you want with Bluebell? I can't spare her; I love her; I want her worse than you do. It's rough on me for you to take her away in this manner; don't do it; take everything else I've got, but leave me Bluebell. I can't stand it to have her die; it 'ud kill me. I love her, and she has n't harmed you any, so don't take her, will you? Say, you're a stranger to me, but I reckon you'll do the square thing by the girl; she's a good girl; she's a very good girl —"

Here his voice became husky, and his words ended in a sob. His frame shook with emotion, and he bowed his head to the sand. But it was only the struggle of a moment. With a mighty effort of the will he controlled himself and once more raised his eyes to Heaven. Then he closed his humble petition with this wild utterance:—

"Lord! Lord! Save her! Save her!"

It may have been in answer to this rude but earnest prayer, or perhaps the doctor's medicine had something to do with it; anyway, the child recovered.

It was the month of April that Bluebell was taken ill, and all that month, and the next, and the next, she remained at home under the care of Solomon. Had she been a tender flower, or something that a breath of wind could have harmed, he would not

have taken better care of her. Sometimes, when the days were pleasant, he would take her to the river side or on the prairie, in search of wild flowers. And he seemed to know the hiding-place of all the choicest flowers that grew thereabouts, and could give each its proper name, and tell something of its nature and history. He had a philosophy of his own regarding the flowers and grasses of the prairie.

"Reckon they're the tenderest things in the world, these prairie flowers," he would say to Bluebell; "they're like the Injun, — don't take kindly to civilization; put 'em in a flower-garden and take care of 'em night and day, and they'll die; let 'em alone on the prairie, and they'll live. You can't tame a wild flower no more than you can tame a wild animal. Seems as though the wild flowers an' the wild grasses of the prairie sort o' hanker after the wild Injun, an' the coyote, an' the buffalo; just as the buffalo grass an' the sage-brush hanker after the prairie-dog. Its the same with all the grasses of the prairie, and the flowers, and the weeds, and other growing things — can't stand civilization. No more can a wild bird stand a cage — bound to die."

Late that summer Bluebell returned to school, and the old life of both herself and Solomon was renewed. They still lived alone in the little cabin, and there was no change in either of them other than that which is wrought by the hand of time. Three years had passed since they had made Ogalalla their home. Bluebell was now twelve years old. It was plain to Solomon, and plainer still to me that the "little girl" would be a woman almost before we knew it. Solomon said as much to me one day, and in confidence, added:

"It'll come sooner or later — I'll have to give her up; so, I reckon, I'd better commence getting ready now. What would you advise me to do first!"

"Get married," I said shortly.

He laughed.

"I could n't love any woman now," he said reflectively; "not now; 'though I've thought some of gettin' married jist to have some one to take care of Bluebell. Say, do you know Nancy Tempest?"

I replied in the affirmative. There was not a woman better known in Ogalalla than Nancy Tempest. She was a childless widow, her husband having died several years before. Now she lived alone in a little cabin, and supported herself by sewing and nursing the sick. She was well thought of by her neighbors, and aside from a rather tempestuous disposition was truly a very estimable woman. For one thing, she took great interest in Bluebell, and the little girl in turn soon learned to love her dearly.

"I've hired her for the next five years," said Solomon slowly; she's to take care of Bluebell and bring her up in the way she should go. She's a big girl now, and I want a woman in the house, so I'll jist move out myself and let Nancy Tempest in. Understand?"

True to his word the change was made the next day. The two cabins were not far apart; that of the widow was the poorer of the two, and this was taken by Solomon, while the woman and Bluebell occupied the other. There is no way of knowing how much of happiness there was in life for the next two years for any one of these three persons. Bluebell seemed perfectly contented and happy; so did Solomon; so did Nancy Tempest. She and Solomon were together a good deal, and rumor had it that they would soon be married. The two years passed rapidly. Gray hairs were becoming plentiful on Solomon's head; Nancy Tempest was likewise beginning to show signs of age. Bluebell was in her fifteenth year.

It was about this time that Solomon discovered that Bluebell had a mind of her own. It had never occurred to him until now that she could take care of herself, or that she was capable of deciding for herself

any important question. He acknowledged his mistake not without a struggle. He now saw that Bluebell was fast growing into womanhood; that it was only a question of time when he should be obliged to give her up.

"Some feller will come along and claim her," he said; "they allers do; it's only the ugly, dull flowers that are left to wither an' die alone. Bluebell is too bright an' pretty to go moping around with me allers. I see the signs already."

From this time on, whenever I chanced to meet him, he had something to say in regard to Bluebell's future. What would it be? how would she regard him later on in years? and could there be a possibility of any harm befalling her? Then he would speak of Nancy Tempest, and wonder if she would not make him a good wife, and be a comfort to him when Bluebell should be taken from him.

"As wives go, I think she would," he said—"as wives go."

In my anxiety to tell of more important events, I must not forget to speak of the visit of Bluebell and Solomon to the village burying-ground, which occurred one summer evening an hour before the sun had gone to rest. Heel and Toe Cemetery, as it was called, was not an attractive place, and this was the first time either Bluebell or Solomon had been there. The visit was made at the suggestion of the little girl; she said she wanted to look at the graves and read the names on the head-stones. It was a primitive sort of a burying-ground, located a mile from town on an alkali plain, with scarcely a tuft of grass, or a tree, or a shrub, anywhere near. It was a lonesome place, and desolate, and ghost-inviting. Thirty persons in all were buried there, nearly all of whom were men, and of this number at least half had died violent deaths. Very few of the graves were well cared for, but all, or nearly all, had some sort of head-stone, with name of the deceased and cause

of death written or carved thereon. Now and then a melancholy piece of doggerel followed the name or occupied space elsewhere on the head-stone.

Entering this place by a rude gate; which was used also as a drive-way, the two strollers began to look over the mounds; and Solomon took occasion to read Bluebell a lecture, the sentiment of which was that all things must pass away. He seemed to know the life and death history of a majority of the slumbering inhabitants of the place, and this information he imparted to Bluebell freely, while the latter listened reverentially and said nothing, only to read the name and inscriptions on the headstones.

Pretty soon they came to a grave that had the appearance of considerable age, and was in a sadly neglected state. A huge boulder marked the head of the sleeper, with his name and cause of death cut thereon in rude letters. Bluebell read the inscription slowly, Solomon looking over her shoulder, his eyes and mouth wide open. This is the way the inscription read:—

JASPER TEMPEST.

AGE, 36 YEARS.

KILLED IN A FAMILY ROW.

“In a family row,” repeated Solomon, slowly and meditatively. “This is news to me. I know’d he was dead, but I reckoned as how he got killed in a square fight. Jist think of it; his wife killed him likely—in a family row! Read it again, Bluebell.”

The little girl did as she was requested.

“It’s a clear case,” said Solomon, “this is the man,—Nancy Tempest’s husband. Heavens! this is awful! she must have killed him. Anyway, it was a family row, and he is dead. Lord! if I had only known this six months ago; but I didn’t, no, I didn’t. It’s awful!”

He turned his back to the grave, and still muttering, walked slowly from the place. Bluebell followed him.

That night I met Solomon on the street,

and he told me of his discovery in the graveyard, and talked a good deal about it; how Nancy Tempest had been almost like a mother to Bluebell, and how the little girl loved her. He seemed to be in a melancholy mood that evening, like a person whose mind had been disturbed by some unexpected and unusual event. His utterances were queer at times, and unintelligible, even when talking of Bluebell—which was nearly all the time.

“She’s a big girl now,” he said, “fifteen years old, and it won’t be long afore I’ll have to give her up. It don’t seem more’n a year since I held her in my arms, a little wee thing which couldn’t talk, and didn’t know anything, and wasn’t of any earthly consequence to anybody. I can remember that time jist as well as though it was yesterday. She was a year old then; now she’s fifteen. It’s the swiftest travelin’ I’ve ever known.”

We wandered out on the prairie, Solomon still talking earnestly. The stars began to shine, the moon came out, and the night wind rustled the grass at our feet. It was a good time for me to learn something of the history of this queer old man, more particularly so far as it concerned the little prairie blossom, as he had previously confided to me the secret that she was not his child.

“Why do you think so much of her?” I said; “and why does she think so much of you?”

“I don’t know,” he replied, “unless it is a sort of a handed-down feeling, like. You see, Bluebell is the child of the only woman I ever loved, and the only woman that ever loved me, I reckon. A strange statement you will say, but it is a fact. Now I reckon Bluebell sort o’ inherits the feeling, and the love her mother held for me is handed down to the child. It’s my own philosophy; perhaps I am wrong; anyway, I’ll take the risk of saying it, for jist as I love Bluebell *now*, I loved Bluebell’s

mother *then*. This was nigh on to twenty years ago, she's dead and he's dead — and only the little girl and myself remain. Reckon some folks think I haven't any right to her, but I have a right. I'll tell you why: I love the little girl; she don't know any father but me, and she loves me. She can't help it; it is a part of her nature. The secret is that it is the love of the mother handed down to the child. But say — I don't talk this to everybody; it is something I don't like to speak about or have circulated on the streets. So don't repeat what I say, never, to nobody, not while I live, anyway.

"Twenty years ago I was n't what I am now, not by a good deal; there was more style about me; I wasn't so rough, and ragged, and good-for-nothing. I was a man then. It was in Missouri, where I was born, and where I first met Bluebell's mother. She was n't much older than Bluebell then, and looked jist like her — the same eyes, the same hair, the same appearance generally. We loved each other then, and the days were the happiest of my life. I thought it would be sunshine always; but it was n't. A storm came all of a sudden. I became jealous of her — thought she was neglecting me for another feller — and in my rage, denounced her in harsh and unmanly terms. Then came hot words from her, and more reproaches from me, and so on, and we parted for good. You see, we were old enough then, both of us, not to know anything. There is a period in a man's life, you know, when he is a fool; so there is in a woman's life: and both of us had jist got there. Three months later the girl was married — in spite, I think — to another man. She did not know what she was doing, I reckon; she was only seventeen; and she came to a realization of what she had done only when she discovered that she did not love the man she had married. Poor girl; she had a good enough husband — he was tolerably kind to her — but she

was n't happy with him, for she did n't love him. Don't know whether he found it out or not, but more'n likely he did. A woman can't be happy with a man she don't love, and it would be a dull man who did n't know whether his wife loved him or not. As for myself — well, I never got over it — never! It came nigh on to killing me outright. And it did kill Bluebell's mother; she jist pined away and died. Her husband died first, poor man; it must have been of a broken heart. Then, in less than three months, the wife died. This was when Bluebell was scarcely a year old. What did I do when I heard that Bluebell's mother was dying? What would you do under such circumstances? Hasten to her bed-side, of course. Had I known that it was certain death to go I would have gone. The meeting was terrible for both of us. She died among strangers, for she had n't any relatives left, and only myself, the little girl, the doctor and one or two others were there at the time. She had asked for me, and they had sent for me. I knew that she loved me still — had always loved me; she told me so with death staring her in the face; sobbing out the words she told me so. She was telling me now what she had often told me before — she loved me. I listened to her like one whose mind was on the verge of madness; I bent over her; I felt her warm breath against my face; I smoothed back her hair, and then — and then — she put her arms around my neck — she put her arms around my neck —"

He repeated the words with faltering voice, then ceased speaking altogether and turned his face away from me. In that brief period of silence it seemed to me that I could hear the beating of his heart.

"She put her arms around my neck," he said, resuming, "and kissed me. Then she gave me Bluebell. Then she died. It has been fourteen years or more since then, but it don't seem longer than a week. I reckon I have n't been much of a Christian

all these years, nor very good to myself; I've been sort of a hard citizen, but I've been good to Bluebell, sure."

We wandered farther out on the prairie, and there was silence between us for some minutes. Solomon had told what he had wanted to tell me for a long while, and now it was my turn to tell him what I had wanted to tell him for many months. It was of Bluebell that I spoke. I said what I had to say deliberately and without interruption. I could not see the face of my companion plainly, and so did not know what was written thereon, but I could hear his voice, which was low and trembling, like the troubled murmuring of the night wind through the grasses at our feet.

"It has come at last," he said. I reckoned as how it would come one way or another; but as I look at it, Bluebell aint much more 'n a girl yet, but then, as for that, you aint much more 'n a boy; the difference between sixteen and twenty-five. It's awful strange the way things happen sometimes, and nobody can tell what the next day will bring forth. It's that way in this case. Bluebell is mine today, tomorrow — well, I don't know, I don't know. It aint for me to say, though, what shall be done. I only know that I love Bluebell too much to get in the way of her happiness. I had thought as how, perhaps, Nancy Tempest might take the place of Bluebell in my heart, but that can't be now — not now. But it makes me feel easier to know that if anything should happen to me, Bluebell will be taken care of. There is that much of comfort in it, anyhow."

It was midnight when we parted. I returned to my humble cabin; Solomon remained on the prairie, still muttering to himself, and thinking. An hour later I went out to see if I could see him, and he was still there, standing in the moonlight, his arms folded, and his face turned toward the eastern sky. I did not wish to disturb

him, and so only looked a moment and listened, then turned away.

I did not see Solomon the next day, nor the next, but the day following he appeared at Bluebell's cabin and was overheard by the little girl in conversation with Nancy Tempest. The interview was not a friendly one. Solomon had evidently promised the woman to marry her, and was now trying to creep out of it. He told her he had changed his mind and could not marry her, that he was sorry if he had caused her any disappointment, and that he would do anything in his power to make reparation. It was vain pleading, though. The woman would accept no compromise. He had promised to marry her, and now he should do it. A violent outburst of wrath on the part of Nancy Tempest closed the interview.

That evening Bluebell and Solomon met not far from the latter's cabin. The sun had gone to rest, and the darkness of the night was fast approaching. There was a look in Solomon's eyes that Bluebell had never seen before.

"I want to speak to you, little girl," he said quietly.

"Well."

"I've got something to tell you," he said, "something that'll make you stare. I'm goin' away, Bluebell, goin' to leave you — goin' for good."

"No!"

"It's a fact. Things are too hot for me here, and it won't do for me to stay any longer. I have made up my mind to go, and I'm goin' soon, and goin' suddenly."

She asked him the reason why, and her young heart began to beat wildly.

"It's because I'll be better off somewhere else," he said; "and it will be better for you and better for Nancy. I can't marry that woman now — not now — not after what I learned in the grave-yard; it would n't be safe. So I'll jist leave the country for good. It won't matter to you, Bluebell,"

He went on, as he felt that his words had given her pain, "for the school-master will take care of you; I know he will, for he told me so only the other night. I can't say that he loves you as well as I do, but when he'll take care of you, for he told me so."

He ceased speaking, and looked at her as to read her thoughts; then he said:—

"I'll leave in the morning, Bluebell, but don't tell Nancy that I'm a goin'. I'll go suddenly, an' go for good."

"No, no; you shall not go," cried the little girl, all her child-nature aroused. "I love you; you must not leave me."

He put his great, strong arm around her, and with his whiskered face close to her ear, whispered to her:—

"It aint as if I's afraid to go, Bluebell, or I aint afraid' of anything, and I'd jist as soon go one place as another. As for ourself, Bluebell, I want you to go to school a while longer, and be a good girl, and I reckon I'll see you agin sometime, may be,—if you've been a good girl. I'll see you agin, sure — sometime!"

His voice trembled, and he turned his face away from her; then as he saw the deepening shadows on the mountain side, and felt the chill of the night wind, he bent over her and whispered softly:—

"It's getting late, Bluebell; better go in out of the damp. Every now and then a gust of wind comes up from the valley that makes me shiver, and it seems to me awful strange. Better go in, I say, Bluebell, out of the damp."

He stooped and kissed her, and the next moment she saw him disappear among the shadows. Then she called to him, but received no reply; and then, with her young heart almost ready to break, she stood and watched the moon come out, and listened

to every sound that fell. Then she walked down the valley a short distance, and finally stood still, looking and listening. Presently she heard footsteps approaching, and the next moment Solomon again stood before her.

"I did n't expect to find you here, Bluebell," he said, "but I'm glad it happened this way, for I wanted to see you and give you something. Here is a little money that I've saved up from time to time—about a thousand dollars in gold. Take it and use it when you need it. It's all I've got; I wish there was more to give you. Good-bye."

Before she could think what to say or do, before she could even look through her tears, he was gone. Then she waited for him to return, but he did not come; and then she searched the village for him, but could not find him. Later that night, when she had cried herself to sleep, she dreamed about him. She thought she saw him standing on the edge of a dark chasm, with threatening clouds floating over his head, and fierce lightning flashing through them, and under his feet the sand shifting and carrying him to the abyss below; but when she reached out her arms to save him, she awoke to find her heart fluttering wildly and her pillow bathed in tears.

The next day she came to me and told me that Solomon had disappeared; she feared that he had gone for good. She wrung her hands, and cried, and asked me to search for him. We started at once—a dozen men—and searched faithfully all that day and far into the night. The next morning the search was renewed, and then we found him. He was lying by the river-side on his face in the sand. He was dead. Weary of life, and discouraged, and perhaps fearful of the future, he had placed a pistol to his heart and deliberately left the world!

John Milton Hoffman.

SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS OF AN EXCURSIONIST.

April, Friday.—What a donkey I was to announce a coming diary of this voyage of discovery. My enthusiasm for original literature is incomprehensible now, both as regards the taste in occupation and the result. With one fact, though, I can and will embellish this sheet—we are out of Kansas, a blessing for which I am not ungrateful. I find that the further I get from the Kansas breeze the better I like it. I wonder if the weather there is always “going merrily round and round,” or if our progress through the State created such a stir—odd how a climate shows off when it has company—and such company! the people, our fellow-travelers, are so uniformly pleasant and kind that I’m proud to be a human.

Our engine is jogging along like an old cow—or our engines rather, for we have two with twenty-two cars trailing after. By an easy flight my fancy can rest on a yoke of oxen with the engineer shouting whoa-haw! behind them. I thought I would get out and walk awhile to lighten the load, intending, if I got too far ahead of the train, to sit on a stump and wait for it, but recollected in time that there was no stump; the scenery is limited to dead cows and cactus and alkali. And this is Colorado! I had expected the spirit to move me to something sublime in the way of literature as soon as we crossed the State line; but I guess this little corner we are sawing off does n’t count.

An hour later.—Still no views, which is lucky, since I can’t describe scenery. When we come back by the Denver and Rio Grande I mean to make one huge exclamation point, and feed my pencil to a coyote. This afternoon, Providence permitting, we are going through a tunnel 7622 feet long, in New Mexico. Now that I have acquitted myself of a statistic, I think I have earned repose.

Sunday.—We anticipated Sunday by resting beforehand—sat in the midst of the Territory of Arizona all night on account of a wrecked fruit train ahead of us. We are now eighteen hours behind time but there seems to be an abiding faith on board that we will get there sometime. I don’t care whether we do or not, there is so much of interest that I did not expect—like the men who receive gold-headed canes, I am “taken completely by surprise.” I find that the demeanor of my fellow creatures is characterized by increasing “freedery” as they imbibe more and more of the spirit of the Great West. When we stop at a town all hands tumble out of the cars like a pack of children from school, and take possession for the time of place and people; the natives must think we’re very impudent.

Yesterday we were passing through the Indian country, and I greatly desired to go over their premises on a tour of inspection, but feared that I should be left behind, a prey to vain regret and the noble red man. Whenever the train stopped they crowded about the platforms and windows, offering their queer little earthenware articles and beads for sale, and begging for cold victuals in a way that seemed quite homelike and civilized. They are very obliging about making spectacles of themselves (like us again), shooting at targets, running races and so forth, for money or applause or bites of banana. I should love to take home a papoose and a prairie dog, but fear my welcome would not be all that I could wish. I fed a dirty little baby, held aloft in its mother’s arms yesterday, through the car window, and received an immense smile from the parent as a reward of merit. I was disappointed that we plodded steadily by Professor Cushing’s Zuñis, since I felt somewhat acquainted with them, but I suppose

we should have found them, like the rest, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows and the hoe of Christianity. I believe I will suggest to Uncle Sam to give them a scrap of their own country, "surround them with a high wall and a deep ditch," and let them live like red men instead of poor white trash; they do look inexpressibly degraded and forlorn.

We gave away the remains of our lunch and will hereafter feast our eyes upon the Indian curiosities in our basket; they are all in' to the basket, but I doubt if they will prove satisfyin' at meal times—we shall have now to run for our daily chicken like most of the other towerists. The friends of this congregation (for this being Sunday it is a congregation) could not believe their eyes if they should see us, old and young like, jumping from the train while it is still in motion and running pell mell for the eating stations as if a gentleman known to fame and the wicked were after us, amid the shouts and cheers of the owners of the soil. There are so many more of us than the railroad people expected that they don't know what to do with us, so we spend a good part of our time making up trains and waiting around for the passengers to satisfy their appetites.

This morning at Needles, — not The Needles, I must remember, — I had my first cowboy experience; came out of it heart whole, my fancy freed of a favorite delusion. They were not a circumstance to our milkman; and as for their horses, — I know they took up their beasts and walked as soon as they were outside of town. The hotel where we took breakfast was kept by the wife of the man who used to feed the hungry at the Union Depot Hotel at home. She prefers Needles and sand and imitation cowboys to our metropolis. There is no accounting for tastes — now I would n't live here for a quarter.

After we were fairly started on our travels again, some of those religiously and devout-

ly disposed remembered the Sabbath day and caused others to do so by a joyful noise of Sunday School hymns. Tomorrow we shall have more desert, and the conductor, who claims to have had a cold for six months, owing to his many journeys from mountain to desert and back, says it will be hot. That is hard to believe, for a game of snowball has been in progress here on the mountain. I thought the surrounding snow scene was the usual whiteness of the alkali beds till I was forcibly restrained from going visiting in another car on account of the snow on the platform. I did not join the wicked sport with the silently falling snow, because in sitting outside for the purpose of fully experiencing the crossing of the Cañon Diablo this morning, my voice became mingled with the roaring blast and fled howling down the cañon: to give the customary shout when hit with a snowball would have been impossible, and a game engaged in with such apparent secrecy would have been disconcerting to the Sabbath breakers.

My organs of speech would have been burnt up by the alkali water any way. Oranges increase in popularity, I notice, and I will here note a scientific truth to the effect that the juice thereof is the liquid to quench the fires that lurk in the deadly alkali cup. The porter just now helped himself to half our valued fruit as a reward for getting it out from under the berth.

Tomorrow being Monday, unless some different arrangement for washday has been made since I left home, and Mondays being always disagreeable, I shall sleep all day, and the country can take care of itself.

Monday morning. I did nothing of the sort, and wish I had sat up all night. This country "beggars description." When we raised our curtains this morning, we possessed ourselves visually of emerald mountains, bright with softly falling rain — which we utilized by hanging towels out into that world of loveliness till saturated with the

rains of heaven, and then bathing our alkali-burnt brows. At one time we could see into California, Arizona, and Nevada. The appearance of the last two was so at variance with the notions of them to which I had brought myself up that I cannot yet realize that it was not all the California of my dreams. I could not choose between the three, and had I been consulted, I could not have suggested an improvement. O, for the pen of Craddock with which to decorate this page!

Monday afternoon.—We have just left Barstow, where hours of time were consumed, to say nothing of victuals and drink. The races for the dining rooms grow more and more spirited, and, I notice, are generally conducted according to the rule laid down in the days of our youth—oldest first. We parted there with half the beings we had learned to prize, including our Pullman conductor; the rest of the way we are to have the responsibility of conducting ourselves. The farewells were attended by mutual lamentations, and many promises of meetings in this State or one the future has in store for us. We have been advised against going to Los Angeles on account of the crowded condition of the hotels, and I fear our friends may learn to regret their parting with us more than they do at present, since judging from the accounts we receive, people are paying handsomely for the privilege of sitting in the gutter. Come to think of it, they do at home—ten dollars and costs.

We are now almost to Mojavé. I am taking up a collection from the passengers of pronunciations of the name of Mojave: I hear Mojāve and Mohāve and Mojava and Moyāve and Mohāva—which last is mine by adoption because it is pretty and sounds foreign. If it is not right no one who hears me will suspect it, I think.

Tuesday night.—Joy! I shall begin at the end of this day by stating the glorious fact that I am still, that is, I can sit still if I want to. There is n't much else to tell anyway, except that I can talk—more joy.

Some gentlemen on the train gathered around, cigarette fashion, the leaves of the eucalyptus, and caused me to breathe them through. My voice is now completely restored to me and I've welcomed it like the prodigal son. I shall change the favorite toast to "the gentlemen, God bless them."

Our late hour with the train that we have learned to delight to honor was remarkable chiefly for the confusion of tongues and confusion of baggage, as we gathered together our scattered belongings, exchanged addresses and farewells, and dashed from window to window, declaring in no measured terms that here or there was the spot to watch the sun sinking into the great Pacific behind the Golden Gate. I wish I had not looked back as I passed through the door for the last time, to see our deserted homedreary with the remains of six days householding.

With a great deal of help from everybody within reach capable of rendering any, we found ourselves safely deposited, with throngs of other wanderers, on the ferry boat, from which we watched the lights of the two beautiful cities until a gentle bump of the boat reminded us to plunge with the rest into the mob of howling hackmen. From them we were rescued by the hand of man, and are still surprised to find ourselves situated in the midst of peace and plenty at the hotel, which we are solemnly assured is the "best on earth." I have had no opportunity of judging, but am prepared to embrace the statement along with the hotel and anything else stationary.

Wednesday.—I am in Frisco! Now I suppose I will have to die, for this is what I have been living for, and when one's life work on this planet is accomplished, I've been told there's nothing left but to leave it. We longers set out on a search after the attainable today, beginning with Golden Gate Park, which is an exhibition of the goodness of God and the taste of man; the latter has added whatever was overlooked

in the great work of getting up this highly creditable spot. I could have stayed in the conservatories the rest of my life, had not the outside world presented attractions beside which orchids palled on the senses and old fish became as tadpoles. Earth, even California earth, could not satisfy when our natures rose up and clamored for the sea, so we set forth behind a puffing little tug of a tummy, like Mr. Pancks, for the ocean. We went, we saw, we were conquered. The Atlantic is a most excellent stream, but the Pacific! Tonight we are going to hear Mary Anderson, and tomorrow whatever we need to do we will assuredly do with all our might.

Sunday.—I made up my mind I would spend my time seeing things instead of talking about what ought to be becoming a part of my history—and I have “seen sights.” Have been riding all up and down the whole creation in the cable cars; they are my favorite conveyance—that is, when I am on them; when off I make a point of giving elbow room when I see one sliding towards me; they seem so irresponsible cutting along without apparent aid from man or beast. The people, individually and collectively, friend and stranger, demean themselves, at least toward pilgrim sisters, with most delightful courtesy and kindness. I will draw a veil over the conduct of the weather, which is such as has not been known before in the memory of man, so the citizens say—the residents of California say a great many things, I observe. It rained for two days, and as nobody could tell us when it would stop, we sallied forth with raincoats and umbrellas, looking like old and animated toadstools, and became as fully acquainted with the heavens above and the earth beneath as the oldest inhabitant. I may add that familiarity bred a contempt of which we were afterwards cured.

The remarks on weather do not apply to the climate; I have nothing for the latter but a song of praise. After all the rest of

earth was completed, Nature gathered herself together for a crowning effort and presented to the world this “glorious climate of Californy” as a triumph of creative art. When we have nothing else to do, we can claim, like Warner, that “it is something of an employment to breathe this inspiring air.”

We have been viewing the works of man so constantly that it will be impossible even to enumerate them. A sextette of us visited Chinatown, had a cup of real tea and forgot to think of leprosy till the deed was done. The town looks very queer and out of place; the fronts of the houses decorated in Chinese colors and gilding and flowers, real or artificial, or else, in case of the provision stores, with fish and flesh swinging in the wind, while all manner of odorous substances hurl their strength defiantly upon the passer by. The stores (and almost every house seems to be a store of some kind) are hung with everything calculated to attract the eye of a relic seeker and some things not calculated. The rooms are so small that when our company would raid one of them, there was scarcely room for us and our Celestial salesman apiece to move. But they were charmed with us because we had come to buy instead of merely to stir up their goods as they complain is the “Boston” habit, and we with them because they smiled so largely and waited upon us so politely. We had been warned beforehand to “act poor,” which we soon discovered had been good advice, for in my experience a pair of Mongolian shoes, priced to me by several different but all innocent looking yellow men, fell steadily from “tree dollars” to “two dollars,” to “dollar hap,” to “somb-fi cent,” which being translated is seventy-five cents. In spite of these little misunderstandings with price marks, though, we contrived to agree on many subjects, and Chinese gods and sandal wood and ivory fans, and

“Marrowy crêpes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk,”

experienced a change of hands and entered upon a Christian life. We went from their presence looking like Christmas trees and they grinned after us looking like a menagerie. They evidently knew they had cheated us and we knew we had done well by ourselves, and all were satisfied.

The pagan restaurant where we cheered but did not inebriate ourselves, was daintily clean and handsomely decorated with gold work and flowers. Besides our tea we had nuts, citron, birds-nest pudding, and some other preparations mysterious and awful. There was one dish of each kind, out of which all partook harmoniously with little two-pronged brass forks. We of course bought the dishes from which we ate, and caused a great deal of gayety among the heathen by refusing to take new ones in place of them. We also have each the autograph of mine host, Yum,—Hum,—Rum,—I don't believe I can quite recall it, but anything will do, for I don't believe he can remember such an outlandish name himself. They could not understand much of what we said, but I can't look down on the pagans on that account, for it was just that much more than we made out from them.

People tell us we can only see the Chinese in his glory at night, and we expect to "do" them again and more thoroughly and with a guide, if we should ever cease to be, like Tom Sawyer, "pressed for time." I could not but feel sorry for some of them, they wore such a forlorn and wistful look; anti-Chinese riots have evidently frightened them. But if I do pity, I shall not presume to comment, for of course I know nothing but by surface observation, and Heaven forbid that I should go among a people of whom what little I know would cause error worse than complete ignorance could do, and take up cudgels in their behalf that I might afterwards gladly lay down. I am glad I have been to the Orient, but hope I have n't caught anything.

Among a guide-book full of things that interested me much, was the old Dolores Mission. There is something more solemn and awe-inspiring about the old ruined mission than any church I have ever seen, but I was not so impressed but I could steal a rusty nail and dip in the holy water and lay away in my pocket for future reference. We thought how grand the saints and gilding and decoration must have seemed to the Spanish and Indians in the days when they flourished here. The idea of dying was never so disagreeable as when I stood in the graveyard among the neglected, forgotten, hidden graves; even though they were hidden by giant geraniums and myrtle there was something inexpressibly dreary and forsaken about the place. I dug out a little shell, lying half buried in the path and laid it beside the rusty nail.

We have likewise been to Telegraph Hill steep as a wall and the best place I ever saw for eying the world. From the observatory we had a grand view of the city and the glistening bay and the islands. We had intended to get a permit and visit the island military stations, which were very beautiful in the distance, but after viewing them through the telescope, we felt that we had done our duty. Anyway we felt that we owed the military no further attention since driving to the Presidio which looks enough like West Point to be its own little brother. We also "drove," this time in the cable cars, over "Nob Hill," where four of the Central Pacific Railroad magnates have planted their neat and comfortable dwellings. The four of them together cost but \$6,000,000, yet they did not look scrimped nor shabby—these Californians can make a little money go a long way it seems. We concluded that expedition with the cemeteries, of which there are a number of very handsome ones,—dying seems to be a great industry here. No wonder: there was a convention of California doctors here at the hotel one night, and their vast numbers

and evident prosperity boded no good to the State.

San Francisco is complete now, so far as we are concerned—it's about as complete a place as ever I saw, anyway. Tomorrow we leave for parts unknown.

Thursday. Hotel del Monte.—We started for Monterey, and would have been surprised, had we not long since gotten beyond surprise, when the hotel was announced on the train before we reached the town, and we were unceremoniously set on the ground to shift for ourselves. We did so by scrambling with the other passengers into the waiting coach which bore us through goodness knows how many acres of flowers and trees to the beautiful great big wooden structure whose name heads this page. Before I forget it, let me remind myself that most of the buildings in San Francisco are of wood on account of the earthquakes—and these people, some of them, are afraid to come East on account of cyclones!

A walk of a quarter of a mile from the hotel brought us to the beach, from which I could scarcely bear to part, even for the sake of the old mission where Father Junipero lived, died, and was buried. Some genius has painted it! Not red, but a nice and cheerful buff, and as I looked and wondered I thought of an old lady I used to know who wore a flaxen wig. There is a fortune of old manuscripts inside the church. I did not read them—they are for the mental refreshment of travelers who do not keep diaries. We spent the time we should have been mousing in the old church taking a seventeen mile drive behind a gorgeous pair of bays, with a driver who was also guide, counselor, and friend. We viewed the old, old town at lightning speed, and then went on our astonished way through groves of Monterey cypress, along the wild and desolate beach, and through a fantastic little fishing village, Pescadina by name; conspicuous therein was a hut "the size of a box," marked with some legend in Chinese

characters, probably to the effect that the proprietor was not at home, as he evidently was not, the door being secured with such care as to suggest to the beholder that the window, had there been one, would have been also inaccessible. We wondered what could be inside that required such ostentatious protection. On several occasions human figures suddenly appeared before us, presenting for inspection baskets full of odds and ends snatched from the bosom of the ocean, the like of which were hanging from the fronts of and sitting on shelves before their tiny homes. I got me a starfish from a Chinaman or a mummy, I don't know which, and for want of room elsewhere wore the same home to San Francisco tied to a button.

As I began at the wrong end of this sally of ours, I will now proceed to Santa Cruz, which is next in order going backwards. It is a little, queer, dried-up old place, queerer than it is dried-up, dried-upper than it is old, and older than anything western outside of superlative California would dare to claim, and with the nicest beach in the world. We found some lovely seaweeds which we pressed, and shells which we lost, and some of the dearest old curiosity shops, where all the most curious things of land and sea are collected together; I could scarcely bear to leave one, but did, for reasons best known to myself and pocket. We did Santa Cruz in haste, and are repenting at our leisure now that our strength is somewhat restored.

West the other way came San José, where we drank of the water of life, that was almost the death of us, at their boasted springs. These springs and their surroundings were excellent food for the eye, whatever they may have been for the body. Our principal experience in San José was our tour of Chinatown at night. One gentleman drove six ladies of assorted sizes and ages before him into the jaws of the Celestial city. The streets are boarded, about three feet wide, and entirely covered over, so that their fra-

grance, capable of smelling to heaven, is crushed to earth to struggle with the masses of men swarming in and out of their air-tight dens. In the dim, smoky light they looked like imps, suddenly appearing and disappearing, looming weirdly ahead of us and melting into darkened alleyways. We hung about our escort in a way not suggestive of strong-mindedness, until a policeman, going his rounds, found himself all at once the chosen and valued companion of six maids and matrons all anxious to lean upon the arm of the law. We rejoiced to note that the yellows and blacks are entirely harmonious on the subject of a policeman; one could not fear him more than the other. Our minion considered it fortunate that he had met us, since the people whose unwelcome guests we were had been rather obstreperous lately, he told us, and we agreed as with one voice, that it was very fortunate indeed. He went, closely attended, to an opium den, where a sulky smoker took one look at his gleaming star, and smilingly prepared and smoked an opium pipe for our edification, and even offered to lend us a whiff or two — an offer which was declined with thanks. I had expected some sort of a remarkable exhibition from him as he progressed with his and our entertainment, but he lay quite composed in his little bunk and we learned that they will lie and smoke all night without other apparent effect than added cheerfulness. The victims of the opium habit are said never to live beyond thirty-five years, yet we saw some pallid, skinny, shrunk, wrinkled wretches that looked not a day under a century. We entered the theatre without paying anything but our respects, and found there a crowd of stolid-faced pagans, sitting on the backs of the wooden benches with their feet in the seats, and their hats on, smoking with great content, while the air was blue with the result of their efforts. They were giving eye and ear a relish to a collection of sights and sounds known to them as music and drama.

The plays are continued stories, lasting

for six months or a year, and an obliging interpreter told us how matters were progressing on the stage, relieving our anxiety with the assurance that all would end well with the usual wedding. He was very proud of the performance of both musicians and actors. The music was a terrific wrangle of sound, and an occasional vocalist varied the monotony with the wail of a lost tune. The play seemed to be a succession of faints by all concerned, accomplished comfortably sitting upright in their chairs. One, a lady in semblance but not in truth, since the women-folk are not allowed to appear on the stage, with countenance painted gleaming red and white, took down his or her hair and threw it over his or her face as a sign of grief. In the gallery was a baby that was enough of a young American to cry lustily when the situation on the stage was particularly thrilling. We offered to buy it from sheer force of habit, for we've asked the price of everything in the State, but the father told us as a great joke that he dared not sell as he was afraid of its mother.

The big trees that we saw between San José and Santa Cruz are big, not around, but in height, and I'm not sure that I saw the tops of them at all, they are so divinely tall.

The beauty of the scenery cannot be exaggerated. It was a marvel to me, especially when I, standing on the platform of the car, found myself shot into a tunnel a mile and a quarter long. When I returned to the light of day my face was a study, — looked as if it had been a study in grays by an amateur painter. Four other tunnels followed in rapid succession, but whatever drawbacks they presented, the surface of the earth was above reproach.

I have n't mentioned the Alameda, which is a drive between San José and Santa Clara, lined, if that is a proper expression, with cypress and pepper and all manner of estimable trees, behind which more of the light, graceful dwellings nestle amid their

flowers. This most meritorious State is peopled with equally meritorious artists, and man's improvements rise up and vie with nature's original plan. Santa Clara is a dear little country town, noted for the huge college for Catholic youth, (we spoke to one and he looked timorously around for the brethren before replying,) and for the distance you can go without seeing anybody. It occurred to me to ask — like the lady on the train, on passing a burying-ground far from human habitation — “Where do all the people live who are buried there?”

And now San Francisco again. We have been resting ourselves with the towns across the bay, which I shall not describe to myself, since it would be the basest ingratitude in me to forget their charms. The most beautiful spot on this planet is visible from the gateway at the Berkeley University, but I chose my residence property near the little watering place of Piedmont, on the hill, where is the grandest view on earth excepting all the rest of the views in California. Really, I think I begin to talk like a native; but I have not said anything that was not so, which is doing pretty well in this climate, which is so favorable to flowers of all kinds, speech and otherwise.

We will start Geyserward as soon as we have got the cinders out of our eyes; I am tired seeing things that only a sense of duty prevents me from leaving them in.

We went alone and unaided save by providence and the knowledge gleaned from a little world of information that we discovered revolving around the hotel. People cared us so about the staging that was to fall on our lot on the Geyser journey that we thought our tickets should have been presented to us as a slight recompense for the horrors that we were going to endure in our zeal for the interests of their State. They led us to believe that six plunging chargers would dash madly along the brinks of yawning chasms, where our shrinking eyes would

involuntarily close upon the hideous scene as we awaited the final plunge that would hurl us over a precipice into eternity. Much advice was offered, all of which was returned with thanks with the exception of the merciless suggestion to sit up in front with the driver, for the view and for the full realization of the terrors of our situation.

The train took us through miles and miles of mountains and flowers and set us down at the little town of Cloverdale, at one of whose funny, old-fashioned hotels we braced ourselves for the coming reign of terror by the judicious internal application of the kindly fruits of the earth. When the stage swung up to the door, and we surveyed the four lively but responsible-looking horses attached thereto, our spirits rose with our bodies on our careful crawl to the driver's perch, — which was accomplished though the medium of a chair back, and in the midst of a troop of joyous spectators. A triumphant progress through town and we were off, with toes vainly reaching for where-with to rest upon and freckles raining from a cloudless sky. A bag of feed for the horses taken up at a resting station remedied the one evil, and the shade from numerous forests alleviated the other, while the jokes of the loquacious charioteer and the personal appearance of our Mother Earth obliterated the memory of both. Rocks and forests, whirling torrents and dainty wild flowers, swept by in a bewildering panorama of loveliness. The only drawback to the eighteen miles was its shortness, and with a grand burst of speed we were at the picturesque white building, “sweetly nestling in the mountains.”

Our tiny apartment on the second floor, which was also ground floor by virtue of the mountain side, was furnished with a bed, the bare recollection of which makes me feel comfortable, a table with a little glass above it, a chair, a wee, old-fashioned wash-stand, some hooks along the wall and a lamp. The delightful verandas were ren-

dered more delightful by dozens of rocking chairs of all sizes and shapes. I had just prepared myself for a masterly inactivity when the voice of the guide outside the door brought me to my feet by an invitation to join the party then preparing to make a tour of the cañon. I left the lockless door and open window in the hand of fate, and finding that the guide had his hands full with the timid and the fat, we two scrambled gracelessly but easily up the rocky path, breathing the air of heaven before it became heavy with the approving adjectives of the little band of explorers.

The Devil seems to be a great favorite in these parts, judging from the number of namesakes to be found in the the cañon, — Devil's Arm-chair, ditto Tea kettle, ditto Cauldron. The names, if not pretty, are at least appropriate. The teakettle blubbered heavily, as if devoted to the manufacture of a beverage of sterner stuff than that which cheers the children of men, and there was evidently some one in the bottom of the cauldron stirring it and roaring deeply, sending sulphurous atoms riding away on the air in a cloud of hot steam.

From an overhanging ledge in the mountain top we obtained a view that would cause me a world of mental distress had not Schiller thought to write, and Carlyle laid aside his dyspepsia to translate, his song of the mountains:

"By the edge of the chasm is a slippery track,
The torrent beneath and the mist hanging o'er thee;
The cliffs of the mountain, huge, rugged and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee.

* * * * *

Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss
The water is boiling and hissing — forever will
hiss."

At night we adorned the ledge of our fastenless window with the tooth-mug, in which reposed two horny handled brushes, while on the floor below sat the ample basin, ready in case of invasion to receive them, and awake the silent sleepers with a sound of crockery by night. The door

with tender bolt was reinforced by a delicately balanced bottle upon a chair tip tilted toward a boisterous fall. They of the Golden City who were in the habit of rising with the fog at nine o'clock, laid before us the necessity of watching the fog roll out of the cañon at five o'clock in the morning, but common courtesy demanded a show of appreciation of our most excellent resting place, so we and the fog rolled out, each at our self-appointed time. "They" had also told us that several days should be consumed moving around in maiden meditation and counting the wrinkles on the brow of the mountain, but when our advent upon the veranda discovered to us the last fellow man and woman of our three stage-loads of traveling companions, booted and spurred for the thirty mile ride to Calistoga, and a nice old gentleman lifted up his voice and called us by our names as learned from the pages of the register, saying that procrastination was the thief of time and happiness, and the horses nodded over the fence at us and smiled, we promptly embarked.

Many flowers were snatched from the mountain'side as we galloped past, — which a "Boston" lady from Maine clothed with names many syllables too large for them. Much water was drunk from the streams we forded; and we "climbed the mountain high, high, high," with the double intention of pleasing our horses and ourselves, reaping rough diamonds from our pathway as our reward. At the summit we became enveloped in a cloud, like gods and goddesses. Not having been brought up to it like them, however, our common nature rebelled against the cold, wet blanket, and after looking into the letter box set on a post, and surveying the maid of the mountain who had come from goodness knows where, in quest of mail, we gladly wrapped ourselves in all the robes and shawls the stage afforded, and plunged headlong downward through the mist, "to reach a small wood hut, hung boldly o'er the steep."

The little cabin, covered over with rocks from the mountains and cones from the pines, sent a gleam through the mist from its open door, and the fireplace, blazing with huge logs lit up the scattered trophies from the outside world.

When the valley was reached, the horses of their own free will trotted to the door of a great stone building which soon revealed its identity as a wine cellar. We were invited to "get out and take a drink, — no drinking under cover in this country." The invitation was not accepted by the ladies, though we were assured the native wine was as harmless as cider. After this experience Mrs. and Miss Maine took on a facial sternness which no blandishments could soften or melt; their countenances were as stony as what I have heard called "the spink." I learned that this grape juice is twenty-five cents a drink or ten cents a bottle, — which can only be accounted for by the presumable size of the drink.

In the middle of the valley the stage and we parted company, to meet again no more

forever, and we became conventional travelers on a train ride like all others that fall in pleasant places.

Our spirits were somewhat damped when our friends at the hotel catechised us concerning the spot in the Geyser cañon where you boil eggs, the other spot where you make lemonade, the trees whereon the horse thieves were hung at the top of the hill, the effect of the odorous baths at the bottom, and various and divers other technicalities of which we, in our unpractical contemplation of the beauties of nature, had forgotten the existence.

Tomorrow we start once more with faces to the East, and when I get home I shall not so much as look out of the window for a month. Mormon and mountain shall be treated alike by me: my treatment of those subjects will be strikingly original, I believe; for I know I never heard of any one letting "Salt Lake City on Great Salt Lake," or our boasted Rockies become a matter of personal history without shedding some ink to their memory.

Juliette A. Owen.

ARABESQUE.

EYES — whose every glance is such
I feel it, like a velvet touch;

Eyes that all my comfort slay —
Yet grieve me when they turn away;

Eyes that flicker, without fire;
That look, and burn, without desire;

That seem to darken while they beam;
And dart a shadow with each gleam;

Eyes that smoulder while they sleep
And glow — like planets, when they peep
From an unfathomable deep:

Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake;
That languish when they triumph take,
And slumber most when most awake:

Eyes that blur and blind my sight;
That see my pain; that know my plight;
O, thrill me! — kill me with delight, —
Ye dark moons in a silver night!

Charles Warren Stoddard.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LAND.

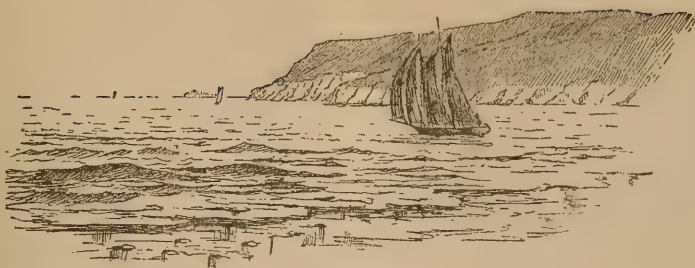


WHEN one considers how within living memory, Kansas, Colorado, Central California, and Southern California, have all in turn been deemed deserts, one would think a little care advisable before passing the same judgment at this day upon any new section. Yet even the inhabitants of Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties, with the childish simplicity of their ancestors and a sublime forgetfulness of the fact that it is scarce fifteen years since Central California pronounced the same judgment upon them, have until the last year or two almost unanimously believed that the whole of the interior of San Diego County was a desert. So general was this belief and so thoroughly ingrained in all classes, that the warnings every traveler received in Central California against going to the dread region of San Diego became more numerous and solemn as he approached its borders. It became an act of philanthropy instead of business, and in Los Angeles even motherly old ladies and gold-spectacled clergymen vied with the real estate agent, hack driver, and Pullman porter, in preventing Eastern innocents from dessication in the burning sands over the border or speedier death from the rattlesnakes, tarrantulas, horned toads, centipedes, and scorpions, that rivaled even the sands in number. How a land having the same general formation as that of the beautiful county of Los Angeles could turn

into such a fearful place in a few miles of distance was a question that few asked and none answered, and even to its nearest neighbors this county lay until within a year or two almost as unknown as though it were another Australia lying yet undiscovered in the far southern sea.

The greater part of San Diego County is indeed desert. And so is the greater part of Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties. But South California is not to be judged in this way. The proportion of its area that may be cut into 160 acre farms is no test of its value, as it was not designed for "an asylum for the oppressed and down trodden" of Europe and Asia, and is the last corner of America's great open bosom in which the foreign anarchist will ever nestle. It is by the amount and quality of its good land, and not by its area of poor land that South California is to be judged; and judged in this way San Diego County is fully entitled to the place in the front line which it is now so fast assuming.

The common error about it, though very absurd in the light of today, was quite a natural one. The whole coast line visible from the sea was but a range of dreary, arid table-lands destitute of anything like moisture the greater part of the year and bare of all vegetation except cactus and a weary looking dark or gray brush. Only those who years ago saw Pasadena, Riverside, Lugonia, Pomona, Ontario, and similar places can comprehend how inexpressibly wretched the finest lands in south California may look before clearing and cultivating. The coast lands of San Diego County were no exception and were if possible even more desolate in appearance than those farther north. In



POINT LOMA.

the interior rose line after line of mountains studded with bowlders of granite and huddled so closely that there seemed no room for anything else. The whole looked like the dump-heap of the great geological mill in which California was ground into its present shape. Of the very few travelers who ever went to San Diego Bay, not one in five hundred ever went into the interior; few of the old settlers around the bay knew anything about it; the real estate dealers, who still held a death-like grip on thousands of lots and who never knew anything but "Tom Scott and the Texas Pacific," could talk of nothing but "bay" and "climate"; and the few who had vague ideas of a "back country" somewhere never went to look at it. Nearly all of its best and most easily accessible lands were held in large ranches whose owners were opposed to the destruction of their stock ranges by the incoming of the "granger." The time for the wealthy settler who pays high prices for climate and view had not yet arrived; the common small farmer was only a nuisance to be discouraged, and the idea that the land was fit only for stock-range was diligently cultivated.

In Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties nearly all the good land lies in a body. Through this large body pass nearly all the water courses that flow from the mountains and all of it is easily traversed by railroads and wagon roads. Years ago the visitor found the real estate men there well informed about country property, interested in its sales, and anxious to show it at their

own expense. Even had they been as ignorant and indifferent about it as the old-time real estate men in San Diego were about their back country, the visitor would have had no trouble in inspecting the most of it alone in a short; comfortable, and inexpensive trip.

In San Diego County the arable acres instead of lying together are scattered about and broken into hundreds of valleys, slopes, and table-lands, with high ranges of rugged hills between, leaving on every hand fine valleys unsuspected by the traveler or fine table-lands looking like a line of worthless hills to one below them. Of all this good land the traveler along the coast sees absolutely nothing, and even the railroad with a few exceptions traverses the worst part of the county. It is not at all strange therefore that to hasty or careless inspection it should have seemed worthless; and most of the misrepresentation that for so many years stopped at the borders of San Diego County ninety-nine per cent of all visitors to Southern California was honestly made.

A careful estimate made by the writer after years of residence in the county and familiarity obtained by constant traveling all over it, places the amount of good land in San Diego County at 535,000 acres. This includes only such as would from the standpoint of today be considered good, arable land. It leaves out thousands of acres of which the quality is good enough, and which at the present rate of progress will in a few years be used, but which cannot today be fairly classed as arable. Nor does this esti-

mate include the Colorado desert. Upon this desert are vast tracts of rich land which may some day be reclaimed by the waters of the Colorado River or by artesian wells. But as both the Mojave and Colorado deserts are at present almost uninhabitable, they are not generally included in estimates of available land in the three southern counties.

This quantity of 535,000 acres is a little less than that of the good land of Los Angeles County, and a little more than that of San Bernardino County, including, of course, in each its share of the great Mojave desert. To eyes accustomed to the prairies of the West, or even the great valleys of Central California, this proportion of the available land in South California looks small. It is so in truth. Yet when we consider the uses to which it is being put we find it large enough for a separate State. For those fortunate enough to own a slice of it, it is well that it is limited in quantity. This very limitation keeps it from being a mere land of "grangers" and makes it a luxury that commands a price. A home here is a thing that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. An ever increasing host of wealthy and cultured people recognize the fact and gladly pay a high price for a foothold before it is too late. This causes a kind of development that elsewhere would be folly if not an impossibility, a development that will return a good interest in time, but that could not be accomplished if immediate returns were the object in view. Hence we see what can be seen nowhere else, immense hotels and other large buildings, vast and expensive water-works, railroads, horsecars, dummy roads, electric lights, and what not, built in advance of settlement, and thousands of luxurious and beautiful homes arising in all directions on the table-lands, slopes, and in the valleys far away from the cities, nearly all built by men who neither ask nor care what interest a place will pay upon its cost.

Although San Diego County has practically been just discovered, it is already enjoying to a wonderful extent this deluge of prosperity that has come upon South California. That this prosperity will last there can be little doubt. That the "boom" will slacken somewhat, that corner lots may shrink in value, even though towns continue to grow, that rents may come down although the tide of newcomers increases, is to be expected. It would be folly to look for a long continuance of the present rate of prosperity. But there is sufficient ground to be certain that it will continue at a pace fast enough, faster and surer than can be seen elsewhere, fast enough and sure enough for all who do not overload themselves with real estate carried on credit. For it is a prosperity not founded upon any ideas of profits from production, commerce, trade, or business. Such notions, although used of course by all sections to induce settlers, are all secondary to the real basis of prosperity. They are all very fine as an addition, provided they can be had; but if they cannot, no matter. The land is being actually settled at a marvelous rate by people who are sublimely indifferent to all such considerations, and who can well afford to be so. So long have such people been coming, so constant the increase in the proportion of mere tourists who are captivated and return East only to close up their business there, so slight the number of those who after spending a year here could be driven away by any pressure, that it is now as safe to rely upon the climate, scenery, and other agreeable features of South California as a marketable commodity as it is to rely upon anything that human nature likes, and of which the supply is limited.

As in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties, the inhabitable part of San Diego County is separated from the desert by a mountain range. In San Diego the range runs entirely across the county at an average height of about 5000 feet, broken by but

two or three very narrow passes of which the lowest is about 3600 feet above tide-water. This range forms an almost perfect barrier against all the unpleasant influences of the desert, and forms two countries of entirely different natures with climates probably as diverse as can be found in the world in the same distance.

On the east this mountain chain falls abruptly off several thousand feet in a few miles into the Colorado desert, a stupendous plain of sand glowing beneath an almost eternal sun, with a few ranges of low hills almost as desolate and bare as the sand itself. But upon the west this chain descends some sixty miles to the sea in a long and gentle slope. High, rugged peaks rise from it on every hand as it falls away and deep cañons yawn between table-lands and valleys, but the general course of it is an easy slope all the way to the coast. Valleys of various sizes lie upon its breast; some deeply sunk into it, others lying high within a rim of small, low hills; some of them the beds of ancient lakes, where waters have broken out through some rent in the retaining wall; others the mere foundations of ancient hills or table-lands of softer material than the rest, worn down by the long action of wind and water. Here and there are table-lands of richest soil and most delightful climate—some of them the long swells of some mountain upheaval; some the bosses of ancient mountains of soft granite, long since worn away; some, such as those along the coast, a wild medley of drift deposit from the Pliocene period but covered upon the top with a rich soil formed from the disintegration of the interior hills and deposited upon the drift in some mysterious way which will puzzle any geologist to explain.

All these valleys are of varying height and so are the table-lands. Nearly all of them connect with the adjacent hills in long slopes of rich soil fully equal to that of the valleys and far warmer in winter nights. Down in

the river and creek bottoms are benches and plains of rich alluvium, left there when the streams carried more water than at present; and high upon the backs of many of the roughest mountains are tracts of rich land covered perhaps with live oaks and often hidden from sight to all but the mountain climber. A full idea of the amount of good



SAN DIEGO PALMS.

and thus distributed can be obtained only by weeks of travel from one tract to another, or else by climbing a large number of high peaks and looking down upon it with a good glass.

This scattering into different elevations and distances from the coast produces such a variety of climates that this county bears the same relation to California that California does to the world; San Diego County is in fact a land of climates within a land

of climates. Its lower latitude, and more eastern situation, which removes it farther from the cold current of the northern ocean and the fogs which that current causes, give it, all other things being equal, the best of the California climates. Yet the elevation and distance from the coast, give to much of it a winter climate much colder and wetter than that of most of the inhabitable parts of Southern California. On the lowlands along the coast, and especially in the table-lands within twenty miles of it, the climate excels anything to be found in California. The winters are drier and a trifle warmer, yet the summers are no hotter than those farther north. The difference in the dryness of the air here on the coast and that one hundred and fifty miles farther north is plainly perceptible, and is perhaps most strongly shown in the raising on the coast of fine oranges, lemons, and olives, free from black scale, which cannot be done much farther north. But in the mountains, although the summers are fine as can be and rarely too warm, the winter rains are excessive; snow is common, and heavy frost a matter of course.

This mountain land, however, has great value. Not only is it fine land for general farming, having crops a certainty after the driest winters, but it raises the best of deciduous fruits, and furnishes the great stores of water by which the lowlands are to be turned into gardens. Its great elevation also cut off from a large part of the county the desert winds that in the fall and early winter are so unpleasant in some of the counties above. The greater part of this highland varies in formation from the highlands of San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties. There when one passes an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level one leaves below about all the best land, and one must travel mainly on horseback. Here large quantities of the finest and surest farming land in the State are still met, one can reach about all the arable land with a wagon, and

drive with ease to six thousand feet. There are no finer drives to be found than those on Mesa Grande, Mount Palomar, and the Cuyamaca range, and from Pine Valley to Campo on the Mexican line; and no finer camping grounds and no better farms than hundreds that lie from three thousand to five thousand feet above the sea.

Thousands of acres of heavy pine timber cover some of these highlands, though few who gaze from San Diego Bay at the dark fringe of Cuyamaca or Palomar suspect that lofty sugar pines as large as eight feet in diameter form part of its coloring. Yellow pine, silver fir, and cedar, also abound above four thousand five hundred feet, while thousands of acres far down the rolling slopes are clad in oak of various kinds. Below three thousand feet the timber grows scarcer all the way to the coast, where little is found except cottonwood, sycamore, and willow in the river bottoms, with some live oak along the slopes, most of which however the axe has already ravaged.

Nearly all the soil of this part of the county is the fine red land, which elsewhere has proved itself such superior fruit land. In places it is of grayer tinge than in others, owing to the mixture of fine quartz or coarser feldspar or mica, but its general character is the same — the same soil as the choice lands of San Bernardino and San Gabriel valleys, rich, easily worked in nearly all stages of moisture, quite free from mud, making the best of natural roads, and very retentive of moisture. It is all formed from the disintegration of the bedrock of the interior hills. These hills are composed of a matrix of coarse, friable granite, generally red, but often gray from an admixture of fine quartz. In this is imbedded a host of hard, gray granite boulders of all sizes and shapes. Under the action of water and air and the disintegrating force of roots, this bed-rock has formed a fine rich soil, which is constantly being washed away and as constantly replaced from below. The

finer parts of it go to form the valleys and slopes below, while the hard boulders, stripped of the covering of ages, stand out in all manner of fantastic shapes, studding the land in all directions, and often so numerous as to look at a distance like solid masses of gray granite.

"No water in San Diego County" has become an orthodox belief in many quarters. This idea is confirmed by the dry and desolate appearance of the mesa lands around San Diego Bay, the only part of the county that the majority of visitors ever see. The editor of a widely read humorous journal in the East wrote to his paper from San Diego, "There is not a spring or running stream in the county." This was not said in malice, disgust, nor in discharge of his onerous duty of being always funny. He was writing in sober earnest about a land with which he was highly pleased, and whose climate and quail shooting were his especial delight. Such honest ignorance is quite natural, and there is in San Diego today many an old fossil made suddenly rich by the rise of lots that for years he tried to sell, who knows no better.

There are statements that it is unwise to make even though perfectly true. Therefore I shall not say that San Diego County is as well watered as either Los Angeles or San Bernardino County, which are generally supposed to contain all the water in California south of the San Joaquin Valley. But I will venture to say that considering rainfall, facilities for storing winter water, the number of springs and small brooks that can be gathered together, and the nearness to the surface of underground water, the difference is scarcely noticeable. As the good land in those counties lies nearly in a body, easily seen, so does the greater part of the water. In San Diego one might travel for miles without suspecting the presence of water any more than of timber. Yet the highlands are full of it, and though the greater part of it is now lost in the earth

before reaching the coast the time is fast coming when it will be saved. San Diego County has ten times the area of good land elevated into the region of certain and abundant rainfall that either of the other two counties has, the mountain valleys being in those counties very small and scarce, while the mountain slopes are too steep. All this area needs no irrigation. While San Diego has no one stream which in the driest time of the year carries as much water as some of the streams in the next two counties, yet the *average* flow of its seven rivers that head in the high mountains is great enough to irrigate twice as much land as is now actually irrigated in both of those counties. In addition to these rivers are many smaller creeks heading in the middle rain belt from which considerable water may be drawn. The number of small valleys and slopes irrigable from springs on hillsides and small creeks in ravines is far in excess of those in either of the other two counties.

In facilities for storage reservoirs, a system to which the whole South is coming, San Diego County is ahead. Although it has no one reservoir-site quite equal to that of Bear Valley in San Bernardino County it has several that closely approach it and scores of smaller ones that in the aggregate will hold vast quantities of water. All over the county water is found in the valleys at from fifteen to sixty feet, and in the higher regions at a much less distance. Where thorough and determined efforts to find artesian water have been made in places where there is any reason to suspect it, it has been found. San Jacinto Valley has now over one hundred flowing wells, many of them pouring forth immense streams. Flowing wells have also been found elsewhere; though most efforts have failed because made upon mesa land or slope where there was no reason to expect a pressure sufficient to raise the water so high; and indeed no reason to suspect any ancient river beds, from which nearly all artesian water that has been found

in Southern California apparently comes.

Some water enterprises of great magnitude are now well under way here. The Lake Hemmet Water Company is making a large reservoir in the San Jacinto Mountains. The San Luis River Flume Company is preparing for a large flume on the San Luis River. The San Diego Flume Company has now under rapid construction a flume thirty-eight miles long on the San Diego River which will be connected with several large reservoirs in the high mountains where the average rainfall is over forty inches. A large number of springs and creeks will be piped or flumed into the main aqueduct, many will in time be tunneled out to increase the flow, and when fully complete with all its extensions, this system will rival the Spring Valley Company in extent and far exceed it in the amount of water it secures. Some two hundred thousand dollars have already been spent upon this work and two dams are already done. The San Diego Land and Town Company, composed of directors of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company owning forty thousand acres of the finest land in the county, has nearly finished a fine ninety foot masonry dam in the Sweetwater river and will put in others above it as fast as needed. These are but the beginning of a series which will in time make the county the best irrigated section south of the San Joaquin Valley, while the absence of drying winds, the nearness to the coast of the most valuable lands, the character of the subsoil, and the retentive nature of the topsoil for moisture make the quantity of water needed for an acre less than half of that necessary in San Bernardino County.

Large portions of the county really need no irrigation for anything; while on the rainbelts below one thousand five hundred feet many things are grown very well by cultivation alone. While everything on the lower levels where the rains are light would be greatly improved by judicious

irrigation, yet for many things such as olives, grapes, apricots, and most deciduous fruits, it cannot be truly called an absolute necessity on many kinds of land. To such an extent is this the case that it reduces to a minimum the amount of water needed for profitable results.

Although production has but begun here it has still been sufficiently tested to give an accurate basis for future calculations. It has long been conceded at Los Angeles and Riverside that the best lemons of this county excel their very best while the best oranges are at least equal to the best of Riverside. Mr. Kimball of National City has a list of awards and premiums from the New Orleans Exposition showing that the oranges and lemons raised within twenty miles of San Diego Bay led those of the whole world. Most of these were raised within five miles and some within one mile of the ocean — a nearness which one hundred miles north forbids the raising of good citrus fruit. Both oranges and lemons ripen much later here than anywhere above and are in their prime when those of Riverside are about gone. The raisins of El Cajon, but a few miles back of San Diego, are now well known as California's best. While the apricot is later here than farther north it is the best in the State when it does ripen; while the apples, pears, and cherries, raised above an elevation of two thousand feet, are equal to any of the Eastern States. Though it does not yet appear that any other products are better here than those grown farther north it is certain that they are quite as good; and though some, such as cherries, cannot be grown to any extent at as low altitudes as they can be farther north, there is little or no difference in the yield under the same conditions of all other things. This county is the natural home of the olive, which thrives on the driest lands, though of course improved with a little water. If properly cultivated and watered it is free from scale directly upon the coast. Enormous crops of honey

and wool have been shipped from San Diego and in favorable years the yield of grain to the acre is as large as anywhere in the State. But the day for all such farming in Southern California is about over and the era of the ten-acre man has come. The ten-acre man wants only a pretty home with the best climate and view he can get. For these he is perfectly able and willing to pay and he neither asks nor cares about anything else. The last year has indeed developed an extreme variety of this class, the man who is bound to have climate and view whether he can raise anything or not. If he can get water enough for domestic use and for his horses to drink he will live without even shrubbery around his dooryard. Nothing was truer two years ago than the dogma that mesa land that cannot be irrigated is worthless. Today it is false. Those who are settling upon it know perfectly the consequences, yet their number is already so great as to indicate the certainty of plenty more behind. Whether foolish or wise it is for themselves to decide. But it is certain that building as they now are, with eyes wide open, they may be a benefit to the county and not an injury, as they would be if they built in hopes of making a living from the soil without water.

The settlement of the interior of this county has gone on at a surprising rate within the past year. Towns of five hundred to

one thousand people have arisen almost like mining towns. Nearly all of these have a solid basis of prosperity. Escondido with over six hundred people has immediately around it a broad and beautiful valley of eleven thousand acres of as fertile land as California can show, over which fine places are fast arising. San Jacinto with a population of fifteen hundred is nearly in the center of thirty-five thousand acres of the finest kind of valley and low mesa land. The whole but three years ago was a desolate sheep-range. Other fine valleys like El Cajon with twenty thousand acres start with a general settlement converging to a central point. Others have some special advantages besides surrounding country, as Elsinore and Wildomar with their lake, Oceanside, Encinita, and La Jolla with their fine sea-view and beach, Carlsbad and Murrietta with the medicinal springs. Some of these valleys have just been opened, such as the Santa Maria, of sixteen thousand acres, where the town of Ramona has been lately founded and an experiment station of the State University has been located. Many others are not yet open to settlement such as the Santa Margarita with fifty thousand acres of fine land awaiting the plow, the San Bernardo with twelve thousand acres, Warner's Ranch with fifteen thousand, and many others.

In some valleys, such as Temecula, Warner's Ranch, or San Jacinto there are large



SWEETWATER DAM NEAR LA PRESA.

hot sulphur springs. Those at Temecula are but a short distance from the railroad station and are a great attraction already. Similar springs are found elsewhere throughout the county.

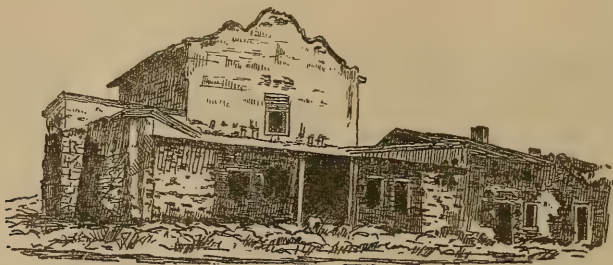
Of the mineral resources of the county it is more difficult to speak with accuracy. Quartz rich in gold has been discovered in many places. But too many such places have also proved themselves mere "pockets." Some ledges have however held out for years, yielding a constant profit. Others abandoned under old methods of working have proved profitable under new methods. In the Julian district there are several mines now running which are very profitable, and new ones are being constantly opened. Lignite closely approaching coal in quality has been found in such abundance at Elsinore, as to prove almost a certainty of coal. Iron, copper, asbestos, and other minerals are also found but whether they can be worked at a profit or not is uncertain.

The city of San Diego deserves more than a passing notice for in some respects it is unlike any other city in the United States. The childlike faith with which thousands have staked their all upon harbor and climate alone shows us a new phase of human nature. Incredible as it may seem, fully three-fourths of the new buildings that in the last two years have so changed the appearance of what was for years the deadest city in America, have been built by men who knew nothing, asked nothing, and evidently cared nothing, about any back country or

water, fully believing that bay and climate alone would build a great city on the edge of a desert. Imagine a city growing in two years from a population of two thousand five hundred to one of thirteen thousand with almost the whole world saying, and the greater part even of its own population believing, that it has no back country and no adequate water supply and never can have. Yet if in two years one place can capture so many of these *peculiar* people, to put it mildly, all of them, too, men of means, how many more may yet remain uncaptured?

If San Diego has grown thus under such disadvantages, what may it not become when it is, as it certainly will be in two years more, the best watered city on the coast, with the miles of high, rich table-lands around it commanding a marvelous view of ocean and mountain, all undergoing the wondrous change that has been wrought on the desolate plains of Riverside and the dreary sandy barrens where Pasadena now glows with beauty? In its prosperity the whole country around the bay will share, and the whole will be substantially one city. The miles of beautiful slope around National City, the commanding heights of the promontory on the north, and the Coronado Beach, the singular peninsula that forms the harbor and is fast becoming the most remarkable of all watering places, will be substantially one city — the city of San Diego Bay, the most beautiful on this coast, if not in America.

T. S. Van Dyke.



INDIAN WAR PAPERS. VIII.—THE BACK TRACKS.

It will be observed that the Piutes and Bannocks had been arrested by the battle of Birch Creek on July 8, 1878, and by the work of the two steamers converted into gunboats, which were running up and down the Columbia between Celilo and Wallula. The gunboats had hurled their shells into the camps of hostile allies and so terrified all Indians within hearing of the cannonade that the majority fled back from the Columbia towards the summit of the Blue Ridge and other mountain fastnesses.

Conceive now a new order of things existing after the second battle,—namely, that of the 13th of July, near the Umatilla agency, which I have just described, and called “Captain Miles’s Engagement.” Forsyth and Wheaton had hastened on, hearing the sound of battle, westward to the Umatilla agency or its vicinity. Throckmorton with his companies had come thither from the opposite direction. Sanford with his cavalry, moving north, had stopped and hurried back eastward to the Grande Ronde Valley, and I myself was coming with infantry and cavalry towards the same valley from the neighborhood of Lewiston, Idaho, and the Indians, broken into fragments, were following different paths, eastward and southward.

Captain Miles had sent the main body flying to Sanford’s front. They were split by his column, part going almost south towards the rough mining regions west of Malheur City and Bakersfield, while a part escaped to the neighborhood of Joseph’s old haunts in that immense Wallowa Valley.

The infantry and cavalry at first, under Miles and Throckmorton, were permitted to rest for a short time at the Umatilla agency, while Forsyth gathered together the troops of cavalry near at hand, and proceeded at once to cross over the Blue Ridge and fol-

low the main southward trail, hoping so to push his pursuit as to bring the band of Indians that ran in that direction to battle, or better, to a speedy surrender. He kept a scouting party consisting of a mixed body of white men and Umatilla Indians in his advance.

The whole command marched through the forests, the rocky ravines, over high mountains and across deep valleys, and broke through groves of small trees, so straight, so thick and dry, that they had impeded the progress of the Indians, left horses and mules broken and disabled, and were still a sufficient obstacle to render his own march one of extreme difficulty and danger.

A little farther to the left, setting out from La Grande in Grande Ronde Valley, as a centre, Sanford with his cavalry scouted the different approaches to that valley to the east and to the southeast, following up every road, trail, and footpath where there was the least recent sign of the presence of Indians. He had with him a small detachment of Néz Perce Indians, all of whom had been loyal to our people the year before, and were now working hard under the command of Lieutenant Williams of the 21st Infantry, to clear the country of these parties of “hostile Snakes,” who though flying in terror, were still slaying the stock of the settlers and terrifying anew men and women and children, who could not help believing after nightfall that every stump and bush concealed a savage warrior.

Behold then, the three columns in motion, substantially southward, directing their course, Forsyth on the right, Sanford in the center, and my own on the left. These officers were many miles apart, but every hour brought them nearer together. As soon as he could, Colonel Wheaton himself moved

his headquarters, following up the movement of Forsyth over the Blue Ridge into the Grande Ronde, to the beautiful little town of La Grande.

I reached Colonel Wheaton here at La Grande the 19th of July in the night. All Indians running toward the Wallowa had been headed off. The old Lewiston and Wallowa trail which crossed the Grande Ronde about twelve miles above its confluence with the Snake River, was reached by my column so soon that the Indians could not have crossed in that direction without encountering immediate opposition sufficient to have defeated them and thrown them back upon the other troops. I had left the accompanying troop fifteen or sixteen miles to the east of La Grande with a view of turning them southward, through Union, and facing toward Bakersfield. The visit to Wheaton was to ascertain just what had been done in the way of pursuit and to make plans at once for the following up of every trail until that whole vast region had been swept over, and our troublesome enemy, now appearing and now disappearing, completely conquered and brought to bay.

I had consulted with Colonel Wheaton but a few minutes, when we saw plainly that either Wheaton or myself must at once take the field to keep the columns in rapid motion, to keep up a concert of action, to render sudden concentration of men practicable, in brief, to make our pursuit vigorous and effective. I determined again to take the laboring oar and so with a view to sending Wheaton further to the left and front, the following orders were at once issued:—

“Colonel Frank Wheaton, 2d Infantry, commanding the District of the Clearwater, will establish a headquarters temporarily at Baker City, organize a column, [from all troops which I did not myself take to the front,] and prepare it to take the field as c as possible.” Captain Miles was to

mount his infantry on Indian ponies and report to Wheaton. Drum, who had come with me across the Wallowa, commanding the infantry, and Egbert, who was marching towards us from the neighborhood of Boise City, Idaho, in command of a battalion of the 12th Infantry, were to do the same. Meanwhile, Major Mizner with his battalion was to watch everything to the rear of us as far back as the Columbia River, to take care of the prisoners already in our hands, and give to Throckmorton the guardianship of the uneasy Umatilla agency.

Such was the new order of arrangement; and immediately, upon the morning of the 20th of July, it was rapidly and completely carried out from La Grande.

It was hardly dawn when I started out with a little company along the south-eastern border of that magnificent Grande Ronde Valley. The eye from my pathway could compass the entire prairie region surrounded by superb mountains, covered with extensive farms filled with grain fields and half grown orchards, and with the towns of Orodelle, La Grande, Union, and Summer-ville, with the spires of their churches and the towers of their new school buildings, in plain sight.

The whole scene seemed then doubly beautiful and in wonderful contrast with the wilderness behind us and the sage-brush country in front, of which we caught glimpses as we neared the crest of the ridge over which we passed toward Sanford's command. I reached Major Sanford early in the day, in Ladd's Cañon and then with him hastened on as rapidly as men could march, turning rightward and southward with the hope of forming a speedy junction with Forsyth, then reported to be at what was called “Burnt River Meadows.” To do this it was necessary either to go around the eastern end of a short range called Burnt River Mountains, or to cross straight over it through a slight depression which exists between two of the central crags, or

peaks. The distance around was thirty or forty miles, or more, while if there were only a pathway, we ought to get to Forsyth in ten or twelve miles by crossing the divide. I sent for some frontier settlers who had a considerable interest in some country stores and hay ranches lying along the lengthy route. They declared with one voice that there was no trail, that there had never been even an Indian pathway across those rugged steeps.

Two feelings possessed me, one was a suspicion from the appearance of these men that they were not telling the truth, and the other a most earnest desire to go by the shortest route. I finally turned to the men and said: "If there is not a trail there, there ought to be one and I am going to see for myself." I invited the sturdy pioneers to accompany me, which they did for a short distance, set my troops in motion, and putting myself at their head as a guide went along to undertake what several of my officers felt to be simple foolhardiness. But fortunately we soon found a house near the foot of the mountain, where there lived a good guide who took us over a fair, well-traveled Indian horse trail, steep, it is true, and wearisome to horses and men, but one which led, like Pilgrim's straight road, to the desired haven. So without difficulty the 22d of July found the troops of Forsyth and Sanford united under my command. The former (by some misapprehension or miscarriage of orders) had run short of rations and was glad enough to see us, for Sanford at once generously divided his supplies with him, running some risk of having his own command go hungry.

Next day, the 23rd, we all took up the Indian trails with renewed vigor, moved on rapidly for three days to the neighborhood of Ironsides Mountain. Here we were obliged to halt and bivouac at the crossing of Cañon City and Malheur City wagon road, and wait a part of a day for the rations to come up. While here I sent out

a scouting party to hunt through all the trails and hiding-places, and go as far as the Malheur agency, to ascertain if possible if some of the escaping hostiles had not put in an appearance there. Furthermore, Colonel Forsyth now had time to give me a detailed account of his own eventful march which had been made since the 18th of July.

As his account is of intrinsic value and much condensed I will insert a part of it in his own words:

"Our march was over the mountains and broken country bordering and bounding the headwaters of the Grande Ronde and John Day Rivers. The distance traveled in this interval of time from Meacham's to our camp, July 23rd, on the Burnt Meadows on Burnt River, was one hundred and twenty miles.

"The trail left by the retreating hostiles, over which we had to travel, was up and down steep cañons, over the highest ridges of the mountains and through a perfect network of fallen timber. It was with great difficulty that the command labored through this jungle, till then unknown to the white man, encompassed as they were on either hand by rugged mountain peaks and deep cañons. The hostile Indians, had beyond a doubt, selected this route to move out of the country and back toward their agencies, so as to detain us as much as possible, and thereby gain time to push in advance of the troops their wounded, and women and children.

"On the morning of the 20th of July, I struck their rear guard in the cañon of the North Fork of the John Day River. This cañon is about one thousand, two hundred feet deep, and as the walls are nearly perpendicular, my command literally slid down the trail that we were following into the stream which rushed down the bed of the cañon, and had to climb up the opposite side, leading our horses, the ascent being so steep, that several of our pack-animals fell

over backward into the stream, and were lost while trying to follow the puzzling zig-zags of the trail. The Indians that constituted this rear guard numbered about forty. They had fortified themselves near the brow of the hill, on the trail, so as to command it for several hundred feet below their line of works. My scouts, numbering about eight, were a short distance ahead of my advance guard. The Indians, who were in ambush, permitted them to get almost up to their line of works, when the accidental discharge of a carbine of a man with the advance guard, caused them to believe they were discovered and they at once opened fire upon the scouts, killing H. H. Froman, a courier, who was with the advance, and severely wounding a scout, John Campbell.

My advance guard was Company "E," 1st Cavalry, under Captain W. H. Winters. At the sound of the firing he deployed his company, dismounted, and took a strong position, which I re-inforced by sending forward "H" Company, under Lieutenant Parnell, and "L" Company, under Lieutenant Shelton, and extended the line to the right by pushing "G" Company, under Captain Bernard and Lieutenant Pitcher, up the side of the cañon to a projecting point which commanded and protected the trail and bench of land upon which we had corralled our stock. As soon as this formation was completed, which occupied us about an hour and a half, and was made under the fire of the enemy, the line moved forward, and the crest of the precipitous hill, or more properly speaking, bluff, was reached, — not soon enough, however, to give us a chance at the foe, who had mounted and fled."

Major Sanford also had a story to tell, an interesting reference to which is recorded in his report. He says: "July 18th, I received information from Lieutenant Williams in command of Néz Perce scouts, that while in camp on the Daley road [a place not far from Ladd's Cañon] he had

been fired into by a party of white men, and one of his Indians mortally wounded. The other Indians were very incensed at what they considered a wanton outrage, and determined to return home." The parties who did this foul deed asserted that they saw these friendly Indians, and noticing their dress, their manner of going from place to place, and the subtleness of their motions, they came to the conclusion that they were Indians and belonged to the "Snakes."

The Néz Perce scouts, however, declared that they moved as all Indians do when they are friendly, along the roads and the trail; that they were dressed in their scout's uniform and that the least observation would have shown them to be friends and not enemies.

The scouts could never be made to believe but that these rough white men had intended to murder their companion, who lived but a short time after he was wounded. They at first insisted on returning to their agency, but remained a while longer from a singular circumstance. These Néz Perce scouts were Christians, the wounded Indian sent for his enemy, that is, the man who shot him, and talked with him, took him by the hand, looked him in the face and told him that he forgave him, and he besought the other scouts to forgive him also. After he was dead, the scouts themselves gave the deceased a marked but simple Christian burial. They had prayer, repeating of scripture, and solemn songs before they committed him to the earth. The whole bearing of the wounded scout and of his companions was a remarkable lesson to our white men who were engaged in the conflict, and who, though nominally Christian and better educated than the Indians, yet were far more careless in Christian conduct and less thoughtful of Christian observance.

Soon after this, Lieutenant Williams went back with his Indians, first to Union, the county seat, and thence he sent them later,

to the Lapwai reservation. The white men who were engaged in this sad affair appeared to be softened toward Indians. They were themselves arrested, held for a time by the local authorities and then set at liberty without trial.

Let us return to our camp near the Ironsides Mountains. As we found some temporary supplies in the neighborhood, especially of cattle, our march was resumed early on Saturday morning. We went as straight as possible to the Malheur agency, a distance of about twenty-five miles; putting Lieutenant Cresson and others out on a scouting expedition. It was a fine bright day and as our troops were in good spirits we made a brisk march and arrived at the agency before noon. We found the garden with unharvested vegetables "comparatively undisturbed." There was great confusion inside of the buildings, articles being thrown hither and thither, especially in the storehouses, which had been generally robbed. There was, however, scattered around in broken bags a little flour and some grain, and from these supplies the worn and half-famished troops were fed. The next day Captain Marcus P. Miller, an officer whose name was frequently mentioned in the previous Néz Perce campaign, brought up plenty of rations, using his company of the 4th Artillery for a guard. He had taken the direct road from Baker City. The same day important reports were brought in by numerous citizen scouts from the various officers and scouting parties who were scouring the country. With others we had news from Major John Green, who had given up his leave of absence to do duty in this wearisome campaign.

I gathered from the reports that our Indians were no longer moving in any considerable detachments, but had broken up into very small, fragmentary parties, hurrying through the woods and across the lava rocks, which were here very extensive and barren of vegetation, and were endeavoring

to cluster about Stein's Mountain, from whence Sarah Winnemucca early in the conflict had detached the old chief, her father, her brothers, and her friends from an immense hostile band. Some fresh trails led in precisely the opposite direction, toward the Weiser region, and others to a beaten route that led due east across the Owyhee. Comparing notes with others, I concluded that the Piutes, what few there were left of them in that neighborhood, and the Weisers were endeavoring to hide in the vicinity of their old haunts, and that the Bannocks had separated themselves and were following the eastern trail back to Lemhi and Fort Hall. It was thought by some of our scouts that these had in mind a project of imitating Joseph's stampede of the year before, and purposed to lead a wild chase across the continent to the buffalo country, and come under the fancied shelter of Sitting Bull, who was still reported to be beyond our boundaries in Canada. It may be interesting as part of these "Indian Papers," to introduce here a paper of instructions, to show how the different small columns, which had come together for supplies, were again spread out over the country to complete the campaign.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA,
In the Field, Malheur Agency, Oregon, July 28,
1878.

General Field Orders, No. 6.

General Field Orders, No. 5, July 26th, current series, from these Headquarters, is modified as follows:

I.—Major John Green, 1st Cavalry, being now too far to the left to execute his part of it, Lieutenant Colonel James W. Forsyth, 1st Cavalry, will take his smaller battalion and one other, and execute what was assigned to Major John Green, 1st Cavalry. [Green had had orders to follow, in a constant pursuit, the hostile Indians by their principal trail].

II.—The Department Commander will move to the vicinity of Camp Lyon, Oregon, with the other battalion, leaving one company of it to report to Captain Marcus P. Miller, 4th Artillery, who will remain at this depot [the Malheur agency], under special instructions.

III.—Major John Green, 1st Cavalry, will, with his battalion, watch for a short time in his present neighborhood, and then move to form junction with Department Headquarters at or near Camp Lyon.

IV.—Colonel Frank Wheaton, 2nd Infantry, will change his headquarters from Baker City, Oregon, to Boise City, I. T., commanding all troops along the stage road, as now, holding himself in readiness to take the field should occasion demand it.

V.—Colonel Wheaton will move the subsistence depot at Baker City to Boise, as soon as it becomes certain that the hostiles have passed the Owyhee River.

By Command of Brigadier-General Howard :

CHARLES E. S. WOOD, Aide-de-Camp,
Acting Ass't. Adj't General. In the field.

For the right, Forsyth had planted Bernard's battalion. I took the central trail, using Sumner's troop of cavalry, and Major Green having found some fresh trails, led the left column. We swept an extent of country as wide as that of Sherman's column in his march from Atlanta to the sea, running down every horse trail and foot path, clearing the mountains and valleys, and there are many of them, from the Snake River above Baker City southward as far as Stein's Mountain, all the time gaining ground toward the east. Meanwhile, Captain M. P. Miller, was anchored at the Malheur agency with his own company and a company of cavalry. He continuously probed the country in a circuit about the agency, caught up Indian stragglers, kept prisoners sent to him, and gathered those who blindly wandered hither and thither and so fell into his net. The old Indian woman who, it will be remembered, had been found in the mountains hiding in a log had been restored by the great care of Sarah Winnemucca and her sister-in-law, Mattie, to comparative health and strength. She was sent out by Miller to hunt up other frightened Indians and show them where they could come for food and shelter and permanent peace. Captain Miller's own words give an idea of his first success in this operation :—

"The pickets brought them in, and they had a talk with me, to the effect that the band desired to surrender ; I told them that they could come in as prisoners of war. On the 5th [August], they returned, and on the 6th, this band came in, consisting of twenty-seven warriors, seventy-two women and children, fifty horses and ponies, and ten guns, — worthless old muzzle loaders.

These were the first prisoners taken many others were to follow in a few days.

A singular accident occurred to me on my march across the sage-brush deserts lying between the Malheur agency and the Owyhee River. I had a very tall white mule which served me instead of a saddle horse. He was a very sensitive animal and much to the discomfort of the officers and men who followed, he took as an habitual walking gait, a very rapid and lengthy stride. He had large ears and probably a some time a mane. But to beautify him in frontier style the mane was roached (shorn as closely as possible. As we were walking along rapidly, my staff officer near me, Col. E. C. Mason, my inspector, was riding a few steps to my left and rear. Suddenly he cried out as we were passing some dry, heavy knots of sage-brush lying in the trail, "Oh General ! General ! your cinch !" My large-eared mule had at that instant caught sight of that same cinch (girth), or rather the shadow of it. The fastening had given way and it was loose and pendent. Of course there was nothing to hold my saddle, and there was no mane for my hands to seize. The mule bounded through the air like a frightened deer, and sent me saddle and all head first to the ground. I landed upon some heavy sage knots, one of which struck my side, injured my ribs and bruised me badly. At first, with the breath knocked out of my body, I could not move or speak and I believed my ribs were broken. Very soon, however, by the kindly help of those around me, I was on my feet, and then my mule being stopped in his wild flight and

resaddled, I was lifted to his back and again continued the day's march. It was some time, however, before I recovered from that heavy fall. And since that time no desire

for extraordinary ornamentation ever leads me to believe in "roaching" a mule, for a reasonable mane would have saved me from the fall which nearly cost me my life.

O. O. Howard.

FIVE YEARS OF FICTION AND VERSE.

IN the five years since the beginning of its present series, the *OVERLAND* has reviewed two hundred and eighty-eight books of new fiction. Following is a list of those (thirty-three in number) that were reviewed with especially high praise:

The House of a Merchant Prince. By W. H. Bishop. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [Reviewed in the *OVERLAND* of April, 1883.]

Magnhild. By Björnsterne Björnson. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [May, 1883.]

Beyond the Gates. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1884.]

The Mate of the Daylight, and Friends Ashore. By Sara Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1884.]

Guenn. By Blanche Willis Howard. James R. Osgood & Co. [February, 1884.]

The Loyal Ronins. From Tamenaga Shunsui. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [April, 1884.]

A Roman Singer. By F. Marion Crawford. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1884.]

A Country Doctor. By Sara Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [August, 1884.]

Miss Ludington's Sister. By Edward Bellamy. James R. Osgood & Co. [August, 1884.]

Choy Susan, and other Stories. By W. H. Bishop. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1885.]

Tompkins and other Folks. By P. Deming. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [February, 1885.]

Ramona. By Helen Jackson. Roberts Bros. [March, 1885.]

A Marsh Island. By Sara Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [June, 1885.]

A Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [November, 1885.]

The Rise of Silas Lapham. By W. D. Howells. Ticknor & Co. [November, 1885.]

Jackanapes; Daddy Darwin's Dovecote; A Short Life. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Roberts Bros. [March, 1886.]

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. [March, 1886.]

A Captive of Love. From Bakin. Lee & Shepard. [March, 1886.]

Anna Karenina. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [July, 1886.]

The Rise of César Birotteau. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Bros. [October, 1886.]

Eugénie Grandet. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Bros. [October, 1886.]

Taras Bulba. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [October, 1886.]

St. John's Eve. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [October, 1886.]

A White Heron. By Sara Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [October, 1886.]

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons. [December, 1886.]

An Unfortunate Woman, and Ass'ya. By Ivan Turgénieff. Funk & Wagnalls. [March, 1887.]

The Marquis of Peñalta. By Don Armando Palacio Valdez. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [March, 1887.]

In the Clouds. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1887.]

In Ole Virginia. By Thos. Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. [July, 1887.]

The Story of a New York House. By H. C. Bunner. Charles Scribner's Sons. [August, 1887.]

Tales Before Supper. By Gautier and De Mérimée. Brentanos. [September, 1887.]

Sigrid. By Jon Thordsson Thoroddsen, Thos. Y. Crowell. [September, 1887.]

The Alkahest. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Bros. [September, 1887.]

This list is not to be understood as covering completely the best fiction of the last five years in the OVERLAND'S opinion; for some of the best recent novels have not been reviewed here, chiefly those that have appeared as serials in the magazines.

The ninety-two books named below have been reviewed with more or less modified praise.

Doctor Zay. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1883.]

Shandon Bells. By William Black. Harper & Bros. [June, 1883.]

Dust. By Julian Hawthorne. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. [June, 1883.]

The Red Acorn. By John McElroy. Henry A. Sumner & Co. [June, 1883.]

My Trivial Life and Misfortunes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [June, 1883.]

But Yet a Woman. By A. S. Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [June, 1883.]

A Sea Queen. By W. Clark Russell. Harper & Bros. [August, 1883.]

For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros. [August, 1883.]

Yolande. By William Black. Harper & Bros. [August, 1883.]

Beyond Recall. By Adeline Sergeant. Henry Holt & Co. [August, 1883.]

The Ladies Lindores. By Mrs. Oliphant. Harper & Bros. [August, 1883.]

The Surgeon's Stories. By Z. Topelius. Jansen, McClurg, & Co. [October, 1883.]

Judith. By Marian Harland. [February, 1884.]

Beatrix Randolph. By Julian Hawthorne. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. [May, 1884.]

Only an Incident. By Grace Denio Litchfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [May, 1884.]

An Average Man. By Robert Grant. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. [July, 1884.]

In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1884.]

At Daybreak. By A. Sterling. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. [July, 1884.]

There was once a Man. By R. H. Newell. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. [July, 1884.]

The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys. By R. G. White. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [August, 1884.]

On the Frontier. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [October, 1884.]

The Shadow of the War. Jansen & McClurg. [January, 1885.]

The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. [January, 1885.]

Tales of Three Cities. By Henry James. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. [January, 1885.]

At the World's Mercy. By Florence Warden. D. Appleton & Co. [January, 1885.]

In War Time. By S. Weir Mitchell. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [February, 1885.]

- My Lady Pokahontas. By John Esten Cooke. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [April, 1885.]
- The Crime of Christmas Day. D. Appleton & Co. [April, 1885.]
- The Open Door.—The Portrait. Roberts Bros. [April, 1885.]
- A Knight of the Black Forest. By Grace Denio Litchfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [June, 1885.]
- Within the Capes. By Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons. [June, 1885.]
- Aulnay Tower. By Blanche Willis Howard. Ticknor & Co. [September, 1885.]
- Kamehameha. By C. M. Newell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [September, 1885.]
- By Shore and Sedge. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1885.]
- An Old Maid's Paradise. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1885.]
- The Tinted Venus. By F. Anstey. D. Appleton & Co. [September, 1885.]
- Houp-la. By John Strange Winter. Harper & Bros. [November, 1885.]
- For a Woman. By Nora Perry. Ticknor & Co. [November, 1885.]
- Color Studies. By Ivory Black. Charles Scribner's Sons. [November, 1885.]
- As it was Written. By Sidney Luska. Cassell & Co. [November, 1885.]
- A Wheel of Fire. By Arlo Bates. Charles Scribner's Sons. [November, 1885.]
- Mrs. Herndon's Income. By Helen Campbell. Roberts Bros. [February, 1886.]
- Criss-Cross. By Grace Denio Litchfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [February, 1886.]
- Andromeda. By George Fleming. Roberts Bros. [February, 1886.]
- Stories of Provence. By Alphonse Daudet. Harper & Bros. [March, 1886.]
- Cabin and Gondola. By Charlotte Dunbar. Harper & Bros. [March, 1886.]
- The Broken Shaft. D. Appleton & Co. [March, 1886.]
- Inquirendo Island. By Hudor Genone. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [March, 1886.]
- Fiammetta. By W. W. Story. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1886.]
- A Mortal Antipathy. By O. W. Holmes. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1886.]
- Jacob Schuyler's Millions. D. Appleton & Co. [June, 1886.]
- Cavalry Life. By J. S. Winter. Harper & Bros. [June, 1886.]
- The Last of the MacAlisters. By Amelia E. Barr. Harper & Bros. [June, 1886.]
- Primus in Indis. By M. J. Colquhoun. Harper & Bros. [June, 1886.]
- The Late Mrs. Null. By Frank Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons. [June, 1886.]
- John Bodewin's Testimony. By Mary Hallock Foote. Ticknor & Co. [June, 1886.]
- Père Goriot. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers. [July, 1886.]
- La Duchesse de Langeais. By H. de Balzac. Roberts Brothers. [July, 1886.]
- The Mark of Cain. By Andrew Lang. [July, 1886.]
- Burglars in Paradise. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1886.]
- The Man who was Guilty. By Flora Haines Loughead. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1886.]
- The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1886.]
- The Crack of Doom. By Wm. Minto. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1886.]
- Miss Melinda's Opportunity. By Helen Campbell. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1886.]
- Not in the Prospectus. By Parke Danforth. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1886.]

Justina. Roberts Brothers. [September, 1886.]

Constance of Acadia. Roberts Brothers. [September, 1886.]

Prince Otto. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [September, 1886.]

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. [September, 1886.]

War and Peace. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Harper & Brothers. [October, 1886.]

Childhood — Boyhood — Youth. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [October, 1886.]

Ottillie — The Prince of the One Hundred Soups. By Vernon Lee. [October, 1886.]

Poverty Grass. By Lillie Chace Wyman. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [October, 1886.]

A Wilful Young Woman. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

Britta. By George Temple. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anne Beale. Lee & Shepard. [February, 1887.]

A Daughter of the People. By Georgianna M. Craik. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

Golden Bells. By R. E. Francillon. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

The World Went Very Well Then. By Walter Besant. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

A Modern Telemachus. By Charlotte Yonge. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1887.]

A Phantom Love. By Vernon Lee. Roberts Brothers. [February, 1887.]

John Jerome. By Jean Ingelow. Roberts Brothers. [February, 1887.]

The Old Order Changes. By W. H. Mallock. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [February, 1887.]

A Step Aside. By Charlotte Dunning. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1887.]

Roland Blake. By S. Weir Mitchell. [March, 1887.]

Agnes Surriage. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Ticknor & Co. [March, 1887.]

Agatha and the Shadow. Roberts Brothers. [March, 1887.]

The Golden Justice. By W. H. Bishop. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1887.]

A Year in Eden. By Harriet Waters Preston. Roberts Brothers. [March, 1887.]

Cousin Pons. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers. [March, 1887.]

Crime and Punishment. By F. M. Dostoyevsky. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. [March, 1887.]

The Buchholz Family. By Julius Stinde. Charles Scribner's Sons. [March, 1887.]

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [July, 1887.]

The Merry Men. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. [July, 1887.]

Some Chinese Ghosts. By Lafcadio Hearn. Roberts Brothers. [July, 1887.]

Zury. By Joseph Kirkland. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [August, 1887.]

The Story of Margaret Kent. By Henry Hayes. Ticknor & Co. [August, 1887.]

The Duchess Emilia. By Barrett Wendell. Ticknor & Co. [August, 1887.]

The Two Brothers. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers. [September, 1887.]

Told at Tuxedo. By A. M. Emory. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [September, 1887.]

Thirteen Stories of the Far West. By Forbes Heermans. C. W. Bardeen. [September, 1887.]

The Crusade of the Excelsior. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [September, 1887.]

Mr. Incoul's Misadventure. By Edgar Saltus. Benjamin & Bell. [September, 1887.]

The Captain of the Janizaries. By James M. Ludlow. Funk & Wagnalls. [September, 1887.]

Drone's Honey. By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard. [September, 1887.]

The Devil's Hat. By Melville Phillips. Ticknor & Co. [September, 1887.]

During the same five years one hundred and seventeen new books of poetry have been reviewed. Of these the fourteen following have been spoken of with high praise;

Aldrich's Poems. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [Reviewed in *OVERLAND* of January, 1883, October, 1885.]

Browning's Agamemnon. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [February, 1883.]

Whittier's The Bay of Seven Islands. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [December, 1883.]

Celia Thaxter's Poems for Children, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1884.]

Jones Very's Poems. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1885.]

Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1885.]

Miss Phelps's Songs of the Silent World. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1885.]

Prof. Rabillon's Translation of the Chanson of Roland. Henry Holt & Co. [June, 1885.]

Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [June, 1885.]

Miss Ingelow's Poems of the Old Days and the New. Roberts Brothers. [October, 1885.]

A Book of Verses. By Augustus Mendon Lord. [June, 1886.]

Whittier's St. Gregory's Guest. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [June, 1886.]

The Heart of the Weed. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [October, 1887.]

Stevenson's Underwoods. Charles Scribner's Sons. [November, 1887.]

There should perhaps be added here Browning's Parleyings with Certain People of Importance, which was, however, not reviewed, but postponed for consideration with the collected works of the poet. It will be seen, if the reader will refer to the reviews, that several of these volumes have

been criticized not only with high praise but also with a good deal of dispraise: we have preferred to rate poetry high for the sake of its possession of really high and rare qualities, even where it has also serious defects.

The forty-one volumes named below have also been praised in various degree: some only less than the fourteen we have ranked above them, some merely for a handful of good poems amid a great deal that was commonplace, or for a few good qualities amid many faults. We have not, however, carried this liberality so far as to include here the title of every book in which we have been able to find two or three poems of fair merit. Few people print a hundred poems without including two or three that can be commended; and it has been our practice always to give the versifier credit for such, however hopeless the rest of his volume might be. Any sort of exact classification of books into grades of merit is an impossible thing, and we are not attempting it here: our intention is merely to give to readers such help in selecting a book of fiction or poetry from the library or for purchase as they may find in a convenient resumé of *THE OVERLAND*'s expressed opinions thereon.

College Verses, Berkeley, Cal. [Reviewed in the *OVERLAND* for January, 1883.]

The Hill of Stones, and other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [February, 1883.]

Monte Rosa: the Epic of an Alp. By Starr H. Nichols. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [February, 1883.]

Surf and Wave. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. [October, 1883.]

He and She: or A Poet's Portfolio. By W. W. Story. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [December, 1883.]

Balladen und Neue Gedichte. Von Theodor Kirchhoff. C. Th. Schlueter, Altona. [December, 1883.]

Dolores, and other Poems. By Albert F. Kercheval. A. L. Bancroft & Co. [January, 1884.]

The City of Success, and other Poems. By Henry Abbey. D. Appleton & Co. [May, 1884.]

The Happy Isles, and other Poems. By S. H. M. Byers. Cupples, Upham, & Co. [November, 1884.]

Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets. By Frances L. Mace. Cupples, Upham, & Co. [February, 1885.]

A New Year Masque, and other Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1885.]

Lucy Larcom's Poems. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [March, 1885.]

The Gray Masque, and other Poems. By Mary Barker Dodge. D. Lothrop & Co. [June, 1885.]

Pictures in Song. By Clinton Scollard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [June, 1885.]

The Secret of Death, and other Poems. By Edwin Arnold. Roberts Brothers. [June, 1885.]

Camp-fire, Memorial Day, and other Poems. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Jansen, McClurg, & Co. [October, 1885.]

Lilith. By Ada Langworthy Collier. D. Lothrop & Co. [October, 1885.]

Elijah the Reformer, and other Poems. By George Lansing Taylor, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls. [January, 1886.]

Poems by Henry Abbey. Published by Henry Abbey. [February, 1886.]

Tennyson's Tiresias. Harper & Brothers. [February, 1886.]

The Humbler Poets. Jansen, McClurg, & Co. [May, 1886.]

Verses. By W. H. Furness. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [May, 1886.]

Under the Pine. By M. F. Bridgeman. Cupples, Upham, & Co. [May, 1886.]

Sylvian, and other Poems. By John Phil-

ip Varley. Brentano Brothers. [May, 1886.]

Beyond the Veil. By Alice Williams Brotherton. Charles H. Kerr & Co. [June, 1886.]

The Cruise of the Mystery, and other Poems. By Celia Thaxter. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1887.]

Ariel and Caliban. By Christopher Cranch. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1887.]

The Silver Bridge, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Akers. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [January, 1887.]

Berries of the Brier. By Arlo Bates. Roberts Brothers. [January, 1887.]

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Through the Year with the Poets. D. Lothrop & Co. [January, 1887.]

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The Perpetual Fire. W. E. Davenport. [January, 1887, October, 1887.]

Thistle Drift. By John Vance Cheney. Frederick A. Stokes. [October, 1887.]

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The Romance of the Unexpected. By David Skaats Foster. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [October, 1887.]

The Old Garden, and other Verses. By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [November, 1887.]

Daffodils. By A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [November, 1887.]

Risifi's Daughter. By Anna Katharine Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. [November, 1887.]

Colonial Ballads. By Margaret J. Preston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. [November, 1887.]

A Venetian Lover. By Edward King. Kegan, Paul, Trench, & Co. [November, 1887.]

ETC.

It would seem to have been sufficiently demonstrated long ago that the class of men who have just suffered the penalty of the law in Chicago for conspiracy to murder by dynamite are usually cowards; yet many people, all over the country, stood in real fear of some desperate vengeance from their confederates until after the fatal Friday had passed—in perfect quiet and order. Our public are deeply impressed with the knowledge that there are in all European countries desperate revolutionists; and the revelation of ferocious and persistent class hatred, capable of volcanic outbreak, made by the French Revolution still appals people's imaginations. But it is probably safe to say that really desperate men are phenomenally rare among the anarchists and dynamiters of this country. The defiance with which four of the condemned men met death the other day may have been courage and conviction of the truth of their opinions: but it may have been simply the savage vanity in "dying game" that has ere now sent many an ordinary murderer jesting and whistling to the gallows, where there was no question of "martyrdom" to keep his courage up. If sheer vanity could take Empedocles into the burning chasm of Etna, it needed nothing properly to be called devotion to his monstrous opinions to make Louis Lingg inflict horrible death upon himself. If these men were the last of their tribe who were ever to set foot on our shores, it would be only human charity to give the dead murderers credit for possible courageous devotion to their creed, wicked though it be; but there is a sufficient number of others like them to make it desirable that the public should understand—what is doubtless true—that had these men had the least idea they ran any serious risk of hanging for it, they would never have conspired to murder the policemen.

THE government that does not discriminate wisely between the violent and threatening behavior of decent people under grievance, which is only aggravated by repression, and the violent and threatening behavior of evil men taking advantage of lax control, which is quickly cowed by sternness, is liable to disaster on either side. It is folly for England to point out the bloodshed that has resulted from our letting O'Donovan Rosa and Most preach murder, as showing that it is wise to put O'Brien and Blunt in jail; it is folly for us to

point out the aggravated and endless disorders that have followed England's attempt to silence Irish agitators by putting them in jail, as showing that it is wise to allow all discontent the "safety valve of expression." When violent agitation, even to the counseling of murder, takes place under a government so easy, in a community so prosperous, that it is impossible there should have been created a class of worthy men driven to desperation, the rebels against society can scarcely consist of other material than bad men who play upon the passions of others for their own profit or vanity, with a handful of individuals embittered even to ferocity by some personal wrong, and the dupes of these. Under even a slight pressure of the hand of the law, the whole corps of those who are working merely for gain or notoriety fall away, and with them most of their followers. "The Kearney movement" looked very appalling as long as no one resisted it; but the instant newspaper countenance was withdrawn from it, and the police appeared on the scene, it collapsed. Herr Most has had little to say since his violent counsels were interrupted by the police, until recent events encouraged him to believe there was a wide-spread sympathy for the anarchists, under shelter of which he might venture again upon violent speech. O'Donovan Rossa's terror before a woman's pistol well-nigh smothered his reputation for ferocity under sheer ridicule.

In fact, it is instructive to think what would be the awful panic and precipitate disbanding of anarchist associations were society to take them at their word. Their only possible strength is in that forbearance of society which they know they can count on; in their ability to use weapons that they know will not be used against them. They call their position one of declared war against society as at present organized; but they farther insist that it is only one-sided war, in which they are bound not even by the rules of civilized warfare, while society must observe toward them the legalities of peace. If such war did exist, it would be entirely according to the rules of civilized warfare that as many of them should be imprisoned as could be caught, whenever and wherever found, without farther ado; that their meetings should be fired upon without any one's troubling to read the Riot Act; that their spies should be hanged by court-martial. And if the war were according to the code of

warfare that they themselves practice—if society accepted their own view of themselves as outside the restraint of any law, with the natural corollary that they were outside the protection of any law,—it would be the natural procedure to throw dynamite bombs into their gatherings, and place them under their houses. The position of anarchists would become simply that of a knot of wild beasts at large in a community whose interest it was to exterminate them. Few indeed among them would for a moment accept such a position; and if a few thoroughly embittered men did, they would meet the fate that all species of savage beasts, whatever terror and destruction they may meanwhile cause, are meeting at the hands of man—extermination. Between the anarchist and this wild beast position, this savage extermination, nothing in his own theories stands—nothing but the imperviousness of society to those theories, the evolution of its humane and orderly qualities beyond the possibility of taking him at his word.

Is It Intolerance?

EDITOR OVERLAND:—One of the freest of the religious denominations in this country has lately seemed to take an attitude of dogmatism and illiberality. The Congregationalists have so little church machinery that they carry on their great denominational enterprises by voluntary societies. The oldest and most honored of these societies has been that in charge of foreign missions; the A. B. C. F. M., or, as it is usually called, The American Board. This is not an open body, fresh from the churches and the local associations: it is a close corporation, self-perpetuating, giving the right to vote only to the corporate members. Till within a few years this body has seemed fairly to represent the denominational sentiment. Now it has set up a standard of its own, over and above any generally accepted creed of the denomination.

Some years ago, at a national council of the Congregational churches, a large commission was appointed to formulate a revised statement of doctrine. Twenty-two out of twenty-four agreed on such a statement. Dr. Alden, home secretary of the American Board, declined to assent to the new creed, because he had failed to obtain the insertion of another article of faith. But subsequently, in conference and correspondence with candidates for foreign missionary service, Dr. Alden insisted on assent to this rejected article. His voice was potent in the prudential committee, and no applicant for the foreign field could run the gauntlet without the new shibboleth. Alpheus Hardy, long the chairman of the committee, stoutly opposed this policy, and finally retired in disgust. The foreign

Secretary, Dr. Clark, resisted the innovation. Dr. Mark Hopkins, the president of the Board, counseled in vain against it.

This policy came up for review at the annual meeting of the Board in 1886. Dr. Hopkins proposed to relieve the Board of invidious judgments by calling councils, to determine the theological question in all doubtful cases. For a year this was one of the main points in discussion in the denominational journals. A theological scare was started, and most of these journals joined in a heresy-hunt. Even the Independent, the former champion of liberty of thought and utterance, took up the orthodox hue and cry. As a result, the corporation, at its late meeting in Springfield, sustained Dr. Alden and his proscriptive policy, by a majority of two to one. They recommended to the prudential committee “an unabated carefulness in guarding the Board from any committal to the approval of *that doctrine*.”

What is “that doctrine”? It has not been mentioned thus far, because the action taken at Springfield had less to do with an article of the creed, than with the great question of denominational responsibility. In its rush at a supposed heresy the Board has dishonored the whole polity of Congregationalism. It decided, in effect, the following points:

First, In no case will it be content with the ordinary denominational machinery, but it will set up in every case a more vigorous scrutiny of its own.

Secondly, The missionaries of the Board are not entitled to the same liberty of thought as pastors and home missionaries in this country. A former declaration on record says, “The Board is not a theological or ecclesiastical court.” This the Board refused to re-affirm. It voted down a conciliatory resolution offered by President Seelye, of Amherst. Dr. W. E. Merriman offered as an amendment to a report, “But this Board does not discredit the results of councils as representing the doctrinal judgments and fellowship of the Congregational churches.” Very significantly, this was voted down.

What is the “doctrine” that could produce such a panic? that could make life-long Congregationalists desert their old principles, and put very tight strait-jackets on missionaries to the heathen and on them alone? It is not a “doctrine” at all: it is a speculation, an hypothesis, held by some theologians of our country, as a relief from the gloom of certain former creeds. It is such a speculation as does not put itself forward with any prominence in pulpit teaching: it can not do so, for those who entertain it say that it touches themes which are only darkly outlined in the inspired Word. It does not “cut the nerve of missions,” as is shown by the number of applicants who are willing to entertain

it as a relieving hypothesis. As a matter of fact, it does not exclude men from evangelical and orthodox pulpits in our own country. Dr. McKenzie, an eloquent pastor at Cambridge, said at the Springfield meeting, "I am going back to my home tomorrow, and in a Sunday or two we are to take up a collection for this American Board. My people know that I am asking them to give their money to a society which, if I offered myself as a candidate, would spurn me from their doors. But I am not a 'new departure' man. I am not any departure man. I hold by the old gospel and the whole of it. But these brethren of the prudential committee would not let me go, if I were young enough to go; they would not let my brother Gordon go. There is not a pastor in a church in old Boston to-day, with possibly one exception, who could go. I ask why the time has not come when we may say, what is good enough for the churches at home is good enough for the churches abroad, and when men shall be judged by their possession of the gospel—its words and its spirit; and if they are found in an unselfish love willing to teach it, they shall be allowed to teach it. The 'tendencies' of the new theology are referred to. The tendencies of Unitarianism are cited as an example. Why, every tendency in that Unitarian discussion was the reverse of anything we see here."

And on the question of tendencies, may be added a quotation from the speech of Dr. Walker, of Hartford, a man of the Old School theology:

"Mr. President, while, as I have said plainly enough, not holding at all or sympathizing with the particular view which is under debate, I cannot but feel that there has been a most misleading, a continuous and reiterated, misrepresentation of the quality and characteristics of this view. If I have read history aright, this conception of

the possibility of divine grace is as old as the second century of Christian history. It has been entertained by some of the noblest and saintliest fathers of the Christian church. It pervades to a very great extent the views and conceptions of the noblest representatives of evangelical religion in England and in Germany today. It is set forth by men who have done more than any others to roll back the tide of German infidelity during the past thirty years."

Those who recall the Old and New School discussions of a past generation, will remember how "tendencies" were insisted on; how well-nigh impossible it was for a New Haven theologian to obtain a "license" from an Old School Association; quite impossible from an Old School Presbytery. Where are those issues now? Other, more vital questions have taken their place. The churches have seen that their strength is called for in opposing common enemies. God and immortality have come to be denied: shall the churches wrangle about mint and anise and cummin?

And where is it safest to put a young man who is troubled with doubts? By all means, among the heathen. He will have little time or disposition to speculate, when he stands alone among the pagan throngs of China or Hindostan. He will need to think sharply, as Dr. Scudder used to show; but it will be practical thinking. Heathen superstitions and heathen wretchedness will task his mental as well as bodily energies.

It is a pity to see the venerable American Board carried off its feet by a panic so groundless. It seems to be downright intolerance,—a reflux wave of old-time bigotry. It will ebb again; and the churches of the next generation will wonder that it came so late as 1887. The pity is in the hindrance to a noble work, the imperiling of a grand cause.

Martin Kellogg.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Round Year.

*The Round Year*¹ proves anew what goes without proving that the message of every amateur naturalist, whether in prose or song, is the inspiration which he has taken in from nature. To it he adds himself, varies it with the methods which mean

¹The Round Year. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

himself, and offers it to the wayfarer who can receive it. The wonder is not that there is so much oneness in Thoreau and Burroughs and Edith Thomas, but that the difference in their personalities should vary so much the notes of their common song. But the melodious burden, received by each and given out by each, is the same. The spirit is essentially and necessarily the same whatever

the words. It is the rich style which describes one face of nature by another and by all the others. It borrows from every quarter of the air and every fruitful wood of the earth. Repeating one note that seems to part the sky, it glides into the chorus of all rising aerial sounds. Indeed, there is nothing in nature which is so absolutely discrete that it can be known or described wholly by itself. Everything must lend to each thing some voice or odor, or influence. What is so harmonious as Nature? What is so dependent upon the inter-melodies? He who would give out what he has received from her must give it out as he received it, with all its related life, its analogies, and its family of thoughts. It is impossible to imagine any other style that would not be foreign to the subject. The scientific naturalist will give us the length of a fossil bone, or number the inches of curvature in the bird's wing. Let him, and let those read him who can stop there. The amateur naturalist sees the curved wing fanning the air, half way between an arch of fixed mild light, and an earth which perpetually murmurs with life.

"For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she works in land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Among the three prose poets named, Edith Thomas is hardly the least. Less microscopic than Thoreau, less widely observing perhaps than Burroughs, she is more purely human than either as she stands within the ring of objects that are less than human, and minister to humanity. Few things in prose so deeply seclude us in a secret wood, and give us the fan of playing airs and the song of all the wood-noises as the delicate leaves of *The Round Year*.

Briefer Notice.

*The Coöperative Index to Periodicals*¹ is now for the third year being issued in quarterly numbers. During the year 1886, it indexed eighty-seven periodicals—quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies; thirty-three of these were British, the remaining

fifty-four American. (The table of periodicals indexed in 1887 will not be received until some time during the first quarter of next year, but they appear to be about the same.) Besides W. I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, who is editor of the Index, forty-one coöperators were engaged upon it, most of them librarians in public and college libraries from Boston to Berkeley. Among the fifty-four American periodicals thought important enough to be thus indexed for permanent reference, a very few—not half a dozen—of the most valuable critical weeklies are included, some half dozen quarterlies, mostly ecclesiastical, a dozen monthlies that may properly be called magazines for the general reader, and the rest are technical, theological, or scientific monthlies, the organs of colleges, learned societies, or in some way special journals whose contents are intended only for a limited circle: thus, the American Architect, the American Church Review, the American Journal of Philology, the Banker's Magazine. Just eight of the fifty-four are published west of the Alleghanies,—the American Antiquarian, the Dial, and Scandinavia, at Chicago, the Bibliotheca Sacra at Oberlin, Ohio, and the Magazine of Western History at Cleveland, the American Law Review at St. Louis, the Sidereal Messenger at Northfield, Minnesota, and the OVERLAND MONTHLY at San Francisco. Of the rest, eight are published in Philadelphia, and one elsewhere in Pennsylvania, three in Baltimore (at the Johns Hopkins University), and the others all in New York and Boston, with the exception of two at New Haven and one in New Hampshire. Philadelphia has in addition certain reprints of the leading English quarterlies and monthlies. — The index that was formerly published annually as "Q. P. Index," now comes out in bi-monthly installments, as *The Continuous Index*², with Mr. Griswold's name. It is a more complex and condensed index than the Coöperative, and not so readily useful to the general reader; but it is even more useful to the scholar, for it is more exclusive, in its selection both of journals to index, and of articles chosen from these. It indexes this year fifty-seven journals, and this includes not only American and British, but a dozen Continental ones, chiefly German. Twenty-six American monthlies and quarterlies are indexed, all of which except the OVERLAND are published in New England, New York, and Philadelphia.

¹The Coöperative Index to Periodicals. Issued quarterly. Edited by W. I. Fletcher. New York, 31 and 32 Park Row: 1887.

²The Continuous Index to Periodicals, on the Cumulative Cross-Reference System. Published bi-monthly by W. M. Griswold, 206 Del. Av., N. E., Washington.

